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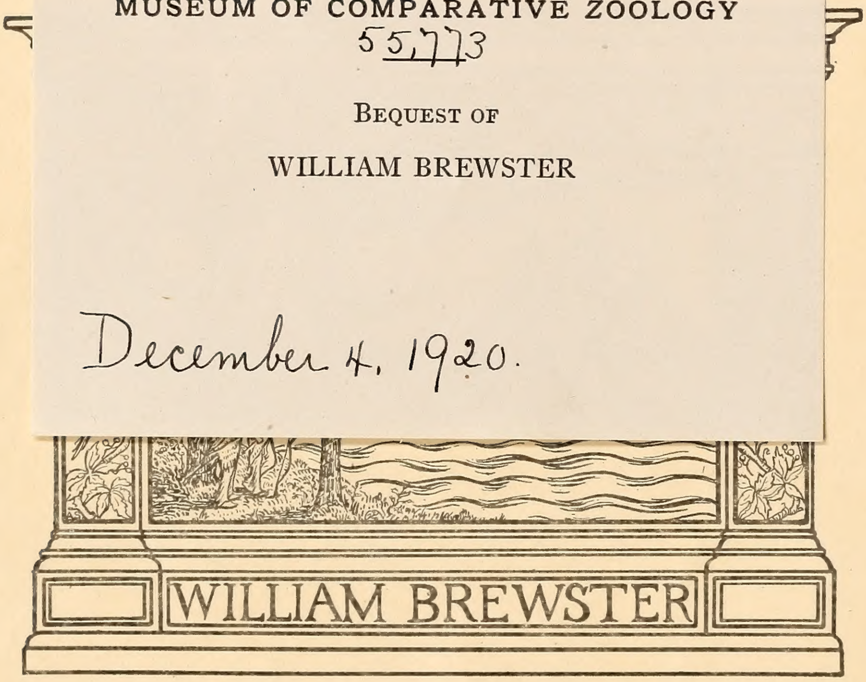
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VOLUME XXII.
NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1905

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RECREATION

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

HOW A MEXICAN WAS TURNED BACK; By ARIZONA RANGER; with full-page drawing by GEORGE A. KING.

MADE WITH GOERZ DOUBLE ANASTIGMAT LENS

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. H. RUSSELL

A BACK SOMERSAULT

Highly Commended in Recreation's Ninth Annual Photo Competition

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), 23 WEST 24th STREET, NEW YORK

A Black Bear and a White Swede; By FRANK MOSSMAN; with full page drawing by W. BLANCHARD

1905 ANNOUNCEMENT

The Autocar

A New Type

We believe that the Autocar in all its types represents the highest excellence in automobile design, workmanship and material. Every Autocar is built on honor. We feel, therefore, that our new type will meet with a cordial reception.

This car, **Type XI,** larger and more powerful than the other types, has a four-cylinder vertical engine of 16–20 horse-power. The body is built on the newest and most approved French lines. The front seat is divided and both front and rear seats are large and comfortable.

While this car is built upon the tried Autocar principles which have been so splendidly proven, it shows a number of very important improvements making for increased simplicity, ease of operation, safety and comfort.

In fact, though Autocars have always been noted for absence of bewildering intricacy of mechanism, yet no one can but be impressed with the extreme simplicity of this new car. It is a triumph in scientific construction and arrangement.

This car has more than met our highest expectations in the road test. In fact, its performance has been a surprise to experienced automobile men. The power of the car carries it, fully equipped and loaded with five passengers, up tested 12 per cent. grades for instance, at 20 to 25 miles per hour on the direct drive, while on the level the car attains a speed of 40 to 45 miles. The car is a superior climber on any hill.

Altogether our eight years' experience has enabled us to produce in this type, a four cylinder car we are assured cannot be surpassed by any similar car at any price.

The Price of Type XI is $2,000. Ready for delivery January 16.

Type VIII, Four-passenger Car at $1,400 and Type X, Runabout at $900

have made *Autocar Reputation.* Each stands at the head of its class for value and efficiency.

Autocars, Types VIII, X and XI will be on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden.

Catalogue descriptive of the 1904-1905 types will be sent free upon request. This catalogue contains also addresses of our dealers throughout the country who will be glad to give demonstrations to prospective automobile purchasers and explain in detail the merits of our cars.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association of Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers.

RECREATION

Copyright, December, 1904, by G. O. Shields

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

$1.00 A Year.
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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

23 West 24th Street,
New York

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

PAGE

He Saw a Big Bear with a Pig in Its Arm .... Frontispiece
A Black Bear and a White Swede .... Frank Mossman 3
How a Mexican Was Turned Back. Illustrated .... Arizona Ranger 5
He Loved the Woods. Poem .... Stacy E. Baker 7
On Top of Mount Shasta. Illustrated .... A. L. A. Himmelwright 9
After Moose in Ontario .... D. R. Tucker 13
An Ideal Game Preserve. Illustrated .... G. O. Shields 15
Contrasts. Poem .... C. O. Woodmansee 18
A Reminiscence of the Old Dominion .... R. G. Kinnier 19
A Plain Tale of the Woods .... F. A. Verplanck 21
A New Year's Call .... E. H. Blood 25
The Bears' Picnic. Poem .... Geo. A. Williams. M. D. 25
Not So Hard As It Looks. Illustrated .... R. D. Von Nieda 26
Roast Pork. Poem .... E. L. Taylor 27
Some Other Dogs .... Della Bellamy 28
Reflections. Poem .... Dan W. Gallagher 30
Antoine's Hen Speculation .... E. W. Parker 31
The Amateur Trappers. II .... Charley Apopka 33
Old Man Stice's Experience with the Bear .... W. F. Short, Jr. 35
A Colorado Paradise .... L. D. Gilmore 70

From the Game Fields 36
Fish and Fishing 42
Guns and Ammunition 45
Natural History 50
The League of American Sportsmen 53
Automobile Notes 55
Forestry 57
Pure and Impure Foods 59
Book Notices 61
Publisher's Notes 63
Editor's Corner 65
Amateur Photography 72

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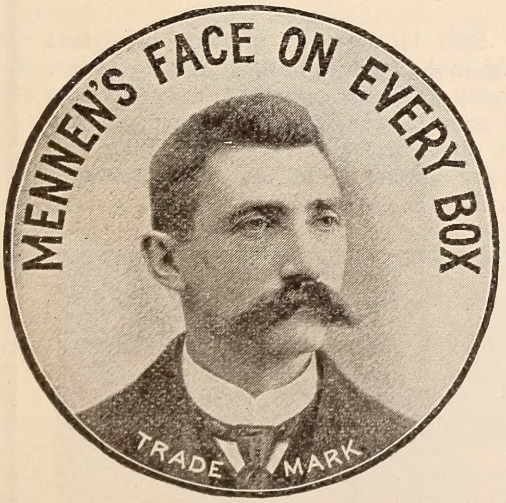
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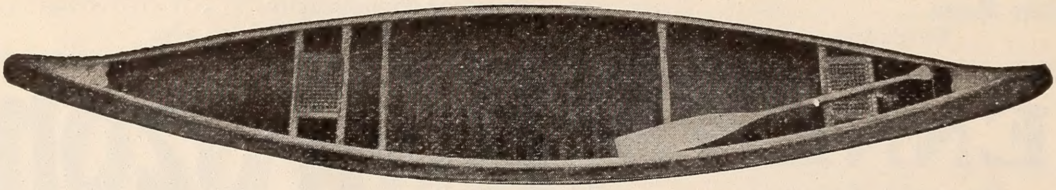
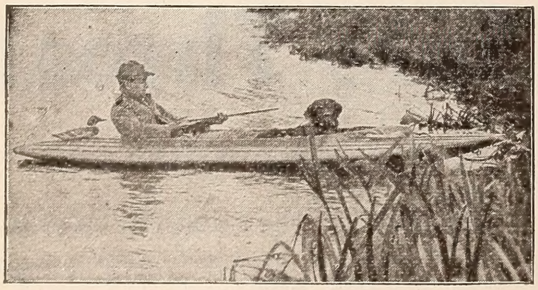
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

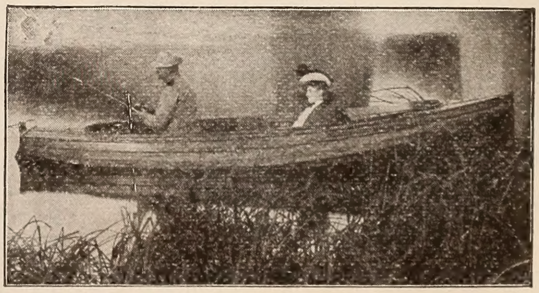
Our Turbine Motor Hunting Boat, as shown above, is 16 feet long, draws loaded only 10 inches of water, is fitted with our 3 H. P. motor and *underwater* exhaust. No springs, no valves; no *clicks*—as noiseless as a Row Boat. Speed 6 miles per hour. Operation and satisfaction guaranteed for $275. Cheaper ones if you want them.



Our Canvas Cedar Paddling Canoe, as shown above, is 14 feet long, will carry four in a pinch and is built for service. A comfortable and easy paddler. Price, F. O. B., $30—no extras.



Our Still Hunter, as shown, 11½ feet long, 36 inches wide, built of White Cedar, will carry 600 lbs., weight only 80 lbs. Ample room under deck for decoys. Light weight, light draught, very stiff, very still and very cheap. Price, complete with paddle $20, F. O. B.



Our 15-foot Fishing Motor Boat is the "Limit." Has 4 foot beam, draws 12 inches, speed 6 miles per hour, seats four to five, will carry 1,000 lbs. 1 H. P. motor, operation guaranteed. Built of Cedar, natural finish, brass trimmed, a good troller, a good guide to the fishing grounds and a sure returner. We have them in stock at our various warehouses—price $165. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Send 10c for our 64-page catalog describing the others, and we will tell you the address of our nearest showrooms. If you haven't the stamps handy drop a postal.

Mention Recreation

Address: **RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., (Riverside) MUSKEGON, MICH.**

CONTROLLING AN AUTOMOBILE BY AIR-PRESSURE

BY LOYD A. THOMAS

"THE Driver lost Control of his Car!" That's part of the Newspaper report on nearly every automobile accident.

Doesn't it set one thinking?

The most important thing about an Automobile is its method of Speed-control.

Mere Horse-power is secondary to this!

Many cheap Motors develop high power, while they last,—but they wear out in a hurry, and are unreliably controlled.

Many Automobiles are controlled by expanding Speed-Governors. These have many wearing parts. They have revolving fly-out Arms, Springs, Gears, Belts, or Shafts, with special Levers to operate them.

They work well enough, while new. But,—Wear, Rough Roads, Overheating, or poor Lubrication, may put them out of adjustment, at critical periods.

Then there's another item for the Press.

The Speed-controlling system of a Car can't be too simple.

It can't have too few parts to get out of order. It can't be too direct, too flexible, too graduated, too Automatic, nor too Reliable.

Even a Dare-Devil Driver can do more daring things, with a Car, when he knows he can absolutely depend on its Speed-control working at the precise moment, and to the precise degree, he expects it to work.

This is where the "Winton of 1905" scores over all other Motor Cars.

* * *

The speed of the Winton Motor Car is controlled by Air-pressure.

No Gears to wear out, no Springs to weaken, no Levers to stick, at critical moments. This is why Winton "Air Control" gives such absolute security.

When the Winton Motor starts running, it at once compresses enough Air to cut off its own supply of Gas, in a half-minute. And a Motor must stop running when the Gas is shut off from its Cylinders.

The Winton Cylinders can only receive Gas when you purposely spill some of the Air-pressure that throttles it.

This Air-pressure is released (or spilled) by merely pressing your right Foot on a spring Pedal beside the Steering Shaft.

The more you press that Pedal the faster the Car travels.

The less you press it the slower the Winton Car runs.

Take your foot off the Pedal and the Car stops altogether.

Isn't that simple, safe, and easy to remember in emergencies? No Valves to turn, no Gauges to watch, no Levers to move.

With this one Pedal alone, and using the high-speed clutch, you can run Four miles an hour, or Forty miles an hour, or any speed between these two. No arbitrary half-speed, quarter-speed, nor full-speed Levers to consider, in ordinary running of the 1905 Winton.

Your foot on the Pedal sets the Pace as perfectly as if you were walking or running.

Think of the sure control this gives you,—the freedom from risk or anxiety, and the time saved in learning the Car.

A Youth could run a Winton the first time he rode in it, after an hour's coaching.

But,—no Car except the Winton can use this Air-pressure Control. Because, it is a basic Winton-Patented feature.

* * *

Then, there's the Winton Steering Gear of 1905. Observe that it is not a "Worm Gear," like the others.

The thread of a Worm wears down in the center long before the sides wear. Then you have "lost motion" in the Steering Gear. That "lost motion" makes steering mighty uncertain sometimes.

It upsets the Driver's calculations, and so may lead to serious accident in running through crowded streets or close quarters.

If you tighten up the wear on a Worm steering gear it is then liable to "wedge" in the nut, when you turn sharply on short curves.

That may land you in a ditch.

No "lost motion" nor "wedging" is possible with the Winton Steering Gear of 1905.

Because, it has a whole-round thread on the steering shaft.

This works in a whole-round nut.

The thread must therefore wear evenly all around when wheel is turned to left or right.

Your life may some day depend on the accurate control this patented Winton feature gives.

* * *

The 1905 Winton has been made the most accessible car in existence.

Nearly all Wintons have in the past had Horizontal Two-Cylinder Motors.

These were necessarily placed under the forward seat.

But,—this year it's different.

The Winton Vertical Four-Cylinder Motor is placed forward of the dash-board, under a hood, where it is instantly accessible.

When you lift off its Aluminum Cover every working part (except the Transmission Gear) may be seen at a glance.

Pistons, Crank Shaft and Connecting Rods may be quickly removed, without disturbing Cylinders or other Motor parts.

The four upright Cylinders are fed Gas (Gasoline and Air, Mixture) by one single Carburetor.

No changing of Mixture is necessary with the 1905 Winton. Its Carburetor is permanently set so as to produce one standard grade of (Gasoline and Air) Mixture, at all times, No experimenting with Mixture needed, lots of trouble avoided,—lots of adjusting saved.

The Winton speed control supplies more, or less, of this standard grade Gas, to the Cylinders, at will, but never tampers with its quality.

All Four Cylinders are "fired" by one single Magneto.

This is positive Gear-driven, instead of being chain or friction-driven. It thus gives absolutely regular, and continuous ignition, no matter how rough the roads, nor how great the vibration from any cause.

No Dry Batteries, Vibrators, Storage Batteries nor "Accumulators," needed with a 1905 Winton.

Think of the worry, detail, "tinkering," and expense this cuts out,—the Simplicity it affords.

Under the floor-board (between front seat and dashboard) is the Winton Transmission Gear. Lift up that board and you see the Aluminum Gear case. Turn a handle, and part of that case comes off.

Then you have, right under your eye, the three non-breakable clutches,—two forward and one reverse.

These can be removed bodily, in a few minutes time, without getting under sides, or body, of car.

The Dust-pan beneath the 1905 Winton is permanently fixed there. Because, there is no longer any need to look below the floor of the car, or below the base of Motor, as all parts are reached readily from above.

No other Vertical Motor Car is half so Accessible.

Now, note the new Twin-Springs of the 1905 Winton.

The upper Spring, for light loads, and good roads. This gives a motion easy as that of a Pullman Parlor Car.

The lower Spring reinforces the upper, for heavy loads.

Prevents pounding of Carriage body, and Motor, when running over rough roads, crossing railway tracks, or "thank-ye-mums."

The twin-springs are shackled together at each end. They thus work together, but do not touch, except when carrying a heavy load, or bouncing hard at high speed.

These twin-springs double the comfort of riding in an Automobile. They add 30% to the life of a Motor, in protecting it from jar, pounding, and vibration.

They take nearly half the work off the Tires.

They make the whole carriage lively, smooth-running, elastic in action, and permit of much greater speed over rough roads.

These twin-springs can be had on no other Motor-Car but the 1905 Winton because they are protected.

Another 1905 Winton feature is the Automatic Oiler.

This feeds Oil, to every friction spot, in exact proportion to the speed Motor is running at. Impossible to siphon, or flood the motor. No springs nor valves.

The Cylinders of the 1905 Winton are cooled by rapid circulation of a non-freezing Fluid (Polar Compound). This is pumped around them, Carburetor and Exhaust-valve chambers, then back into Fin Radiator, for cooling.

Behind the Radiator is a gear-driven fan, and in the fly-wheel is cast another. These two Fans pull the air between the pipes and fins of the Radiator so fast that the fluid is thus cooled rapidly.

The Fans act and the Fluid circulates, even when the Car is standing still, if the Motor be running at all.

The 1905 Winton therefore has the advantage of both "Water-cooled" and "Air-cooled" systems combined.

Winton Style is proverbial. But, the 1905 Winton is the most graceful design yet produced. People call it "the Winton Greyhound." Because, it has such long, graceful, racy looking lines. See the picture below.

That shows the $1800.00 Winton for the year 1905.

It has practically the same Power as last year's $2500 Winton.

But, it weighs nearly a thousand pounds less, and so has more speed, per Horse-power.

Because, the Motor has less weight to propel.

The $2500.00 "Winton of 1905" has 24-Horse power.

Length is 150 inches, Wheel-base 102 inches.

The $3500.00 "Winton of 1905" has 40-Horse-power.

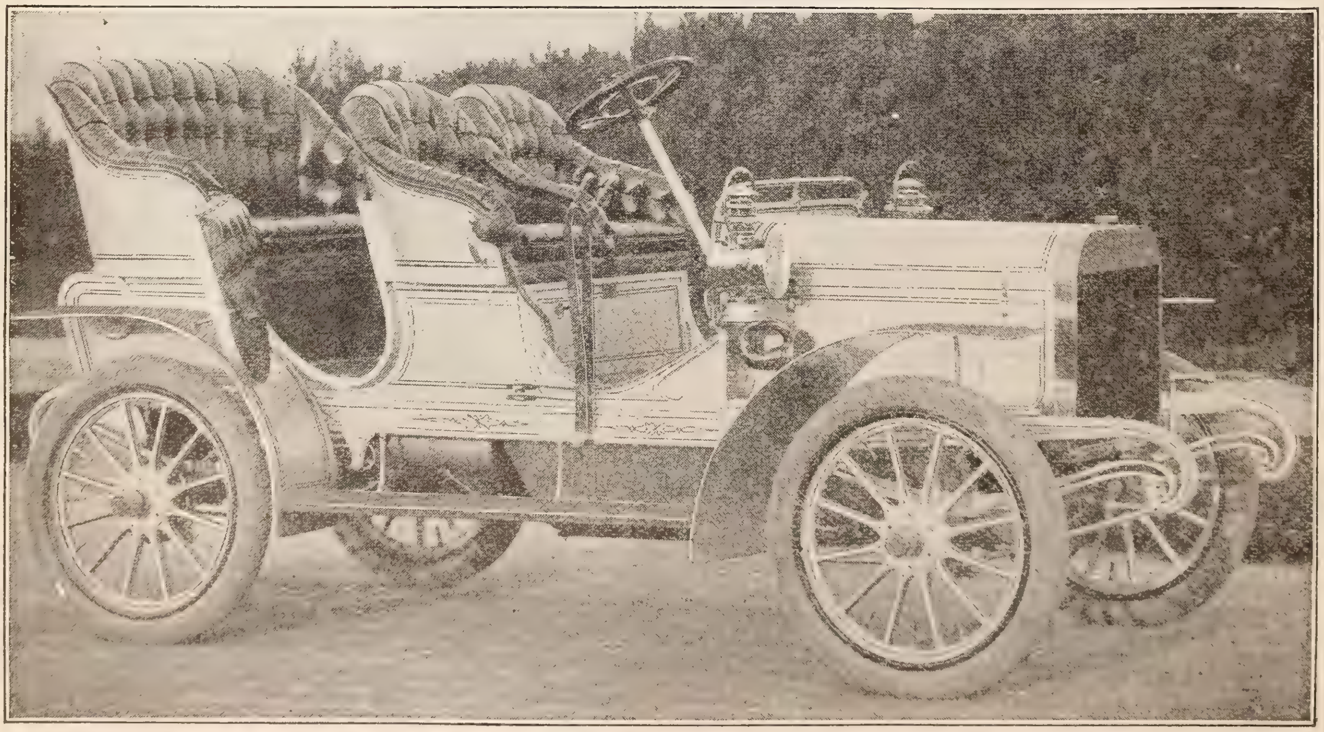
Length 154 inches ; Wheel-base 106 inches.

The $4500.00 "Winton of 1905" is 40 H. P. Limousine.

Duplicate parts, for repair, are carried constantly in stock, and shipped instantly on receipt of telegram. That's a mighty important consideration.

Write today for new Winton Catalogue. Address

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. J, Cleveland, O.



The WINTON *of* 1905

Vertical, Four-Cylinder Motor.

16 Horse Power......	$1,800
24 Horse Power......	$2,500
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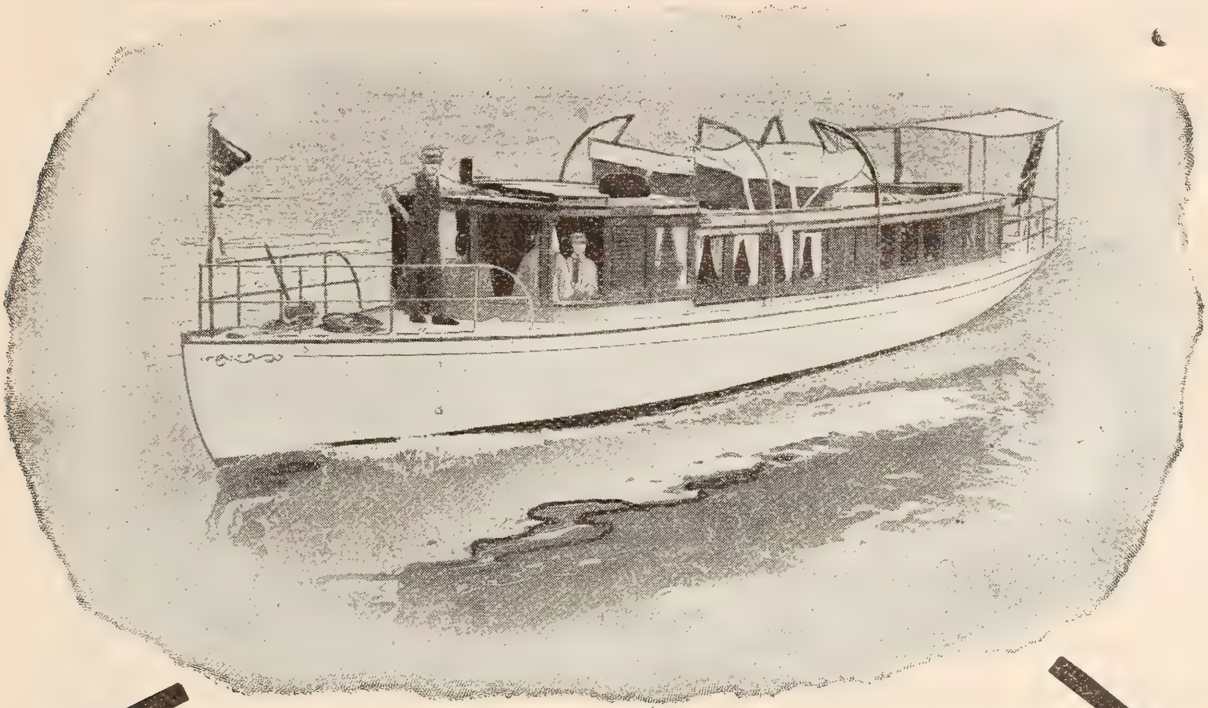
40 H.P. "Special"..	$4,500



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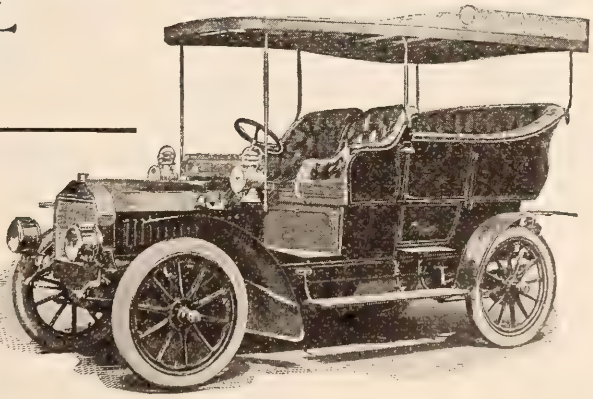

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TO ALL MAGAZINE READERS We believe from our seventeen years in subscription work we never before offered such attractive clubbing offers to the public. Every one reading this advertisement should subscribe for a club and make up your list from our quotations. If you do not find here what you want ask for our catalogue. It is FREE

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Any Two Class 4, $3.75

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Saturday Evening Post 1 yr., $2.
Ladies' Home Journal 1 yr., 1.
Our price **$2.25** See free offer above.

McCall's 1 year, 50c
Housekeeper - 1 year, 50c
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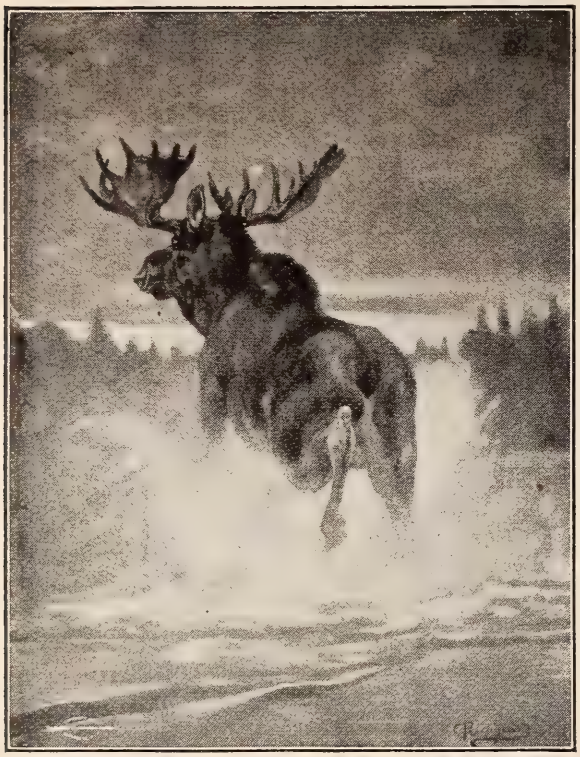

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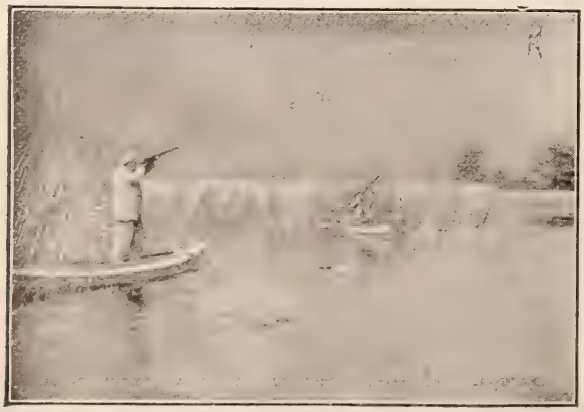

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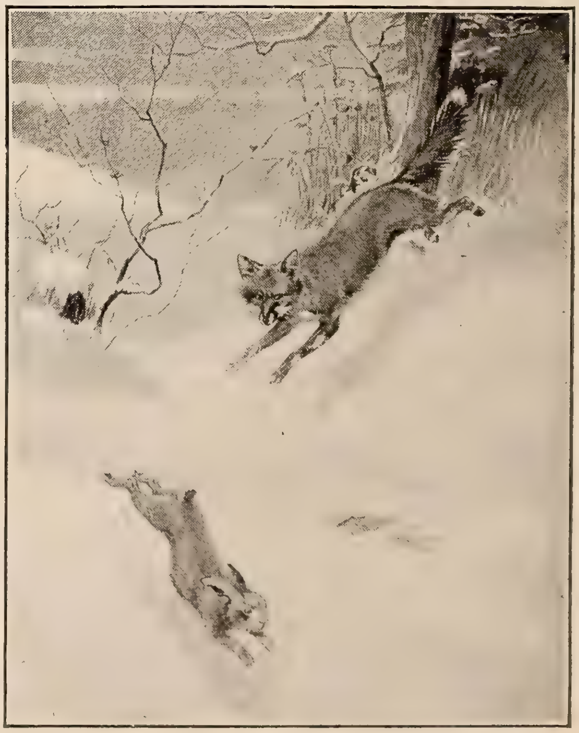

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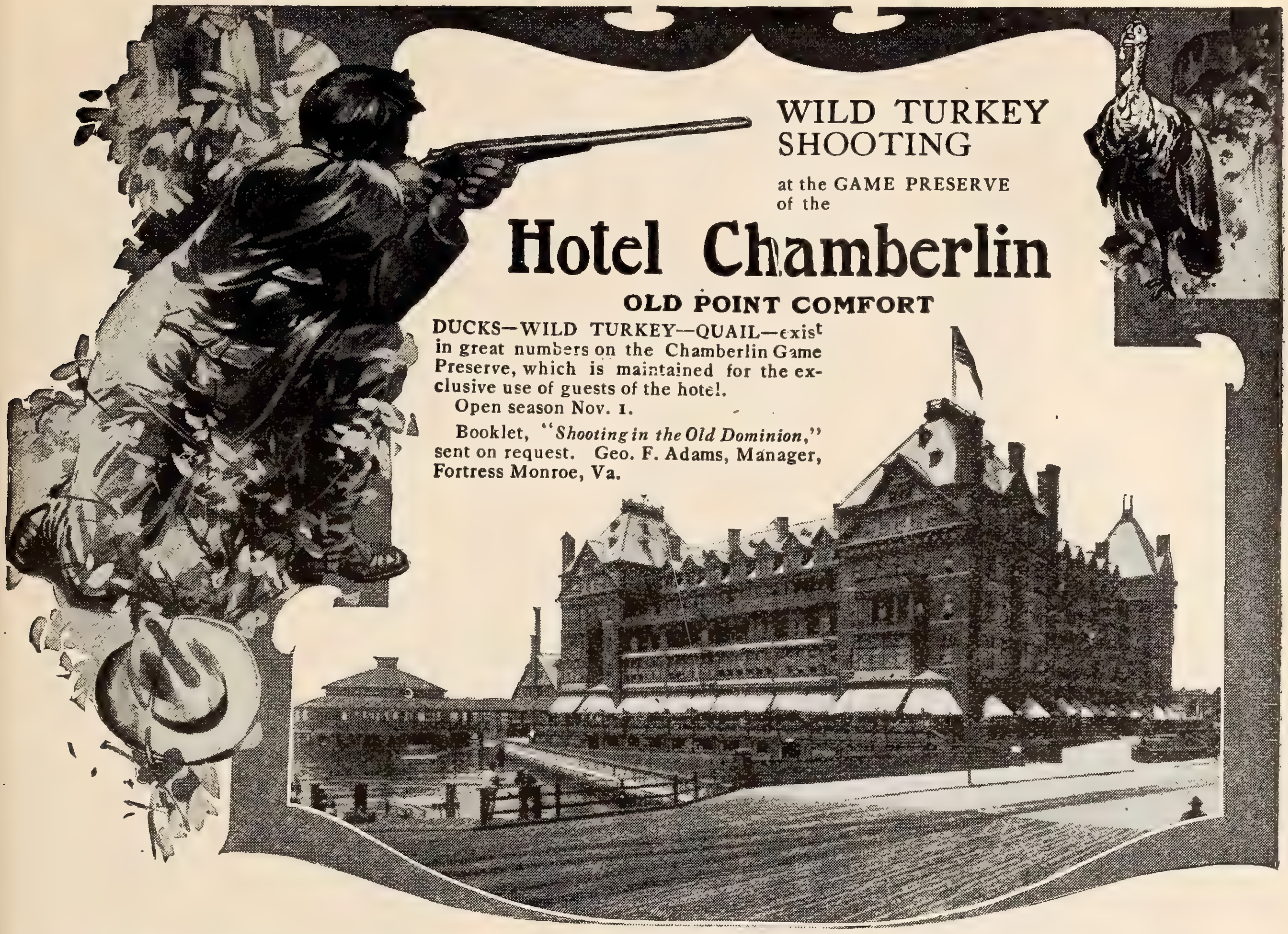

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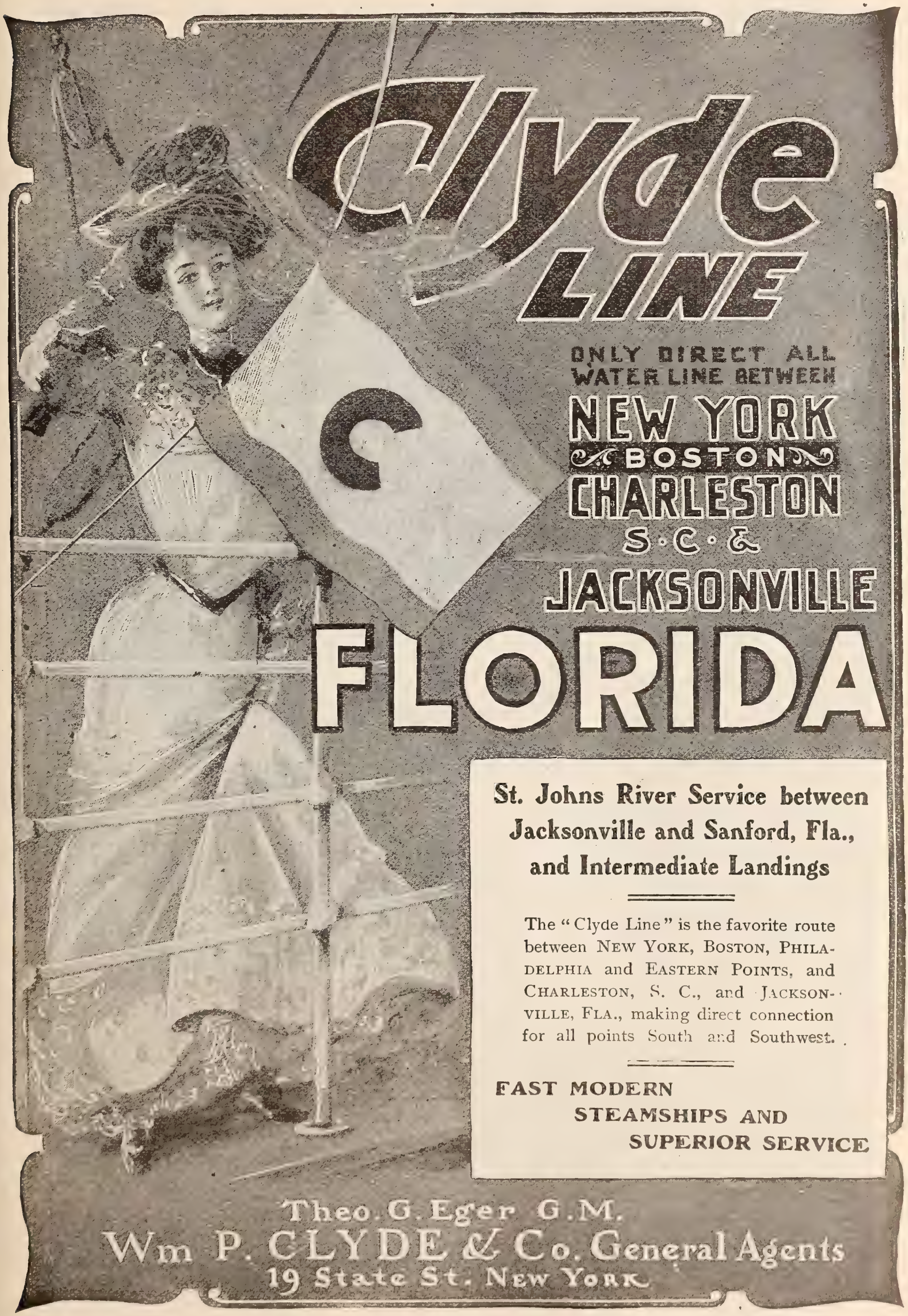
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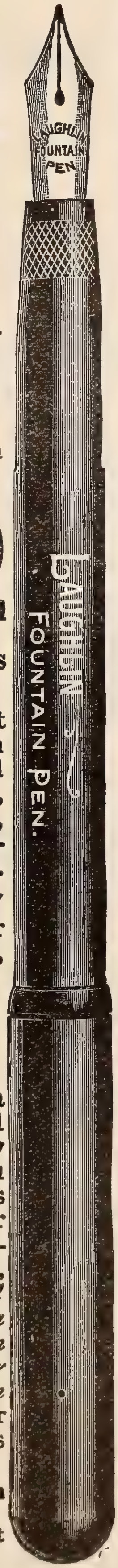

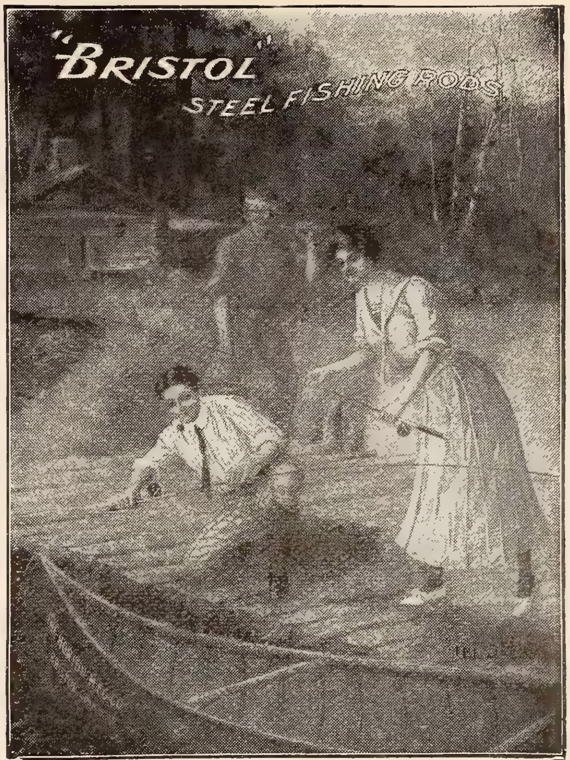

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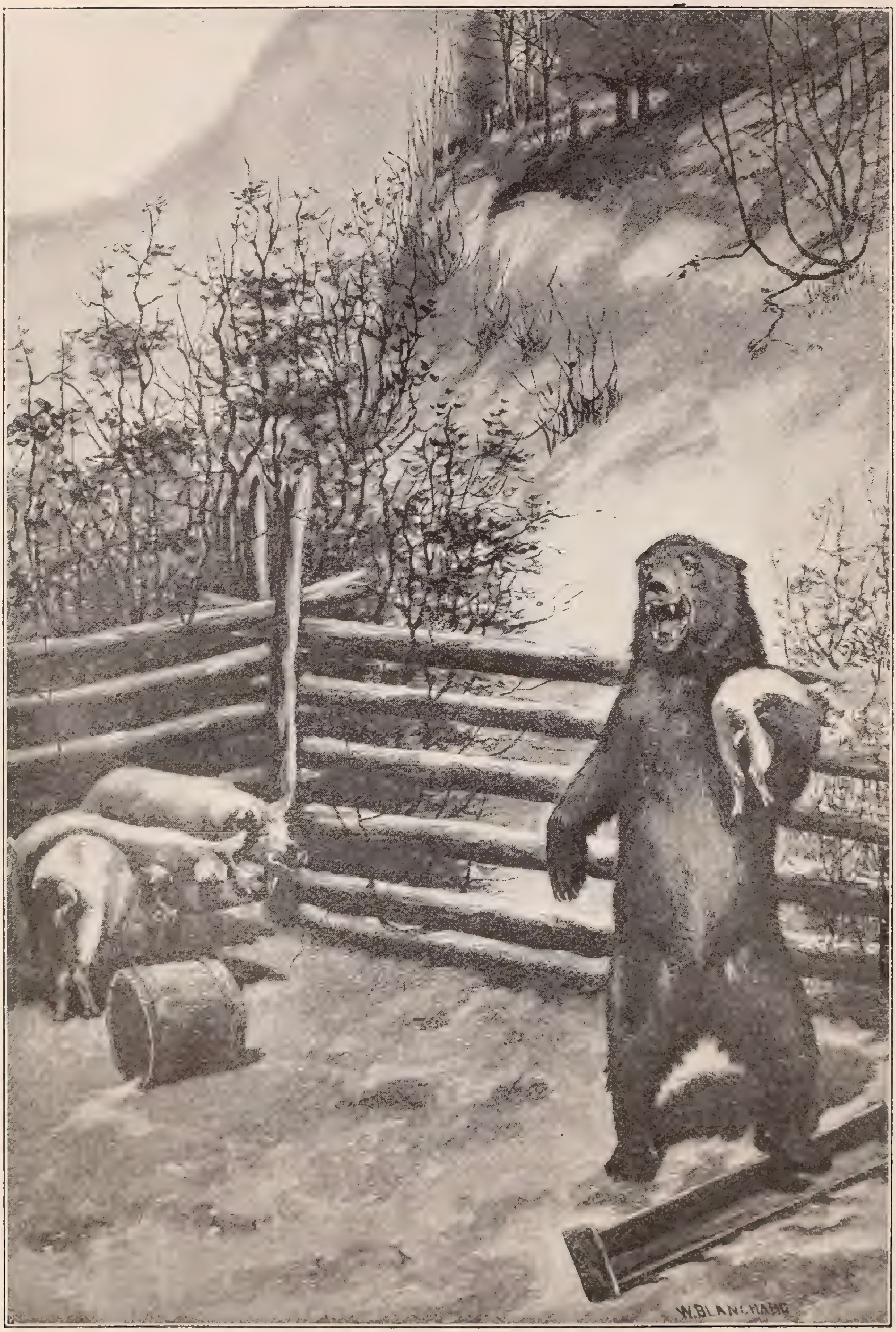

W. BLANCHARD

HE SAW A BIG BEAR WITH A PIG IN ITS ARM.

RECREATION.

Volume XXII. JANUARY, 1905 **Number 1**

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

A BLACK BEAR AND A WHITE SWEDE.

FRANK MOSSMAN.

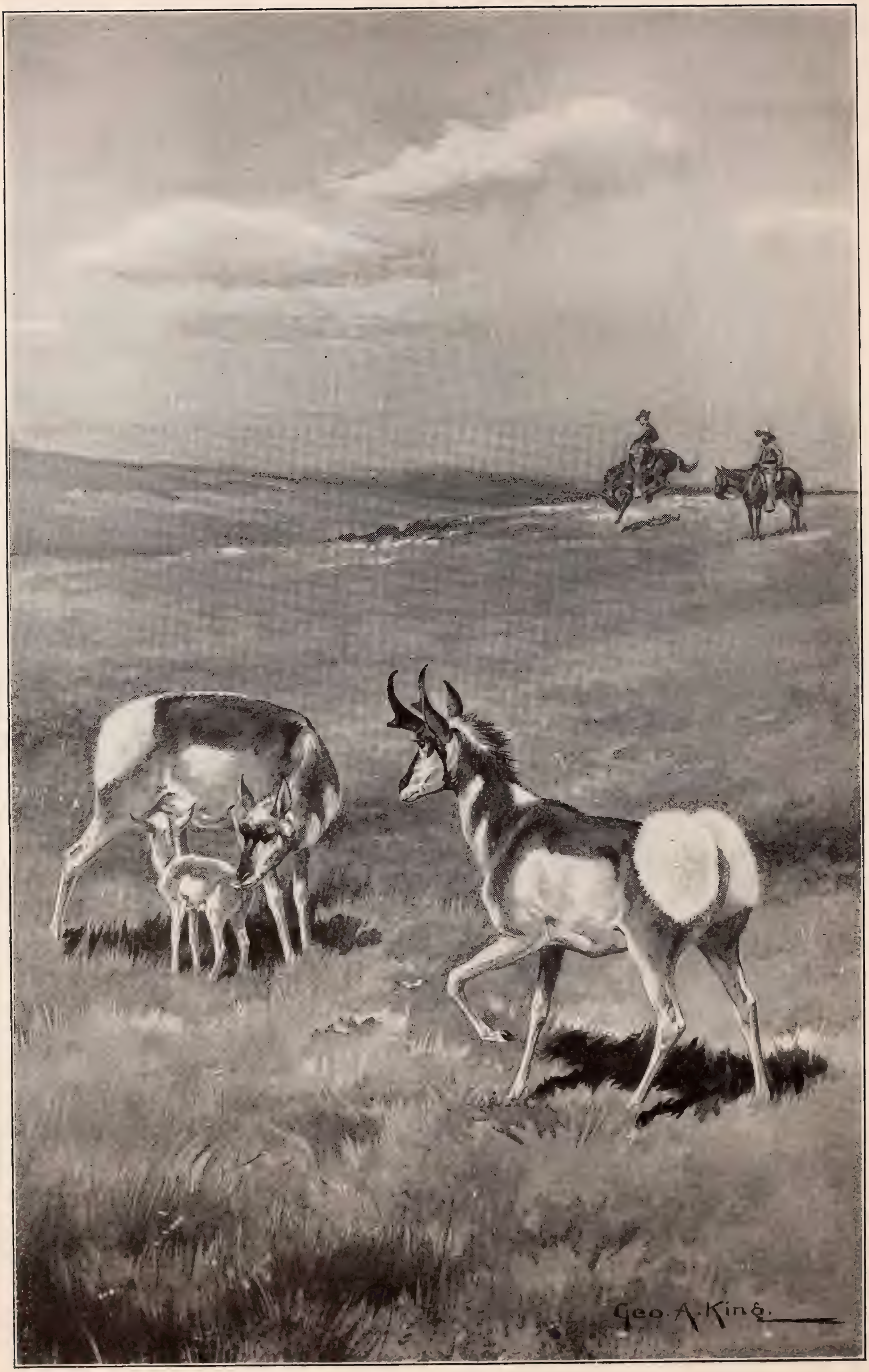
The black bear of Washington is not particular what he eats as long as it fills a want on the belt line. He loves honey and will knock over a beehive and fight off the bees with one paw while he helps himself to honey steaks with the other. He likes salmon eggs, and when salmon ascend the small streams to spawn, our friend is on hand to rob the nest, or rather the salmon. He will catch a salmon, split her open, eat the eggs, and repeat the play until he is eggs-hausted, or runs out of material.

He also loves pork, and will go to the hog pen and gather a squealing hog in his arms as a mother does her baby boy. Every time the hog yells the bear sits down and cuffs its bristles off. If the bear gets into the timber with it, he sits on his haunches and cuffs the poor swine until it is converted into pork chops, spareribs and other appetizing eatables. After eating a whole hog our friend does not like hog meat for a day or 2. He crawls into a thicket, looking as if he would like to unload some of his stock on his friends at a big discount.

A Swede farmer named Olsen discovered a bear with a hog in its arm and chasing another. That bear believed in going the whole hog or none. Olsen had been to a country dance, not getting home until about daylight. As he neared his wickiup he heard his hogs yelling fire. He ran to the residence of the porkers, and as he entered their dining room he saw a big bear, with a pig in its arm, climbing over the swill buffet.

The Swede was naturally wroth. As he had no gun he took the first weapon handy, which happened to be a pitchfork, and made for the bear. The brute paid little attention to this assault until he got a jab in the solar plexus. Then he dropped the hog and the fight was on. They sparred cautiously for an opening. Bruin thought he saw one and made a swipe, but Olsen's face got in the way. Honors were even, with first blood for the bear. About that time the thought struck Olsen that he could fight better if he was not in his Sunday clothes. It must have struck the bear, too, for with a right and left swing he removed the Swede's glad togs. As the fight then stood it was 2 to one on the bear and 2 to one against the bear. Olsen backed around the ring, wearing only a look of agony and a pair of straw colored whiskers.

Two young ladies from a neighboring ranch, attracted to the scene by the noise, looked into the pen, saw a big undraped Swede playing peek-a-boo with a bear, and let out a few yells that caused the latter to break for the tall timber. The Swede dusted for the house; he was of a retiring, modest disposition. The fight was off, but Olsen will never again try to pitchfork a bear into the Great Beyond.



THE FATHER AND THE MOTHER WENT FOR THE LITTLE CHAP.

HOW A MEXICAN WAS TURNED BACK.

ARIZONA RANGER.

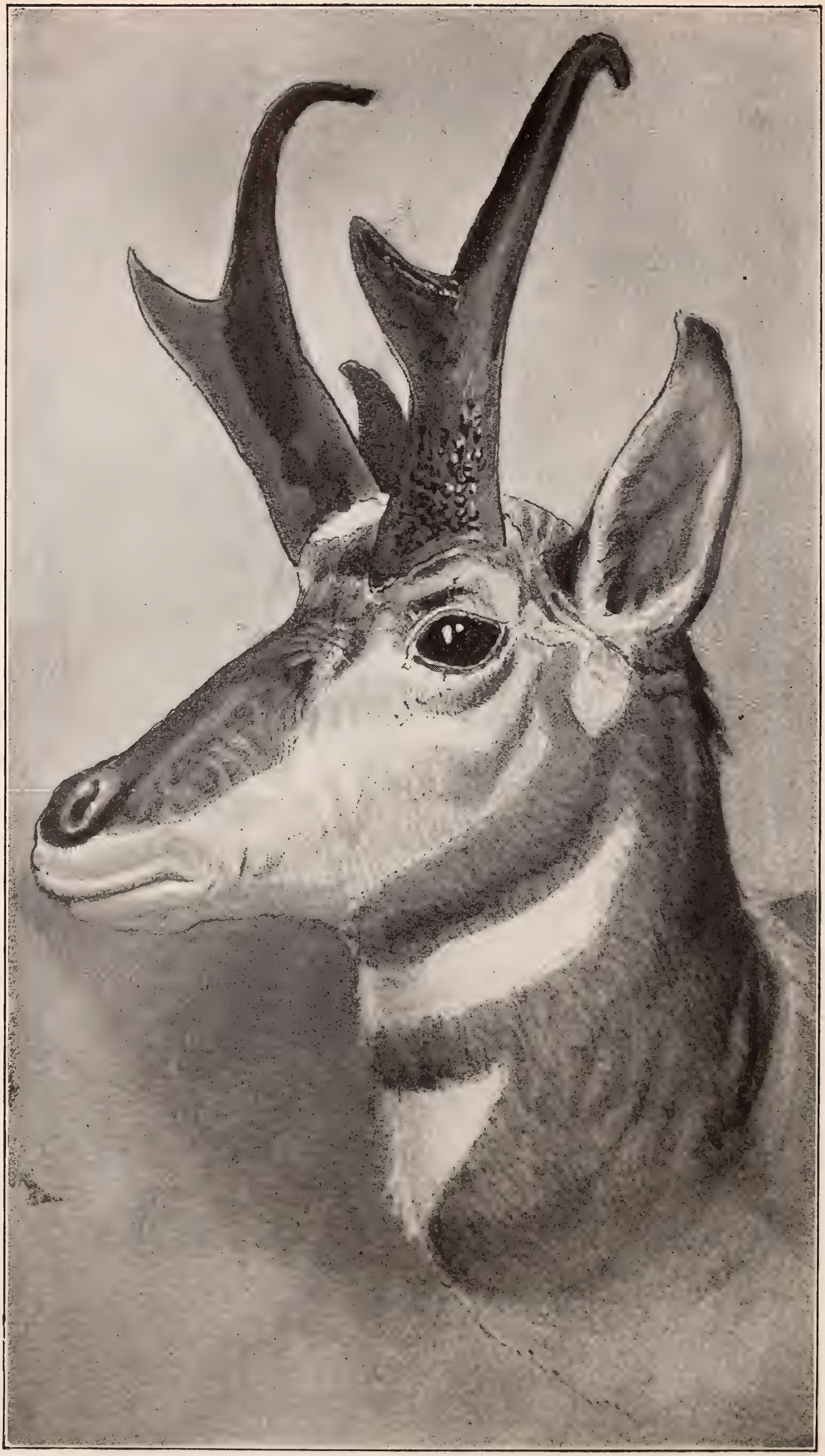
I met a poor boy yesterday who, in the course of our talk, told me he had read some copies of RECREATION and that he hoped to be able some time to get enough money to take it a whole year. I gave him a dollar, told him to send it in, and you should have seen his eyes snap and the color come to his bronzed cheeks. He was prouder than any millionaire ever was of his newest yacht or his latest automobile. The boy is, no doubt, enrolled on your subscription list by this time, and you will never have a more interested or a more enthusiastic reader in all your great family than this little chap will be.

I am greatly interested in your Game Fields and your Gun and Ammunition Department, but most of all in your work for the suppression of game butchers. I am a Forest Ranger and am one of the men who do not believe in killing every living thing that comes in sight. In my rides across our Arizona plains, or through our mountains, I frequently see deer and antelope that I could easily kill, but they are always safe, except as to an occasional buck which I may need for meat; and I kill such only in the open season.

Some months ago, while riding from Wilcox to Fort Grant, I saw a Mexican coming toward me with his horse on a lope. As he approached I saw his ivories shining and he was gesticulating wildly. I knew he was greatly excited over something that had happened. On getting still nearer I saw hanging across his saddle in front of him a baby antelope that was pretty much all eyes and legs. The Mexican told me, between his bursts of laughter and his expletives, how he had roped it; how he was going to carry it to town, where he hoped to be able to sell it for $2.

I asked him if he knew he was violating the law in capturing the animal and that he was subject to a fine of $200 or to imprisonment for 200 days? He said no, and his broad grin changed to a serious frown in about 3 seconds. I told him I was an officer and that it was my duty to place him under arrest and to take him to court, but that if he would turn back with me, find the parents of the little antelope and restore it to them I would allow him to go free. He was much more anxious to comply with these terms than he had been to get to town and sell the antelope. We rode about 4 miles on his back trail and finally sighted a pair of antelope, a buck and a doe. I told the Mexican to hold the kid up above his head. He did so, and it gazed about over the prairie. Finally it sighted the old folks and set up a most eager bleating. The parents heard this, and came toward us on a keen jump. They did not stop running until within 100 yards of us. Then they circled half way around us and stopped.

My horse did not like this visitation and went to pitching in a way that kept me mighty busy for the next few minutes. I finally got him cooled off and told the Mexican to let the kid gently down to the ground. He did so and it made a beeline for its mother. Then there was another beautiful sight. It was pathetic to see how both the father and the mother went for the little chap, nosed him, licked him and pushed him about. They seemed entirely unconscious of our presence, and, after watching them until they had apparently recovered from their fit of ecstasy, we rode away and left them. I told the Mexican to tell all his people of this experience, and he promised faithfully to do so. I have since told the story many times to white people, Indians and Mexicans, and now there is not a man or a wom-



THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

an in this whole country who is not interested in watching and hearing from that family of antelope. I do not believe there is a man in Arizona who would dare kill one of them. If any man should do so, and any of the ranchmen or Mexicans should catch him in the act, his hide would leak daylight in less than a minute.

We have a law in this State making a close season on antelope for 10 years, and it was enacted through the direct efforts of the League of American Sportsmen. Of course, the Mexican who roped the little antelope did not know this, but he knows it now, and all the other Mexicans in the country know it. I have always done and always shall do everything in my power to protect all wild animals and birds from thoughtless and reckless slaughter.

HE LOVED THE WOODS.

STACY E. BAKER.

He loved the woods, and almost ev'ry day
Would find him strolling there, heart-free and gay,
Through shady bowers. Each leaf an' tree
Seemed mos' to know him; seemed as if he
Was kith an' kin to birds, an' such as they.

Folks called him "Nature's fool," and loved to play
Their jokes an' tricks on him; an' then he'd stay
Down where the forest brook runs wild an' free;
He loved the woods.

Sometimes he'd be for weeks an' days away,
An' folks as didn't understand would say,
"Jim's got another broodin' spell"; but we—
The buds an' flowers, ferns an' things an' me—
We knew; we knew what led his steps astray:
He loved the woods.

A young graduate in law, who had had some experience in New York City, wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section for such a one as he described himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer." The reply that came seemed encouraging: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."—Argonaut.

MOUNT SHASTA, CAL., ELEVATION 14,500 FEET.

ON TOP OF MOUNT SHASTA.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT

Photos by the Author.

The opportunity to climb a high mountain peak came to me during a recent visit to the Pacific coast. *En route* to San Francisco I crossed the Siskiyou mountains, and as we emerged from the tunnel I had my first view of Mount Shasta, 80 miles distant, cold, forbidding, defiant, standing out boldly against the Southern sky. The descent of the train from the Siskiyou range, by numerous loops and turns, and until the foothills of Mount Shasta are reached, requires 3 hours. During that time Shasta is always in sight, sometimes on one side of the train and sometimes on the other, as the railroad winds about the mountains. Similarly, several hours are consumed in travel in the opposite direction before the mountain is lost to sight.

CLIFFS, GLACIER AND CREVASSES EASTWARD OF THUMB ROCK.

Mount Shasta is the extreme Northern end of the Sierra Nevada range, and is near the Northern boundary of California. It is a huge, isolated peak, towering 11,000 feet above the surrounding country and reaching an altitude of 14,380 feet above sea-level. It has one secondary or lower peak on the West side, and dozens of ragged spurs branching from it in all directions. It is oblong in shape, being about 15 miles wide and 30 miles long, or approximately 90 miles around its base.

Shasta is extremely interesting, geologically. It is an extinct volcano, and the region East of it is underlaid with lava for a distance of 100 miles. Shasta has 5 glaciers: 2 on the North, 2 on the East, and one on the South. The Black Buttes, a twin peak 1,000 feet high, in the middle of Strawberry valley and 6 miles distant from Mount Shasta, once formed the summit of the mountain and one side of its crater. The buttes are composed largely of cinders and have 5 distinct crater cups.

The forests about the foothills of Mount Shasta have been considerably disfigured by lumbermen, but otherwise the entire region about the mountain is as nature made it.

About 16 miles Southwest is Shasta Springs, now a popular summer resort, the water of the springs having valuable medicinal properties. Sisson, McCloud, Mount Shasta Camp, Upper Soda Springs, and Dunsmuir, are villages in the vicinity of Mount Shasta that also accommodate summer tourists. Sisson, the largest of these, is the place from which parties usually start to climb the mountain. The best season for the ascent is August and September. I arrived at Sisson August 24th.

After canvassing the situation thoroughly as to guides, I decided on H. L. Emmons. He accompanied me to my hotel, inspected my clothing, etc., and personally superintended the correct placing of the lumbermen's spikes in my shoes. We

GLACIER, CREVASSES AND PEAKS NORTHWARD FROM THUMB ROCK.

adopted the usual schedule in climbing the Southern face of the mountain: to the timber line by trail, on horseback, the afternoon of the first day; on foot to the summit of the mountain, and returning to camp the second day; camping the second night, and returning to Sisson the morning of the third day.

We left Sisson at 3.30 p. m., carrying our blankets, food and duffle with us on the saddle-horses. The journey of 8 miles to Horse Camp (elevation 8,000 feet), near the timber line, was over an easy trail through timber and occasional patches of thick underbrush. After caring for the horses, we prepared supper, and at 8 o'clock we were rolled up in our blankets trying to go to sleep. Emmons carried an alarm watch which he set for 3 o'clock. The instant it went off we were up and bustling around to get an early start. The horses were watered and tethered at a fresh place, breakfast was disposed of, and, just at dawn, we were ready for the long pull up the mountain. Before starting, Emmons took from a bag, which had wonderful resources, a large bottle of vaselene and began applying it generously over his face, neck, ears and hands.

"What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"To prevent sunburning," he said. "If you do as I do, I'll guarantee you'll not get sunburnt."

I followed his example, with little enthusiasm, but the vaselene was only the priming coat. From the all-sufficient bag next came a small, white sack filled with corks. These Emmons emptied into the glowing coals of the camp fire, stirring them around until they were well burned on the outside. Scratching them out of the fire, he took a handful, as soon as they had cooled sufficiently, rubbed the black off the corks on his hands, and then applied it to his face, ears, neck, etc., over the vaselene. It was heroic treatment, but I soon was as black as the proverbial ace of spades. For 10 or 15 minutes I felt as if I had been dipped with a bowl of molasses, but after that the "mussy" feeling wore away, somewhat ,and I felt less uncomfortable.

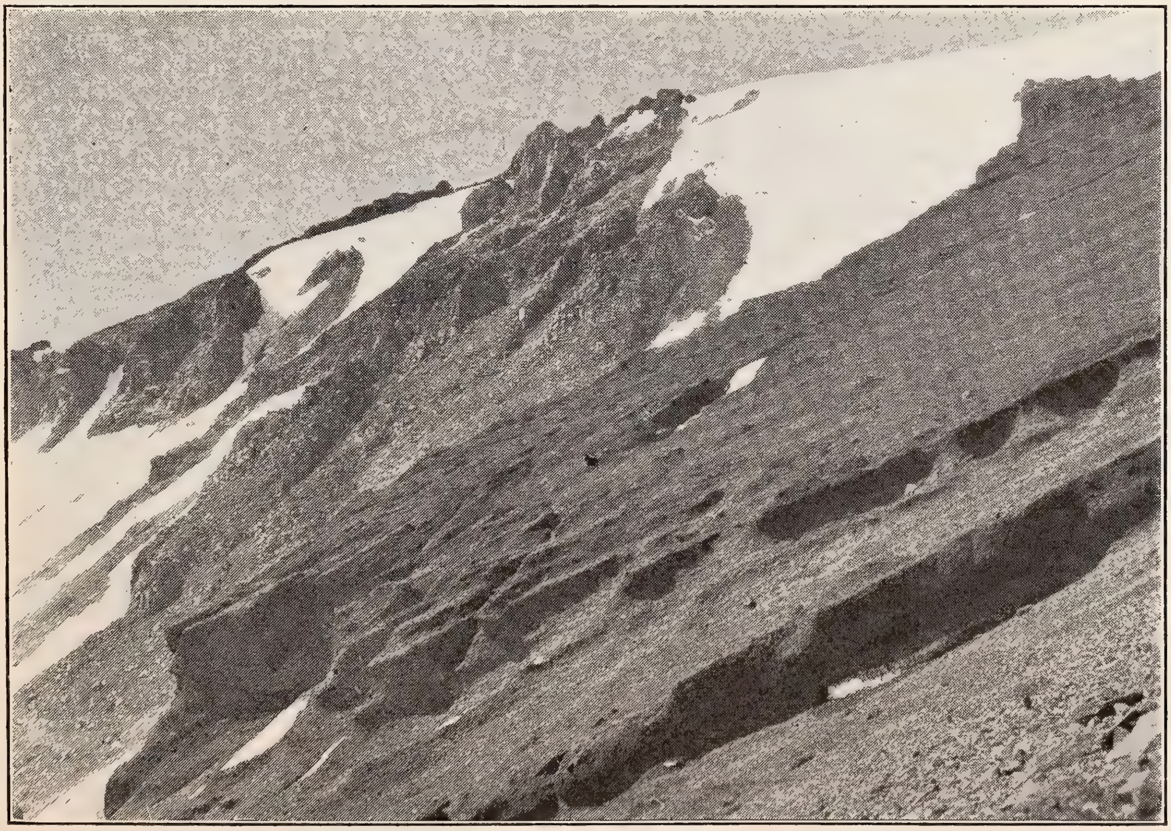
This treatment for sunburning, on investigation, was found to be scientifically correct. Sunburning results when the skin is exposed to brighter light than that to which it is accustomed. The application of vaselene fills the pores of the skin and, by preventing the charcoal from getting into them, facilitates the removal and cleansing process, later. The blacking, by excluding the light, protects the skin perfectly.

My costume consisted of a close knit blue woolen shirt, tweed trousers, wool underclothing, 2 pairs heavy wool socks, heavy, broad soled shoes with spikes, light, pliable leather leggings, a soft felt hat, with 2½ inch brim, woolen mittens, and smoked glass goggles. I carried an alpenstock, a 5 x 7 Premo camera, an aneroid barometer, and sandwiches. Emmons protested against the camera, and was positive I would never reach the top if I insisted on carrying it; but I wanted the photographs, and decided to take it with me.

We started up the gulch in which Horse Camp is located, walking on loose rock for over half a mile. The sides of the gulch are 2 lines of ragged cliffs, the West side having precipitous faces. At 9,000 feet we found snow in the bottom of the gulch. This was hard, from frequent freezing and thawing, and made much more comfortable footing than the loose rock. As we continued upward, the slope became rapidly steeper until at 11,000 feet it was slow and tedious work, and we were climbing rather than walking. At some places one could stand erect, turn a shoulder toward the mountain and touch the sloping snow with outstretched hand. The value of the spikes in our shoes, under such conditions, can be appreciated. Two hours of this work took us to the foot of the Mitten, an island of loose black rock, surrounded by snow, and having a shape which gave it its name. It is about one-half mile long, and is at the head of the gulch we ascended. The Mitten and Thumb Rock, at its upper end, are well known landmarks, and are visible from Sisson and many miles farther to the Southward.

It was just noon when we arrived at the foot of the Mitten, 11,800 feet. The heat of the sun was thawing the snow and loosening boulders, which occasionally went smashing down the canyon, raising clouds of snow and dust as they touched the surface. Emmons explained that was why it was necessary to start early and reach as high an altitude as possible before the sun got warm. The reflection of the sun on the snow produced a glare so intense that without goggles our eyes could have been kept open but a small fraction of the time, and would then probably have been seriously injured.

After exposing a few photographic plates and taking a short rest we continued our ascent. The altitude began to be noticeable and my breathing became labored. Emmons chose the narrow strip of snow to the right of the Mitten, but it was so steep and the climbing so difficult that I thought I would try the rocky slope farther to the right. This proved to be small, loose rock just at the angle of repose. My weight caused my feet to sink into this material above my ankles, and I slid down hill with the rock about as fast as I could move upward. Sometimes several square yards of the surface would start and carry me down 5 to 10 feet before it would stop. The harness I used to carry the camera impeded the action of my lungs, and the camera seemed to weigh 100 pounds. I was obliged to rest frequently. The sun's rays on the rocks were much hotter than on the snow. My progress was extremely slow, and finally, convinced that I had made a mistake in leaving the snow strip, I returned to it. Emmons had by that time climbed to a point several hundred feet above me, and when I reached him he generously offered to help carry the camera, but I would not consent. It was 2 o'clock when we reached Thumb Rock, on the crest of the mountain and at an elevation of 13,000 feet. The summit, 1½ miles West, was plainly visible from that point, and the scenery in all di-



RED ROCK NORTHWEST OF THE MITTEN.

rections was exceptionally interesting and beautiful. To the East and North stretch immense snow fields, or glaciers, cut by crevasses and punctured here and there by sharp, rocky peaks. A mile to the East is a small lake of blue water surrounded by snow. To the South for several miles stretch the ragged, undulating crests of the 2 spurs that bound the gulch we ascended; and far beyond is Sisson, just visible through the smoke of forest fires. We did not see anything animate above the line of perpetual snow, about 10,000 feet, except common flies and butterflies. All day we observed hundreds of butterflies, principally the common small yellow variety, fluttering aimlessly and helplessly upward, only to become the victims of frost and snow as soon as the sun went down.

We spent an hour photographing, ate our lunch and then resumed our journey toward the summit. On account of unusual thawing of the snow we were obliged to change the route ordinarily taken and scale some steep, rocky slopes near Thumb Rock, but after surmounting them the route lay over an easy slope of snow and around to the South side of a spur jutting out from the summit. We continued our ascent on the crest of this spur. The footing was in snow and loose rock successively and was extremely fatiguing. After every 30 or 40 steps our hearts beat like sledge hammers, but after a rest of a few seconds we could proceed again. Whenever we stopped we could hear boulders rolling and crashing down the mountain. Finally we reached the little plateau on top of the mountain, and there remained to climb only the tower-like pile of rocks, about 80 feet in diameter and 60 feet high, which constitutes the summit.

Emmons seated himself on a convenient rock at that point and directed my ascent verbally. In a few minutes I had gained the top and stood by the side of the cylindrical steel monument placed there by the U. S. Government to mark the summit. After 11 hours of hard work since leaving camp that morning my feeling of satisfaction, of victory, at that moment can readily be imagined.

The surroundings were most inspiring. Nowhere within the range of vision was there another eminence to rival Shasta or detract from its grandeur and glory. To the Westward my eyes in one tremendous sweep spanned the valley between Shasta and the Coast range; and through gaps in the latter, here and there, I could discern patches of the blue waters of the Pacific ocean. The valleys of the Klamatte, Pitt and Sacramento rivers are in plain sight. Vast forests carpet the surface far and near, enveloping even the foothills of Shasta; but nearer at hand there is naught but rock and snow—the black and white that are found only above the timber line.

There was little opportunity to enjoy and appreciate Nature's wonderful panorama from that point of vantage. Much time had been consumed in photographing, and it was necessary to hurry back toward camp as fast as possible before darkness should overtake us. I hastily pocketed a handful of small stones for souvenirs; registered my name in the book that is kept for the purpose in a small, sheet-iron box near the monument, and taking a last look in all directions, began the descent. It was just 10 minutes past 6. On reaching Emmons he took me a short distance Westward to a hot spring which emitted strong sulphurous fumes. We then began a rapid descent over the snow by a different route. The slopes were sufficiently steep so that in a sitting position we could slide, feet first, distances of over ¼ of a mile. I used my alpenstock under my right arm to steer, and by forcing it into the snow in the steepest places it served effectively as a brake. Emmons is an expert at this method of rapid transit, and frequently made lightning express speed with a cloud of snow in his wake. I was more timid and made slower time, but enjoyed the experience thoroughly and had no mishap.

By 7 o'clock we had descended 4,000 feet, and at 9 o'clock we were at camp. Much to our chagrin one of the horses had broken loose and gone home. We watered the remaining horse, prepared and ate a big supper and slept as only tired men can sleep. The next morning after breakfast we packed all our duffle on the remaining horse and walked back to Sisson.

"Isn't that Russian naval officer overwhelmed with grief after damaging one of his own ships?"

"No. He is proud because the Japanese didn't do it."—Washington Star.

AFTER MOOSE IN ONTARIO.

D. R. TUCKER.

Some years ago, with a friend and his wife, I left New York in September for a trip to Northern Ontario and Quebec. At Bai des Peres, a Hudson bay post, we outfitted with grub, canoes and 2 guides, both Indians, for a fishing trip on the many adjoining lakes and streams.

Black bass were abundant at each camping place. We had the Indians build fish ponds, in which we put our daily catch, killing only enough for our immediate use. On leaving camp we liberated our captives. I caught fish on a bass rod until I was tired of the sport, then commenced on them with a 4 1-2 ounce fly rod, prolonging the struggle and thus keeping down our daily average. The lady of our party caught our only lake trout, an 18 pounder, of which she was exceedingly proud.

After wandering up and down rapid streams, portaging to beautiful lakes seemingly numberless, having many little adventures and incidentally a glorious time, we found our way back to Lake Tamiscaming, where my friends took the boat for home.

I went on to the head of the lake and outfitted at a store there for a trip up the Blanche river after moose, Toussaint, a noted Italian trapper and hunter, going with me. Three days' hard paddling and portaging took us to our hunting grounds. About 75 years ago the whole country along this stream was burnt over. No new timber has grown up, but a thick brush now covers the ground, making an excellent moose country. On the way up, while paddling around a sharp turn in the stream, we almost ran into 2 yearling cows, but, of course, did not shoot. After looking at us a few seconds, they trotted off in the shallow water, then bounded over the bank and away.

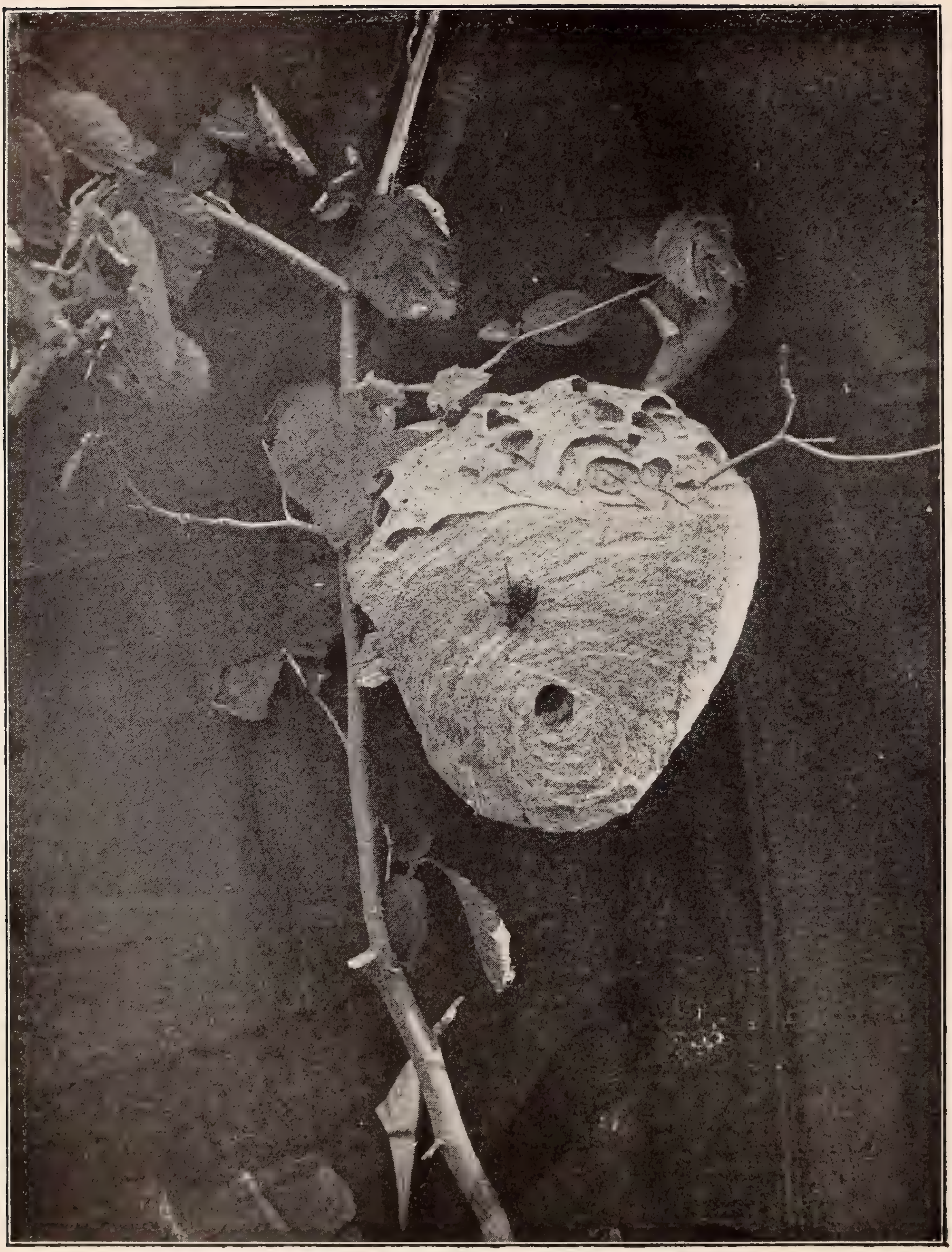
Arrived at our destination, 2 long, narrow lakes, connected by a short, reedy stream, we pitched camp. Thence we went on foot to a large barren, where Toussaint expected to see moose. Luck was not with us, and we returned to camp. Next morning we saw a cow and a calf, paddled up within 50 yards and watched them trot away. After lunch we went to the upper lake. While watching for moose, I put out my troll, soon hooking a large pike. The fish gave my trout rod about all it could stand. In the middle of the fun a bull caribou crossed the narrow outlet, about 200 yards away, but was out of sight before I could get the rifle. The pike weighed 17 pounds.

Next day we saw only a cow moose. At night Toussaint suggested that we should go to a wonderful spring lake, where he was sure we would see a bull. Early in the morning we crossed the lake, leaving our canoe, but taking grub, blankets and rifle, walked 2 miles to a little lake, where the Indian found a small canoe. We loaded up and got in, to find that our frail craft was only about 2 inches out of the water. Paddling carefully out of the lake down one stream and up another, we came to a small stream of clear water, which the Indian said came from Spring lake. Proceeding up it with great care, for it was narrow and shallow, about half a mile, we made camp. After eating lunch we took the canoe and rifle and paddled on to the springs about 1-3 mile.

On the way up Toussaint stopped paddling, softly whispering, "Bear," and pointed to a spot in the brush not 20 yards away. I made out something black, which proved to be Bruin's head. I pressed the trigger and the bear was ours. He had been feeding on a yearling moose, which, the Indian said, he had killed. After skinning the bear and taking some meat, we went on to the lake, a short distance away. It was a small sheet of water, not more than 5 or 6 acres in extent, situated in a lovely dell, surrounded by low hills. No stream runs into it, but it is fed by 14 large springs, boiling up from craterlike depressions in the white sand, which covers the whole bottom of the lake. The water was so pure and clear that it could hardly be seen and, although the lake is 30 or 40 feet deep, a pin could have been distinguished on the bottom. The canoe seemed floating in air and several times I dipped my hands in the water to assure myself that we were not suspended by some enchantment.

As the light began to fade we reluctantly headed for camp. Just before reaching it a big bull moose loomed up in the dusk. One quick shot finished him. We left him where he fell until morning, when we skinned him and took his head. By working hard all day and making 2 trips, we got back to our permanent camp, leaving skins and head over night at the lake where we got the small canoe.

During the next 2 days we saw several cows and on the 3d day killed another bull with a large head, after an exciting chase. Then we said goodbye to our hunting grounds and headed for the Ottawa. Two days of easy paddling, but some hard portaging, down the rapid stream, took us safely back. On our way down we saw where many moose had crossed since we went up. A few days of rest at the head of the lake and I paddled down to Bai des Peres, where the steamboat was caught for civilization again.



DO NOT HIT THIS BUSH TOO HARD.

AN IDEAL GAME PRESERVE.

G. O. SHIELDS.

For the busy New York man who likes to get a day's shooting occasionally, without taking too much time from business, there is no place like the Chamberlin preserve at Old Point Comfort, Va. Realizing the wants of this large class, the manager of the Hotel Chamberlin has leased the shooting rights on a number of farms and on several large tracts of uncultivated lands in James City county, for the exclusive use of his guests. The tract thus controlled is about 7 miles long and one to 2 miles wide. It is carefully patrolled by gamekeepers, and no one is allowed to shoot on the premises without a written permit from the manager of the hotel.

THE HUNTING LODGE ON THE BANKS OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The preserve is reached by a ride of 47 miles on the C. & O. railway to Toano. The preserve borders on the station grounds and the visitor may begin shooting as soon as he leaves the village.

This is a natural game country, and quail, turkeys, deer, ducks and rails have been abundant here ever since the country was discovered. With a view to keeping up the supply and improving the stock 100 pairs of quails were imported from North Carolina last fall and liberated on the preserve. It is the intention of the manager to repeat this operation every year and thus to keep an abundance of the little brownies on hand for years to come.

There are several flocks of wild turkeys on the preserve. They keep back in the heavy timber and are difficult to find, but the patient, skillful hunter may reasonably count on getting a few of these kingly birds if he can spare 2 or 3 days in which to hunt them.

Woodcock are fairly plentiful about the numerous marshes, and ducks, snipe and plover are abundant there in season.

One of the most attractive birds to be found in that country, however, is the sora. The preserve includes about 500 acres of tide marsh bordering on the Chickahominy river, which is a natural resort of the

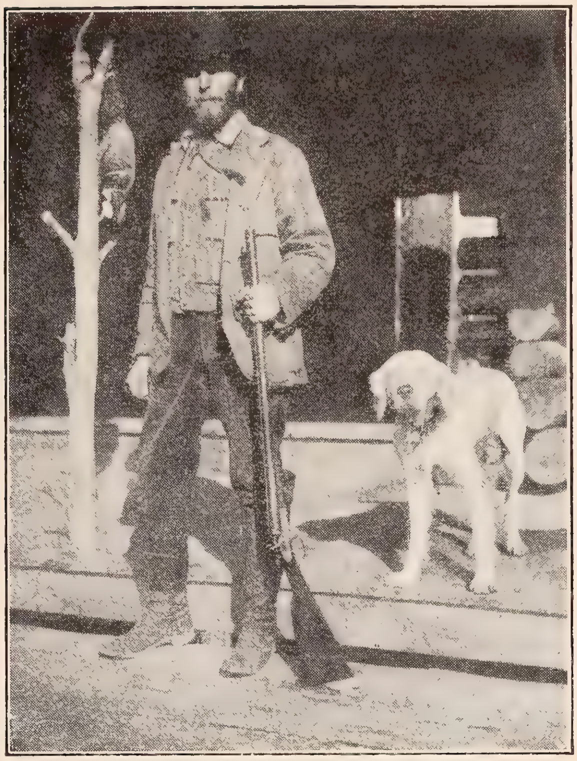
A GLIMPSE OF THE MARSH NEAR THE LODGE.

savory little birds. When the first frosts fall in Maine and Canada the sora go South and drop into the Virginia and Carolina marshes in great numbers. The manager of the Chamberlin preserve has an ample supply of boats at his hunting lodge, and good men to push them and retrieve the game. Numerous killings have been made there which I should not care to report in detail, and I have asked Mr. Adams to make a rule limiting the number of sora which any man may hereafter kill in a day to 25, or 50 at the outside. I am certain he will do this in the interests of clean sport and for the good of his guests.

OLD DOMINION RAPID TRANSIT.

The number of quails to each gun should be limited to 15 a day.

The sora usually come in about Septem-



THE MANAGER AND NELLIE.

ber first, and when Jack Frost begins business in Virginia, usually about October 15th to 30th, the birds move on down the coast; so the patrons of the Chamberlin preserve may safely count on good rail shooting at any time between September first and October 15th.

WAITING FOR THE DUCKS TO COME IN.

Mr. Adams has built an ideal log cabin on a high bluff overlooking the marsh and a long stretch of the Chickahominy river. This lodge is furnished with good beds, plenty of easy chairs and a complete cooking outfit. The pantry is kept stocked with good, wholesome food.

The sportsman who plans a day on the preserve may leave the big hotel at 9.40 in the morning, lunch at the hunting lodge and spend the afternoon in search of quails, sora, wild turkeys, woodcock, snipe or ducks, according to the season or his taste. He can then board a train at Toano at 5 o'clock and be at the Chamberlin in time for dinner. Or, if he choose, he may stay at the hunting lodge during the entire term of his vacation, and be all the better for it, for the woods there are full of ozone.

Mr. Adams has provided a large kennel for the use of his guests, which usually contains about 20 dogs. I shot over one of these, an English setter named Nell, and she is one of the best trained dogs and one of the most beautiful workers I have ever seen in the field. There are many others in the kennel equally good.

ON THE WAY TO THE LODGE.

Mr. A. Croonenberghs, the manager of the preserve, is a Belgian and had a wide experience as a game breeder on his father's estate in the old country. Later he followed mining and ranching in Colorado and has traveled extensively in other parts of the world. He is an exceedingly interesting man to talk with and is always on the alert to entertain his visitors and to promote their comfort in every way possible.

The sport on the Chamberlin preserve may be varied by spending a part of the night in hunting coons or 'possums. Both animals are plentiful there and a bunch of beagles, fox hounds and fox terriers make mighty interesting music when they go on a trail.

Mallards, teal, blackheads, redheads and occasionally canvasbacks frequent the marsh in goodly numbers, and if a man does not get such shooting as he wants there he can take a flat bottom boat, cover it with grass, float down the Chickahominy and get good shooting on these and other varieties of ducks.

Guides wages are only $1.50 a day; guide and dog, $2; boatman and boat, $1.50; team and driver, $2 a day.

Sportsmen who prefer to use their own dogs can have them boarded permanently at Mr. Adams' kennel at $5 a month.

My own experience on the Chamberlin preserve was extremely interesting. In 4 hours' hunting we put up 3 full coveys of 15 to 20 birds each, and by following them persistently could easily have killed 15 or 20, but we felt we had enough when we got 5 quails and one woodcock, so we quit.

The next day we had an old fashioned rain. In the afternoon the temperature neared the freezing point and snow came down in large wet chunks. Sheltered by rubber boots and a Pantasote coat and hat I walked from the lodge to the station, 3½ miles. Persimmons were just ripe and the trees were loaded. To pick the luscious fruit from the snow-covered ground and eat all I wanted of it, as I trudged along through a grand old storm, was a treat not often afforded a Northern man. A dinner at the Hotel Chamberlin, made memorable by a broiled woodcock on toast, was a fitting close to an ideal day in the Old Dominion.

Most people know what a delightful place Old Point Comfort is in winter, and what a luxurious house the Hotel Chamberlin is. Those who have not had the pleasure of visiting this famous resort have something interesting to look forward to. There are few resorts in this country where a man can get so much for his money as at Old Point.

Fortress Monroe, one of the best of our seacoast defenses, is located there, and within its historic walls the United States Artillery School is conducted. This keeps a large number of officers, young and old, on duty there, and the corridors, parlors, dining rooms and ballroom of the Chamberlin are aglow with blue and gold day and night.

Immediately in front of the Hotel Chamberlin, and only 3 miles away, the great battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor was fought; Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, only a few miles from Old Point, and the war of 1812 left its imprint on this hallowed ground. The greatest ship-building plant in America and the largest dry dock in the world are at Newport News, 12 miles away.

It is well worth while for every American to make at least one trip to Old Point and look over these historic landmarks. If you go in the open season for any of the kinds of game I have mentioned, you can take your gun along and put in a day or 2 where conditions are right for good sport.

CONTRASTS.

C. O. WOODMANSEE.

The meadow where last summer
The daisies used to blow,
Is covered now with glist'ning ice
And the sifting, drifting snow.

The forests where last summer
The robins used to sing,
Now bow their bald, submissive heads
To the mighty Winter King.

The brook that down the valley,
Last summer used to race,
Is silent now and still
In Winter's cold embrace.

The pond where all last summer
The froglets used to play,
Is covered now with cold, thick ice
Where the skeeters have gone away.

The breezes that last summer
So soft were wont to blow,
Have turned around, are coming back,
Their whiskers full of snow.

Oh, Winter, we are tired of you,
We wish you soon would go;
We're tired of your blooming blizzards,
We're tired of your ulster of snow.

But don't feel badly, Winter,
When the dog days come again;
We'll sigh for your cooling breezes
In this same poetic strain.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

R. G. KINNIER.

In the early 70's and later there were plenty of deer on the Rich Patch mountains, in Virginia; to-day there are none.

What boy in his early teens has not thrilled with feverish excitement in anticipation of a deer hunt? Who of us in later years is so engrossed with the cares of the great workaday world that we do not turn aside occasionally from more serious pursuits to contemplate dreamily all the circumstances of that hunt in minutest detail?

A deer hunt in those days was usually arranged Sunday, at the old Locust Bottom church. The country was sparsely settled and means of communication were meager, so it was the custom for the farmers of the neighborhood, while waiting for the parson, to line up on a rail fence hard by the church, like so many crows, exchange news, discuss the crop prospects, and when a deer hunt was on the *tapis* to locate the standers and appoint the driver.

The James, receiving the confluent waters of the Jackson and Cowpasture rivers, which form its source, flows 6 miles through the farm lands, then swerves around toward the base of the mountain, which it hugs for 2 miles or more, forming in its wide sweep an immense horseshoe. The intervening land between the 2 sides of the shoe was covered by dense forest, except where at the toe of the shoe and contiguous to the river the wooded district had been reclaimed and given over to agriculture. Along this stretch the stands were located, each with its name taken from some peculiar feature or point in the surroundings, as, "the foot of the island," "the big rock," "the old log," "the Engart house" and so on. The forest land was called "the Bent,' taking its name from the bend in the river, and was a favorite rendezvous for the deer; indeed it might more properly be called their sanctuary; for should a deer luckily escape with his life while passing through the stands, the dogs were invariably called off at the river and the pursuit ended. He repaired thence to the Bent for rest, and returned to his haunts on the mountain at his leisure.

There was little still hunting in those days. It was accounted too slow and devoid of the excitement which made the chase the favorite mode of hunting, though occasionally a deer was killed at one of the several licks in the mountain which they were in the habit of frequenting. These were usually artificial, a large lump of rock salt imbedded securely in a log, or better still, the natural springs of sulphur water of which the deer were especially fond. The gunner repaired to the lick about dusk, hid near, and awaited the coming of his quarry. The darkness and stillness of the forest, broken only by the wavering cry of the screech owl, the to-hoo-hoo-hoo of his larger kinsman, the barking of a fox, or the soughing of the winds through the tree tops, are not conducive to cheer the ordinary mortal, but for one who loves the woods and nature their manifold voices possess an enduring charm. Sometimes the deer came; oftener he did not come; but whether he came or not the experience was unique and interesting.

Hunting with dogs, now wisely prohibited in most of the States, was then the method in vogue. Hal was usually called on to drive, because of his remarkable woodcraft and his knowledge of the country. If Hal Wood could not get up a deer nobody could. His famous hound, Ringwood, was possessed of an instinct as remarkable as his master's woodcraft. Ringwood could take up a cold trail, which few dogs could touch, and stick to the trail until the deer was jumped. Rock and Rover, his running mates, were good hounds, more fleet of foot than their old companion; and with his wonderful keenness of scent they made a trio hard to beat. Ringwood's yelp while on the trail or in the chase was a study in acoustics. His open was a deep bass followed by a high, vibrant note, which reverberated through the mountain and floated trumpetlike over the valley below. It had for me more fascination than the choicest symphony.

One night it was arranged that Hal should have the dogs on the mountain by daylight. He was to start in at the White Rock gap and whip around toward the Mine branch. Covering that portion of the mountain with the 3 faithful hounds resulted usually in a deer being jumped early in the forenoon. The gunners on the stands below could hear the chase from start to finish and were on the *qui vive* from the first note of old Ringwood as the trail was struck, mingled with an occasional sharp yelp from Rock or Rover, until they broke out in concert and we knew the chase was on. How inspiring! How thrilling! I envy not the man his apathy who under such circumstances could remain unmoved. Certainly it was not to be expected of a lad of 14 on his first deer hunt. Chills chased up and down my spine and my heart climbed into my throat. I am afraid, in spite of Hal's admonition, I was getting buck ague badly. He had given me a tip to this effect:

"Ole Stiffleg's goin' to make a beeline for the ole log this mornin'. I know where he's foragin'; and if I start him 'twixt the head of Mine branch hollow and the plant-bed he'll take the top of the ridge and is cocksure to take to water e'en about the ole log. If I jump him higher up he may come in at the foot of the island, or the big rock. Possibly he may whip around and go to the ole Engart house, but it's dollars to doughnuts if you cover the ole log you'll get a crack at him; an' look here, boy, lemme tell you sumpin. I don't want you to get no buck ague! Keep a stiff upper lip an' a tight toe-nail. Blaze away at his head first, just when he takes to water. You may hit him swimmin'; and if you miss save your other barrel an' give him a sockdolager when he reaches shallow water on t'other side. When you see him hoist his flag, look out; he's mighty good on the jump, and will be off in the brush fo' you c'n say, 'Jack Robinson!'"

I had been at the stand nearly 3 hours. There seemed to be nothing doing and time was hanging heavy.

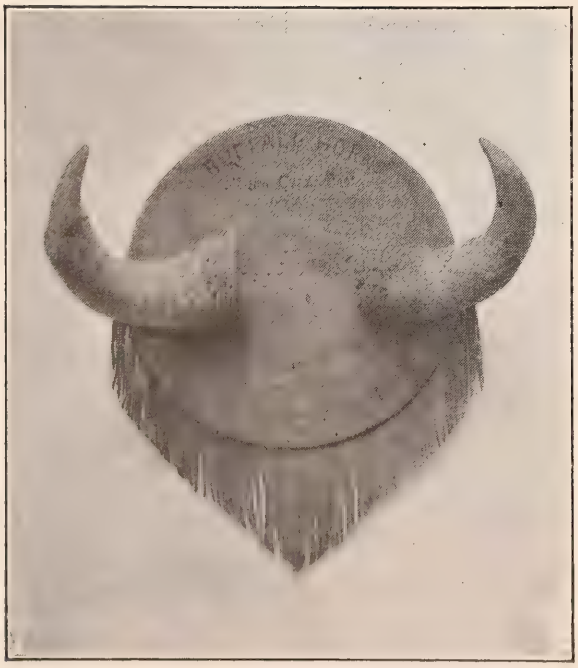
Presently from a high knob in the rear came a vociferous outburst from the dogs, and I knew the deer was heading my way. At the same time I could hear his long, plunging leaps through the brush as he came down the mountain side. A moment's hush, then a loud splashing sound in the water, and there was the deer, somewhat jaded by the long chase, making for the opposite bank. And there stood a boy, half crazed with fright, with a gun wobbling every way and his heart beating fiercely under his waistcoat. It was hard to tell which was the more frightened, the deer or the boy. It seemed an age, but finally the gun spoke, and, Heaven only knows how it happened, but when the smoke cleared away the fatally wounded deer was seen churning the water, crimson with his blood, in a last death struggle.

I skinned out of my clothes in a jiffy, swam in and pulled my victim ashore, and when Hal arrived a few minutes later, I had the deer's throat cut.

Hal was delighted at my good luck, and said, giving me his hand:

"You're all right, Rob! This ole county ain' big enough for you to-day."

PICKED UP ON THE PLAINS.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. S. GARRETSON

A UNIQUE RELIC OF A DEPARTING RACE.

I am an ardent reader of your magazine; also an amateur photographer. I have what I think is an interesting relic. The work and the idea are wholly my own. Thinking it might also interest some of your many readers I have photographed it, and send herewith a print. These are buffalo bull horns, in the rough, just as they were picked up on the plains, near Miles City, Montana, in 1882. The one on the right is, according to good authority, from an animal about 20 years old. The one on the left is about 30 years old. It shows how the old fellow had worn it off to keep it sharp. The skin covering the shield was once a part of a magnificent buffalo robe, beautifully decorated and Indian tanned. It was traded at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by the Indians in 1849. A neighbor of mine came into possession of it that same year and has owned it ever since until recently, when at my earnest request he gave me the last remnant, to cover the shield and make the fringe decoration on what I call a unique relic of a departing race.

Martin S. Garretson, Franklin Park, N. J.

A PLAIN TALE OF THE WOODS.

F. A. VERPLANCK.

As a boy I liked to go fishing, and as a man I have not lost my liking for a rod and line; but I fail somewhat of reaching the standard demanded of the ideal angler, for I can not sit all day in a boat and drown worms nor can I follow a reputed trout brook all day without a nibble. I can not patiently endure the pleasantries of my family when I return tired and hungry, with an empty basket, after a day's fishing. On the other hand, I am not devoted to fishing for the sake of the fish, yet in order that fishing may have any pleasure for me, at occasional and irregular intervals fish must be caught.

For several years I had longed to go where fish could be caught by an amateur. I had also wished to go far into the primeval woods, where I could be free from the bustle and worry of civilization. Unconsciously to me, the wood gods were calling.

After reading many advertisements, I selected a camp remote from the railroad and wrote the proprietor. I received a prompt reply saying that the camp was surrounded with lakes and streams in which trout rose to the fly every day in the summer, that deer were often seen, that prices were reasonable, and that I would be welcome.

The phrase, "trout rose to the fly," set me thinking. I had never seen a fly. My list of bait had included crickets, frogs, dobsons, and the ordinary worm, which I afterward learned to call a ground hackle. I dispatched a second letter confessing my ignorance of fly fishing, and asked instructions as to what I should buy. In that I was wise. The reply gave me exact and minute instructions as to rods, lines and flies. It also contained a sentence which at the time made little impression on me, but which I afterward found to be full of significance. It said, "I will meet you at Bemis and conduct you to camp."

An afternoon in Boston and a badly broken $20 bill supplied me with the necessary equipment for fly fishing. An early start from Boston and a long ride by rail took my wife and me at sunset to the end of the narrow gauge. There we found a good stage, and a ride of 12 miles or more took us to the Hunt house, a good supper and a good bed.

After breakfast the next morning my education began. Before noon I had learned more about the Maine woods than I could have learned in a dozen evenings from books. The ways and manners of the Maine guide or hotel proprietor are worthy of study. He is a gentleman. He does not obtrude his superior knowledge of the woods on you, yet, if you are observant, you may learn from many an apparently chance remark.

I found that Joe's camp was 16 miles away, somewhat more remote from the railroad than I had supposed. I said that Joe was coming to "conduct me to camp," and that I had written him to meet me. The proprietor of the hotel said, "Joe did not come out last night. He will leave his camp early this morning and you will see him about 3 o'clock this afternoon. He will take you in to camp to-morrow." Eight or 10 hours for 16 miles! I began to realize that the road must have some characteristics with which I was unfamiliar. My face may have revealed my state of mind, for one of the witnesses remarked, "That road out to Joe's is a little rough in some places." The hint was enough, and I asked no more questions. I would take the road as I found it and would soon know all about it.

Hotel proprietors sometimes make mistakes, for at 10 o'clock Joe came. He had left his camp early and had come straight through. He had pushed a pair of horses over 16 miles in 5 hours. I afterward learned that it was the record. If it had not been the talk of the town for the morning, the feat would not have surprised me. Soon Joe announced that after feeding and a short rest for the horses, he proposed to return. This upset all local traditions. No team had ever been over that road twice in one day. No Yankee would do it. Joe's German blood was held accountable.

I had time to examine Joe's buckboard I had seen buckboards at Bar Harbor, but this was not of the Bar Harbor variety. The wheels were as large as the wheels of a heavy team wagon, and the connecting links were planks. It was not painted and was banged and marred. It had evidently seen much service, largely over that 16 miles of road.

When Joe asked for my baggage, I scored my first success, for I brought out 2 suit cases. "I guess you have been in the woods before. They generally bring 2 trunks," said one of the witnesses; but Joe was getting out rope enough to rig a small catboat. It all went to tie the suit cases on the buckboard. My respect for the 16 miles increased.

At last we were off. The road out of the village was smooth and pleasant; but we soon came to Deep river, which we had to ford. We began to realize that we were off the macadam. Of late our country has experienced a great wave of interest in good roads. I had not previously realized the importance of the movement, but the subject was coming home to me. Joe said there were 3 kinds of roads in Maine—roads, buckboard roads, and tote roads. The variety which was engaging our attention was a buckboard road.

You take a buckboard road lengthways. The trees by its side keep you in the one narrow way. It is not a case of shake well before taking. You are well shaken while you are taken, and the effects of the treatment last even unto the third day. A buckboard road has not been brought to a definite grade, yet it has a general level, usually the level of the mud and water which fill it. Above this level rise the rocks as high as the axle tree. Below this level extends the mud to the depth of the hub. An occasional log is thrown in for good measure. By some curious process of nature the rocks and mud holes have been so arranged that, when the fore wheel on one side of the buckboard is on top of a rock, the opposite hind wheel is deep in the mud. In the space of 2 seconds this situation is reversed. The fore wheel drops violently, and the hind wheel, with a scrape and a slip or 2, reaches the top of the next rock. It is a continuous performance, rocks and mud, then mud and rocks. For variety there is now and then a swamp or the swampy margin of some lake. There the corduroy road prevails. It is made of straight logs laid side by side in the mud. This road also has not been brought to a definite grade. Both front wheels pass over a log at the same time. When they are well over, the back wheels together pass over a log. If the planks of the buckboard are springy, you realize whence the buckboard took its name and think of the bucking bronco of the plains. Often the logs get out of place and bunch together. The horses jump the vacant places and the wheels bring up on the pile of logs and then quickly go over them. In this case you hang on and take the bumping which you are sure to get. The driver advises you to sit loose, and you are nearly thrown out of the buckboard. Then you get your feet braced and sit tight and are soon wearied by the jar. You can not get rid of the buckboard road, for like the poor it is always with you; yet it is not so bad as you might think, and there are some mitigating features.

After 9 miles we came to Deer lake, where we saw our first log camp. The proprietor soon had dinner ready for us, trout fresh from the lake, and for dessert, mince pie. Mince pie in midsummer! Mince pie 1,000 miles from Chicago and the stock yards! Mince pie 9 miles from Bemis and over a buckboard road! Shades of last fall's deer and moose! How can these things be?

While the horses rested we walked on. It was a clear August day, with the customary heat tempered delightfully by a cool Northwest breeze; a day with here and there a fleecy, fair weather cloud, giving its delicate hint of beautiful October. The sides of the road were lined with bushes loaded with blueberries and red raspberries. We lingered for a second dessert. Occasionally there were large beds of trailing arbutus with a richness of green foliage which excited our admiration. Everywhere scarlet bunchberries shone amid the green ground pine which trailed artistically over the decaying logs. The soft leaves of the moose maple brushed us in the face. Here and there we passed through the deep shade of primeval trees which had escaped the axe of the woodman. The air was redolent of spruce and balsam. In the quiet and peace we rested and invited our souls. Time passed unconsciously. The spell was broken when my wife said, pointing to a brown spot on the hill side, "What's that?" I did not know, and we sat and watched it. It moved. Its head appeared. It was a deer. It looked about for a few seconds and then moved away, unconscious that its human enemy was at hand. We had seen our first deer without the aid of a guide, and nothing more seemed necessary to complete our first day in the woods.

However, the aspect of nature was rapidly changing. Dark clouds were gathering about the top of a mountain to the Northward. The wind was rising and the woods were growing dark. A low, far-away grumble of thunder reached our ears. A storm would soon be upon us. We looked for Joe and the buckboard and then listened for the rumble of the wheels. He came none too soon, with the wraps and rubber blankets. We must endure whatever nature had in store for us, and prepared to face in the open whatever might come, for roof there was none. Just as the shower reached us, we came to a river. The wind-driven storm made the surface of the water smoke. The blinding sheets of rain curled around the horses, and they stopped midstream, but the whip compelled them to go on. We crossed a triangular piece of land and came to a second river, which was running swiftly into the first. Again the poor horses were exposed to the wind and rain; but we were soon across and sheltered under a group of spruces, where we sat out the storm.

When it was over, we resumed our journey over the buckboard road. Darkness came on. We crossed the river twice and drove half a mile in the bed of the stream. We toiled slowly up a long grade. At last we saw the welcome lights of the camp; and cold, wet and hungry we pulled up. Joe was out before us and with match in hand ran in, while we slowly followed.

It was a new log camp, which had never been occupied. The smell of the woods poured from every log. A large fireplace made of rough stones and piled high with well seasoned cedar filled one end of the room. In an instant the fire was burning and in a few minutes the whole camp was lighted by the cheerful blaze. We threw off wet wraps and basked in the generous heat.

A little later, in the dining camp, we did justice to a menu which included trout, biscuit, and coffee. We began to know and appreciate the appetite which the life in the woods always brings. After supper we sat around the cheerful fire in the privacy of our own camp and discussed the events of the day.

The next morning my second day's education began. I learned from Joe that all who are at any time found within the boundaries of Maine are divided into 2 great groups: sportsmen and natives. The sportsmen only summer in Maine. The natives are able to live in Maine both winter and summer, because the sportsmen come with their money and summer in Maine. Again, the sportsmen are divided into 2 classes, the dead game type and the tomato-can type. The dead game sportsman lives in the woods and all that in them is. He does things for himself, lives the life of the woods, and rejoices therein. The tomato-can sport lingers near the camp, wears the clothing of civilization and, if he fires a rifle, uses the ignominious tomato-can as a target. I must prove that I had within me the making of a dead game sportsman or lose caste at once.

Just back of the camp, in a wild gorge, flowed a mountain stream, with a deep pool. To that I went with my new fishing equipment and whipped the pool, the bushes, the pile of logs at the side of the pool, and caught the back of my hat. My 2 hours of practice did not go unrewarded, for one trout of kindergarten age rose to my fly, was hooked and landed. Time after time I practiced at the pool until I could sometimes cast the fly as I wished.

Joe took me out on the lake in a canoe and I fished while he paddled, but I had indifferent success. It occurred to me that the correct method of fishing might be learned by observation, so I asked Joe to take the rod while I took the paddle. I soon found that I had other work in hand than watching the fishing. Joe had made the canoe obey the slightest movement of the paddle. Under my direction it went where it listed. By using the paddle on both sides of the canoe, I could approximate the result I wished; but how to direct the canoe by using the paddle on only one side was a mystery. One day I stole away from the camp and, putting the canoe into the lake, practiced until I had at least rudimentary ideas of paddling.

One morning there was a drizzling rain. A cheerful fire and a novel made the storm far from unendurable, but by the middle of the afternoon the day dragged, so we decided to go somewhere. Clad in warm wraps we started for the lake. My wife took the bow of the canoe and the rod, while I took the stern to demonstrate my newly acquired skill with the paddle. We soon tired of fishing, and paddled down to the end of the lake to a large bush-piled mound, the home of a colony of beavers. We wished that one of the beavers would come out, so we might brag that we had seen both deer and beaver. We let the canoe drift out into the lake while we watched the clouds which were continually forming around the top of a mountain to the West. After a time the sunset rays broke through the clouds, promising better things for the morrow. We drifted on and watched the great, silent woods as they slowly changed from light to dark and grew hazy and indistinct in the distance. A crazy loon far down the lake filled the huge stillness with his uncanny laughter. I recalled my sensations when as a boy I must pass a graveyard in the night. An animal was swimming not far from the canoe. Confident in my newly acquired knowledge of woodcraft, and recalling a pond of my boyhood days, I gravely announced that it was a muskrat. With a crash which aroused the echoes across the lake, it suddenly dived. We were too startled for the moment to realize that we had seen a beaver. It is a good thing to be an amateur. It is a good thing not to have seen the whole world and the glory thereof. We went back to camp with a greater feeling of pride in having seen our first beaver than a more hardened veteran of the woods might experience in having killed a moose.

One morning Joe said, "Don't you want to camp out?" We wished everything that was our due, and were ready to accept any invitation. An hour later we left camp. Joe, axe in hand, carried a large leather pack which contained the food and cooking utensils. I was carrying my first pack, which was made largely of a huge roll of blankets. My wife and Mrs. H., whose acquaintance we had made in camp, led the way and made the pace. A rough trail through the woods, with a noisy stream on our right, took us, after an hour, to a dam, a relic of the old logging times. It was a huge structure which had in its youthful days successfully checked a mountain stream. It had been assaulted annually by acres of floating logs, but had valiantly held its place. Now its only value was as a footbridge, or perhaps some tramp beavers lived in the little pool of water which lay behind it. The structure of the dam was worthy of study. But 2 tools had been used in the construction of the framework, the axe and the augur. The logs had been squared and fitted with the axe, while straight oak pins riveted them together. The stream had carried away nearly all the earth from the apron. The great wooden structure, rising across the stream like the skeleton of some gigantic animal of the past, showed the honest work of the builders. The dam had been bleached and whitened by the storms of many winters, but was still staunch enough to withstand many spring freshets.

Over the dam we went and on up a steep hillside until we reached a large lake. Joe produced a canoe from a thicket, and we and our impedimenta were soon afloat. If we were to have trout for our dinner, we must catch them; so I cast from the bow while Joe slowly paddled.

In less than an hour we were at the camping place, but it was an hour filled with such experiences as can be had only in the woods. In it I caught more trout than we wished for our dinner, and 4 deer kindly posed for us from the shore. As we rounded one point a deer was standing knee deep in the water, either drinking or feeding on the lily pads. With a start he raised his head and faced us. His antlers had not less than 10 points, and he was worthy to be a model for Landseer. He gazed while the canoe drifted. We silently watched him and admired his graceful form. In all that wilderness we were the only living things he could not trust. He bounded away and the spruces hid him.

We soon put into a little opening where a tiny stream flowed into the lake. A few rods back, on a round knoll covered with maples and having a background of dark spruces, was a well made leanto. There deer hunters camped in the fall while they hunted the region about the lake. Its ends and frame were made of logs stoutly pinned together. The roof was made of spruce bark and was supposed to be watertight. The leanto was open toward the lake and before it were the coals and ashes of former camp fires. Joe made a fire, I cleaned the fish at the brook, the women cut the bacon, and soon the trout were frying. In the open air we had dinner, with no sauce but our appetites, and no orchestra but the murmur of the brook.

In the afternoon we paddled to the upper end of the lake and then far up the winding stream which was its main source. Great herons, with shrill cries and dangling legs, flew up from the tamarack swamps about us. The stream was filled with trout, and we caught all we wished and stopped. Why kill in wantonness?

At sunset we went back to the lake. The dying wind had left no ripple. The surface of the lake stretched before us bathed in a flood of sunset light. Thousands of insects were dancing joyously in the glow. Birds were skimming here and there over the surface, the trout were feeding and broke all about us. Not a square rod of surface was for a minute undisturbed. We could have caught a hundred trout if we had been in the mood to kill.

After supper we cut balsam and filled the floor of the leanto with boughs, on which we spread our blankets. Then piling the fire high with maple wood, we lay on the blankets and enjoyed the warmth. The lake before us was shrouded in mist, the tops of the hills across the lake were growing indistinct in the rapidly fading twilight, the new moon had but a short journey to her repose behind the hazy sky line. The darkness deepened and we were gradually shut in by the trees about us and the small patch of sky overhead.

Wrapped in a blanket, Joe smoked and told us of the life of the trapper and woodsman in those wilds in the winter. He told stories of the fall hunting for bear and moose. At last came the fanciful stories held in store and told to each new comer. The climax was the story of the trout which had been tamed and lived in camp. Faithfully it followed its master, but alas, while attempting to cross a stream on an ice-coated log, it was drowned.

Did we sleep? We wrapped ourselves in our blankets, we extended our feet to the fire, we inserted our heads under the eaves of the leanto, said good-night for the last time, and kept on talking. We arose and replenished the fire. We informed each inquirer as to the exact hour of the night. We made remarks derogatory to the mental equipment of the loon. We compared the relative discomforts of the bough bed and the buckboard road. We concluded that the bed, like the road, had not been brought to a definite level.

It is probably safe to say that each person had a nap. We wore out the night, and arising early refreshed ourselves in the cold water of the brook. The wood gods were kind, for they gave us a beautiful morning and a good breakfast. By noon we were back in the main camp with nothing but the pleasantest memories of the lake and its leanto.

The time came when we had to return to the exactions of civilization and its routine of duties. We did not dread the buckboard road. It was a part of the great woods which we had seen and enjoyed. We planned to go back to camp the next summer, for we had been inoculated and the bacilli of joy of the wild life had worked itself through our whole being.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

E. H. BLOOD.

A ranchman living in a lonely cabin in North Park, Colorado, had just returned from over the range, bringing with him his winter's supplies, and after storing them carefully away in his cabin he went to visit a friend who lived some miles down the valley. He celebrated the New Year with his fellow ranchman, and again returned home.

As he rode up to the house he noticed large tracks in the snow. The door, which he had securely closed, stood wide open, and there was a general air of life about the place. Approaching cautiously he heard loud growling and snarling, coming from within the cabin. Suddenly there appeared in the doorway a full grown cinnamon bear. In an instant another, though smaller one, stood beside it, and from the noise in the cabin there seemed to be a family gathering. The ranchman's horse became unmanageable with fright, and the owner withdrew some distance, where he stopped to think what he should do. His guns were in the house, and he dared not approach too near, so he decided to return to his neighbor's for help.

When the men returned, some hours later, armed, and accompanied by 2 dogs, the bears had gone. From an examination of their tracks it was found that there were 2 full grown bears and 3 cubs.

Entering the cabin, the men beheld a sight both tragic and humorous. A cyclone could scarcely have caused more destruction. The bears had evidently expected refreshments, and finding none set out for them, decided to help themselves. A sack of flour which had stood in one corner of the room had first attracted their attention. Tearing it open they had frolicked and rolled in the flour until it was strewn all over the place. Rice, tea, coffee, potatoes and sugar were mixed and scattered about in an indescribable manner. A side of bacon which had been suspended from the rafters had been torn down and partially devoured, and the molasses jug was empty.

On a rude bedstead in another part of the room had been the pride of the ranchman, a last relic of civilization, brought with him from his home in the East—a feather bed; but it was no longer a feather bed, for the feathers floated gayly about the room, and the bears had apparently had great sport with them.

At last, however, they had found what must have proved a rather painful surprise, a bag of cayenne pepper. This was too much for even a bear's sense of humor, and doubtless ended the feast.

As the owner of the cabin gazed about him at the wholesale destruction of his winter's supplies he determined to have some bear meat, so he and his neighbor set out with the dogs to follow the trail. They finally found one of the old bears and 2 cubs, the others having wandered off in another direction.

The hunters succeeded in killing the old bear and one of the cubs; the other escaped.

The dead bears presented an amusing appearance. In their fur still lingered a mixture of molasses, feathers and flour; enough, the ranchman said, to last him the rest of the winter.

THE BEARS' PICNIC.

GEO. A. WILLIAMS, M.D.

Ole Mr. Bear, take off his coat,
Mighty glad he kotch dem shoat;
One shoat's big an' de odder one's little,
Ole Mis' Bear, git out yo' kittle.

Young Mr. Bear, jes play dat tune,
Hop light Lou an' ole Zip Coon;
All dem little bears a dancin',
Ole Mis' Bear she keep on prancin'.

Swing you' pardners, raise yo' han',
Keep yo' eye on de Voodoo man;
Balance all an' take yo' fling,
Right shasay an' pigeon wing.

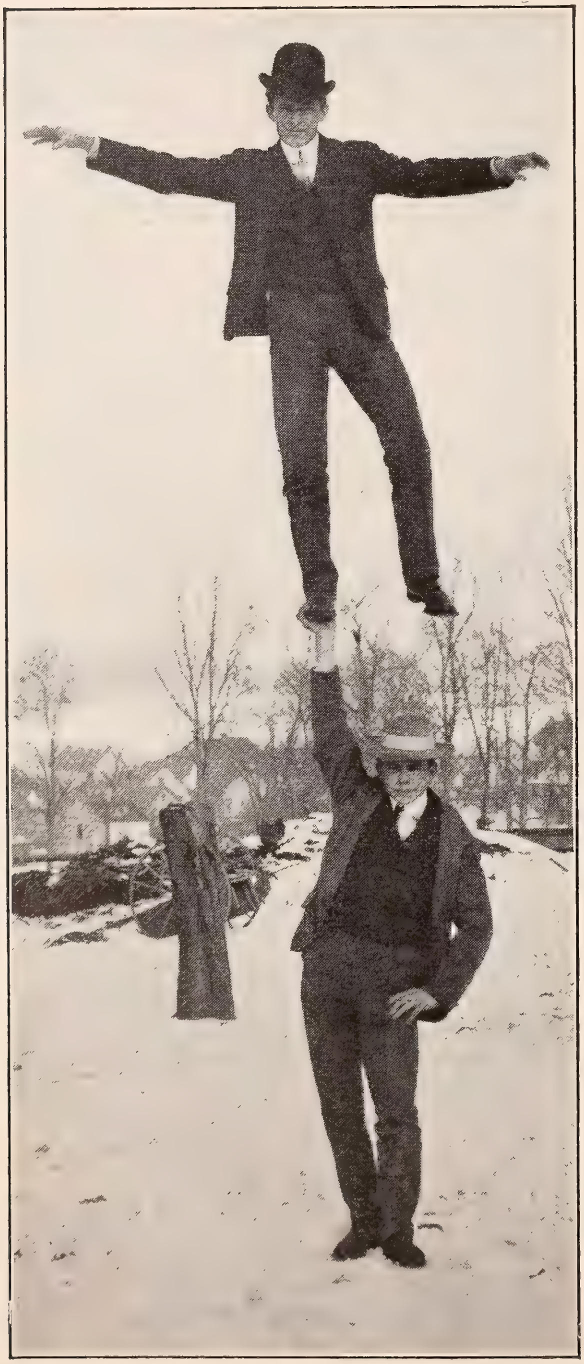
Ole Mr. Fox he look so sly,
Brudder Rabbit wink his eye;
We done fool ole farmer Jones,
Steal dem shoat an' pick dem bones.

De chipmunk whistle an' de bluejay sing,
Jes' bring yo' fiddle an' come agin;
Ole Mr. Bear done make his call,
Bes' respec's an' good night all.

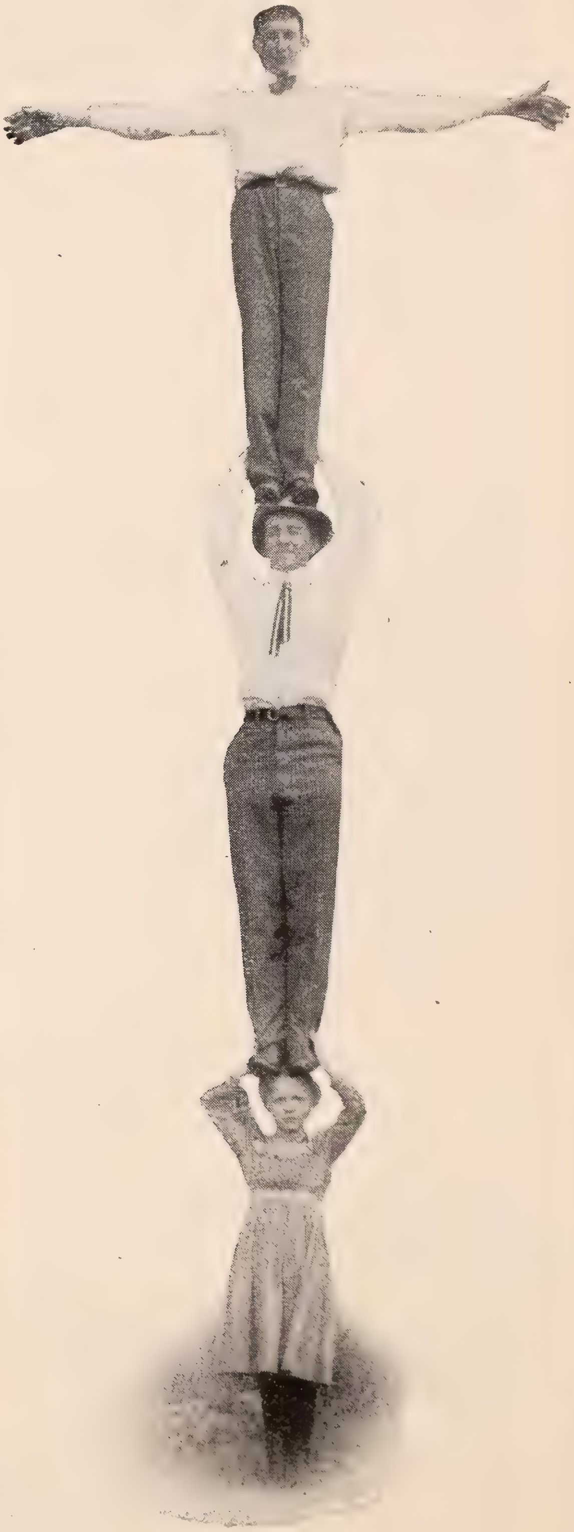
NOT SO HARD AS IT LOOKS.

The photos I send you herewith depict illusions. I drove into the ground a pole which is just as high as the young man with his arms outstretched. The pole is back of the young man's right leg and his arm. The pole is no wider at the top than the man's wrist, hence is completely hidden. The man on the top is standing on the pole and bears no weight whatever on the young man below.

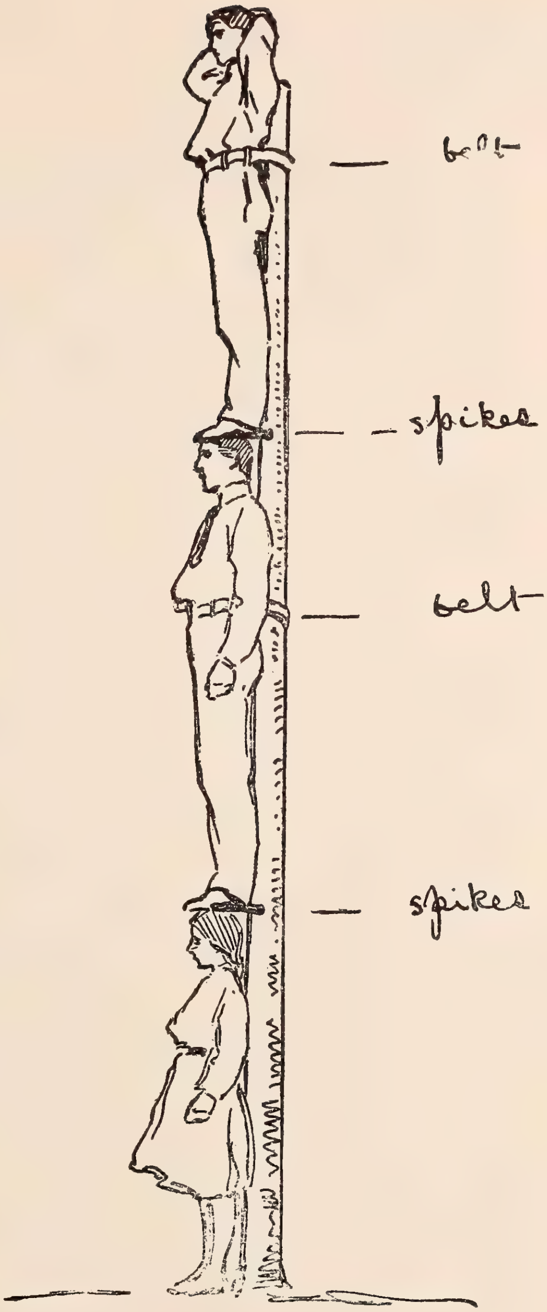
The photo showing the little girl was, of course, made in the same way.



AT ARM'S LENGTH.



A BIG LOAD.



HOW IT WAS DONE.

The accompanying drawing shows how it is done.

R. D. Von Nieda, Ephrata, Pa.

A boy was spending his vacation in the country with his grandparents. One day he was walking in the fields with his grandfather, and was surprised to see all the cows chewing their cuds. Not understanding what it meant, he exclaimed:

"Do you have to buy chewing gum for all them cows, grandpa?"—Albany Journal.

Father (from top of staircase)—Ethel, is that young man gone?

Ethel—Awfully, pa.—Grit.

ROAST PORK.

E. L. TAYLOR.

We vas sometimes tink's allreatty dot der pigs hafe all been found
But we'll read of some in next month's Recreation.
Dot no hunter mon vos smaller as a flea dot zhumps around
But we'll read of him in next month's Recreation.
Mit his leedle dog und gun un anodder hog to boot
He'll start oud in der morning for a day of grunt und shoot.
A million years togedder wit der pigs dey ought to root
Und read a page each day in Recreation.
Dere's bristles on anodder hog all up und down his spine,
We'll read of him in next month's Recreation.
He's got a dollar und he owns a rod and line—
About it we will read in Recreation.
He's fishing in der morning und he's fishing in der night.
He's fishing yet to-morrow if der fish will only bite.
Und dere he has a photo made
Shust like it was all right
For decent men to see in Recreation.
They vas need a roasting und they needs it mighty bad
They'll get it too I think in Recreation.
But nodding ever enters there to make a sportsman mad—
Each one has got a friend in Recreation.
Ven I eats mine saur kraut und drinks mine lager beer,
Coquina's health I give a toast und wish dot he vos here,
I'd like to shook him by der hand dot pulls der butcher's ear.
I do it too by reading Recreation.

BLONDES.

Blondes are of 2 kinds: the real and the chemical. It has, however, been ascertained by several observers that real blondes are often false.

The real blonde ranges 4 to 6 feet in height and over various parts of the country. Her eyes are gray, blue and goo-goo. In common with others of her sex, she is supported at length with some difficulty, but at short intervals with ease. She toys with her victims and delights in being loved.

The chemical blonde is self made and correspondingly independent. She is manufactured extensively in all districts, and appears to be much brighter than she really is. She is easily caressed, and expensive when allowed to have her own way.

Her eyes and her ways are apt to be dark.—Life.

SOME OTHER DOGS.

DELLA BELLAMY.

I have known intimately in my life 3 dogs. The second is the one whose characteristics pleased me the most. My acquaintance with the first dog was when I was but 6 years of age and was altogether too intimate. He bit me terribly. Scars are on my face to this day, faint, but discernible. As the result of the attack I was confined to my bed 2 weeks. Soon after I was out of danger, and my parents assured by the surgeon that eyesight would not be lost, as was at first feared, some one told me that if the dog by whom I was bitten ever had hydrophobia I would have it also. I believed that yarn a number of years, and lived in daily expectation of leaving my family at a moment's notice. It is useless to say that I felt the need of being always prepared, which partly accounts for my adhering strictly to the truth and leading a different life. In the light of after years I have had reason to be grateful to that dog. The affair cast a shadow on my young life, however.

My acquaintance with the second dog, a puppy 6 months old, began when I was about 9 years of age. An uncle returned from down the river, where he had been spending some time, and this dog, Choco, followed him home. Though my uncle was much affected by this, he wrote back to the dog's owner, who was an innkeper, the facts concerning the puppy. The man replied that if Choco had found some one whom he preferred for a master he would not stand in the puppy's way, nor would he accept any payment for him. My uncle had an idea that possibly Choco left his home through jealousy. He had a twin brother, his exact counterpart, who was petted and made much of also, and my uncle fancied Choco could not stand that. There did not seem to be any reason why this puppy should have been called Choco, unless, perhaps, on account of his color, which was a fine chocolate. He had eyes of the same color, and a white nose. His collar, shirt bosom and stockings were also white. He was a large, short haired dog, evidently a cross between a smooth coated St. Bernard and a bull terrier; most beautifully formed, but not a type. It was a pity he was only a mongrel, with his intelligence and noble qualities. Choco had been with us 2 months before we ever heard him bark. We thought he did not know how, but my uncle assured us he did and would do so when a fitting occasion arrived. There was great excitement in the family when we first heard the deep, musical tones which issued from his canine chest. The cow had gone into the horse barn. Choco thought such lawlessness deserved a reprimand. He drove her out without interference from the family, who were standing spellbound because the dog had barked.

Choco was an aristocratic dog. Peddlers were held in abhorrence, poorly dressed people likewise. He would follow them, growling ominously, until they were beyond his premises, then turn and go back to the piazza. He was affectionate toward his friends. When one of the family came around the corner in sight of the house he would run like a whirlwind to meet him and circle around every few steps, leaping and wagging his tail, but was too well bred ever to put his tongue on one's face or hands. Then he would precede his friend to the house joyfully.

I once sat by the window and saw Choco rush toward the corner to meet some one. I thought it must be the uncle who brought him to us, as the other members of the family were at home. Not so. It was an uncle, but one he had never seen before. He came back with this uncle, making as great demonstrations of affection as he would have made had one of us been gone months and just returned. That was the first and only time he ever appeared pleased to see a stranger.

I never had reason to be afraid of him but once. He had buried a bone and gone a short distance away. I dug it up, keeping my back toward him during the operation, so he could not see what I was doing, replaced the soil and went away, carrying the bone on the farther side of me. He went to the place as soon as I was gone, patted the dirt down with his nose and walked off without discovering the loss of the treasure. I then called him to me, drew the bone from behind my back and showed it to him. His eyes turned black and fierce. He gave a lunge. I dropped the bone just in time. He took it, put it back where it was, covered it and sat down on the spot. I went toward him, he gave a low, savage growl and I retreated. A few steps forward and I fear my mother would have lost her child.

The next winter after he came to live with us my father went out of the front door one day to the middle of the road and stepped into a sleigh. A while afterward Choco came from the barn and tracked father from the porch to the road, where the tracks stopped. Choco ran a few steps in either direction, looked up into the sky and all around, and finally commenced to dig in the ground, evidently believing father had gone down instead of up. My father returned soon, which put a stop to the excavating. Choco had made a hole about a foot deep. I have never seen such manifestations of joy as Choco exhibited when he ran to meet my father. We chaffed father about that for a long time.

My uncle came and went irregularly, sometimes being gone a month or 2, and he finally stayed away entirely; but Choco did not seem to miss him greatly.

Choco's sense of honor was fine. Many a small dog's part has he taken when the little fellow was getting the worst of a battle. In the 10 years Choco lived I never knew him to have but one fight of his own. As I did not see the commencement of it, I do not know whether he was justified or not, but believe he was. His previous character warranted that conclusion.

Choco's one mistake in regard to right and wrong was that he would let a man put his coat or dinner pail in the barn, but would not let him get it again. Some one of the family would have to get the article and hand it to its owner.

I have laughed until exhausted many a time to see that dog laugh. He would draw the corners of his mouth back and look so foolish, especially when gaiters were put on him. One member of the family gave him 2 pairs of discarded cloth shoes. I used to tie them on his feet. After getting used to the performance, each foot was held up in turn until all were shod. Then he would jump up and run around, raising his feet higher than usual. Some one would open the door, when he would run out into the village, circle around and come home again, evidently thinking the trip up town part of his act.

Choco and the butcher became great friends. It seems that the way to a dog's heart also is through his stomach.

One night at bedtime the dog was not to be found. We went to the butcher's to see if he knew anything about Choco. He said:

"I'll bet a hen I've locked him up in the market. Well, never mind, now. He's probably damaged all the meat by this time that he will."

When the butcher started out in the morning father went with him. They found the dog shut up in the market, but none of the meat had been touched by canine teeth. As a reward for his honesty he was given a chunk of liver, which he ate ravenously.

Not only was this dog honorable, but he had a taste for music. In my repertoire was one selection that would bring him into the room as soon as the first bars were played. He would sit on his haunches, wag his tail, turn his head, this way and that, with evident enjoyment, and look much interested, never leaving the room as long as that composition was being played. I played it 2 hours once, to see if he would tire of it, but at the end of that time he showed no signs of fatigue. When other music was played he would retire, but come again when his favorite was commenced. That was years ago. The music is lost and I can not even remember its name. I have wasted more effort trying to remember that air than on anything else ever forgotten. As the wheel of memory turns around the name of that composition does not come up. Possibly it was located on the outer surface of the tire and has worn off with many years' use. I should like to play that piece to other dogs and watch its effect.

The third dog is a Scotch collie, owned by my father-in-law, across the way. This dog drives the cows fairly well, but waltzes better. When the team starts out for work in the morning Shepherd goes ahead, dancing as prettily as any belle in a ballroom, round and round, reversing every fourth turn, backward and forward, with the greatest precision. He has a daughter, owned by a neighbor, and she is bringing Shepherd's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. She gives him an awful drubbing whenever he passes her house. Of late our driver stops when nearing the premises. Shepherd leaps into the wagon and passes in safety. The team is stopped again when the danger is passed and Shepherd jumps out and goes on his way. Needless to say this dog does not approve of the new woman.

Although I have paid little attention to Shepherd, he is fond of me. I once went for a 3 days' visit to my parents. The second day the dog put in an appearance, evidently having come to find me. I fed him well, intending to take him back the next day on returning. In about half an hour he was missing. On arriving home I told my father-in-law's people what time the dog came and when he disappeared. They said they missed him during the morning, but he was there at noon. He could not have tracked me, as part of my journey was by rail.

Shepherd at one time thought he would live at my house, but he gave it up on having a bell rung vigorously close to his ears.

This dog is not allowed to follow the carriage, and often when it is drawn out he disappears, only to emerge when it is a mile or so away from home, following at a respectful distance. A mile farther brings him abreast of the horses; another mile finds him leaping, waltzing and running ahead of the team. No one has ever been able to make him go back. Whipping has been resorted to with no effect. He curls down in the road, making himself as small as possible, and takes the punishment as a good child takes bad medicine; but he will not budge.

REFLECTIONS.

The other night while lying half asleep
I though I heard the boy who owned me say:
"I hate to take old Tatters out because
I saw the dog team go by here to-day."
And then I fell asleep again and dreamed
Of awful things that any dog could know,
And when next day I saw a throng of boys
About a team and heard a lot of noise,
I rushed away as hard as I could go.

I know the fellows chased me, and I ran
And doubled back and forth till all worn out.
I went down on the pier to rest,
When pretty soon I heard an awful shout,
And looked around to see a baby's shoe
Go floating by the spot where I was placed.
And then I barked, and, jumping up, could not refrain
From plunging in. When I came up again
I held her by some fluffy thing around her waist.

So that's the reason why I do not fear
The dog team now. My license you can see
Upon my collar plate, and ain't it queer
That everybody thinks so much of me!
For I am staying at that big house on the hill,
And all I have to do is just to curl
Myself upon a rug, or romp and play.
While when folks come I hear a lady say:
"That is the dog that saved my little girl."

Yet, how I miss the boys and all the fun
We used to have up in that alley dim!
And yesterday when we were out to drive
I saw them going down the dock to have a swim.
The driver held me so I could not go,
Yet, while I barked at them in glad surprise,
They shouted: "Jimmy! Look at Tatters," and he knew
That I still loved him. As they passed from view
I saw him draw his sleeve across his eyes.

—Dan W. Gallagher, in Boston Globe.

MY FISHING RESORT.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO. W. BEARD.

ANTOINE'S HEN SPECULATION.

E. W. PARKER.

Bon jour, hevery body! 'Spose you all feel so wal I do—I'm glad me. I'm feel yong like I was only t'irty ear ole, an I'm hurry do my job juss a same as long tam ago when I'm tuk stent for chop hoffle cord hood in t'ree hour. An de tam I'm kip a smile on my contenance, for I hav one boss speckleation on my hed, and I'magine I can hear de monee jingle in my pocket hevery tam I mak wiggle; but I learn one new ting I never know before, an I'm find out it is much hard work for raise som' shicken. But he fetch bully price when he get ripe, an noting so good for mak happy lak dat merry monee musique. He mak de hole worl move rond. He mak de railrod go. He mak de ole mare go (I read dat). He mak plentee Yankee come on my great contree for live—and—he mak de bully boss tam for all de Canadinee—a-n-d he mak de pork and bean grow for Antine. I'm glad for dat, and heveryting gon all rat, long you get plentee monee. But one ting I'm tole you I hav not ver much of dat, and I'm gon ver short of tobac, and spose heverybody not have more monee I do—Bagosh de railrode will go slow, and de street car will not be able to pull hees lode mos half way up on top de hill.

Now I'm bodder so much for get de cash all what I want dat I'm mak good eel meditation. When I'm saw hood wit my *arms* I work it wit my *hed* for mak plan for more a heasy way for git along. Some tam my hole lady tole me she's watch me when I'm work, an I'm stan still an look on one plas for 10 minit, an not mak a motion—I was so loss to heveryting gon on ron my dooryard. I can't beleve dat, but Mr. Edison do juss a sam lak dat when he gon mak his talk machine—so I'm tole. Wall, I'm not do dat for noting for at de lass end of dat 10 minit ah'm raise my eye and bah gosh what you tink ole man, firs ting I see was my little flock of hen stan ron dar on one legs watch me saw hood and dat very minit I'm get my hinspiration—I will go on de hen bizness jus so tite I can jomp and me I will be *"reech* man or buss."

'An I trow my cap on de air way op on de an ron on de house for lay my prodjeck before my hole leddy. She's tole me he's too busy to hear my fool notion. She's cant stop fry his nut-cake and wase he's time, but I'm slap my laig and tell she for hole on a minit an let hees nut-cake gon to grass for I'm hatch a plan for mak it more monee he can lug, an I mak yell hoora, hoora and trow my cap on top de cat and scare heem lak a dev. Den she's tak off hees glasses an look at me, and I no for sartin when he look lak dat I'm hear somtings, so I prepare for dat. Here twas it:

"Antine? Be you crazy lunytick? Are you one hole fools? Whas de matter come on you? Go set down." Now I'm good hand for dat, so I'm tak a chair. Den ah splain to my dear hole pardner of my jaw and sorrow—all my great projeck and show heem my great henterprise. We will hengage in de hen business an sell de produck on de City. Ah'll splain to heem also dat I hav hevery confidence on dat, and if she will tak hole wit me an carridge me wit his help and device ah'll give him one-fifth de profeet. Juss so quick she see one shance for mak sometings she begin for be sharp wit me, an she say it was not fair for she to don half de work an not get but one fifth de pay, den I argu dat I'm furnish all the capitle—I own de stock an of course can't afford to go snuck even, but I lay low for de ole lady, and put a new bait on my hook, and ah catch heem de firs trow. I tole him I would give him one eighth if he will help me, and he was perfeck satisfy and she close de trade rat off. Now ah'm tole you my skeem, but you mus not tell dat—it is not wise for kill de busnis. Firs I went on de barn and find it one ole keg-nail and feex straw on hees bottom, half full. Nex I'm gon tak 4 dozen haig and put i'm on top dat, and pack him all close togedder and do good job. Den I'm drive all my flock in de pen—I have 6 good one—Coaching Chinaman dey call him—an de rooster. All good wan for de sit down busnes. So I'm seleck dat one I lak bess for dat job—nace hole biddy—an ah mak little speech to heem and tell it I hav fine little job for 2 tree week mebby—jus de sam work lak I do myself. Den I'm shoo him all in one corner and put out my arm and squat down for catch him and mak grab for dat. I'm not suckseed. Dat very biddy I want jomp it rat over my hed and flop his wing and ron lak I never see before. Now what I can do? I gon call my little boy for come dar and bring his dog. He like well dat fun too, and we go for dat bird somore. Ah'm tell heem my little Jo, fer hole his dog and go slow and min his eye, and I tell my hen "Sho, Sho, biddy; *chuck, chuck,* he—a—sy now and we bote grab again. Dis tam he tak new tic-tax and scoot ee'm rat out tween our feets; dat hen do an ron jomp on de fence over de pile cordwood and he's crow at me.

Now Ah'm begin to rile it op an Ah'm git my wife for come out an go on dat hexcursion wit me, an I ax heem to breeng his beg apron for trow on dat quodruped when we get heem. But dat hen she was awful scare an me I cant get more close den 4 rod to dat. So I'm yell to my boy to let him go his dog and de fun begin. Little Jo he follow his dog an Ah'm go nex myself an behin' me ron my ole woman wit his apron all ready. Dat hen he aim strait for de cord hood pile. He fin' plentee hole dar. Every body cheat me when I bot dat. So he crawl trou dar an my dog he have no trobble for follow him an tak a nip hevery chance he git. An my boy he gone tro de same hole an me too by gar an my hole woman he's got bout haff way, and she can't.

When shes try for git back she can't too an me I can only catch hold his feets an pull it out or move de pile so I do dat way. But we get close on dat hen an I notis he's begin to wobble when he ron an I kno hes mos done, for Ah'm chase good many hen when Ah'm small boy. So I'm call for tro de apron on hees head—(he's got no tail now)—an soon he's give op de race an we take im.

Whew dat was more hard work dan saw hood. Now when Maam Antoine see de keg nail an de hole lot haig—shes mak objecktion. Shes tink tirteen is plentee an she can sell de ress tam shes pass on de citee. But me I'm kno better. Tirteen was a ver onlocky nomber. One tam im dig tirteen potato on one hill an fore noon nex day I'm loss my jacknife. An one tam Ah'm set tirteen trap for the muskrat wen I'm camp wit Jo Gosela an I'm not ever fin only leven. Nodder tam was when I'm tak a job for pile slash. I will never forget dat for I finish in jus tirteen day an bagosh I'm hev addition on ma familee fore is gone one year. So I'm tole my ole lady I'm not low no change.

Den I'm put him dose Biddy on hees ness an tell him I'm sorry for him be confine so long on his job, but when hes hear tree four dozen shicken peep he will feel well compensate. But he was mad an will not sit down an I was 'bliged for tak string an tie him on de kag. Den I tell him, "What now you can do?" "Spose you git more brain I do aint it?" An dat ole fool he stan dar an go Kr-e-a-w, Kr-e-a-w, Kre-e-a-w, jus lak he do when weazle gon catch heem on hes roost when hes gon sleep. An fore he will sit down I am 'blige for tak a barrel an turn him over dat keg nail and put beeg stone on top—I will show dat hen feller I kno more he do enyway.

Hes bin sit now for 10 day an he git on ver content. Yesterday I'm gon broke one haig an see if hes mos donne. I'm not gone way from home moch more for I'm hexpect hevery day. Now spose you help me for mak good sale for dat an put notis on de Recreation. Ah'm glad. An lass fall when he git ripe I will sell it dose chick just so fass as I can tweest his neck, an I will feel moch accommodate to you.

NOTIS.

For sell it—Tirty five schicken; Tirteen rooster and twenty-five pullit an 1 hen—all good one. 50 cent a piece or dollar an half for 2.

A KENTUCKY HOG IN MICHIGAN.

FRANK OUERBACHER.

A subscriber sent me a clipping from a folder of the Pere Marquette Railroad, showing a picture of 48 bass caught by one Ouerbacker. Inquiry into the matter resulted in the following letter.

In answer to your question will state that 48 small mouth black bass were caught at Cunningham's lake, 4 miles from Charlevoix, Mich., between 5 o'clock and dusk in the evening and 6 and 9 in the morning. At another time at same lake, between 5 and 10 a. m. I got 233 of the same kind of fish. They weigh one to 5 pounds.

F. S. Ouerbacker, Louisville, Ky.

You are therefore registered in the swine book is fish hog number 1,051.—EDITOR.

Hicks: Saw you went home with Stingiman for lunch to-day. What did you get?

Wicks: An appetite for dinner.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE AMATEUR TRAPPERS.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

II.

The Trappers camped on Sand lake a week, caught several coons, ate many ducks, and enjoyed life; but no otter would venture into their cunningly concealed traps. Every evening they went fishing in the mouth of the nearest lagoon, sometimes with success, sometimes without, but always with satisfaction in one form or another. One evening Mose went alone, neglecting to take along the gun, as usual, in spite of the protests of Uncle Snap, who knew from experience that the greatest opportunities come when the gun is left in camp. Foolish Mose, however, only pushed off, and was soon among the pads at the mouth of the lagoon. A moment more and he was trying to establish communication with the bass by means of a Bristol rod, the valued gift of RECREATION'S Editor. Hearing a noise in the water behind him, he looked over his shoulder, and beheld the grandfather of otters come out of the water, and walk along the shore toward the boat. When directly opposite, and not more than 40 feet away, the otter stopped, looked toward Mose, sniffed the air a few times, returned to the water, and was soon lost to view.

While this was taking place, Mose sat quietly in the boat, hardly daring to breathe for fear of frightening his shy visitor, and his thoughts were somewhat as follows:

"Confound my idiotic picture for not bringin' the gun! Here's the first good chance we've had at an otter, and I have to sit like a dummy and watch 6 or 8 dollars, worth of fur chase itself out into the shadowy future, with nothing to flag it down but a fish hook. If I had a kodak, and knew how to use it, what a picture I could get for RECREATION'S photo competition!"

Promising himself never to stir out of the tent again without a gun in his hand, Mose dejectedly put up his rod, and paddled back to camp. As he did so the coots cackled at him in a most insulting way.

After supper the adventure was related to Uncle Snap, who glared at his careless pard a moment, and then burst out:

"I told y——" but suddenly checked himself, realizing that it was by no means an original remark he was about to make, and contented himself by beating Mose 3 straight games of casino.

One evening they packed everything away in the canoes, and the next morning the day star saw them on their way, long before the sun was up. The river narrowed after it left the lake, and ran through a great marsh, and a strong current helped them on their way. Uncle Snap was in the lead, some 50 yards or more, when 2 otters swam out from under some willow bushes, and started down stream. Uncle Snap put all his force on the paddle, and by the time the otters reached the opposite bank he was close to them. Seizing the gun, he took a hurried aim, as they crawled ashore, with their heads in line, and fired; but in his hurry he overshot, and the otters plunged back again, and were seen no more.

Coming along behind, Mose, in scanning the shores, as was his wont, saw a young buck, back from the river some 60 or 70 yards, standing with his big ears raised and his body concealed by the swamp willows. He had evidently been lying down, and at the report of the gun had jumped to his feet, and was trying to decide what was creating all the disturbance. Mose grabbed his rifle and tried to catch a sight, but the current carried the canoe past the openings in the bushes too swiftly. Mose ran ashore, softly parted the leaves, and was pleased to see the deer still standing like a statue. Taking a careful squint through the Lyman sights at the graceful throat, Mose pressed the trigger. The buck fell in his tracks, as if struck by lightning. The 25 caliber bullet had done its work, and another murder of a beautiful, harmless creature had been committed. The assassination was as justifiable as such deeds often are, for there was no fresh meat on hand.

"Come ashore. I've killed a deer," Mose called to Uncle Snap, who was poking about on the bottom with his paddle, hopelessly trying to find a dead otter, though he knew better.

They bled the deer and dressed it on the ground, for the willow bushes would not sustain the weight. The buck was large and fat, as the marsh deer generally are.

They took the meat aboard, proceeded on their way, and camped that evening on a little knoll among the willows. It was not long until venison steaks were sizzling in the pan, and impatient Trappers snuffed the air with watering mouths.

"This is living," mumbled Uncle Snap, with his mouth full of deer meat, and a biscuit in his paws. "I wouldn't be a vegetarian for a million dollars."

He got no reply from Mose, who had been told, in his early days, that it was a breach of etiquette to talk with his mouth full; but his actions were more eloquent than words.

The men had just time before dark to stretch the deer skin, and collect a little wood. Then the lantern was lighted, and the inevitable game of casino was soon in progress. The Amateur Trappers were inveterate drinkers. Their beverage consisted of cold water in a quart bottle, with enough pure cane syrup to sweeten it right, then a few drops of vanilla. After being well shaken it would foam like beer, and the 2 heathens were foolishly fond of it. On the evening in question they played a game to see who had to mix the bottle. Mose got the short cards. Then they played another, to see who drank the first half. Uncle Snap won.

"If I don't win the last half," muttered Mose between his teeth, "I am going to tear up the whole world."

Fortunately he won, and the catastrophe was averted.

The following day they found a little otter sign, and set a few traps. The knoll was infested with swamp rabbits, and after dark their queer little belching cries could be heard in all directions. The bones were cut out of the venison hams, and they were salted, and hung every evening in the smoke of the camp fire. In 4 or 5 days they were well cured, and steaks cut from them were much more tender than when fresh.

The Trappers stayed at the deer camp several days without taking any furs, but the fishing was of the best. Across the river opened the mouth of a lagoon, and a few casts there with a spinner, about sunset, were sure to result in a boiling of the water, and a singing of the reel, enough to bring back life to a mummy. The bass were large, 5, 6, and 8 pounds being nothing unusual. Of course the largest ones got away, but it was not the fault of the little Bristol rod.

The men fished until they caught the size they wanted, putting the others back. Uncle Snap was at the paddle and Mose standing in the bow of the little "Get There," manipulated the rod. He cast the spoon into a little reach of open water, reddened by the setting sun, and worked it along in a series of zigzags, close to the border of lily pads. Suddenly there was a commotion. The water boiled, miniature whirlpools formed, and the spoon hook departed for scenes unknown, encouraged on its way by the joyful screaming of the reel.

"Ouch!" yelled Mose, as he burnt his thumb, braking the line.

"Hold 'im, hold 'im!" shouted Uncle Snap, dropping his paddle in the excitement.

"Get us into open water, quick," said his pard, who had finally checked the rush; but great beads of perspiration and anxiety bedewed his noble brow, for the outfit was in a narrow channel in the field of pads, and it was 50 yards to the open safety of the river. Desperately Uncle Snap strained to back the boat to safety, but all in vain. The little rod bent double, the reel gave a short, despairing "zee-e," the nearest bunch of lily pads was violently convulsed a moment, and then Mose sank dejectedly into the bottom of the boat.

"Gosh," was all he said. Uncle Snap gazed with pity on his prostrate friend, although his own heart was nearly broken.

As they untangled the spoon from the lily stems, and paddled across to camp, they discussed the fish, its size, strength, etc.

"Did you see its side when it broached the first time? It looked 3 feet long. I could see the streak along its side."

"When it opened its mouth that time to shake out the hook, I could have thrown my hat down its throat."

"Its tail was like this paddle blade."

These and like remarks were exchanged paddling back to camp, but the regret of the Trappers was lessened as they realized they had no use for the escaped monster, for 2 big bass lay in the bottom of the boat awaiting the knife. The Trappers fried the fish and ate supper as the streak of red in the West faded gradually to blackness and the swamp rabbits began to play about and work off their queer little vocal efforts.

Early the next morning the Trappers left the deer camp, and paddled nearly all day before they found a place that suited them. The spot finally selected was under a great live oak, thickly hung with moss, growing on a dry, sandy ridge, surrounded by willow and saw grass swamp on all but the river side. This camp site was on a blind channel, a quarter of a mile off the main stream, out of the track of river travel.

Fresh otter sign was found on the shores near, so the men went to work, and put up a comfortable camp under the great oak. It was a pretty spot, and the A. T.'s surveyed their little canvas-roofed home with great satisfaction. They finished by sunset, and jumping into the canoe, started for a likely looking place for a bass, a short distance down stream. They were just getting the rod together when, with a great roar of wings, and musical chattering, an immense flock of rice birds passed close overhead, making for their roosting place in the swamp. Seizing the gun, which, since the otter episode, was never left behind, Uncle Snap blazed into the thick mass of birds, and 22 plump little brown balls descended into the river, their companions continuing on their way, without apparently noticing the misfortune of their fellows.

Putting up the rod again, the Trappers gathered up the game, and in half an hour the birds were ready for the fire. Uncle Snap built up a big blaze of dead oak limbs, while Mose cut 2 willow switches of the proper size, and after carefully salting the birds they impaled them on the switches, 11 on each.

The fire had by that time made a bed of coals, and each trapper propped his stick of birds over them to broil to his liking. Then each, with a slice of bacon on another stick, broiled it likewise, basting the birds with the appetizing bacon fat as it dripped from the heat of the coals.

"I can't stand that smell much longer," said Mose, swallowing a time or 2, to Uncle Snap, who was evidently restraining himself with great difficulty from snatching his partly cooked birds off the fire. Ten minutes more, and the hungry Trappers were reclining on their bed of moss, feasting as only those who are close to nature can feast.

OLD MAN STICE'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE BEAR.

W. F. SHORT, JR.

Two strolling Russians leading 2 big cinnamon bears had passed through town giving exhibitions. The bears were taught to perform all the tricks in the bear manual, such as dancing, climbing telegraph poles, and so on, but the *coup de grace* was a wrestling match between one of the bears and one of the men. It was a catch-as-catch-can affair, and just before the contest the other Russian would pass among the crowd holding his cap in a receptive manner, saying in his broken accent, "Evly body chippy in, an' see de man rascal wid de bear."

We had just been witnessing one of these exhibitions and had adjourned to the usual place, when we were joined by old man Stice. Some one asked the old man if he had seen the dancing bears. He said he had, and we gathered from his subsequent remarks that he did not entertain a high opinion of the outfit.

"Thar used to be a good many bear 'round our parts," said the old man, "an' once when harves' wuz over an' we hed spare time on our han's, Seth Perkins an' me laid out to go up in the mountains fer a week or 10 days an' hev a bear hunt. We tuk along, besides our blankets, some pertaters an' a side of hog meat, an' the folks made us a hull sack of beat biskits. Of course, we figgered on gittin' plenty of game, so we didn't anticipate thet we'd perish for want of vittles. We got ole Sep Wilkins to take his team an' haul us up to whar we proposed campin'. The place wuz clean up in the mountains, nigh onto 25 or 30 mile from the nearest civilization, an' wuz the wildest kentry I ever see. The timber wuz so heavy an' the leaves so many thet the sun couldn't shine through, an' the underbresh wuz thet thick a man couldn't hardly git over the ground.

"Seth an' me hed been trampin' all day, but hed see no signs of bear, an' night comin' on we set out to go back to camp, so tired we wuz plum beat out. Thar wuz plenty of other game to shoot at, but we didn't want it. Nothin' would suit me an' Seth but jist bear. As we wuz a-trudgin' 'long an' talkin' 'bout what we wuz to hev fer supper, we heerd a noise, an' lookin' up, by cracky! if thar warn't the all-firedest, bigges' grizzly bear thet wuz ever born'd, standin' right acrost our path, shakin' his head an' lookin' as hungry as we wuz. Well, maybe me an' Seth lost some time a tearin' outen thar, but its more'n likely we didn't. Seth, he went one way an' me another, an' ole griz seemin' to prefer my comp'ny to Seth's, tuk arter me.

"I run up a alley, an' when I hed gone 'bout 4 blocks, as near as I can ricolect now, I come to a high board fence standin' acrost the allev, an' which I couldn't git over. The bear wuz comin' right at me with his mouth wide open, as I could see by the glare of the 'lectric light, an' I could see the water drippin' from his gleamin' jaws. I heerd his big feet shufflin' over the pavement, an' every time he set 'em down his claws would scratch on the bricks with a raspin' sound thet fairly made my flesh look like a gooses's skin.

"Strange what leetle fool things comes into a man's head in times of danger, an' even when his life is in peril he'll take notice of somethin' what hez no bearin' on the case. Now when I see griz comin' at me with his mouth open an' wearin' a menacin' air, I observed he'd lost one of his front teeth an' I wondered how he'd done it.

"I never lost my presence of mind fer a instant, howsumever, an' when the bear comes up to me a-rarin' on his hin' legs, I jest runs my arm down his ole throat, turns him wrong side out an' he went the other way."

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

SOME FLIMSY EXCUSES.

In reply to your criticism in August RECREATION of the killing of 1,700 ducks by our party last fall, I would say that your ideas and mine, concerning the object of trips for sport, do not agree. You ask what legitimate use a man could make of 170 ducks during one hunting season, as he could only eat 3 a day or 30 in 10 days. I take from this that your idea of sport is that a man should not hunt ducks until he is hungry and then not kill more than he can eat. In other words he should hunt ducks only to satisfy his stomach. This is far from the fact in our case, as we had supplied our larder with $250 worth of stuff that our stomachs yearned for and really had not thought much about ducks as food.

What did we do with the surplus of ducks? We gave many of them to the pioneer settlers of this uncivilized country who, as a rule, are not equipped for obtaining ducks for their food and with whom the gaining of food in sufficient quantity is quite a problem. Then we have in Duluth a great many neighbors and some friends who like ducks as food and who, owing to circumstances over which they had no control, can not go hunting and, as our laws do not allow the selling of game of any description, they would go hungry for game if it was not for the generous disposition of sportsmen who bring home their surplus and divide it with their neighbors. Such was the method of disposing of the seemingly large amount of game killed or, as you put it, slaughtered.

I infer that you are of opinion that wild ducks are becoming scarce. I do not believe such is the case. I have been hunting ducks 35 years and from my experience I believe they are just as plentiful as they ever have been during this time. It is true that in some localities they have disappeared, but that is due to natural causes, such as lack of food and the results of civilization. They have changed their haunts and their course of flight, but that is all. I have never seen them more plentiful in any country than they were last year in Minnesota.

The few ducks that are killed in their flight each fall do not amount to much. In my opinion man does not destroy the life of 5 per cent. of the annual hatching. Birds and beasts of prey are responsible for 10 times as much destruction of duck life as man is. Another source of great destruction is the persistent shooting during the winter months in our Atlantic and Southern sea coast countries, where game protection is unknown, or where laws are not enforced. In those States they not only shoot but they net birds by the thousands. Then there are the Central and South American countries, without any game laws, where our Northern bred ducks spend a good portion of their winter. This I had demonstrated to my satisfaction a few winters ago during a trip to the West Indies and South America. A few years ago I read an article in one of our magazines in which a traveler in the Yukon country described what he saw there. Alaska and the Hudson Bay country are the chief breeding grounds of our wild fowl. This writer, whose name I have forgotten, said one could walk miles through the marshes of the Yukon stepping on goose nests at every stride and that the air was continually filled with the flight of the alarmed fowls. According to this authority companies are incorporated and thousands of dollars invested in their plants for collecting the eggs of these game birds for the albumen of commerce. Herein lies the greatest danger to our game fowls. Millions of eggs are destroyed by these commercialists and there is where game protecting laws should be made to operate. By legislation prohibiting such wanton destruction of the hatching grounds of the ducks we could get to the bottom of the trouble. Our Congress should be prevailed on to enact laws that would put an end to the business of these companies and it would do more for the propagation of our wild ducks and geese than the combined legislation of all the States of America.

W. H. Magie, M.D., Duluth, Minn.

ANSWER.

What Dr. Magie does not know about wild ducks and geese would fill a bigger book than Webster's International Dictionary. He hatches up that old fake story about the collecting of ducks' eggs in Alaska and making albumen from them. The falsity of that story has been exposed time and again by such naturalists as Drs. Palmer and Fisher, of the Agricultural Department, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, and half a dozen others of almost equal prominence. Still, Dr. Magie comes up and says that "Companies are incorporated and thousands of dollars invested in their plants for collecting the eggs of these game birds for the albumen of commerce. . . . Millions of eggs are destroyed by these commercialists."

There is not a man in Alaska engaged in shipping duck or goose eggs out of that territory, to say nothing of incorporated companies. We have rigid federal laws prohibiting the taking of the eggs of ducks or geese in Alaska, or the shipment thereof out of that territory. We also have a law prohibiting the importation of such eggs from Canada. These laws have been in effect for years and are rigidly enforced. Yet the Doctor has not found it out.

The story about the traveler in the Yukon country being able to walk miles on duck and goose nests is of the same character as the albumen story.

The Doctor says he believes wild ducks are just as plentiful as they were 35 years ago. If he really believes that, his ignorance is simply pitiful. There may be limited areas in which ducks still congregate in their Northern and Southern flights, in nearly as large numbers as ever, but I doubt it, and so does every other close observer. We all know there are places where good shooting can still be had every fall, but we also know there are thousands of square miles on this continent that were formerly visited by millions of wild ducks every fall, where none are ever seen now.

We all know the prices of wild ducks in the markets have advanced within the past 20 years from $2 or $3 a dozen, to $10 to $15 a dozen, or even $30 a dozen. Canvasbacks now sell in the New York market at $45 to $60 a dozen, whereas 20 years ago they could be bought for $3 to $4 a dozen. Why this advance in prices if the birds are not decreasing in numbers? There are 4 or 5 times as many men shooting for the market to-day as there were 20 years ago.

If Dr. Magie will read the article on page 322 of April Recreation, copy of which I have sent him by mail, and then investigate carefully the statements made therein, he will know a good deal more about the decrease of ducks in this country than he does now.

The Doctor further says, "The few ducks that are killed in their flight each fall over our continent do not amount to much."

How about the 2 men who were convicted a few months ago for having in their possession over 20,000 ducks that were killed on one lake in his State? Does this not amount to much? And this is only one case in thousands. There are a number of large commission houses in various cities that employ hunters by the year to follow ducks and geese from the time they cross the Canadian border in September until they cross back again on their Northern flight in spring, to kill all the birds possible every day and ship them to their employers. Does this not amount to much?

There are over 400 market hunters on the Virginia and North Carolina coast who make their living hunting wild fowl. Does this not amount to much?

If Dr. Magie will come to New York, I can take him through the markets in this city any day during the open season for the sale of game, and can show him in the aggregate many carloads of ducks and geese on sale. Does this not amount to much?

The Doctor's conclusion that the great slaughter of ducks takes place in Mexico and Central America is simply absurd. The weather is hot there even during our winter months. The natives of those regions are not hunters and our American market hunters rarely follow the game into those countries. The cost of transportation and icing from that region to the markets in the States would be prohibitive, and it is a well known fact that few, if any, ducks ever come from those countries into Northern markets.

A great many ducks are killed in Mexico and shipped North, but the great destruction that has been carried on by such men as Dr. Magie, and has occurred during the past 25 years is the cause of the diminution of our wild fowl.

If Dr. Magie had been reading Recreation during the past 10 years as he should have been, he would scarcely have made the pitiful excuses he does make for the slaughter committed by himself and friends. Similar excuses have often been made by game hogs who have been rebuked in these pages. Yet the Doctor says, "We gave many to the pioneer settlers of this uncivilized country, who, as a rule, are not equipped for obtaining ducks for their food." The hunting which Dr. Magie is trying to apologize for was done in the Bowstring country of Minnesota. In the annual meeting of the L. A. S., at Columbus, O., last February, Sam Fullerton said someone had spoken to him about the people of Mnnnesota being only half civilized and everybody laughed. Now Dr. Magie refers to the good citizens of the Bowstring country as being uncivilized, and it would seem that the laugh is on him.

I have rarely heard of any man claiming that the settlers in any game country needed to be supplied with game by visiting sportsmen. On the other hand, thousands of reports from such sportsmen have been printed in the various sportsmen's journals, complaining that the greatest destruction of game was always to be charged to these same farmers or woodsmen, as the case may be. You can always trust a farmer or his boys to get all the game that is coming to them, in season and out of season, and Dr. Magie's excuse that he and his friends fed the natives on ducks, is therefore exceedingly lame.

Then the Doctor tells about giving away a lot more of the surplus to people in Duluth. This excuse is threadbare; worse than that, it has holes in it. The man who goes into the country and hogs game as long as he can find it, always sneaks out when accused, by saying that he gave the game away to friends, or others. Why should not the Doctor and his friends be manly enough to say that they went to the lakes to slaughter game as long as they could find it; that they then gave the game away rather than let it rot. But for Heaven's sake, Doctor, never try to justify yourself and your crowd for having butchered 1,700 ducks by claiming you did it in order to feed the uncivilized natives, your neighbors in Duluth.

What do the readers of Recreation think of this Duluth crowd?—Editor.

SHUT OUT FOREIGN BIRD BUTCHERS.

Pennsylvania has a section in her game laws which requires unnaturalized foreign born residents of that State to take out licenses before they can legally hunt in the State. Here is the text of the law:

Be it enacted, etc.: That from and after the passage of this act every non-resident and every unnaturalized foreign born resident of this Commonwealth shall be required to take out a license from the treasurer of the county in which he proposes to hunt, before beginning to hunt in any part of the Commonwealth. Each and every person not a resident of this Commonwealth, and each and every person who is an unnaturalized foreign born resident of this Commonwealth, shall pay a license fee of $10 to the treasurer of the county in which he proposes to hunt, and the said treasurer shall thereupon issue to him a certificate, on forms supplied by the board of Game Commissioners of this Commonwealth, bearing the name and place of residence of the applicant, with his description, as near as may be, which said certificate shall authorize the owner to hunt and kill game in any part of this Commonwealth, during the period of that year when game may be legally killed, under the restrictions and for the purposes allowed by law. Said certificate shall not be transferable, and shall be exposed for examination on demand made by any game protector, constable or game warden of the State. One-half of the license fee so received by any county treasurer shall be retained by him for the use of the county wherein the same is paid, and the remaining one-half of said fee shall be forwarded by him to the State treasurer.

All States and Territories should enact similar provisions. The uneducated foreigners are the worst destroyers of song and insectivorous birds in this country. They have no sentiment as to the beauty of birds and no sense of their value to the community. When such people go out with guns they kill every living thing they can find, put all into the pot together, cook and eat them. The Pennsylvania law works admirably. There are few of these foreign laborers who are willing to pay $10 a year for the privilege of hunting, and the consequence is that few of them now go into the woods with guns, in that State. All friends of game protection should therefore urge on their law makers the necessity of incorporating the foregoing into their game laws, at the earliest possible date.

LOCAL CONDITIONS NO EXCUSE FOR SLAUGHTER.

I have seen your comment in September Recreation on what you consider my hoggishness in killing 54 ducks in 3 hours last year and, without the slightest personal feeling in the matter, I write you these few lines.

I do not wonder that so much effort is wasted by game protective associations when they make such foolish remarks and display such a lack of knowledge as is shown in your comment; it simply keeps people who understand the different local conditions from taking any interest in such matters. If you had written for particulars, as I fully expected you to do when I answered your inquiry, I should have tried to give you the material for an interesting story. You asked nothing about the local conditions of our season, how many times a year we shoot ducks, how many were in the party, how many times we went out on the ice before we struck the ducks, how many we might have killed if we had staid out the full 7 hours of tide, nor what the other 6 boats got that went out the same day and tried to get the 54 ducks that fell to us. Neither did you ask what became of the ducks, whether they were sold or given to people who needed them. As to my reading no good literature, I must disagree with you as I take Recreation regularly and think it fairly good.

H. C. Clark, Delaware City, Del.

ANSWER.

I am glad to know you take so practical and sensible a view of my criticism. The details of your hunting trip might have proved interesting, but whatever they might have been they would not excuse the killing of so large a number of ducks in one day. To the real sportsman the killing of game is only an incident of a day in the field or on the water. We can all recall many a day when we did not get a shot as among the most enjoyable. I have been all through the mill. I have encountered ice, snow, sleet, and nearly all the other conditions that come to a shooter on land or on water, and I know what I am talking about. No matter if a man hunts or sits in a blind without getting a shot for 10 days he should be glad to quit on the 11th day if he gets 25 birds. You have, no doubt, read many letters of sportsmen treating of this subject and believing as I do.

You have doubtless read many replies to criticisms, from men who have tried to excuse themselves by explaining that they gave the game to friends. While this is an excuse for the killing it is not a good reason. This subject has been threshed out in RECREATION time and again and the fallacy of such excuses has been thoroughly ventilated.—EDITOR.

THE CIRCLE HUNTS OF THE WESTERN RESERVE.

In a recent number of RECREATION I saw an account of a neighborhood hunt or deer drive once common in this part of the Western Reserve. Had I undertaken the task 20 or even 10 years ago I could have collected much information regarding such hunts from actual participants, for this county of Portage, Ohio, was once the heart of the best deer territory in the world. Deer drives took place each fall and every settler within a day's travel was expected to attend. The portion of forest, 5 to 10 miles square, selected for the drive was marked by blazing trees along the sides of the strip. Near the center a large circle called the firing line, was blazed. The hunters in 4 squads, each under a captain, were stationed at the sides of the square and at a signal advanced toward the inner circle. No one was allowed to shoot until the circle was reached.

There the deer and other animals caught between the advancing lines found themselves penned within a ring of men standing almost shoulder to shoulder. Occasionally a bear or wolf would break the line and escape, but the poor deer, lacking courage to attack the hunters milled around in the circle until the last one was killed. All game taken was divided equally among those present. The hunt was followed by an open air feast, which sometimes degenerated into an orgy.

Now the old hunters have gone their way, unconscious of having merited the maledictions of their descendants. To them, doubtless, game seemed inexhaustible and they depended largely on it for food. There remains alive, in this vicinity at least, but one man who took part in the great game slaughters once considered the acme of sport in this region. At the age of 98, he still tells the story of the great hunt of 1822 in which over 500 deer were killed.

One can imagine the abundance of game in those days when so many deer could be corralled in one township. As the country became settled and game decreased men came to realize the folly of this annual slaughter, and the last circle hunt ever attempted in Portage county was frustrated by a number of disgusted hunters who opened their part of the line and permitted the deer to escape. That was before I began to hunt, though I am 77, but I can remember hearing my older brothers talk about it when they came home.

A. H. Parsons, Ravenna, O.

WESTERN MAN SHOULD WAKEN UP.

Will you have space in RECREATION for a request for the names and addresses of sportsmen and others who are in favor of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale of any game bird in the States occupied by your various readers, under heavy penalty?

If enough signatures can be secured, steps will be taken to have the clause embodied in the various State game laws. I hope your readers will be in favor of this clause, so that the slaughter and ruthless destruction of the game birds may be stopped.

L. R., Denver, Colo.

For 10 years past I have been giving a great deal of space in RECREATION to the advocacy of laws prohibiting the sale of game in the various States, and this is one of the primary objects for which the League of American Sportsmen was organized and which now has over 10,000 members. I have spent three-fourths of my time during the past 6 years, and more than $15,000 of my money, in working for the passage of laws in the various States prohibiting the sale of game, and in endeavoring to preserve it. As a result there are to-day 24 States that have laws prohibiting the sale of certain kinds of game. Eight of these prohibit the killing of game at any time for sale, and Idaho, Kansas and Montana prohibit the sale of all game at all times. It seems, therefore, that you are rather late coming into the field with your proposition.

You should join this League at once and help in the great work it is doing. We hope in time to have laws in all the States prohibiting the sale of game and you should get in the procession at once.—EDITOR.

SOUTHERN MONTANA BIGHORN.

In the fall of 1889 my brother, another young man and I set out for Albert Young's cow camp, near the head of Big Sheep creek.

The canyon through which Big Sheep creek runs is rough and the mountain trails are hard traveling.

As we were about to leave the canyon to make our journey across the barren I saw, high up on the mountain, a bunch of bighorn sheep. In order to fool them we rode on as if we had not seen them, but in a few minutes we rode back, went down the canyon and tied our horses. Then we commenced the high, steep climb which had to be made to get to our game. We finally gained a point from which we had a grand view of the big fellows. There were 17.

I brought my rifle to my shoulder, took a careful aim and the sheep with the largest horns fell backward, rolling and tumbling down the mountain. By the time he was fairly dead I got 2 more. Thinking I had killed already too many, I watched the other boys until the sheep were out of sight.

It was growing dark, but we had to drag our game down a canyon to where we could hang it in some trees. That done, we went to our horses and continued toward the cow camp.

After visiting a few days and watching the boys break bronchos and brand calves, we again left for home by the way of our game, which was all right. We packed it on our ponies and reached home just before dusk.

John Patterson, Dell, Mont.

DEPENDS ON THE SEASON.

Since boyhood I have been an ardent lover of hunting, and as I have always lived in the heart of one of the best game countries in America, I have had every facility for studying the habits of some of our big game and fur-bearing animals.

Some hunters contend that a moose will not come to a call, others maintaining he can be called up at any time. A long lifetime in the woods enables me to state that both claims are wrong. For about 2 weeks in the rutting season moose and caribou throw all their natural caution to the winds and will come to a call. In fact, I have known them to interview a man chopping wood.

After the close of the rutting season they will not pay the slightest attention to any call.

Some hunters claim that a moose will not attack a man without provocation. Another fallacy, as I know from experience. Let no hunter feel secure under the impression that a bull moose, in the rutting season, will not go for anything in sight, if he happens to be out for trouble.

The caribou, on the contrary, is the most stupid of animals until he scents you or hears you, which puts him on his mettle. Then it is almost impossible to get near him. If you stand still when there is no wind he will walk up within 10 feet of you. They will not believe their eyes unless you move.

W. S. Crooker, South Brookfield, N. S.

GAME NOTES.

I wonder if any of your thousands of readers have ever thought of Cuba as a cattle country, and of the immense profits that may be made in this line of business if properly conducted and with sufficient capital; to say nothing of ranch life, which is capable of restoring a dead man to life.

I am in the cattle business and every day become more interested in it. I should like to correspond privately with readers of Recreation, especially cattlemen, on this matter. Our correspondence might prove of mutual benefit.

We have excellent hunting here on deer, wild boars, etc.

Recreation is doing effective work. Kill the hogs! Do not thin out the herd, but exterminate it completely.

O. A. Fischer, Trinidad, Cuba.

It now behooves the L. A. S. to please crows. Seriously note that I do not say ex-crows. Please note that I do not say exterminate them, but thin them out. You, no doubt, are better informed than I as to the magnitude of their depredations, so I will say nothing further than that I have watched some of them at their nefarious work and realize something must be done soon or between the crows and the human game hogs our song and game birds will soon be as scarce everywhere as they already have become in some districts. A bounty of 5 cents a head would set the youngsters to work with their 22's.

O. B. Coe, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Herewith I enclose money order for $1 for which please send Recreation to me another year. I like to read it better than any other magazine published. I like the way you roast the bristlebacks. It is doing them good.

Game was scarce here last season. Prairie chickens and ducks are almost gone. I was out hunting 4 times one month and only killed 2 chickens and 2 ducks. I only saw one quail last season. I have lived in Minnesota and South Dakota 30 years and I never saw game so scarce as it was last season.

H. F. Hunter, Jackson, Minn.

I have lived many years on a ranch in the West, and have hunted over a great deal of territory in quest of all sorts of game. It is the grandest sport in the world, and an enjoyable hunting trip can not be gauged by the quantity of game killed. Small game is unusually scarce here this year, and I never saw so many hunters.

RECREATION is doing a good work in educating the reckless and thuoghtless slayers of game and fish. I have been trying some years to stay illegal shooting of song birds and have been able to do some good.

Dr. J. Bee, Johnstown, Pa.

The organization of the Benwood Hunting and Fishing Club has been accomplished, and the members number among the best citizens and business men of Benwood. Their ground is located on the South branch of Cheat river, bought for the purpose by Frank W. Porterfield and Louis Gocke. The region abounds with all manner of small game and a few deer. At a recent meeting of the members the following officers were elected: President, Joseph Mahood; secretary, Thomas P. Deegan; treasurer, F. W. Porterfield.

L. P., Wheeling, W. Va.

Last year we had excellent quail shooting. Actually thousands of Mexican topknot quail passed through town, drifting South. These birds always winter around ranches, becoming tame enough to feed with chickens in bad weather. We had a great many ducks last fall, but nearly all our rabbits froze in a big snow winter before last. Curlews are plentiful, and make pretty fair shooting in a prairie country like this.

Herman J. Love, Clayton, N. M.

A few of us recently spent 2 weeks on Mt. Horeb, where plenty of deer, bear, grouse and the finest huckleberries that grow are found. The coldest spring water that a thirsty man could wish for flows in a steady stream from the side of a large boulder on the top of the mountain. At the base of the mountain is Elk Horn creek, where an angler can catch as many big trout as he desires.

U. S. Rider, Salem, Ore.

Edmund Effers, of this city, a traveling salesman, killed a deer and a meadow lark in Connecticut in September last, and when he was taken into court the Justice charged him $100 for the deer and $10 for the lark. Edmund served a week in jail before the case came to trial so that he had ample time to repent of his sins. If he saw fit. He would much better stick to his samples hereafter and let some other fellow do the hunting.

Charles Horning, a farmer living near Tacoma, Wash., was recently arrested by Officers Peterson and Foster charged with killing a grouse and a quail in close season, and was taken into court where he was required to pay the penalty imposed by the law. It is said that a number of Horning's neighbors have been violating the game laws for months past and it is hoped this hint may do them some good as well as him.

A party of Minneapolis shooters went out and made a big killing of ducks. They strung them up, had them photographed and furnished a copy of the picture to the Minneapolis Sunday Times, in which it was published. For some reason the men do not show up in the picture themselves. Can any one guess why?

I mail you to-day copy of a local paper, which tells what we are doing with the wolves out here. Each wolf killed means at least one covey more of chickens, ducks or ruffed grouse. Wolves are strong foragers, especially an old female with a litter of young to feed.

C. W. Virgin, Sauk Centre, Minn.

There are over 300 regular market hunters here, not to speak of local citizens who sell their fish and game.

Dr. C. K. Parker, Pollock, La.

And it is safe to say at least 290 of them use pump guns.—EDITOR.

Our game is none too plentiful. Last winter quails died in great numbers here and I am afraid we shall not have many next season. I fed one covey and it came through all right.

Wilfred Wheeler, Concord, Mass.

I want a gun more for the pleasure of having it than for actual use, for I would rather see a squirrel or a bird alive and happy than to see it dead or dying.

Ira D. Goodhue, Norwalk, O.

Deer are again plentiful here, for the reason that our local wardens have been vigilant in enforcing the anti-hounding law.

Leon L. Smart, Westport, Pa.

John E. Sibley, of Gardner, shot 3 coons one night last fall near Rindge, N. H.

S. A. M., Gardner, Mass.

FISH AND FISHING.

LEFT IN THE PERKIOMEN.

I had been working hard and was beginning to feel that a day's vacation was due me, so when a friend at Oaks, Pa.,called me over the telephone and said that the water in Perkiomen creek was just right for bass fishing I was willing to believe him, though it was near the end of October.

The gray dawn of the following day found me in the lane leading to Keyser's mill, below which the Perkiomen tumbles noisily down its rocky channel. It was barely daylight when I stopped to rest under the grand old maple by the creek side. As I put my tackle together I recalled many delightful summer noons when I had eaten lunch under the big tree, just as Uncle Thad Norris used to do at Jim Henry's, on the Broadhead. The wooded hills were gorgeous in their Indian summer finery. At their summits, the frost-painted, ice-varnished leaves fairly blazed with color in the first rays of the sun. The mere memory of such a morning is enough to blighten the gloomiest of winter days.

The Perkiomen is full of pools, affording excellent fishing during summer. In October and November bass desert the pools and seek wide, deep water. After catching bait with a minnow trap, I went down stream, passing many pools where, earlier in the season, I had taken big fish. I waded down the creek until noon, casting only in deep water, without getting a strike. At last I came to what is known to anglers thereabouts as the "Red bank. There the stream is deep and widens into almost a pond. I fished the bank unsuccessfully until late in the afternoon. The delightful weather amply offset my empty creel; but I was becoming convinced that the season was too far advanced for bass fishing.

I was about to give up when my reel screamed, and my rod bent to the tug of a bass that I at once realized was the largest I had ever fastened. The great fish went off with a dash that made my blood tingle. It took every ounce of stuff in my tackle to stop him. Checked in one direction, he tried another, and it was not until a 20 minute fight had exhausted his strength that I could get him near me. Twice I almost had him. The third time my fingers were fairly in his gills when, with a mighty splash, he freed himself from the hook and was gone.

I stood gazing blankly at my straightened hook, unable to realize what had happened. To think I had had that monster—a 6 pounder, if an ounce—actually in my hand, and yet he had escaped! I waded ashore and wiped the perspiration from my streaming face, in a transport of disgust.

But as I walked across the darkening fields, toward the little station at Oaks, I was ready to forgive the bass for his too gallant fight. I knew I had had at least a rare day's recreation and an experience that I shall treasure while memory lasts.

Louis L. Boyer, Morristown, Pa.

A MISSOURI HERD.

W. T. Runyon, deputy game warden for this county, told me that 5 men, at Norborne, caught 3933 crappies from 4 p. m. to 7.30 p. m. The following are the names of the men: N. R. Avers, Tom Thomas, John R. Webb, Chris Rossell and T. B. Moran. He also said the following men used a seine in the same water: W. B. Limpleman, Thomas Minnis and Joe Pyles. If this is true you will have a few more swine for your pen. Also, I think this county needs a new deputy game warden.

Will you please write those fellows and find out the facts in the case. If true, I hope you will teach them a lesson they will not soon forget.

S. T., Carrollton, Mo.

I wrote the men, and received the following reply:

The boys often catch 300 or 400 fish in a forenoon. I have caught 25 crappies in 5 minutes, and did not think it any big thing. The bass are not doing much this year and we don't catch many of them.

A few years ago 3 of us left Norborne at 3 p. m. and got back at 5 p. m., having caught 68 bass. The smallest one weighed 12 ounces, the largest one 2½ pounds. I also caught, at another time, in 5 hours' fishing, a string of black perch 16 feet long, the lot weighing over 85 pounds. I used one pole only, but had 4 hooks on the line and averaged 2 fish at a catch, baited with worms. All of this can be proved by the best business men of the town.

I saw one crappie to-day that weighed 1½ pounds. Two men brought in 120 large frogs.

If you want any true stories, let me know.

N. R. Ayres, Norborne, Mo.

You wear the longest crop of bristles I have come across in many a day, and if your statements are anywhere near correct, you must be in a congenial atmosphere, for there seem to be plenty of swine in and about your town. Your number in the fish hog book is 1,052, and those of your friends are 1,053, 1,054, 1,055, 1,056, respectively.—Editor.

NOT GUILTY.

I am a regular reader of your excellent magazine and greatly admire your efforts to prevent the slaughter of game. I enclose a clipping from the Kansas City Star. These men need a roasting.

A S., Hiawatha, Kas.

The clipping referred to says:

C. B. Norton has just returned from a visit to Walker, Minn. With him were Herman Schmelzer, the Rev. S. M. Neel, and his daughter, Miss Edith Norton. "One day," said Mr. Norton, "we caught 126 fish. Another catch figured at 112. Dr. Neel is a good fisherman and few can equal Mr. Schmelzer. My daughter also has a hook and line record."

I wrote these men, asking if the report was correct, and received the following answer:

It is true my party and I caught 115 fish in one day in Lake Neal, near Walker, Minn., but there were 9 instead of 3 in the party. We had 5 boats, 2 men to a boat.

In the party were Rev. Dr. Neal, a prominent minister of this city; Judge W. H. Sandusky, Judge of the Criminal Court at Liberty, Mo.; Dr. J. R. Rothwell, surgeon of the C. M. & St. P. Ry.; Standley Fields, a retired farmer, living near Liberty, Mo.; C. L. Chase, the genial landlord of the Chase Hotel, Walker, Minn.; J. A. Beasley, Bowling Green, Ky.; also the pilot, an engineer of the White Swan launch and myself. I mention these names so you may know that the party was not fishing for the market. Our catch was as follows: 26 Oswego bass, 20 rock bass, 29 walleyed pike, 40 pickerel. The last named fish is known by the natives as a snake. No native will eat them. They are to the Minnesota angler what the German carp is in the Central and Southern waters, a nuisance, and kill the finer game fishes.

I trust this letter will meet with your approval and not have the scent of pot fishing.

Herman Schmelzer, Kansas City, Mo.

Your catch was not at all excessive.—EDITOR.

HARD WORKING BRISTLEBACKS.

George Hubbell, Julius Hasmann and J. M. Grasher, of Milwaukee, were here early in the week on a fishing trip with Vital Boyere. They returned home Monday evening, taking with them 450 brook trout, which they caught in 2 days in the streams near here. This is one of the largest catches of the season and the Milwaukee gentlemen were much pleased with their success.—*Milwaukee Papers.*

In reply to my request for verification of this report, I received the following.

The report about 2 friends and me catching 450 brook trout is correct, but not many persons would go through the hardships we did at the time, beginning at 4 in the morning and fishing until dark, despite mosquitoes and deep water.

J. H. Grasher, Milwaukee, Wis.

It is not strange that you should have worked hard in order to slaughter a large number of trout. A 4-legged hog, when he gets into a potato patch, works as hard and as long as you and your friends did on the trout stream, and the fact that you suffered from mosquitoes and flies is some consolation to the decent sportsmen whom you have deprived of a share of the sport. Your names go in the fish hog book in the following order: J. H. Grasher, No. 1,057; George Hubbell, No. 1,058; Julius Hasmann, No. 1,059.—EDITOR.

A REPORTED MONSTER.

A big fish story comes from the City of Mexico. It relates that a great flood in the Rio Grande brought down so much mud that it fairly choked the fishes and compelled them to seek the shoal water along the banks and in the bayous, to avoid being choked to death. Thousands of fish were picked up by the natives. Some were simply lifted out of the water by hand, others were killed with clubs, pitchforks, etc.

A native Mexican, named Pedro Sainz, and his 2 sons found a monstrous catfish in a narrow lagoon, in water not more than 2 or 3 feet deep. They built heavy brush dams above and below him so he could not get out and then went in after him. He churned the water into mud so that it was difficult to see him and he pounded the men about in good shape as he rushed up and down the narrow channel. He also cut their legs repeatedly with the sharp, spiny rays of his pectoral fins. The men were unable to land him without implements, so one of them went to town, borrowed a rifle, and when the fish stuck his head up to get air, shot him. He proved to be a monster, and is said to have weighed 237 pounds. No measurements are given, and while the figures as to weight are probably excessive, yet it is known that the catfish does grow to 150 pounds in weight.

NIBBLES.

When the latest issue of RECREATION comes to hand I lay aside other business at the earliest possible moment that I may devote my time to reading it from cover to cover. The article entitled "Some Fly Fishing Wrinkles," by E. E. Hickok, in the issue for April, 1904, gave me information I desired at that time and well repaid me for the money invested in becoming a subscriber. I thank Mr. Hickok for his "Wrinkles," so timely placed before his readers. I trust he will continue to give us anglers, from time to time, practical articles teaching the gentle art.

I also thank Mr. T. R. Navarre, of Monroe, Mich., for directing my attention to the Hildesandt spinning baits by his article on page 296 of the same issue. I am at a loss to understand why the manufacturer of the best artificial bait or lure I have ever used does not advertise in the best magazine for sportsmen now published, to wit, RECREATION.

Miles E. Burlingame, Willett, N. Y.

Herman Fogle and Austin Schrock, of Rockwood, Pa., built a fence across Buffalo creek near that town. Then they diverted the stream so as to entrap large numbers of fish in a box formed of wire netting. When they had drawn off the water, they would get into the box and kill the fish with clubs. Constable F. B. Whiteman heard of the operations of these vandals and went after them. He got them, with 166 fish in their possession, and took them before Justice David Gildner, who fined the men $1,660. They were unable to raise the money and have therefore gone to jail to serve out the sentence at the rate of $1 a day. It is not likely they will go into the fish trapping business again when they get out.—EDITOR.

It may be of interest to you to know that the people who kill an unreasonable number of fish are beginning to fear you. I was in Minneapolis recently and an insurance man was telling me about some State agents of insurance companies catching a large string of pike in Cass lake last summer. The catch was well into the hundreds. He said you wrote the fellows, but they knew what was coming, so they hedged; they wrote you about it, but put it in a good light. You see, even if you were unable to brand these fellows, it has set them thinking. Probably it is just as well this way, for they are all good fellows, and undoubtedly have horse sense enough to be good in the future.

E. E. Miller, St. Peter, Minn.

Luther Showalter, of the Pottstown high school faculty, and Harry Trumbauer, of Royersford, returned Friday from Pike county with the largest catch of trout ever brought to this city. There were 100 trout in their baskets, none under 8 inches in length, and the largest measured 17½ inches.—Pa. Paper.

I wrote these 2 men asking for the facts in the case. Trumbauer answered, but evaded the question entirely. Showalter made no response to my inquiry, so it is fair to conclude that the published report is correct. Showalter's number in the fish hog bok is 1,060 and Traumbauer's is 1,061. —EDITOR.

Otto Beranek and Frank Faulkner, of New Haven, Conn., went fishing with dynamite. They were caught in the act and arraigned before Justice S. J. Scriber, who fined Beranek $50 and Faulkner $25. It is unfortunate that Justice Scriber had not read the opinion of Judge Smith, of Helena, Mont., who fined a man $400 for dynamiting. In the course of his remarks Judge Smith said that a man who used dynamite to kill fish should properly be termed a fish hog. It is, therefore, in order to enter Beranek and Faulkner in the fish hog register under the numbers 1,062 and 1,063, respectively.—EDITOR.

A correspondent, writing from Mallet's Bay, Lake Champlain, town of Colchester, Vt., to the Oshkosh Northwestern, says he is enjoying camp life on a beautiful bay of that lake; that his party consists of himself, his sister and her husband and 4 children, and that they have had some great fishing. "The fishing," he says, "is all anyone can desire." It seems even good enough to satisfy a fish hog. In 6 days the party caught and killed 384 pounds of game fish, but as long as the fish hog had a good time, nobody is expected to complain.

The fish hog should be run out of the country.—Milwaukee Free Press.

The writer of the foregoing has learned his lesson from RECREATION.—EDITOR.

When you wish to catch bass, either by trolling or casting, go to the Rideau lakes, Westport, Canada. They are there, in great numbers, both large and small mouth. I fished about an hour and got 8 bass, that weighed 15 pounds. The largest weighed 3 pounds and the others 7 and 12 pounds; but anglers frequently take from those lakes bass weighing 4 to 5 pounds each. What we called wall-eyed pike and they call pickerel are also plentiful and large.

James S. Clark, New York City.

In the office of A. A. Dayton, on State street, is a mounted small mouth black bass which he caught in the St. Lawrence river last summer, off Grindstone island. The bass weighed 4½ pounds, is 20 inches long, and is said to be one of the largest, if not the record catch of last season in that part of the river. S. A., Albany, N. Y.

There is little game or good fishing here. Every stream around here is fairly alive with carp, but there are no bass or game fishes of any kind. I should like to hear from other readers on the carp.

Alex. Moore, Anderson, Ind.

My friend, Charles H. Miller, of 430 West Eighteenth street, New York City, caught 8 large weakfish on the flood tide at Woodmere, L. I., one day last September. O. F., Jersey City, N. J.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

MUZZLE LOADING RIFLES.

I read everything RECREATION says about rifles and pistols, and as frequent inquiries are made relative to old fashioned muzzle loaders I take pleasure in stating some of my observations of noted shooters, from here to the Rocky mountains, and South to Florida.

I commenced shooting 57 years ago with a so called smooth bore rifle, 50 balls to the pound. It had a flintlock, a barrel 4 feet long and weighed 8 pounds. It had a good reputation for long range shooting, with shot, and I killed many wild pigeons with it at 75 yards, using large shot. With bullet it shot well enough for me to win in matches at 35 yards offhand.

About 1850, percussion locks came into general use, so I had one put on the smooth bore and the barrel cut to 36 inches. This ended the effectiveness of that gun for shooting either shot or ball.

On inquiring of a gunsmith as to the bad shooting, he said the "powder burned too rapidly; that gas could not escape as in the pan of the flintlock; that a hole must be drilled in the cylinder." This was done and the gun shot much closer.

I do not remember seeing a percussion lock gun 50 years ago without a pinhole in the cylinder. The smooth bore was the best all around gun we had in those days. Loaded with BB shot we could kill anything from a robin to a turkey or a fox. By using a patched ball and caliber of 50 to 60 the ball would make such a large hole in a bear or a deer that he could not run far.

A friend of mine who was a good hunter up to 75 years of age always used a large, smooth bore, and I once saw him have 3 large bears in a heap. I should not like to tell you how many deer he killed with the same gun.

In those early days the man with a smooth bore at a match shot only 35 yards offhand, while the man with a rifle shot 60 yards offhand and 100 with a rest.

I have often seen men with these old smooth bores make strings of 3 shots at 35 yards offhand measuring only one inch.

There were tricky shooters in those days as well as in our time. For instance, one old man in our place, now 78 years old, told me not long ago that he had a small bore rifle reamed out smooth a few inches down from the muzzle so the rifling below could not be seen, so that he could get in the short range class. Of course, he won every turkey match for a while; but he got his Waterloo one day when the ground was covered with snow. The shooters knew he was tricky and were watching him closely. Finally, one of the shooters saw a patch from the old man's gun drop on the snow. The traces of the rifling showed plainly on the patch and Uncle Eli's game was up.

In those days no elbow rest was allowed in offhand shooting. The left arm must be held straight. Some tricksters would have a spring made to buckle to the arm inside the coat sleeve, and this spring, with a little jerk, would fly into a slatted breastplate making the arm rigid.

At 14 years of age I got a real twist rifle with barrel made of old horseshoe nails; 7 deep grooves; metal ¼ inch thick, and carrying 100 round balls to the pound. It was sighted at 60 yards, and shot low enough at 20 or 30 yards, by taking a low sight, to hit anything.

Of the hundreds of deer and bear I saw killed 50 years ago I never saw one killed at over 60 yards. The method of hunting deer in those days was to station men at the runways, from mountain to creek or river, and have one man take the hounds to drive the deer to the runways, where I have often seen them shot at less than 20 feet.

Few shooters thought themselves able to own a gun that was good enough to shoot 100 yards, though a few had special heavy rifles made for shooting at rest at 100 yards. These were generally about 50 caliber and usually weighed about 20 pounds. I have one of them now, which is in as good condition as it was 46 years ago.

The bore of those rifles had 9 grooves, one turn in 40 inches, whereas most modern rifles have one turn in 14 inches. The balls for these old rifles were generally patched with heavy drilling.

On going to a match a man would buy one or more boards, as his purse permitted. The boards at a pig or ox match usually sold at 50 cents to $1 each, allowing 3 shots, string measure from center of ball to cross. After buying his boards he would be allowed one trial shot. He would then make a cross on his board, and all measurements would be made from that.

If the shooter bought 6 boards he would usually make one shot at each and then lay them aside. If the sun was shining he would take the last board and put a second shot into it; then one into each of the others in succession. Sometimes he would not complete the boards until nearly dark, waiting for the sun to get right, or for the wind to stop blowing, or for the rain to cease falling, or to recover from a nervous attack.

I never saw anyone win a prize at a match at either 60 yards offhand or 100 yards rest with more than a one inch string. Nor have I ever seen any one do better shooting than that at 60 or 100 yards with any modern rifle.

About 1860 Gen. Morgan James made a rifle with a hexagonal bore and without grooves, the angles of the hexagon representing the grooves in the old rifles. This gun had a muzzle piece, loaded with a conical, needle pointed ball, linen patched, and was capable of making fine scores at 100 yards.

These old fashioned muzzle loaders, even if sighted for 300 yards, had low killing power at that distance, as the powder was not strong enough.

In 1858 I bought a Marsden breech loading single shot rifle. The ball was conical and the caliber about 38. It used a pasteboard cartridge with leather bottom, perforated, combustible substance in hole, and was fired by percussion cap. I tried the rifle at 35 yards and was disgusted with it. In fact, I have not got over the feeling to this day, though I have tried nearly every make of rifle on the market.

I had a gunsmith make me a pair of bullet moulds to cast a round ball, using a thin linen patch, and killed many kinds of game. With that ball the game was anything from a wild pigeon to a buffalo. While on the plains from 1859 to 1866 I never refused a match at 35 yards.

J. H. Kauffman, M.D., Minersville, Pa.

THE AUTOMATIC PISTOL IS DIFFERENT.

Answering W. M. Pugh's inquiry in your September issue, I have a Colt automatic pistol, .38 caliber, and in my judgment it is far superior to the revolver in accuracy, range and penetration, these being the essential points to be considered. The ordnance experts of the U. S. Army have also reported that the pistol is as durable as the service revolver and not more liable to get out of order.

In the automatic there is no leakage of powder gases between the cylinder and the barrel, as there is in the revolver. The cartridge is chambered the same as for a rifle, and this gives the bullet greater velocity, about 1,250 feet a second. In the service revolver the velocity of the bullet is but a little over 700 feet.

With the .38 automatic I have shot through 9 pine boards, ⅞ inch thick placed 6 inches apart, the first one about 10 feet from the muzzle. The Colt people put the killing range at 500 yards. This pistol has little recoil and for this reason better shooting can be done with it than with the revolver of heavy caliber. I am not much of a shot, but have made some fair scores with the Colt.

I owned a revolver of one of the best makes, using the 44 W. C. F. cartridge; but owing to the heavy recoil it was difficult for me to hit what I aimed at. In such a revolver the recoil causes the barrel to be thrown upward and in order to overcome this in shooting, the front sight is made high to make the barrel point below the object aimed at. Then, as the barrel is recoiling up past the mark, the bullet leaves the muzzle. This makes the revolver require exact uniformity in holding, because if the gun is held tightly it will shoot low, while if held loosely it will shoot high. In the automatic, owing to the absence of recoil, the tightness of the grasp makes but little difference in the shooting.

In my opinion the Colt automatic is far superior to the Luger and the Mauser for hunting purposes, as its larger caliber and heavier bullet give it far more shocking power. In the hands of a good shot the automatic pistol possesses great possibilities, and it was reported in a recent issue of Recreation that a man was doing good work with it killing mountain sheep, in Alaska, at comparatively long ranges.

The Colt automatic pistol is not complicated. It is composed of few parts, and for that reason is not liable to get out of order. I have fired a good many shots with mine, and it has never missed fire nor failed to extract the empty shell.

This pistol will never fail to work if given reasonable care. The slide should be kept slightly oiled with a not too heavy oil, which should be used sparingly in cold weather. On account of the absence of recoil the arm is pleasant to shoot, and cleaning it is a pleasure as compared with cleaning the revolver. A few strokes of the cleaner through the barrel and there you are.

To clean a revolver properly it is necessary to remove the cylinder, as the leakage of powder gases fouls the frame badly. Then the barrel, cylinder and frame must be thoroughly cleaned, which I have found quite a task. The automatic can be thoroughly cleaned and oiled in less than a minute.

The Colt automatic is safer than the revolver, as it is fitted with a safety device so that it requires the full blow of the hammer to explode the cartridge. Should the arm be dropped with a cartridge in the chamber, in such a manner as to strike on the hammer, it would not explode the cartridge. The Colt is also lighter than any of the large caliber revolvers, surpasses them all in range and power, and is far more accurate.

To those who are used to the revolver

the automatic looks and feels a little awkward in the hands at first; but after shooting it a few times this idea is entirely dispelled.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company is now making a reloading tool for this arm, and as black powder and lead bullets can be used, it will cheapen the ammunition for target practice.

Not having used the .32 caliber automatic I know nothing about it, but it is undoubtedly a fine little pocket gun, though of course too light to take into the woods for big game.

I am constantly surprised that the makers of this splendid arm do not advertise in Recreation.

Al. Kennedy, Post Falls, Idaho.

RELOADING SHOT SHELLS.

Two years ago 2 friends and I began experimenting with reloaded shot gun shells. We have since then been using reloaded shells almost exclusively for shooting rails, ducks, plover and snipe and find them practically as good as new shells.

We have also used them at the trap. August 4th, last, on the grounds of the Middletown Shooting club, I broke 117 targets with 130 shots. Of the shells used 50 were factory loaded. With them I scored 45 targets, 90 per cent. Eight shells reloaded with the same load, 38 grains smokeless and 1¼ ounces No. 7½ shot, broke 72 targets, also 90 per cent. In other events I did fully as well with reloaded shells as with factory loads.

As a rule, 90 per cent. is above my gait. Between 80 and 85 per cent. is my usual record. The point I wish to make is that I have not jumped at the conclusion that reloaded shells are equal to new, but have proved it by repeated trials.

Furthermore, I sent 100 shells to a firm thoroughly equipped for making these tests. Thirty were factory loads; 400 were new hand loaded shells; the remainder were reloaded. There was practically no difference in results. The factory loads had slightly higher velocity; the hand loaded, both new and reloaded, made the better pattern, both for number of pellets and uniformity.

The Winchester people have queered themselves here by putting shells on the market that can not be reloaded.

I should like to hear from Recreation readers on the subject of reloaded shells.

There are many little points to be observed in reloading old or loading new shells in order to attain satisfactory results; and, while we do not claim perfection, we certainly get good results and save one cent on each shell, a big item where several thousand shells are annually used by an individual.

W. E. Barnard, Middletown, Del.

RECREATION DID IT.

Wyndygoul, Cos Cob, Ct.

Editor Recreation,
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—

I have just returned from Manitoba, and where there I saw many of the sportsmen and others interested in the preservation of game. I was glad to meet Dr. George Bell, who was the leader in the fight against the automatic gun, which, as you know, has been declared illegal in the province of Manitoba. He surprised and pleased me by saying that not the local sportsmen had done it so much as Recreation.

"It was Recreation that warned us the gun was coming; it was Recreation that pointed out the danger; it was Recreation that supplied us with arguments to fight it. We went around in Winnipeg and got practically every sportsman to sign a protest against the automatic gun. Armed with this we went before the Legislature. Our only opponent was a local representative of the Winchester Arms Company, and his heart, evidently, was not in his work. He came there simply because his company wished it; but once our case was presented, and a number of extracts from Recreation read to the committee, the Winchester man subsided. He did not even present his case at length. The thing was easily carried in the House.

"I want you," he said, "to tell the editor of Recreation that we owe it to him, and we appreciate what he has done."

Yours sincerely,
Ernest Thompson Seton.
September 24, 1904.

THE ITHACA CROSS BOLT.

Mr. Greener, in one of his books, says that no cross bolt for shot guns was a success because they all lacked the necessary self tightening power. What the great gunmaker meant was that in order to be effective in holding the barrels tightly to the frame, the bolt had to be fitted too tightly in the frame and extension rib to permit the free and easy movement of the top lever. What he said then was true at that time, and is true still, with the new Ithaca cross bolt excepted. The Ithaca bolt is a bar of the best spring steel and is always held in true position in a slot cut in the solid frame by its own spring power or resiliency. It has a firm bearing in 3 direct irons on the slot cut in extension rib, but, not being bound by friction, allows the top lever to work freely. This makes the Ithaca cross bolt a success, and with the other desirable features, including simplicity, durability, neatness of design and phenomenal shooting qualities, makes the Ithaca the most perfect hammerless gun in the market. Let any sportsman test this weapon, and he will find that what Greener longed for but could not find, American ingenuity has supplied, and this, too, in a gun which sells at a moderate price. No other gun costing even more money can cope with it.

Glenmore, Warren, Pa.

SMALL SHOT.

Is there such a thing made as bullet-proof cloth or anything that can be used for that purpose? If there is, will you kindly let me know where I can get it?

I enjoy Recreation more than any other book I read.

A. W. Gordon, Boston, Mass.

ANSWER.

There is no bullet-proof cloth on the market. Several fabrics have been invented and made up that were claimed to be bullet-proof and have been tested by army experts in various countries. None of these has, however, been adopted by any army, so nothing more has been done along that line, as far as I know.

It would be a good scheme for every man going into the woods of Maine or the Adirondacks for the purpose of hunting to have a suit of bullet-proof armor, but in order to make him entirely safe from other hunters it would be necessary to have it cover his head, neck, face and even his eyes. Then he could not see to hunt or to shoot; so, after all, he might just as well stay at home.—Editor.

I have noticed with considerable interest the articles in defence of the pump gun. Will the defenders please give the real reason why they prefer a repeating or an automatic weapon? They evidently appreciate its rapid firing qualities. The statements which have been made that the pump gun can outshoot a double barrel are absurd. In fact, I have never known a pump gun that would kill so far or so surely as the best double guns. I own a double gun which was acknowledged to be the best gun of 16 that were shot during the same day. Eight of them were Winchester pump guns, choke bored. Mine is a modified choke, and I was far from being the best shot of the party. There can be but one reason why we should prefer a breech loader to a muzzle loader, a hammerless to a hammer gun, a pump to a double barrel or an automatic to a pump gun. Perhaps you can guess this reason.

Observer, Boston, Mass.

If Single Barrel will write me I will tell him my experience with Remington guns, as well as many others; experience of 57 years, which ought to be of value to a young man starting out.

Mr. Magee, of Templeton, Ore., has a remarkable 16 gauge gun, to be "pretty sure on canvasbacks at 75 yards." I have used at least 30 guns, from 8 gauge to 20, but I must take off my hat to his 16 gauge Ithaca. I have used 2 Ithacas, 10 and 12 gauge, but they never could shoot with the 16 of which Mr. Magee tells us. He is entitled to a diploma as a cheerful liar.

Uncle D. T. T., Orient Point, N. Y.

I want to say to Single Barrel, of Montreal, Can., that my experience has been similar to his. I owned a Winchester pump gun, 16 gauge, but sold it and got a Remington, $45, 12 gauge, 7 pound hammerless, and have never had a gun to suit me as well.

I desire to learn through Recreation, which is the best all around gun for ducks, quail and rabbits, with particulars as to weight, length of barrels, choke, gauge and make.

I heartily endorse your fight against the automatic shot gun and hope you may succeed in creating such a sentiment against this weapon that any one who calls himself a sportsman will be ashamed to use it. It is a pity that the Winchester people, who have received the trade of sportsmen all over the United States, should put such a gun on the market, for it shows that they care nothing for the welfare of the game. They seem to think only of how they may profit by its destruction. I intend buying a gun this fall, and am going to get a double barrel shot gun.

A. L. Fleet, Slater, Mo.

A while ago I saw in Recreation a question regarding the relative penetration of Luger and Mauser pistols. Two years ago I made a test block for the Spaulding people which proved that, using factory ammunition, the pistols named were nearly equal in penetration. Each pierced 10 pine boards and lodged the bullet in the 11th. The bullets were full jacketed, and, as I recall it, the Luger shells were of foreign make and the Mausers were domestic. The block was made of new pine boards, carefully planed to one inch in thickness, laid tightly together and held by strips tacked on the edges. The distance from muzzles was 5 feet.

E. W. Gould, Schenectady, N. Y.

Will some one who has used a 32-44 target revolver tell me what are the cleanest and best brands of black and smokeless powders for use in that arm, for both target and gallery loads? I have become disgusted with the black powder carried in stock by dealers in the smaller towns on account of the excessive fouling, and the much lauded King's semi-smokeless is not altogether satisfactory to one who does not clean a gun for the pleasure he gets out of it. How should bullets be tempered to get the best results in the cartridge named? How does the Stevens-Pope lubricator compare in effectiveness with the Ideal lubricator?

W. H., Pontiac, Ill.

I greatly enjoy the gun department of Recreation, and always turn to it first. One can learn from the experience of others, but experience at first hand is better. Guns from 32-40 up are large enough if held straight. I don't like the jar of a smokeless rifle. Those who claim there is no kick to high pressure powder will change their minds when they get a dig from the corner of a butt plate in snap shooting. Should like to hear from some one who has tried the new Remington No. 3 high pressure gun. I prefer a single shot rifle. Among repeaters I like the box magazine best; it does not scrape and smash the points of the bullets.

P. H. M., Kendrick, Idaho.

I am sorry the Winchester people have injudiciously withdrawn their ad from Recreation, thus losing the patronage of thousands of your readers. I hope they may see their mistake and return before it is too late.

I should like to hear from some one who has practically tested the 22-7-45 smokeless in all essential points.

Edw. McGaffick, Salena, O.

Winchester's loss is Savage's gain. Savage makes a better rifle than the Winchester, and Recreation readers will have the best, especially when it is advertised in Recreation.—Editor.

I have been shooting and hunting ever since I was able to hold a gun. I am sorry the Winchester Company intends to put an automatic gun on the market. Such a slaughtering machine should not be put within the reach of the bristlebacks. No true sportsman would be caught dead with an automatic gun. If such a weapon is put on the market, I shall never own one, and shall do all I can to prevent my friends buying one, if any friend of mine should be so foolish as to think of buying one. Keep on hitting the game hog till our country is rid of such animals.

Wm. L. Wallace, Richmond, Ky.

The automatic shot gun that the Winchester people are preparing to turn out will put the finishing touch on what little game the pump gun has spared. If it is all that is claimed, it will be just the thing for market hunters and game hogs. I should like to see it tested on the man who invented it. No decent man would carry such a gun a-field; and I do not see that it would have any special value at the trap, except to the kind of fellow who hankers to break 1,000 clays in 1,000 seconds. A sportsman can do all the shooting necessary with a double barrel or, for that matter, with a single.

S. C. Harris, Hoboken, N. J.

All friends of the game, and this means all who oppose the pump and automatic guns, should do their share of missionary work. If you have a friend who contemplates the purchase of a rifle or a shot gun, advise him to buy of some of the makers who have too much principle to put a murdering machine on the market, or of a retail dealer who refuses to sell such guns. This is easy. Work together, sportsmen, and we can soon make our efforts effective.

F. L. Wilson, Whitney, Ore.

In this State the buyers of Browning automatic guns are mighty careful and reluctant in confessing their ownership. They keep their guns in cases on all public occasions, which is evidence that your attacks go home. I hope to see an anti-automatic gun law in Massachusetts before our last glorious old ruffed grouse shall have drummed in vain for a mate.

Ernest Russell, Worcester, Mass.

Can the 38-72, model '95, Winchester, be used with smokeless powder with good results? Can the same model, 35 caliber, be used with black powder? How does the 32 Winchester special compare with the .303 Savage?

Savage, Monticello, N. Y.

I should like the opinion of your readers about the wearing and shooting qualities of a Stevens pocket rifle. Which is the more accurate cartridge, the 22 long rifle or the 25? Elmer Dukelorn, Hutchinson, Kas.

"Pardon me, did you see a dachshund near here?"

"Yes."

"Where was he?"

"Partly on Euclid avenue and partly on Erie street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A foolish young woman named Clara,
The rest of her name was O'Hara,
Just worried and worried,
And kept herself flurried,
Because she was tall—and so narra.

—Cleveland Leader.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

THE BOLL WEEVIL A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

The cotton industry is the most important one in the United States, and is of interest to every one. It contributes more to the prosperity of all the people than any other 2 commodities. Being in round numbers about one-third of our total exports, it pays a greater tribute to the transportation companies than any other commodity, and it is the only one of which no part is consumed where it is produced.

The boll weevil is the most serious pest that has ever affected any agricultural product. Under separate cover, I send you Farmers' Bulletin No. 189, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. From page 7 I quote the opening paragraph:

"The work of the Division of Entomology for several years has demonstrated that there is not even a remote probability that the boll weevil will ever be exterminated. Although the large yields of cotton of former times may no longer be possible, it is nevertheless entirely feasible to produce cotton at a margin of profit that will compare favorably with that made in the production of other staple crops of the United States by following what have become known generally as the cultural methods."

Had Mr. Hunter added after "the cultural methods" "the protection and preservation of birds;" he would have offered the only known remedy.

On page 11 is a map showing the boll weevil area in Texas. During 1904 this pest has gone 100 miles into Louisiana. From page 22, I quote as follows:

"The steady extension of the territory affected by the weevil from year to year, until the Northern boundary is far North of the center of cotton production in the United States, has convinced all observers that it will eventually be distributed all over the cotton belt."

Statistics show us that in the South the average yield of cotton per acre is decreasing each year.

For the entire United States the yield has decreased from 40-100 of a bale per acre in 1899 to 34-100 of a bale in 1903; and with the exception of North Carolina, every State shows as great a decrease in yield, and some a greater. During this period of 5 years, 5½ million acres have been added to the cotton fields of the South, while the production has only increased 650,000 bales.

In Texas, the yield in 1899 was 40-100 of a bale per acre, and in 1903 was 30-100 of a bale per acre, a reduction of 25 per cent. While all of this is not chargeable to the boll weevil, the larger part is. Say that 20 per cent. is due to the boll weevil; you can appreciate what a calamity it will be to the South and to the United States when the boll weevil infests the cotton fields to the Atlantic ocean.

The cotton farmers should do 2 things, adopt cultural methods that will increase the yield, and protect their birds.

The boll weevil is much like obnoxious weeds and grasses and must be treated in the same way. Any one familiar with cotton growing knows that unless the farmer fights the weeds and grasses from the beginning, they will take his crop, and in some instances they do take the crop. Statistics show us that about 3 per cent. of the cotton acreage is abandoned every year. The larger part of this is because the weeds and grasses have taken the crop.

Oswald Wilson, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Ft. Worth, Texas.

OUR NEWEST GAME PRESERVE.

FRANK M. MILLER.

Last August I made a cruise among the islands of the Gulf of Mexico lying to the Eastward of the delta of the Mississippi river. I sailed from Pass Christian, Miss., in a 6 ton schooner owned and run by a bird hunter of 15 years' experience. Each year he has killed and shipped to the wholesale milliners of New York and Baltimore some 30,000 skins of the royal tern, laughing gull, least tern and other wild sea birds. About a year ago he ran afoul of the Lacey law, enacted by Congress as a result of the persistent efforts of the L. A. S., and the Audubon societies, and he quit the business. He told me he had had enough!

After we got out among the islands I found bird destruction going on everywhere, and to cap the climax of cussedness the glue makers had boats out gathering gull eggs for their business. This trade amounts to between 50,000 and 75,000 eggs of the royal tern and the laughing gull every breeding season. I also learned that the market men who had been driven out of Louisiana by our new game law intended to move out to the islands belonging to the National government in order to supply the market with game birds, and as that trade amounts to between 300,000 and 500,000 wild sea ducks each season I concluded the time had come to do something to stop the slaughter.

I found that there were 28 islands belonging to the State of Louisiana on which birds were breeding; once in great numbers, now only in small colonies. I also found that there were 7 islands belonging to the Federal government that ought to be set aside for a game preserve.

I went to Washington, consulted Dr. T. S. Palmer, 3d vice-president of the L. A. S., and gave him an outline of my proposition.

He took up the matter with Secretary Wilson, with the result that on the 5th day of October President Roosevelt signed the order creating and dedicating "Breton Island Reservation" as a game preserve forever.

Breton island lies 100 miles South of the mainland of the State of Mississippi. The island is 12 miles long, ¾ of a mile wide and contains several ponds of fresh water. It will in time make an ideal place for the wild sea ducks to winter, and as at least 300,000 of them will be saved from market hunters every year, one can readily see what the increase will amount to as the years go by. The Old Harbor islands are 3 in number and contain about 1,000 acres. Here the royal tern, the laughing gull, the black skimmer and the least tern live and breed. When I was there a majestic flock of 500 frigate birds were sailing high over the waters of the gulf, in fancied security.

Free Masons' islands are 3 in number. They cover probably 10,000 acres and sea birds breed extensively on them.

The Department of Agriculture will doubtless put a warden on the new Reservation and will cultivate various plants suitable for food of these resident and migratory birds, and in time this will become the greatest sea bird preserve on our Southern coast.

I should like to tell you about the fish and the fishing out among these islands, especially that of the lordly tarpon, 7 to 9 feet in length; but that is another story. Besides I have your promise that next summer you will go out with me to try your skill in these same waters.

DO WILD DUCKS COMMIT SUICIDE?

A sportsman writes of watching a wild duck which he had wounded. He said it dived and never came up, and he asked,

"Do they ever fasten themselves to grass in the bottom and thus commit suicide?"

I do not think they do. They have too many tricks at command to think of anything of that kind. One circumstance comes to my mind which shows the cunning of these wild birds.

I was shooting on a small creek last fall and winged a black duck, which rose some distance from me. He dropped in the creek, which was not more than 20 feet across. As I went through the brush to where he fell, he saw me before I had time to shoot and he dived. The water was still, and the creek shallow. I could see by the ripple his exact course. He swam about 50 feet and then rose for breath, with just his bill out of water; and then did not stay up more than a second. I was not accustomed to such tactics. When I found that was all I was likely to see of him I commenced to shoot at the little black bill as often as it showed above water. It was quick work. I had to move as fast as he swam and I did not have a sidewalk to travel on. I fired 4 or 5 shots at his bill and then I heard a little rustle in the cripple brush which closely fringed the creek. I thought he was going out and that I should lose him, after all. I went along to where I heard the noise, waded out as far as I could, and looked up and down the creek, but nothing was to be seen of the duck. I was departing with downcast eyes, when lo! there he was dead, not 6 feet from me.

I can easily imagine how it was with the gentleman who rowed out to where the duck disappeared and failed to see him come to the surface, especially if there was a ripple on the water. Even if there was not, he would not be likely to see the little bill come up with so much water around him. Again, he might have been directly over the duck.

I heard a man tell of such an incident a few days ago. He was chasing a duck which he had wounded. He was out of ammunition and once nearly had a chance to hit the bird with an oar, but the duck dived.

"Where do you suppose that darned duck was?" he said. "Under my boat for a long time, with only his bill out of water!"

Myron P. Edy, Clarenceville, P. Q.

IF THE DOGS COULD TALK.

Do female prairie chickens, quails, etc., give scent while raising broods?

W. S. G., Todd, Boulder Creek, Cal.

ANSWER.

I referred this question to 2 well known authorities, who reply as follows:

It seems impossible for any human being to say positively that game birds do not give off scent while raising broods of young. We have not the keen scent of hunting dogs by which to determine the fact.

Unquestionably the dogs find it much more difficult to locate game at such times, but this is possibly due, in large part, to 3 facts: First, The birds are poor and in bad feather after sitting and do not give out so strong a scent as a fat healthy bird does. Second, The vegetation at the time is green, rank and odoriferous and swallows up the bird scent. Third, The atmospheric conditions do not favor scenting as they do after frost.

These seem sufficient to account for the difficulties a dog encounters in search of game in hot weather, in luxuriant grasses, herbs and undergrowth; but Nature is cunning and resourceful in her provisions for protecting wild animals in their reproduction and it may be that she cuts off the odors in breeding season for this purpose.

Jno. S. Wise, New York City.

I know of no way to determine whether game birds can withhold their scent during the breeding season, unless, as you say, we can find a dog that can talk. Personally, I do not believe a bird can withhold its scent, but it is probable that the scent is lost much sooner in dry, hot summer time than it is in cooler weather.

A. K. Fisher, Acting Chief Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Last summer I saw a bird which I took to be a black tern but was not sure. This is its description:

Length, 6 to 8 inches; tip to tip of wings, 14 to 18 inches; color, bill, head, neck and body, jet black; wings, tail, and under tail coverts, silvery grey or light drab. Bill, pointed and about 1¼ inches long.

The bird was flying up and down the creek when I saw it about 8 to 10 feet above the water. Its flight was swift. It would suddenly stop in its flight and dip into the water and then come up. I do not know what it was after, but that was all it did. It did not alight while I watched it, but kept on the wing. It was tame and would come within a few feet of me. When flying its bill pointed down at an angle of 45 degrees.

Keep up the good work of roasting the game and fish hogs.

Fern. L. Young, Greenville, Ohio.

ANSWER.

The bird described is the black tern, *Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis.* Its occurrence in Ohio is unusual.—Editor.

I have been reading Luther Michaels' and Geo. R. Manley's opinions of Mr. Gordon Wrighter's article about the snake and the pickerel. They may all 3 be right, for after something I saw I would not doubt anything. A friend and I were standing on the corner of Seneca and Michigan streets, looking in the window of the Canandaigua hotel, the window being fitted up as an aquarium. Suddenly there was a commotion and we were surprised to see a large frog with a small garter snake's head in its mouth. The snake had the best of it as long as they were on the edge of the tank, but as soon as they got into the water the frog turned the tables. It would have gone hard with the snake if one of the waiters in the hotel had not come to the rescue. I have often heard of snakes swallowing frogs, but that was the first time I ever heard of or saw a frog tackle a snake. If any reader of Recreation has heard of another case I should like to know of it. I find many articles in Recreation that I should like to answer if I had time. I am a lover of a good argument and that is one reason I like Recreation so well.

Hugh D. Thompson, Brantford, Ont.

I see by your September number that a reader of your magazine wishes to know about song and game birds being turned out in British Columbia. Last winter skylarks, goldfinches and robins were turned out on Vancouver island, B. C. I do not know how they have thrived, but it was the first attempt of the kind. Chinese pheasants and California quails are numerous all over the island and are perfectly able to look after themselves. Last winter near the city of Vancouver, on the mainland, skylarks, thrushes and robins were turned out in the country. Pairs of English partridges have also been turned out in the country. Capercailzie, *Ietras uragallus,* have been turned out in the Algonquin National Park in Ontario; black game also in Newfoundland.

If any of your readers wish further information I shall be glad to give it.

A Canadian, Seattle, Wash.

October 16th I saw a small snake on the Jersey Palisades, near Fort Lee. It was sunning itself on a grassy slope and when disturbed it crawled away quickly. It measured about 20 to 25 inches in length, and ¾ to one inch in diameter at the thickest part, which was comparatively near the head. It was light and dark brown mottled and its head was blunt. It showed the perfection of protective coloring among the dead grass and fallen leaves. Will you please tell me what kind of a snake it was?

O. F., New York City.

ANSWER.

It was a hog nosed snake, or blowing viper. Look on page 347 of the American Natural History, by W. T. Hornaday, and see if the snake in the picture is not it. The blowing viper is harmless, but it hisses frightfully and is a great bluffer.—Editor.

"Jones' cure was very quick, wasn't it?"

"Yes; his doctor received private information that his affairs were in bad shape."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
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James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.
Redifor Rod and Reel Co., Warren, Ohio.

PROSECUTIONS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

You inquire as to the fate of the dynamiters arrested by Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Stewart and me. I enclose herewith a typewritten list of prosecutions for violations of our game and fish laws during the past 11 months. This list represents only what has been done by the L. A. S. in the way of enforcing the laws for the protection of game and fish, and I feel justified in saying that it does not represent more than half of the work accomplished by the local chapter of the L. A. S. There has been a decided change in public sentiment in favor of game and fish preservation, and many hoggish hunters have changed their methods.

Of the members of the local chapter here who have been doing yeoman service for game preservation Elmer F. Jacobs and Terrence D. Stewart have probably been foremost, while John Coburn, Evans Price, Dr. Sivey, Newt. Dawson, and others deserve much credit. The local newspapers have also aided greatly in changing public sentiment in regard to the taking of game and fish and other harmless wild life.

Bennett S. White, Chief Warden,
Morgantown, W. Va.

The list of prosecutions to which Mr. White refers is as follows,

Oct. 23, H. E. Vensel, hunting without license, fine and costs, $48.
Oct. 23, H. E. Vensel, taking grouse out of State, fine and costs, $20.
Oct. 25, *W. E. Johnson, killing quail unlawfully, fine and costs, $26.50.
Dec. 7, J. E. Whiteman, exporting quail, fine and costs, $31.60.
Dec. 8, J. S. Cunningham, exporting quail, $20 fine, costs not taxed.
Dec. 16, Andy Frost, hunting squirrels unlawfully, dismissed.
Dec. 19, M. J. Groves, exporting quail and grouse, fine and costs, $54.60.
Dec. 22, P. F. Linger, exporting quail and grouse, fine and costs, $65.
Jan. 1-04, R. M. Cox, exporting quail and grouse, fine and costs, $289.
Jan. 11, M. J. Groves, exporting quail and grouse, guilty, appeal pending.

May 5, Harry Harker, catching bass unlawfully, fine and costs, $16.60.

June 2, *Gussippi Nacearoto, catching bass unlawfully, fine and costs, $30.

May 9, Chas. Lancaster, catching pike unlawfully, fine and costs, $25.

June 10, C. C. Cameron, hunting without license, fine and costs, $26.60.

June 11, Jas. Daugherty, catching bass unlawfully, fine and costs, $16.60.

June 14, A. K. Smith, killing rabbits unlawfully, dismissed, insufficient evidence; no costs.

June 25, *Steve Maxwell, dynamiting fish, 15 days in jail, fine and costs, $65.40.

June 25, *Rube Maxwell, dynamiting fish, 15 days in jail, fine and costs, $62.70.

June 25, *Jasper Maxwell, dynamiting fish, 30 days in jail, fine and costs, 62.70.

June 25, *Bert Powell, dynamiting fish, 30 days in jail, fine and costs, $62.70.

July 31, *Frank Downey, hunting without license, 15 days in jail, fine and costs, $26.60.

July 31, *Frank Downey, killing squirrels unlawfully, 15 days in jail, fine and costs, $90.

Sept. 13, George Hall, killing squirrel unlawfully, 15 days in jail, fine and costs, $25.

Sept. 20, *Italian, killing duck unlawfully, 15 days in pail, fine and costs, $26.60.

Total, $1,079.60.

The 9 cases marked by a star were secured solely and entirely through the local chapter of the L. A. S.

REPORT OF THE IDAHO DIVISION.

In Governor Morrison's last message to the Legislature of Idaho he recommended that the office of State Game warden be abolished but through the influence of the members of the L. A. S. of this State the Legislature not only disregarded his recommendation but enacted an entirely new code of game laws, fixing the salary of the State game warden at $1,200 a year, and $600 for expenses. The new law also gives the State warden power to appoint one or more deputy State wardens for each county, at a salary of $3 a day, not to exceed 90 days. The new law also provides for a resident hunting license of $1, and a non-resident license of $5 to fish or hunt small game, and a non-resident hunting license of $25 for all kinds of game.

On or about April 15th, 1903, I received a letter from Mr. Ranshaw, a member of our League, at Clarkia, informing me that the Cœur d'Alene Log & Lumber Company had built a dam across the St. Mary's river, had not provided any fishway or ladder, and that the fish were unable to pass the dam; also another dam across Emerald creek, which was not provided with either. I referred the matter to State Game Warden W. B. Iorns, and he ordered the Lumber Company to build fish ladders on both dams immediately. On learning 2 weeks later that nothing had been done, I drove from Kendrick to Collins and from there traveled by trail to the upper St. Mary's, thence down the St. Mary's to the lower dam, a distance of nearly 100 miles. At the dam I met the company's foreman who immediately proceeded to get out lumber and the following day we placed 2 fish ladders in the dam. From there I went to Emerald creek dam where I put in one fish ladder.

Later I was notified by one of our members that fish were being trapped on the upper Potlatch. This I investigated. I found 2 fish traps, which I tore out, but was unable to find evidence enough to prosecute!

One fish ladder was removed from the mill race at Juliaetta, Idaho.

Several other lawbreakers have been prosecuted and our laws are now generally obeyed.

The League is doing good work in this State, and I heartily endorse the official organ, RECREATION.

L. A. Kerr, Chief Warden.

REPORT OF THE NEW JERSEY DIVISION.

New Jersey was one of the first States in the Union to protect her fish and game. The law on this subject was passed December 3, 1807, and is still in force. I allude to the act prohibiting fishing with nets in the Hackensack river, Bergen county.

Our work for protection is done by 5 Commissioners, one Fish and Game Protector and 25 wardens. The Commissioners have authority to call on the sheriff of any county to assist them and their wardens in the performance of their duty. The commissioners also have power to appoint deputy wardens. We spend annually about $50,000 for protection and in restocking the streams with fish and the fields with game.

As far as prosecutions are concerned the month of November was the most successful in the history of the Commission. The principal work was guarding the ferries for non-resident gunners and preventing the removal of game from the State. That the wardens were active is clearly demonstrated by the fact that 136 arrests were made and that the fines imposed amounted to $4,233.12. The amount turned over by the wardens was $1,411.04.

Of the 136 arrests made, 128 were convicted, 5 acquitted and 3 cases discontinued by order of the Commission.

At least 80 per cent. of the men convicted are Italians. They are the worst game law violators we have to contend with.

The $10 Reward signs furnished by the League have done more for the game than all the wardens in my county. I have filled the country with these posters and the lawbreakers are on the lookout. At least 75 per cent. of the arrests made in my county were made on evidence furnished by League members.

Frank C. Wright,
Delegate from New Jersey Division.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Edited by J. A. Kingman.

1905 AUTOMOBILES.

The 5th Annual Automobile Show will be held this month in Madison Square Garden, New York. This is an exhibit of national prominence and interest. Other automobile shows are held in the large cities during the year, but the New York show comes first, is the largest, and the most largely attended. It is the biggest event of the year for automobile manufacturers, for during automobile week they exhibit their models and sell them rapidly, both to agents and to private owners. The Automobile Show had a modest beginning 5 or 6 years ago and was then combined with the bicycle show, only a few crude and imperfect automobiles being made at that time.

Every year the Automobile Show has grown larger and more interesting; the machines have been greatly improved; the number of automobilists has increased marvelously, and the general public has become much more interested and intelligent regarding motor vehicles. This year the aplication for space at the show in Madison Square Garden was greater than ever before.

Many new vehicles, showing steam, electricity and gasolene powers, will be exhibited. The great popularity of the gasolene car is noticeable, and most of these vehicles for 1905 will be of the touring type, seating 4 to 7 and 8 passengers. The runabout seems eclipsed for the present, and this is probably due to the fact that most people like to have a car which, although suitable for 2 persons and of good appearance under such condition, can at the same time be used for more when desired. The popular tonneau body for 1905 will have entrance at both sides instead of at the rear. The 4 cylinder motor will be popular, although single cylinder motors and double opposed motors will be numerous.

Of course, the great popular question is price. The public wants to know how soon an automobile is to be made which will be within the reach of most people. There will certainly be nothing of that kind on the market for 1905. The bicycle business is responsible for a mistaken idea on the part of the public that the price of automobiles will be cut in 2. When the bicycle first appeared it was heavy, clumsy, and the cost of manufacture was large. With a lighter structure and improved methods the price of the bicycle naturally diminished, but it has not dropped much in the last 5 or 6 years. The automobile business at the start had the benefit of all the experience gained in the bicycle business.

The public ought to compare automobiles with horses and carriages, not with bicycles. Moreover, it must be considered that no good machinery can be made cheaply. Choice materials, good workmanship and careful construction cost the manufacturers much money. Automobiles must be built well, and even the cheapest types require an amount of attention and inspection which would surprise the average person. Automobiles must be substantially built to endure a great deal of hard work, for the roads in our country are bad. It is likely that the biggest factor in reducing the price of automobiles will be the betterment of the roads. Runabouts in 1905 will cost about $650, and touring cars will cost $1,000 to $7,000, $8,000, or even more for some of the high power cars imported into this country.

The life of an automobile depends largely on the care with which the wearing parts are cleaned and oiled. Plenty of the right kind of oil is necessary. Some people seem to think that it is only important to use enough oil. Not at all. Every bearing is sure to wear a little, and when it does small particles of metal become dislodged, tending to wear the bearing all the more. Wash the bearings and chains of your automobile frequently with kerosene and then replace with fresh oil.

A new automobile club has recently been formed in New York City to meet a special need. The new organization is called the New York Motor Club, and is made up of persons who wish a place to meet, exchange views on automobiling, and work together to further its best interests. Many automobilists believe in the future of such a club, which will have a large, unrestricted membership, with low dues.

GLOSSARY OF AUTOMOBILE TERMS.

Bonnet: The thing that covers the engines. Some makers by lengthening it have found an economical substitute for horse power, besides providing a place where the motorist can get in out of the wet. It is usually so adjusted that when the motorist props it up to look inside, it falls and hits him on the head. This is an ingenious method of teaching him not to meddle with his engines.

Ball Bearings: These are useful indicators, so fitted that when the car gets a shock they break. This enables the motorist to know for certain whether his car has had a shock.

Brasses: These are stuck about inside the works and should not be confounded with the brass plating. Things work on them; and when you take them out it is well to put them back again in the same place.

Chauffeur: A corruption of the term "shover," and applied to the driver because he is the only person who does not get out and shove when the car fails on a hill.

Engine: This is a somewhat important part. It consists of a lot of little parts. If any of these drop off trouble may result. It is important to paint it, especially just before selling your car.

Garage: A place to tow broken down cars to, tip mechanics and pay bills at. There is reason to believe that had Ananias kept a garage he would have escaped the fate that befell him, since most garage proprietors live to a good age. Barabbas would certainly have established a garage had that simple means of livelihood existed in his day.

Ignition: There are 2 sorts, by trembler coil, plug and accumulator; by magneto. The former is to be preferred, because if you hold on to the metal part of the plug and turn the handle you can feel the exact force of the current. To avoid a plug sooting, screw it in so that it is easily removed. Nothing will ever go wrong with it then.

Owner: An inconvenient person, apt to want to ride in the car just when the chauffeur is going out on a little trip of his own.

Skid: This is a polite form of explaining how you came to run over anyone or into anything. If the car suddenly turns around without touching anything, it may also be a skid, but the police will call it a drunk in charge.

Silencer: A thing hung under the car to hit dogs with. When efficiently designed it takes up all the row made by those parts of the car which make the least noise. It is a convenient receptacle for broken valve stems, etc.

Starting Handle: The thing you wind up to make the car go. In single cylinder cars it often affords valuable physical exercise, but much can be done with it on big cars by advancing the ignition before turning.—Fred T. Jane, in The Car.

ROADSIDE TROUBLES.

The engine stops unexpectedly. The occupants alight, raise the bonnet, and gaze hopelessly inside. One was recently overheard to say, "There's the engine gone wrong again." After a silence the remark, "Let's have a look at the ——," naming some part which happens to attract their attention, and immediately they seize spanners and disintegrate the unfortunate machine in places where there was, perhaps, little likelihood of trouble arising. If a doctor were called to attend a patient, it would be most serious if he should make a promiscuous inspection of the human anatomy "just to see if it is all right," without studying the symptoms of the case. It is the same with a motor. It is useless to take off the carburetor, alter the mixture, or grind in valves, if one of the bearings has seized up or the petrol tank has run dry. If the case were diagnosed systematically the trouble in most instances would be easily found.—The Autocar.

Some people spend more time in investigating automobiles to determine which make is best, than they do in learning how to run the machine after it has been bought. Know your car and its ways.

A HERO.

We saw the colonel on parade,
A most imposing sight he made.

His swelling chest, his bearing proud,
His voice peremptory and loud,
With awe inspired the gazing crowd.

You really should have heard him when
He shouted orders to his men.

Yes, when he roared those orders out
You should have seen them march about,
In prompt compliance with his shout.

Oh, very dignified was he—
As martial as a man can be.

So haughtily he held his head,
His gills became so very red,
So turky-cocky was his tread.

We later saw him when he seemed
Far meeker than we could have dreamed.

His step was soft, his voice subdued,
His ruddy cheek was chalky-hued,
With terror he seemed quite imbued.

In such a man as he 'twas queer,
But he was overcome with fear.

He born to threaten and command!
A rank poltroon with trembling hand,
And knees that hardly let him stand.

We marked his look of wild despair—
We heard his wife's voice on the stair.

—Chicago News.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

WHITE PINE PLANTING.

Destructive methods of lumbering, forest fires and the inability of white pine to reproduce itself under the intense shade of broad leaf trees have well nigh obliterated the species from the forest map of the great timber East. Immense areas of land formerly clothed with the richest forest are now barren wastes, or are covered with less valuable woods. The increasing value of lumber and the worthlessness of this forest land for other purposes make the restoration of these pine forests an important economic consideration.

Of particular interest is this pine planting question to the farmer and the small owner. It may be many years before planting on a large scale will be carried on by the lumberman, but there is no reason why the small owner should not gradually turn all of his unused land into a potentially valuable piece of property by planting it.

On almost every farm there are at least a few acres which are valueless for other purposes than wood growth. The farmer need be at small expense in planting these tracts, for usually he can collect his own seed or young pine from neighboring pine woods. The value of such a plantation on the farm is not restricted to the actual quantity of posts, fuel and timber which it may produce. Frequently the cause of failure in orchards and various other perennial crops is the lack of protection from snow and wind in the winter. A combined woodlot and snowbreak, extending about the orchard or field, will spread the snow evenly over the enclosure, where otherwise the wind would sweep the land, piling the snow in heaps about the fences, roads and trees. However, it is for timber production that we are most concerned in starting a plantation.

In establishing a small plantation of only a few acres it would undoubtedly be best to buy the young pines from some reliable nursery man. Two year old seedlings are the best suited for such a purpose. They can be bought for $2 to $5 a thousand, depending on the demand and supply of the particular year. If it is intended to plant 10 acres or more, it will be found more satisfactory and cheaper to raise one's own seedlings in a nursery bed, provided good wild seedlings can not be secured from neighboring woods.

White pine seeds cost about $1.50 a pound when the seed is plentiful, that is, during a good seed year. There are about 28,800 seeds to the pound, of which the percentage of germination is 70 to 90. If the seed is sown carefully in the nursery on suitable soil and cared for with as much pains as one would give to an ordinary vegetable garden, 50 per cent. of the seed may be expected to produce seedlings which will live to the transplanting age.

The best way to grow the seedlings is in a bed prepared as one would prepare a flower bed, with boards around the sides to hold up the earth. The soil should be a deep, porous, sandy loam with an admixture of fresh *humus*, or vegetable mould. No fertilizer is necessary. Four feet is a handy width for the beds, which may be as long as desired. Two beds 4 feet wide and 24 feet long will produce sufficient healthy seedlings for a 10 acre plantation. About 2 pounds of good seed will be required. They should be planted in drills 6 inches apart and about half an inch deep. After covering the seeds, the beds should be rolled with a heavy roller and covered with a mulch of leaves until the young pines come up. The mulch should be kept fairly moist by sprinkling every day, but precaution must be used lest too much moisture rot the seeds. After the seeds are up, artificial shade should be given them by placing a frame covered with boughs or laths about 18 inches above the bed. The beds should be kept clear of weeds. During the first winter, the bed should be again covered with a mulch of leaves to prevent frost heaving the young plants. At the end of 2 years, the young seedlings are 5 to 8 inches high and are ready for planting. They should be carefully removed from the bed so as not to injure their roots and put in a puddle of rich earth and water until they are set into their future home.

Opinions differ as to the best number to plant to the acre. Some plant them 6 and some 4 feet apart. Four feet apart insures better timber in the end. About 2,700 seedlings to the acre are required, 4 feet apart. They should be planted with a spade or a mattock. If a spade is used, make 2 incisions in the form of a T. In making the cross to the T bear down on the handle of the spade, which will lift the sod and leave a slit for the seedling. Be sure that the roots have plenty of room. With a little practice, an ordinary workman can set out 100 to 150 seedlings an hour on ordinary unploughed pasture land. The seedlings should be set out in the spring, just before they begin to put out their spring growth.

The plantation requires no further attention for 10 or 15 years. If care is taken

90 per cent. of the seedlings should live in the plantation. It is a good idea to go over the plantation in 3 years and set out new trees where any have not survived. When the trees average about 15 to 20 feet in height, as they generally do when 10 years old, it is a good plan to go through the plantation and cut off close to the bole all the limbs that can be reached with a hand ax. In pruning great care should be taken not to injure the bark.

When the plantation is 15 to 20 years old, about one-half of the trees may be cut. They will make fence rails, posts or fuel and will be 4 to 5 inches in diameter, breast high. The second thinning should be made 40 or 50 years after planting and should take out about one-half the remaining trees. The average diameter on poor pasture land at 40 years will be 8 to 12 inches, breast high, which will find a ready market as box boards at $3 to $5 a cord on the stump. On the second cutting 25 to 40 cords should be assured, which would leave approximately 600 good trees to mature into first class timber. These trees may remain as long as the owner wishes, gaining in value constantly by the improvement of the wood in both quantity and quality. For the next 30 or 40 years the plantation will yield a sure income of 5 per cent. per annum at compound interest in growth in volume alone. Besides this, the quality of the timber is constantly increasing as it increases in size. When the remaining stand is 75 to 80 years old, the owner should be able to cut at least 30,000 board feet an acre of good timber pine, which at present prices should bring $6 to $10 a 1,000 feet on the stump. It is not unfair to assume that the price of white pine 75 years hence will be at least twice what it is to-day, but figuring on present prices, the owner of our 10 acre plantation would have a trial balance something like the following:—

Expenses.	
Value of land, 10 acres, at $4	$40
Cost of seedlings	54
Cost of planting	50
Taxes for 70 years	60
	$204

Returns.	
Value of land	$40
300 cords box lumber at $5	1,500
300,000 board feet timber at $8	2,400
	$3,940

Computing the original expense and the taxes at 4 per cent. compound interest, our original investment stands roughly at $1,800, which sum deducted from $3,940 leaves $2,140, or a net annual return of about $3 an acre above the 4 per cent. compound interest.

FORESTRY IN IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

The turning out of skilled foresters is no inconsiderable part of the valuable work of the Bureau of Forestry. No profession is so little crowded, and none offers a more inviting field to the conscientious and zealous student. That forestry, as a science essential to the well being of the nation is steadily growing in popular favor is evidenced by the increasing number of schools and professorships of forestry that are being established. The latest professorship is that at the agricultural college at Ames, Iowa, called the Iowa State College. To fill this position it has chosen Mr. Hugh P. Baker, of the Bureau of Forestry. Mr. Baker is a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College and the Yale Forest School, and has had a wide experience in handling problems in forestry in the West. He will lecture at the college half of each year on general forestry in its application to Iowa conditions. The other half of the year he will devote to Bureau work, for the most part investigating forest problems as they concern the State of Iowa.

CHESTNUTS.

In the fall the dark Italian
  Sells his wares;
And the man who buyeth chestnuts
  Roundly swears—
Giving vent to many a strong and
  Angry term—
Nearly every doggone chestnut
  Has a worm.

Loud he says he'll never purchase
  Nut again,
And repeats with variations
  This refrain;
But ere long he buyeth others
  Fine and firm,
And on opening up the first one
  Finds a worm.

Thus we pass, attentive reader,
  On our way;
Taken in, we're done with trusting
  Loud we say.
But forgetting, ah! how often
  Do we squirm
When we ope and in life's chestnut
  Find a worm!

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was on the old campground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson said, "No, sah; dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De las' time a hat was passed around heah it never came back, an' I had to go home bar'headed."—Chicago News.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

TEA PRODUCTION IN BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

In a paper on British grown tea, read before the Society of Arts in London, Mr. A. G. Stanton stated that the total quantity of tea exported in 1902 from all tea producing countries was, in round numbers, 615,000,000 pounds, of which India and Ceylon together contributed more than one-half. The area devoted to tea in India rose from 125,000 acres in 1875 to 284,000 acres in 1885, and to 525,000 acres in 1902. In 1880 the tea plantations of Ceylon occupied only 9,000 acres. Ten years later they covered 220,000 acres, and in 1903 their extent was 386,000 acres.

Speaking of the efforts to obtain a market for Ceylon tea in the United States, Mr. Stanton said it soon became apparent that if the American market was to be captured, "determined efforts must be made for the possession of the market for green and uncolored tea. Hence Ceylon planters, out of a tax raised by government, decided to give a bounty for making suitable green or uncolored tea. This resulted in small quantities being manufactured; and a trade gradually grew up, until last year the bounty was paid on 11,119,766 pounds, and a large market has at last been found in North America for this class of tea."

India, too, it is claimed, is beginning to increase her production of green tea as the result of a bounty, first offered in 1901; and this bounty was paid last year on 1,891,914 pounds of such tea. India has also offered a bounty for the production of Oolong tea, in the hope of further increasing her supply of teas suitable "for consumption in North America."

The consumption of tea is larger, it would appear, in Great Britain than in most other countries; though the Australasian colonists appear to be larger tea consumers than the people of the mother country. The figures given on comparative consumption per capita were the following: Australasia 7 pounds, Great Britain 6 pounds, Canada nearly 4 pounds, the Netherlands 1½ pounds, Russia about 1¼ pounds, and the United States about one pound.

The production of tea in Java amounted in 1890 to about 7,000,000 pounds, but has increased until it now amounts to nearly 20,000,000 pounds a year.

The British colony of Natal has at present 3,542 acres devoted to tea, and, with a duty of 12 cents a pound on imported tea, and a customs union securing free access to the markets of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal, it finds ready sale in South Africa for the limited produce of its plantations.

Tea growing has been tried in Jamaica, Fiji, Borneo, Mauritius, and the Straits Settlements, but has not gone beyond the experimental stage except in the last named, where about 35,000 pounds were produced in 1902. Jamaica has, however, about 75 acres in tea plantations.

MACARONI MAKING.

Real macaroni is made of hard wheat of a semi-translucent sort, which grows in Southern Europe and Algeria, and which is richer in gluten and other nitrogenous matter than soft wheat. Macaroni is nothing but flour and water, but it must be carefully made. The best flour for making it is coarsely ground and called "semolina." The flour is mixed with boiling water in a cylinder which converts it into stiff paste. Then it is rolled under a huge granite wheel which flattens it into a smooth mass. The man at the wheel cuts i into squares and claps it under the wheel again and again until it is thoroughly kneaded.

According to the writer quoted, the dough then goes into an upright metal cylinder closed at the lower end with a thick disk of copper. This is pierced with openings, through which a plunge piston squeezes the dough into threads. The threads are cut off at regular lengths and handed to a man who hangs them on wooden drying rods. In making spaghetti the holes are small and the dough comes out in solid strings. In the manufacture of macaroni the holes are larger and centered by mandrels which make the tubes hollow. Macaroni is also made into pastes of various shapes, alphabets and thin strips, cut by machinery.

When the macaroni is shaped, it is sent up into a drying room, the small pieces in trays, the long strips of vermicelli, the thin, solid strips of spaghetti, and the large hollow tubes of macaroni on long poles the size of a broomstick. Here a current of air dries the paste. Genuine macaroni always shows the bent ends where the long hairpin shaped lengths have been hung over the poles. Cheap imitations are made from common flour, which is not glutinous enough to bear its own weight, and, therefore, is dried flat.

MANUFACTURE OF SAGE CHEESE.

Sage cheese, with its yellow surface mottled and flecked with small dark grayish spots, is an old time favorite. Sage is an old seasoning herb and sage cheese is probably of early English origin. The manufacture of sage cheese is now carried on in a limited way only and is restricted to certain localities, yet many people are exceedingly fond of it, and will pay more for it than for ordinary cheese.

The Michigan Experiment Station has studied the subject of cheese making, and states that this cheese is made in exactly the same way as chedder, that is, common American factory cheese, differing from it only in possessing a sage flavor, which is imparted to it by adding sage extract or sage tea to the milk before the curd is precipitated; by adding the extract to the curd before salting; or by adding sage leaves to the curd before salting.

The addition of sage tea or extract to the milk is objectionable, requiring 10 to 12 ounces for 1,000 pounds of milk.

The addition of extract to the curd gave entirely satisfactory results in tests at the station when the extract was not too dilute and when it was added cautiously to prevent waste. The quantity of sage required was 6 or 7 ounces for 1,000 pounds of milk.

The most satisfactory method was found to be the old fashioned way of adding the sage leaves to the curd. This required the least sage, 3 ounces being sufficient for the curd from 1,000 pounds of milk. In following this method the sage should be weighed, the stems picked out and the leaves powdered and added to the curd before salting.

ARTIFICIAL CANNED SALMON.

Mr. Homer Sheridan, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., writes me enclosing a clipping from his paper, the Mt. Clemens Daily Leader, which states that 2 companies have been formed there for the purpose of seining carp and shipping them East, where they are stained, canned and sold to the gullible public as salmon. Mr. Sheridan states that these carp fishermen have agreed to return to the water all bass taken in their nets, but it safe to assume that this agreement will be violated every day. Besides, it is said that the lead lines of the seines, in being dragged over the spawning beds of the bass, destroy vast quantities of spawn. An effort will be made to secure the enactment of a law by the Michigan Legislature to prohibit seining during June, July and August, the spawning season of the bass.

This is another proof of the crying need for enactment and enforcement of pure food laws in all the States. I have recently reported that many tons of sturgeon and catfish are being taken in various parts of the country, stained, canned and labeled salmon. Now comes the mud-eating carp. If the American people would only read what is being printed for their benefit on the subject of foods they would not buy canned goods unless there was some guaranty that they were pure and true to name. Marketing other canned fish as salmon furnishes another reason for insisting on the enactment and enforcement of pure food and game laws. The taking of salmon for canning should be so regulated that this valuable fish may not be exterminated.

THE VEGETARIAN'S GLOAT.

I am a vegetarian,
No heifer fed barbarian!
I live on things agrarian,
  But never fool with meat.
I'm one of those that like, you see,
The grass that lines the pike, you see;
And so this packers' strike, you see,
  To me is quite a treat.

I laugh to think of those who eat
That horrid, germ-fraught stuff called meat.
All now ashake from head to feet,
  For fear of rising prices.
No odds to us if beef should be
Two sixty-five a pound, for we
Don't eat the dirty stuff, you see,
  But live on grains and rices.

I thought this morning, as I lay
And hungered for my breakfast hay,
How, ere the closing of the day,
  The price of pork might rise;
I pitied all who didn't know
How nicely ragweed pork chops go
When one is tired a bit; and oh
  The taste of pecan pies!

We oft eat roasts of who knows what
Served up to us all piping hot
And "steaks" consisting of a lot
  Of weeds we can not name;
A consomme of maple limbs,
A puree made of Watts' hymns—
These soups delight our fats and slims
  And eke our halt and lame.

While they who long for flesh are gaunt
Because of meat there is a want,
Our sirloin cabbages we flaunt,
  And liver made of radish;
We stuff on sausage made of oats
Instead of fragments saved from shoats;
On string bean hash each veggy dotes—
  Some people say we're faddish.

Head cheese we make from barley polls,
From cowslips we construct veal rolls,
That you could not, to save your souls,
  From real meat discern.
In brief, to make a long tale short,
We don't eat naught we hadn't ort;
And if no meat should reach our port
  We wouldn't yearn a yearn.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN SMALL ARMS.

The sportsmen and military men of this country have long needed a complete and exhaustive history of the development of American firearms and nothing of the kind has ever been published until recently. A few years ago Major Edward S. Farrow, of the U. S. Army, began the collection of material bearing on this subject, and the result is now placed before the public in a book of 400 pages entitled "American Small Arms."

The descriptions in this volume are, as the title indicates, limited to arms made or patented in this country, and to a few foreign weapons which have become Americanized, such as the Ferguson and the Mauser rifles.

Major Farrow has covered in his research every type of firearm used in hunting, in military service or in target shooting, from the ancient flintlock musket of the Colonial days down to the modern high power breech loading sporting and military rifles; from the big, clumsy horse pistol down to the modern automatic Colt; from the long single barrel muzzle loading shot gun down to the modern breech loading double gun of to-day. He has described and illustrated many types in so practical and simple a way as to leave little to be desired on the part of the student of the art of gun making.

Major Farrow has also given a complete history of the developments in ammunition, from the days of the old powder horn and bullet mould down to the modern high power metallic cartridges, and gives an exhaustive treatise on the subject of reloading modern shells.

The subject of revolver shooting is also fully and minutely discussed and illustrated.

In fact, Major Farrow's present work may be termed a complete encyclopedia of small arms and ammunition, and every sportsman, every soldier and every naval officer who desires to know all there is to know about his chosen sport or profession should study this work carefully.

The price of the book is $5, and it is published by The Bradford Company, 143 Liberty street, New York City.

THE WITCHERY OF SLEEP.

Ostermoor & Company, 116 Elizabeth street, New York city, makers of the famous Ostermoor mattresses, have gone into a new line. They have recently published a book entitled "The Witchery of Sleep," which is a genuine work of art and is composed of a collection of poems and prose articles by the world's greatest authors on this always interesting subject. Among the writers whose works are published in this book are Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Ben Johnson, Longfellow, Byron, Browning, Tom Hood, Edgar Fawcett, Scott, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Cyrus Edson and others of equal prominence.

The book is exquisitely illustrated, printed on heavy paper and, in fact, is a gem of workmanship.

Ostermoor & Company tell me they are printing 50,000 copies of this book and that a copy will hereafter be given to each person who buys an Ostermoor mattress. While this arrangement will not induce any one to buy a mattress, it illustrates the liberal methods of this house and indicates that these people expect to sell 150,000 mattresses within the next year or 2; and they will do it. They know how to advertise, and people who make good goods and advertise them right always sell them in great quantities.

You can get an illustrated circular of the book by writing Ostermoor & Company and mentioning RECREATION.

The regular price of "The Witchery of Sleep" is $2 a copy, but it will be sold at $1.50 to persons who mention RECREATION when ordering a copy.

THE OLD MADE NEW.

Jessie Emerson Moffat undoubtedly yielded to a popular weakness when she determined to write an historical novel, but her intellectual kinship with the hosts of similar writers went no farther. "A Friend at Court," is that seeming impossibility, an historical romance with a new, fresh plot.

The "friend at court" is Mme. de Maintenon, trusted counselor and comrade of Louis XIV, of France. The hero and heroine of the clever story, Francois de Mowbray and Marguerite de la Verge, have been betrothed since childhood, but they only meet, under disguised identity, when one is an ardent advocate of the royalist, the other of the Huguenot cause. The plot is too good to spoil by further recapitulation, but love, romance, abundant action, sword play and even tragedy combine to maintain varied but unbroken interest to the last chapter. Incidentally both Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon grow unwontedly real in the telling, with other clever character sketches of varied excellence. He who loves a lover and he who enjoys exciting reading will alike rejoice in and over "A Friend at Court."

The style of the book is fair, the situations are surprising, cleverly handled, worked out to fitting and logical conclusion. A bit of stirring pleasure may be rendered inevitable by the perusal of this pleasant tale.

"A Friend at Court," by Jessie Emerson Moffat. William Ritchie, New York, $1.50.

OF INTEREST TO PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Bayard Holmes has written a treatise on "Appendicitis and Other Diseases About the Appendix," which has recently been published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York and Chicago.

Dr. Holmes is one of the prominent surgeons of Chicago and has for several years past occupied the positions of Professor of Surgery in the University of Illinois, of Clinical Surgery in the American Missionary College, Chicago, and Attending Surgeon in the Chicago Baptist Hospital. His present work may, therefore, be accepted as that of a master in his profession.

The book contains 368 pages, and presents in full the more important and the more imminent conditions calling for surgical relief. Each topic is illustrated by abundant clinical reports, which are introduced in order to make the presentation as vivid and lasting as possible. The work is largely based on the author's experience, especially in diagnosis and indications for treatment. It presents the unclouded picture of the disease with all its threatening possibilities, and shows in an orderly and logical manner the attitude of the physician toward the first and each subsequent manifestation of the disease. It puts before him the dangers which threaten the patient, and calls attention to the errors into which the attending physician is likely to be led. This book should certainly be in the library of every surgeon in the country.

"The Sea-Wolf," Jack London's new novel, is the story of a terrible captain of a sealing schooner, who exercises to the full his power over the lives and fortunes of those who come within his reach. Wild and even gruesome incidents abound, but the author is justified in almost passing the limits of the artistic by his desire to show the full worthlessness of those modern fetiches, strenuosity and human will power. This is especially interesting because Jack London is commonly regarded as the apostle of human daring, and his imagination touches the bounds of physical endurance and achievement. That he is really enlisted on the side of the spirit should make him a man of the future as well as of the present.

"The Sea-Wolf" is published by The Macmillan Company, New York and London; price, $1.50.

Wycil & Co., 83 Nassau St., New York, have issued a vest-pocket book entitled "The A. B. C. of Swimming," which is the best thing in its class I have ever read. The instructions are simple, explicit, yet complete, and any person who has ordinarily good sense can, by studying this hand book a few hours and then following its teachings a few days or nights in a swimming pool or a lake or a stream, become a good swimmer.

Every man, woman and child should be able to swim and those who do not know how should read this book.

Viola Roseboro, a retired actress, has written a book entitled "Players and Vagabonds," which is printed by the Macmillan Co., New York. The book is a collection of personal reminiscences of people, plays and incidents met with by the author in the course of several years on the stage and on the road. The stories are well told and are worth reading. They will appeal alike to people in front of and behind the curtain, to theatre goers and those who entertain them. The book sells at $1.50.

Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes "The Mothers' Page" every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery."

Office Boy—That's him over there with the pink shirt smoking a pipe.—The Yazoo Bazoo.

Wildrake—I bucked up against a faro game last night.

Ascum (sarcastically)—And broke the bank, eh?

Wildrake—Yes, I did this morning. I suppose Willie will cry, but I simply had to have car fare.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sharpe—Here I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Blunt—W-w-what?

Sharpe (reading aloud)—"It is estimated that there are 80 millions of people in the United States." And I'm one of the lot.—Exchange.

A leopardess said to her mate,
"We may be a little bit late
For the animal show,
But, really, you know,
I must see if my spots are on straight."
—Cleveland Leader.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to its mates, gathered there,
"When wireless telegraphy comes into use
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—The Gateway.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

RATIONAL TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

The rational treatment of disease is based on the use of powerful but harmless antiseptics; that is, remedies which destroy germs without injuring the patient.

Trial and test through 15 years have proven that Hydrozone and Glycozone are the only remedies to which this theory is entirely applicable.

Hydrozone is recognized by leading physicians as the most powerful bactericide known.

Experiments made by bacteriologists have proven beyond doubt that Hydrozone does not injure nor destroy healthy tissues; that it immediately destroys microbes; that when taken internally its effect on the general health is entirely harmless; and that it stimulates the building of new, healthy tissues.

In order to prove the correctness of these statements, Prof. Charles Marchand, at 57-K Prince street, New York, will send you, free, trial bottles of Hydrozone and Glycozone, on receipt of 35 cents to prepay expressage. On request he will send you a pamphlet containing convincing evidence of the results obtained by others, and full instructions in the use of these valuable remedies that no one should be without.

THE FARTHEST POINT SOUTH.

The completion of the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico railway has opened a new hunting country in Southern Texas along the Gulf coast between Corpus Christi and Brownsville. Deer, peccaries, bear, wild ducks, geese, quails, turkeys and plover are said to be abundant in that region, while the winter weather there is like September or October in the North.

Appreciating the attractiveness of their territory in this respect, the officers of the St. L., B. & M. Ry. have obtained recognition for Brownsville as a winter tourist point, which gives sportsmen the advantage of much lower rates than they could otherwise get. Heretofore Corpus Christi has claimed to be the farthest point South in the United States to which these rates applied. The recognition of Brownsville, the Southernmost point in Uncle Sam's domain and 150 miles South of Corpus Christi annihilates this preference and at the same time opens the portals of a new found sportsmen's paradise.

The winter tourist rates apply from interstate points during the fall and winter months.

The man who devised the Kodak Push Pin, for the use of photographers in holding films, etc., did not realize that he was at the same time catering to the wants of shooters; but he was, all the same. These Push Pins are the neatest and handiest contrivance I have ever seen for attaching paper targets to a target frame, a tree, a fence or wherever else you may wish to put one. The Push Pins are made of glass, with a fine sharp steel point moulded in. There is a good, comfortable handle to each pin, by which you can easily drive the pin into even hard wood, and you can readily pull it out again when you wish to take the target down.

These Push Pins are made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., and retail at 20 cents a dozen. If you will get a dozen of them you will find them exceedingly useful, not only in target shooting but in the dark room, in case you are a photographer, and in many other ways. In ordering please mention RECREATION.

Augusta, Ga.

Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt.,

Dear Sirs, I have been reading some articles in RECREATION as to the work done by your shells, and wish to call your attention to a case coming under my own observation while in Evans, Ga., a little town a few miles away, and, by the way, a place where smokeless shells had never been sold. Having a few samples with me, I gave one to a merchant of the place and asked him to make a test of it. Our target, placed about 25 or 30 yards across the main road, was the head of a mackerel barrel, made of oak. The gun used was a 10 bore and the shell 12 gauge, chilled shot. To our astonishment, after picking the shot from the target, they were, in every instance, in perfect condition. This result caused the merchant to place a sample order for 1,000 shells. Your Robin Hood shells evidently are winners, and our concern will do our best in placing them before the public.

D. P. O'Connor.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebraska, is worthy the support of all sportsmen. By taking the mail course from this school anyone will become proficient in taxidermy, thus being able to mount and preserve birds, animals, and other trophies that may be legitimately secured in hunting. Hundreds of sportsmen are now doing their own taxidermy, and it seems a most desirable accomplishment to lovers of outdoor sports. The school announces in its ad that it will send its illustrated circular free to readers of RECREA-

TION. Write for a circular, as it will interest you.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America received the Grand Prize and a Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition for its exhibit illustrating the Company's business methods and vast and successful results.

This award makes the Prudential the most highly honored insurance institution in the world. No other life insurance company has ever received a corresponding award, although numerous exhibits have been made by insurance companies in the United States and Europe. The award was granted by a jury of qualified experts.

The Ithaca Gun Company has recently put on the market a featherweight gun in all grades of hammerless, and is now prepared to build a 12 gauge, 26 inch or 28 inch gun weighing 6 pounds, 6 ounces to 6 pounds, 10 ounces. The barrels on these guns are as thick and strong as those of the ordinary 7½ pound gun, the weight being saved in other parts of the gun where it is not needed. It is no longer necessary for the American shooter to pay 30 per cent. duty on a gun made in another country, when he needs a light weight field gun.

Leeds & Lippincott, owners of the Haddon Hall Hotel at Atlantic City, N. J., are the first in the field with a 1905 calendar. It is got up in the same dainty, artistic manner as their previous issues, and thousands of RECREATION readers know by experience what that means. The Haddon Hall calendar is about the size of a postal card, hence is convenient for desk use. A postal card mentioning RECREATION and sent to Leeds & Lippincott will get you a copy.

At the Western Texas League shoot, July 14-16, inclusive, M. E. Atchison, shooting the Parker gun, broke 648 out of a possible 700. In the Schmelzer cup event Mr. Atchison broke 50 straight. For the Hunter Arms Company cup Mr. Atchison broke 24 out of 25. For 3 different prizes Mr. Atchison broke 99 out of a possible 100. There were a number of Parker guns at this shoot, and they did good work. Such scores as the foregoing keep increasing and add evidence to the reliability and effectiveness of the Old Reliable Parker.

Charlottesville, Va.

West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa.,

Gentlemen: The sportsman's cabinet reached me safe. It is a beautiful specimen of the cabinet maker's art and is well up to your printed description. It affords room for my guns, fishing tackle, hunting and fishing clothes, shoes, and odds and ends generally; and, what especially appeals to a married man, puts these out of the way and reach of the Missus and the kids.

Yours truly,

W. M. Lile.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., has put out still another new revolver bullet, which is fully described and illustrated in a circular that the company will soon issue. Revolver shooters are thoroughly progressive, up-to-date men, and are interested in every new device intended to facilitate in any way their chosen sport. Therefore, all revolver shooters should get copies of this circular. In writing for it please mention RECREATION.

The G. W. Cole Co., 141 Broadway, New York, has issued a book telling all about "3 In One" oil, giving instructions as to the best methods of using it, and a list of a great number of machines and other things on which it may be advantageously used.

The pamphlet really gives a great fund of valuable information, and a copy of it, together with a sample of the oil, will be sent to any person asking for them and mentioning RECREATION.

Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kansas, sends out a circular stating that he is again in a position to fill orders for a limited number of live quail for propagating purposes. Persons who desire stock for this purpose are therefore advised to communicate with him at once.

The International Jury of the St. Louis World's Fair, has awarded the Grand Prize to the exhibit of the C. P. Goerz Optical Works for their various photographic lenses.

Stranger: Do express trains stop here?

Big Hank (station agent): Only fer railway officials an' train-robbers.—Exchange.

He: I love you enough to wait for you a thousand years.

She: And I love you enough to marry you to-day.—Life.

"Tommy Taddells," said the teacher of the grammar class, "what is the feminine of 'vassal?'"

"Vassaline, ma'am," replied Tommy promptly.—Judge.

Nodd—How is your boy getting along in politics?

Todd—First rate. The papers have taken him up, and are beginning to denounce him.—Exchange.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

A DISGRACE TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Charlton, October 27. The Charlton Fish and Game Protective Association is preparing for a big game hunt, the like of which has never before been known in Charlton, and possibly not in Southern Worcester county.—Special to the Worcester Telegraph.

Occasionally a good family finds itself possessed of one black sheep member, who does all sorts of disgraceful things, and seems to bear no real relationship to his parents, or to his brothers and sisters. Sometimes the case of atavism is so strong that we behold in the 20th century a reflection of the brutality of 300 years ago.

The side hunt at Charlton takes us back to the days of witch burning at Salem, and proves that the ancient spirit of ignorance and brutality is not even yet wholly dead in Massachusetts. Had a side hunt occurred in the Indian Territory, among the squawmen and Yahoos of Hartshorne, who recently assaulted Colonel C. O. Shepherd in such a brutal and cowardly manner, I should not have been surprised; but it is both surprising and painful to know that a large company of native Americans, living in enlightened Massachusetts, could descend so low as to engage in a practice that is now condemned by all decent men. I can understand how ignorant Italians from the mountains of Sicily can believe it right to shoot every wild creature that can be found; but for men bearing such names as Pike, Holmes, Putnam, Knight, Clark, Osgood, Gould, Hitchcock and Eastman, to a total of 80 or thereabout, to engage in such a proceeding as the side hunt described, is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any American citizen. To think of such an act of vandalism being committed by the Charlton Fish and Game *Protective* Association! Well may the wild creatures of Charlton exclaim, "They offer us protection! Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them!"

The despatch says, regarding this side hunt, that it is an undertaking "the like of which has never before been known in Charlton." I should hope not! But it is too much to hope that it may never be repeated. At this late day there is absolutely no excuse for such a thing as a side hunt in Massachusetts, or in any other civilized community. Apparently, it is necessary that every State in the Union should enact laws prohibiting side hunts; for otherwise, like smallpox and hog cholera, side hunts will continue to break out where least expected, even as in Charlton, Massachusetts.

My game hog register is growing at an alarming rate, but it is built on the expansive plan and room can be made for all the names that may come. This Charlton herd goes down in the following order:

Milo H. Nichols	1,064
Everett Pike	1,065
O. S. Graton	1,066
Frank Knight	1,067
Warren J. Harrington	1,068
A. F. Putnam	1,069
Harry Stevens	1,070
Alanson Burlingame	1,071
Andrew Burlingame	1,072
Frank Myers	1,073
F. H. Joslin	1,074
Joseph Cherry	1,075
Clarence Knight	1,076
Alvin H. Clark	1,077
Jonas Bemis	1,078
Stephen Hammond	1,079
John Allen	1,080
Arthur Whitcomb	1,081
E. W. Blood, Jr.	1,082
Paul Lucier	1,083
Fred Osgood	1,084
William White	1,085
William LePrade	1,086
John Hammond	1,087
Frank Brown	1,088
Vernon Fitts	1,089
George W. King	1,090
Fred Young	1,091
Harry Foote	1,092

George H. Watson	1,093
Edward White	1,094
Herman Cudworth	1,095
Henry Harwood	1,096
Robert D. Kelley	1,097
F. H. C. Merriam	1,098
H. H. Slayton	1 099
M. W. Carpenter	1,100
John Vigeart	1,101
George C. Clark	1,102
C. W. Pike	1,103
G. T. Comins	1,104
W. H. Gould	1,105
H. C. Brown	1,106
H. C. Putnam	1,107
Herbert Osgood	1,108
H. K. Davidson	1,109
F. R. Hammond	1,110
Lewis Baker	1,111
Frank W. Bullard	1,112
J. Frank Stone	1,113
E. A. Lamb	1,114
Walter N. Cook	1,115
George B. Hammond	1,116
G. C. Prindle	1,117
Lucien Knight	1,118
H. S. Hitchcock	1,119
George Hammond	1,120
E. F. Blood	1,121
E. D. Blood	1,122
G. F. Pickering	1,123
F. L. Olney	1,124
J. F. Caderette	1,125
George N. Tucker	1,126
W. C. Brown	1,127
P. W. Sheridan	1,128
O. F. Morris	1,129
W. L. Baker	1,130
Zeb Bettis	1,131
Charles Ryan	1,132
E. W. Huntley	1,133
L. A. McIntyre	1,134
Sherman A. Eastman	1,135
Seth Keeler	1,136
James Ashworth	1,137
Thomas Aldrich	1,138

CONGRESS TO SAVE THE WILD FOWL.

The Honorable George Shiras, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has evolved a new and valuable idea in the matter of game protection, which he has embodied in a bill introduced in Congress and known as House Bill No. 15,601.

It declares that all migratory game birds, such as wild geese, swans, brant, ducks, woodcock, plover, snipe, shore birds, etc., shall hereafter be considered as in the custody of the Government of the United States. The measure further provides that the Secretary of Agriculture shall formulate rules and regulations prescribing close seasons on all such birds, methods to be used in hunting and killing them, and regulating the sale and shipment thereof.

Such rules and regulations are to be submitted to and approved by the President of the United States and shall thereafter be, in effect, the law of the United States for the protection and preservation of such migratory birds.

It is a well known fact that Congress and the Supreme Court have always regarded the game existing in any State as belonging to the people of that State, in their corporate capacity, and Congress has heretofore declined to interfere with State rights in the game, within the individual States.

Mr. Shiras holds, however, that migratory birds do not come within this definition and that Congress may safely and justly assume to protect such birds and to enact laws to that end.

Mr. Shiras is one of the most prominent lawyers in Pennsylvania and for 20 years has been a careful and diligent student of constitutional law. He believes his position in this matter is thoroughly within the meaning and effect of the Constitution and his view of the matter is certainly sound and logical.

It is hoped his bill may receive the active and earnest support of all friends of game preservation in the United States and that it may be promptly enacted into law. All readers of RECREATION who agree with this view are, therefore, earnestly advised and urged to write their Senators and Congressmen at once, urging prompt and favorable action on House Bill No. 15,601.

FAIRS MUST ADVERTISE.

The St. Louis Fair is a thing of history and will not cut half so large a figure in the annals of the 20th Century as it would have if it had been properly advertised. It was the biggest show on earth thus far, but the attendance was meager, as compared with what it would have been if the show had been properly exploited. A lot of St. Louis business men, among whom was a liberal sprinkling of real estate boomers, got together and voted themselves fat salaries for 2 or 3 years' work and then started in to whoop up the Fair. They sent out bulletins to the newspapers and magazines and said please give us columns and pages of free advertising week after week and month after month. We are doing a great work for the benefit of posterity and we hope you will help us. But the editors winked the other eye and said to their office boys, "These men are doing a great work for themselves. They are asking the world to come to St. Louis and dump barrels of shekels into the coffers of these real estate boomers. Chuck this stuff into the waste basket."

Then the business managers of these variout newspapers and magazines wrote the managers of the Fair, suggesting that it would be well for them to buy some advertising space. But the aforesaid managers could not see it. And so the great masses of the American people did not go to St. Louis. So it was with the Chicago Fair. So it was with the Omaha Fair. So it was with the Buffalo Fair. And so it will be with other Fairs in future, unless the manuagers of future Fairs, who set to work to fill their own pockets, see fit to buy space in the newspapers and magazines, the legitimate channels for making the people acquainted with public matters.

A NATIONAL REFUGE FOR BIRDS.

President Roosevelt has performed another signal service for the cause of game preservation by creating a preserve and breeding ground for wild fowl. Here is a copy of the order which will always stand as a landmark in the history of the great movement for the preservation of wild fowl.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

It is hereby ordered that Breton Island, as shown by the General Land Office map of the State of Louisiana of date 1896, in Township 18 South, Range 20 East, St. Helena Meridian, when same shall be surveyed; and Old Harbor and Freemason islands, in Townships 14 and 15 South, Ranges 21 and 22 East, same meridian, when surveyed, be, and they are hereby reserved and set apart for the use of the Department of Agriculture, as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds. This reservation to be known as "Breton Island Reservation."

Theodore Roosevelt.

White House, October 4, 1904.

The credit of having suggested the creation of this new park is due entirely to Mr. Frank M. Miller, of New Orleans, La., who is a member of the L. A. S. and President of the Louisiana Audubon Society. Mr. Miller's letter is printed in the Natural History Department of this issue of Recreation, and his valuable service in this matter will be fully appreciated by every true sportsman and every nature lover in the United States and Canada.

CLUB MEMBERS MUST PAY.

One Henry J. Cummings, of St. Louis, Mo., joined the Grand Pass shooting club, which has a game preserve of 1,200 acres in Greene county, Illinois. In October, 1903, Mr. Cummings engaged in shooting ducks on the club's grounds without having first taken out a non-resident license. He claimed that as a member of the club the Illinois law requiring non-resident hunters to take out licenses did not apply to him A game warden arrested Mr. Cummings and a local justice fined him $25. Cummings carried the case to the Supreme Court of Illinois, where it was finally adjudicated in October last.

The court held that the fact of Cummings holding a membership in the Grand Pass shooting club did not exempt him from the general law as to non-resident licenses, and sustained the action of the justice in assessing a fine against Cummings.

The opinion is a lengthy one, evidently prepared with great care, and numerous decisions bearing on the status of the present case are cited.

This is a splendid victory for the Illinois State Game Commission, and its effect will be far reaching. There are other cases pending in various States of the Union, where appeals have been made on exactly similar grounds, and this decision of the Illinois Supreme Court will prove of great value to the friends of game protection in enforcing their non-resident license laws.

GROVER IS NOT GUILTY.

A dispatch from Princeton, N. J., to the Associated Press states that ex-President Cleveland recently went out for a day's shooting, accompanied by 2 friends, and that they killed 16 quails and 7 rabbits. The Associated Press reporter at that place must have experienced a change of heart, or else he must be a new man in the business; for this is the first report I have ever seen of Mr. Cleveland's shooting that did not credit him with having killed at least 100 birds in a day.

I have written him several times asking for confirmation or denial of newspaper stories of his killing, and he has in each case replied to the effect that they were gross exaggerations. In one of these letters Mr. Cleveland added that he knew when to quit and that he heartily approved Recreation's course in condemning men who do not keep within reasonable limits.

THE LONG NAME NUISANCE.

I received a manuscript the other day from a woman who has 4 names and who spells them all out in full. In returning her story I volunteered this bit of advice, which many other writers would do well to consider:

I beg to suggest, in your own interest, that it would be well to cut out some of your names before sending this material to other editors. Nearly all such men are tired of long drawn out names, and are discouraging their use. I have heard of several good MSS. being returned because the editors objected to printing the names in full, and yet they did not care to discuss the question with the writers. That is not my reason for returning this MS., but I am sure you would sell it more readily if at least 2 of the names were omitted.

The attention of readers in Western Pennsylvania is called to a communication from Hon. W. E. Meehan, printed in the Fishing Department of this issue of Recreation, in which he asks for the names and addresses of men in that part of Pennsylvania who are willing to act as special fish protectors. I trust every one of my readers in that region will take up this matter, will look for good men and give their names and addresses to Mr. Meehan.

There are few public officers in the country who are as zealous in their work as Commissioner Meehan, and the anglers of the State should support and coöperate with him in every way possible.

A friend has called my attention to the fact that in the August issue of Recreation I made the mistake of recording 2 game hogs as number 1,041. These were Chas. E. Hewitt, Tumwater, Wash., and Willard H. Ames, Malone, N. Y. Hewitt admits having killed 147 ducks in one day with an automatic shot gun, while Ames says he saw a buck swimming in the lake, which was already well nigh exhausted, and that having no gun he rowed out, caught the deer by the horns and held its head under the water until it drowned. Ames, therefore, is the bigger hog of the 2, and I have changed his record in the book to number 1,041½.

An Associated Press dispatch from Milwaukee states that 40 hunters were killed and wounded in Wisconsin and upper Michigan during the months of September, October, November and December. This record indicates that there should be a shorter open season on hunters. If the laws of these 2 States are not amended in this respect the supply of hunters will soon be diminished to such an extent as to interfere materially with the trade of the gun and ammunition makers.

In editing Allan Brooks' article printed on page 217 of October Recreation I misconstrued his meaning and inserted the words "Canadian goose" in lines number 13 and 28 from bottom of right hand column, where I should have inserted the words "the brant." In both of these places Mr. Brooks used the pronoun "it" and in my effort to convey his meaning explicitly I guessed wrong. The statements in these 2 paragraphs refer to the brant.

A firm in Connecticut recently asked me for a rate on an advertisement of a ferret muzzle. I replied as follows:

Dear Sirs: I do not approve of the use of ferrets in hunting. No one but a game hog of the most despicable type would ever use one of these brutes for that purpose, and I would not carry an ad that would help a man out in the use of a ferret, at any price you could name.—Editor.

If any reader of Recreation knows Mr. F. W. Marshall, of Canandaigua, N. Y., or Mr. W. E. O'Neal, West Seneca, N. Y., will he please tell me how and where they can be reached by mail? There is important mail in this office awaiting both of these men.

A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. If you send one to a friend it will remind him 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check, in order that those friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

The admiral pinned the glittering order on the grizzled veteran's breast.

"The Emperor honors a chosen son," he said, huskily.

"I did nothing, excellency; nothing," sobbed the old sailor, overcome by emotion, as he sank to one knee.

"You saved the honor of your country," said the admiral, sternly. "In discovering the British fishing fleet"—he turned away to hide his tears—"you gave us the only victory of the war."—Judge.

I am with you on the advancement in the price of Recreation. I get more than $2 worth of satisfaction out of the magazine each year. It is worth that amount to me to read your roasts of game and fish hogs each month. By all means advance the price to a paying basis. I, like many others, do not expect something for nothing.

M. A. Woodman, Tama, Ia.

The inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants sent out the following among his directions for using:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."—Collier's.

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A COLORADO PARADISE.

L. D. GILMORE.

In October last, I first visited Sweet Water lake, Garfield county, in the Western part of Colorado, near one of the finest game and fish preserves in the State.

Sweet Water lake lies about 15 miles due North of Dotsero, and is easily reached by a good wagon road. When half the distance to the lake has been covered, the altitude is nearly 2,000 feet above that of the village, and perhaps 8,000 feet above sea level. Directly ahead are the Flat Tops, whose summits, 9,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, are crowned with a dense growth of spruce timber, in which the snow lingers till midsummer. At their base lies the lake. At our backs mountains are piled on mountains, stretching away for miles, until the glistening, snow-capped peaks seem to pierce the sky, and vision is shut off. Far below, on the right, the Grand river winds, and in the distance are the rugged outlines of the Holy Cross. To the left, Deep creek, a typical mountain stream, abounding in trout, rushes along, bathing the feet of the Needles, 2 lofty spires on opposite sides of the stream. Above the bed of the creek rises the turret of an imaginary castle which guards the entrance to the canyon, a wonderful example of nature's handiwork, 3,000 feet in depth.

At the upper end of Sweet Water lake is the home of Mr. John Root. From all appearances the lake is of volcanic origin. It is a crescent, with the concave side toward the North and the upper end to the West, is about a mile in extreme length and a quarter to a half mile in width. Near the upper end the waters are confined between perpendicular walls of solid limestone, those on the North side being 5 to 20 feet in height, while those on the opposite side rise to the dignity of cliffs 500 feet above the surface of the lake. The waters are clear as crystal, enabling one to see the bottom distinctly at a depth of 12 to 15 feet, though viewed as a whole the lake is of a beautiful greenish blue color. By moonlight, the scene is one to thrill the most prosaic. The lake teems with salmon trout, and Sweet Water creek, either above or below the lake, offers the more exciting sport of stream fishing.

Among points of interest about the lake the Sweet Water canyon, Lake creek and its beautiful cascades, and the cave with its Indian paintings, are worthy of mention.

Grouse are plentiful about the lake, and good shooting may be had in the neighboring hills. Added to Garfield, the neighboring counties of Rio Blanco and Routt give a region in which exists every species of game to be found in the State. Two miles West of Dotsero begins the remarkable canyon of the Grand river, rivalling in beauty the famous Royal Gorge, and extending nearly to Glenwood Springs, 17 miles distant.

Within a radius of 20 miles from Sweet Water lake as a center, and easy of access from it are numerous other lakes varying in size and beauty. Among these are, Derby lake, about 10 miles from Sweet Water and at an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet; Deep lake, 11 miles distant and between 9,000 and 10,000 feet above sea level. In the vicinity of this lake are bear, elk, deer, and grouse. Upper and lower Marvine lakes are 18 miles distant and perhaps 8,000 feet in altitude. Trapper's lake, which is much larger than Sweet Water, and one of the finest lakes in this part of the State, is also 18 miles distant; elevation about 9,000 feet. The fish in Trapper's are large as a rule, but are thin and not delicately flavored. The smaller ones are preferable for the table. Hunting in this vicinity is good. Near Trapper's is a small body of water called Big Fish lake, on account of the size of the fish taken from it.

About 25 miles from Sweet Water, in Lost park, an excellent hunting ground, is Lost lake, at an elevation of 9,000 or 10,000 feet.

HOW THE COLONEL KILLED THE EAGLE.

GEO. E. BLACKFORD.

'Twas Colonel Arthur Smithby-Jones,
For quails once hunting went,
His Syracuse upon his arm,
By Recreation sent.
His pockets full of Robin Hood,
His dog keen on the scent.
And as he ranged the meadows o'er,
He saw a monstrous bird,
Above in graceful circles soar;
"An eagle! on my word."
No shot had he but No. 8,
Which was of no avail;
So with his bold and fearless eye,
He made the eagle quail.

And then, as that was what he had come out for, Colonel Arthur Smithby-Jones proceeded to shoot the quail.

Two Irishmen had been captured by vigilantes in the West and were about to be hanged for horse stealing.

The lynchers took them to a bridge over a river; the rope was tied around the first man's neck and he was dropped overboard. When he struck the water the noose loosened and he swam away.

As the second man was led forward and asked if he had any last request to make, he said:

"For the love av heaven, tie that rope tight. I can't swim, and I don't want to be drownded."

"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"I guess that's right," answered Mr. Cumrox. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of 'em every morning. But it's no use."—Washington Star.

JANUARY · 1905
Sun Mon Tue W
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DECEMBER · 1904
Sun Mon. Tue. Wed. Thu. Fri. Sat.
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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

TANK DEVELOPMENT.

At last the amateur photographer is falling into line and following the lead of his professional brothers by the use of a tank and a weak developer to produce the best results on under exposed plates. This method of developing is a great saving of time and patience, and instead of using a number of sloppy trays, one can develop a dozen plates in the tank, which makes a pleasure of developing.

Formula for a tank developer:

Water	32 ounces
Carbonate of soda (dry)	2 ounces
Sulphite of soda (dry)	1 to 1½ ounces
Bromide of ammonium	30 grains
Citric acid	30 grains
Hydroquinone	1 dram
Olycin	2 drams
Metol	2 drams
Pyro	4 drams

Dissolve the chemicals in the given rotation.

To preserve the stock solution put it into small bottles of the exact size to hold enough for making the dilute solution for the tank. The bottles should be tightly corked.

For use, take

Water	120 ounces
Stock solution	6 ounces

The developer should be used fresh, and its temperature kept between 60 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit until development is completed. The average time taken for the complete development of exposures of 1-300th to 1-700th part of a second, was 1½ to 2 hours. There are some extreme cases where workers of the tank method still further dilute their developer, and extend the time of development to 12 hours or more without in any way endangering the film. There is a delicate pink tinge to the shadows of the negatives after a prolonged development, but this is a help rather than a detriment to the printing qualities of a rapidly exposed negative. For beauty of grain there is nothing to surpass a tank developed negative, and by using rubber finger cots on thumb and first finger, disagreeable stains and dangerous metol poisoning will be unknown. The late Mr. Ernest Marx the father of fast horse photography in this country, used this formula for tank development:

Water (boiling)	8 ounces
Glycerin	1 ounce
Meta bi-sulphite of potash	1 oz. 2 drams
Caustic potash	1 oz. 3 drams

For use:

Developer	1 ounce
Water	40 ounces

Average time of development 15 minutes.

—Exchange.

FIXING PLATES IN LIGHT.

To develop an exposed dry plate in the dark room and fix it in light is not new, but is not generally practiced, because at first glance it shows no particular advantage to those equipped with modern appliances. To develop a plate in the dark room, or such room or closet as one may be able to use for developing under difficulties, rinse in 2 or 3 changes of water, dry and fix at leisure is of more recent origin and can be best appreciated by those afield, away from modern conveniences, with a desire to know how their work is turning out.

It is generally possible to secure sufficient water to develop a plate or 2, and to rinse it afterward, but few hotels or out of the way places frequented by the enthusiastic amateur photographer afford running water sufficient and convenient for eliminating the sodium hyposulphite used in fixing the negative, which unless entirely removed will cause the negative to depreciate very soon.

There are no hard formulae to remember nor chemicals necessary which are difficult to secure. Simply use your favorite developer and when development is completed, rinse in 3 changes of water, not over a minute each, after which you may expose to all the light you please, dry the plates and fix them at leisure in the ordinary manner. There is no more reason why a developed plate, washed free of the developer, should not be exposed to light, than there is why a finished negative should be exposed to ruby light only. The sodium hyposulphite will dissolve the silver salts not reduced by the developer as readily in the light as in the dark, regardless of the degree of light to which the plate may have been exposed after development, having been properly washed before exposure.

It is sometimes desirable in the case of under exposure, to develop to a degree of harshness, wash and expose to light, then with a weak developer again develop the plate until a thin veil is formed over the entire surface, after which the plate should be treated the same as any plate after a single development. This does not build up the image, but gives a better printing value to the shadows and prevents the print looking like a charcoal sketch. This method of treating under exposure must be used with good judgment. There may be some failures, but after a little experience this method will be found preferable in many cases to the usual methods of intensification.

U. C. Wanner, West Philadelphia, Pa.

TONING AND FIXING.

Will you kindly give me some information about toning and fixing? I have no trouble with the toning solutions that I buy already prepared, but I wish to make my own.

I enclose the formula I am trying to use; also a print that I have toned out with it. I have followed this formula exactly and again with variations, but always with the same results. I want to get the dark color the same as gallery pictures or the ones in RECREATION. Solio paper is the handiest to use, for we can get it at photo supply stores. If you will kindly tell me why I fail in this formula or give me a better one that will make the dark finish I shall be under many obligations to you.

J. B. Abbott, Columbia Falls, Mont.

ANSWER.

The Solio print you enclosed is well made. I doubt if you can improve on it by toning with gold alone. If you wish to get black and white prints instead of the brown it will be necessary to tone first with gold and then with platinum, or else use the platinum single toning solution. The latter is less trouble. Print deeper than for brown prints, wash the prints thoroughly through five or 6 changes of water, then tone in the following solution:

Potassium chloro-platinite	15 grains
Cupric acid	30 grains
Citric acid	6 drachms
Water	12 drachms

For use take one drachm of this stock solution to 20 ounces of water.

After toning wash through several changes of water to remove the acid, and then fix in hypo solution as given in the directions which accompany the Solio paper.

If you prefer to double tone, after toning in the gold bath wash prints through 2 or 3 changes of water and then tone in the following:

Potassium chloro-platinite	15 grains
Phosphoric acid (50 per cent.)	2 drachms
Water	2 ounces

For use take one drachm of stock solution to 20 ounces of water. After toning wash and fix as before. Either of these methods should give you rich black and white prints.—EDITOR.

WORK AT HOME.

I have been a reader of RECREATION 2 years, and am much interested in the photographic department, having used a camera 4 years, with varying results. I am always interested in any article on Velox paper. My printing and developing arrangements are different from any I have seen. I have a wooden box 18 x 30 inches and 10 inches deep, standing on end, with a hole about 4 x 6 inches in the bottom, or what would be the bottom if it was right side up, with red paper pasted over it. My developing tray stands in front of red covered hole, with water tray at left, and hypo tray in front of water tray; while my lamp is inside the box, allowing 2 or 3 printing frames to be used on the light side, while the red paper gives a good light to work by in any room where paper or woodwork is not too light. By placing printing frame 18 inches from light a thin negative may be printed from without danger of fogging, as is often the case when placed closer. I print longer than is usually recommended, and use a greater quantity of bromide—over 10 times as much as formula calls for. The bromide shows up development and brings out details which would be lost by the usual treatment. I have used as high as 20 grains of bromide crystals in 6 ounces of developer and have obtained satisfactory results. I never yet got a good clear print by using the 5 and 10 drops of 10 per cent. solution as per Velox formula. I think the reason so many dirty, muddy prints are obtained by tyros is that they use too little bromide. If beginners who are making such prints will try this excess plan they will see a great improvement in results, and will think Velox is the best paper, after all. If results should not improve I am willing to take all sorts of abuse, by mail, and keep good natured.

Do your own developing and see what solid enjoyment you will gain. You may spoil a plate now and then, or twice as often, but you soon will become expert and independent.

F. M. Mahan, Rochester, N. Y.

AN ACID-PROOF TABLE TOP.

A black finish for table tops may be made as follows:

1.

Iron sulphate	4 parts
Copper sulphate	4 parts
Potassium permanganate	8 parts
Water, q. s.	100 parts

2.

Aniline	12 parts
Hydrochloric acid	18 parts
Water, q. s.	100 parts

or

Aniline hydrochlorate	15 parts
Water, q. s.	100 parts

Apply with a brush 2 coats of solution

No. 1, while hot, the second coat as soon as the first is dry; then 2 coats of solution No. 2, and allow the wood to dry thoroughly. Later apply a coat of raw linseed oil, using a cloth instead of a brush, in order to get a thinner coat of oil.

Wood that has been varnished should be scraped before the solution is applied.

The black color does not appear at once, but usually requires a few hours before becoming ebony black. The linseed oil may be diluted with turpentine without disadvantage, and after a few applications the surface will take on a dull and not displeasing polish. The table tops are easily cleaned by washing with water or suds and the application of another coat of oil puts them in excellent order. Strong acids or alkalies when spilled, if soon wiped off, have scarcely a perceptible effect.

A slate or tile top is expensive not only in its original cost, but also as a destroyer of glassware. Wood tops when painted, oiled or paraffined have objectionable features, the latter especially in warm weather. Old table tops after the paint or oil is scraped off down to the wood take the above finish nearly as well as new wood.—Journal of Applied Microscopy.

SNAP SHOTS.

Will the single platinum toning solutions now on the market, such as Martin's Platyn, really do what is claimed for them, to produce fine platinum tones on all gelatine papers, and will prints toned in these solutions be permanent?

Various methods for mounting glossy photos have been given in RECREATION in answer to Arthur Roth's inquiry. I have tried several methods, but have found this by far the most satisfactory:

When the prints are squeegeed on the ferrotype plate and all the moisture has been taken out with a dry blotter, apply a thin coating of good paste to back of prints and allow it to dry. To mount, wet the card with a soft, wet brush, place the dry print in position on card, cover with blotter and roll thoroughly. If the card is not wet too much the photos will be just as glossy as before mounting.

H. O. Bjornaas, Underwood, Minn.

I have a Premo folding film camera, size 4 x 5, and wish to develop the pictures I take with it Will you kindly tell me how to use the following in developing and printing: A box of hyposulphite of soda, a bottle of Two in One, a developer and a hypo fixing and toning bath?

Margaret Harris, New York City.

ANSWER.

It is much more difficult to tell anyone how to develop a print than it is to show him. If there are no directions with your preparations you would better go to the man of whom you bought them and have him explain their use to you. A much more satisfactory way to learn is to get some friend who does photographic work to teach you. There are a number of books published which will give you the theory, but seeing someone develop and print is the quickest way to learn.—EDITOR.

Please give me in RECREATION a formula for a single platinum toner for all gelatine printing out papers.

Phil Montz, Cameron, Mo.

Nearly all the formulæ for platinum single toning solutions will work well on gelatine P. O. P. A good one is as follows:

Potassium chloro-platinite	15 grains
Cupric chloride	30 grains
Citric acid	6 drachms
Water	12 drachms

Dissolve the chloro-platinite and cupric chloride, then add the citric acid, and when the latter has dissolved, filter.

For use take 1 drachm of this solution to 20 ounces of water.—EDITOR.

The best developer I have yet found for under exposed plates is as follows:

Water, 10 ounces; sulphite of soda crystals, 180 grains; carbonate of soda crystals, 150 grains; metol, 30 grains; hydrochinon, 4 grains.

To use, take an equal quantity of this solution and water.

I have taken snap shots late in the evening and got good moonlight effects with this developer. If any one has a better developer for under exposed plates I should be pleased to learn it.

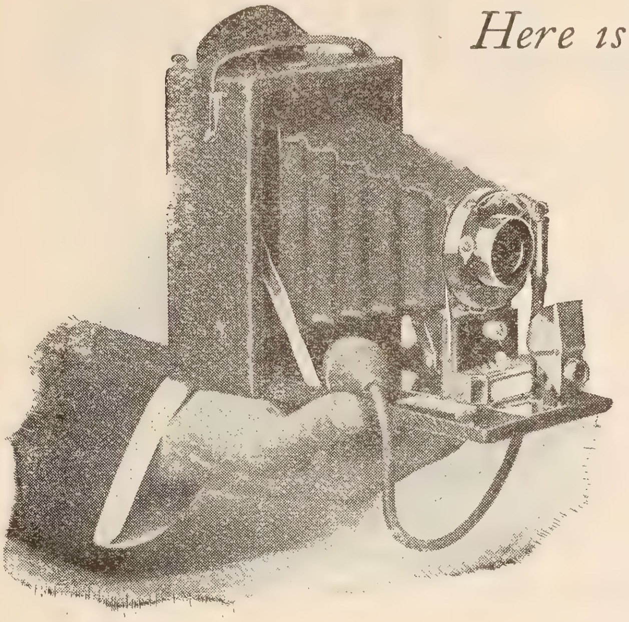
Can any one please tell me of a mucilage that will take the place of the mucilage used on stamps?

C. E. Brobst, Canfield, Ohio.

Do not fail to read the announcement of RECREATION'S Drawing Contest on page xxvii.

Are you making up a list of magazines for 1903? Do not fail to include RECREATION. Nothing else will give you so much pleasure for $1. If you care for hunting, fishing, photography or nature, you can get more joy out of RECREATION than from any other source except an actual day afield. Send in your subscription and those of your friends.

"I'd be willing to work 15 hours a day for you, darling," he ardently pleaded. "Scab! she hissed, as she swept from the room; for her papa was a walking delegate.—Town and Country.



Here is Camera Convenience —

The Folding Film Premo

Loads by daylight in three seconds with the 12-exposure Film Pack. A single motion presents each film for exposure.

Made in three sizes.

A handsome Holiday present

Premo Folding	3¼ x 4¼	3¼ x 5½	4 x 5
Film Camera No. 1	$10.00	$12.50	$12.50
Premo Film Pack, 12 exposures	.70	.80	.90

Premo Plate Cameras become film cameras by use of the Premo Film Pack Adapter. Price, 3¼ x 4¼, $1.00; 4 x 5, $1.50; 5 x 7, $2.50.

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A Gun Cabinet

would make a splendid Holiday Present

For a Sportsman

It is just the thing in which to keep his

Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

and other Jewelry in perfect order and properly protected from dust and moisture

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and I will send you a gun and fishing tackle cabinet made by the West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa., listed at $33.

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

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23 West 24th St., New York City

RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

WINFRED CHANDLER.

Rain, rain, rain,
  Till the trees droop, wet with tears.
Rain, rain, rain,
  Till my heart is filled with fears.
Think of the trout in the stream,
  And think of the deer in the wood.
Think of the fun I would have to-day
  If only the weather were good.
Think of the scurrying pheasant,
  And think of the mountain ram,
Think of my rod and gun,
  Then think of the rain,—Oh Dam!

The rector was taking in the St. Louis Exposition. In one of the buildings he met a voluble Irishman who had charge of an exhibit of Irish relics. The dominie's attention was especially called to the stump of a tree in which were imbedded the points of a set of deer antlers. "How do you suppose the deer got his horns so firmly fastened?" he asked.

"Surely I don't know, your riverence," was the reply, "but I think he must have been buttin' in."

Smith: I've just consulted an oculist about my eyes, and he has ordered me to stay in a dark room 2 weeks.

Kodak Fiend: The very thing, old man. I've got 150 films I'd like you to develop for me.—The Tattler.

Most of the opportunities for making mistakes are removed by the

KODAK SYSTEM

KODAKS, $5.00 to $97.00.

HELPS FOR THE KODAKER.

Book of the £1,000 Kodak Exhibition containing 70 prize pictures, by mail or at the dealers, 25 cents.

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All Dealers.

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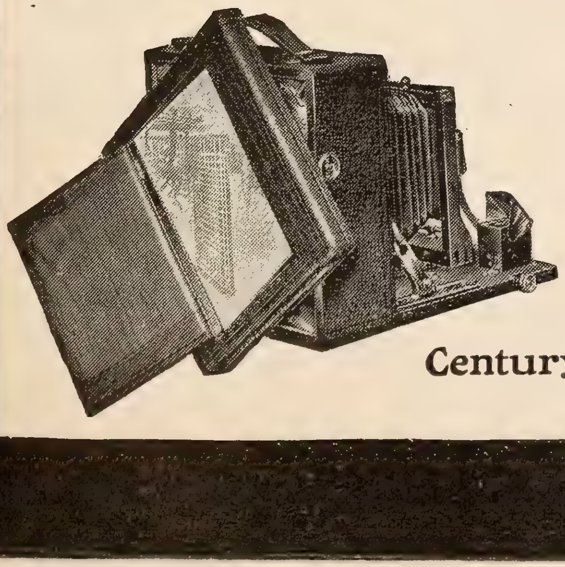
Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y.



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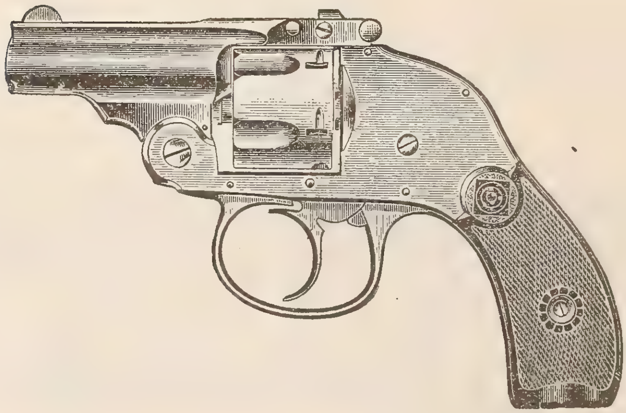
If so, send me

5 Yearly Subscriptions

I will send you such a Revolver as a premium



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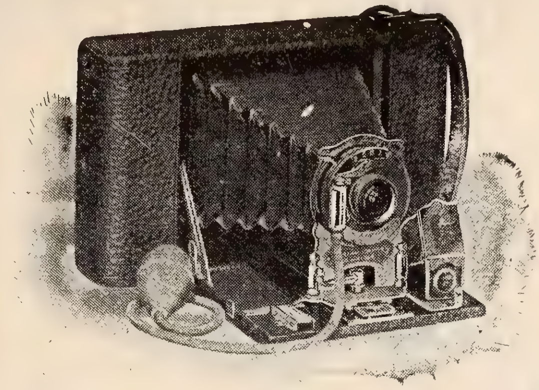

With the New Year come the new improvements

embodied in the

Folding Hawk-Eye

No. 3, Model 3.

It has an aluminum frame of unusual lightness and pneumatic release shutter with iris diaphragm stops. For film pictures 3¼ x 4¼ inches; or it may be fitted with plate attachment.

THE PRICE.

No. 3 Folding Hawk-Eye, Model 3, with rapid rectilinear lens and pneumatic release shutter, - - - - - -	$15.00
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F-6.8.

TURNER-REICH ANASTIGMATS are 25% faster than formerly and all their good qualities have been preserved. Order one of these superb lenses on trial and you will never part with it.

Sold direct from the factory at a liberal discount.

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GUNDLACH-MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO.
730 Clinton Avenue So., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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Send me 30 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and I will send you a

No. 1 Double Barrel Breech Loading Hammerless Gun

Made by the Ithaca Gun Co.
and Listed at $40

I have contracted for 20 of these guns at a price which enables me to offer them as above, and they will doubtless all be taken within the next 3 months.

If You Want One Get Busy at Once

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RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York

Holiday Presents

Oil Portraits on Approval

If you will send me a photo of yourself or a friend and state color of hair, eyes and complexion, I will paint and send you on approval an oil or pastel portrait, miniature or life size.

Canvas, 6x8 or 8x10 inches,	$10
Canvas, 10x12 or 12x14 inches,	$15
Full life size, - -	$35

Z. EMMONS, 58 W. 104th St
Reference: Mr. G. O. Shields. New York

Will you not kindly recommend RECREATION to all such of your friends as are sportsmen? Send me their names and addresses and I will mail them sample copies. I need the hearty co-operation and support of all true sportsmen and nature lovers in extending the circulation of this magazine. It is doing a great work in preserving the game, the game fishes, the song birds and the forests of this country, and the more people it reaches the greater good it can do. Please do not forget to send me the list of names.

G. O. SHIELDS, Edr. and Mgr.,
23 West 24th St., N. Y.

"At this height," said the guide as they paused on the mountain side to look at the valley far below, "people with weak hearts often die."

"How often," asked a deeply interested listener, "do they have to die before they stay dead?—Chicago Tribune.

I have received the Marble pocket axe from the company in Michigan and have given it a good trial. It is the real thing. Many thanks for so valuable a premium. I will get more subscribers as soon as possible.

John Phillips, Hamilton, Ont.

I am in receipt of the No. 4 Bristol steel rod sent me as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION. The rod is a peach. Please accept my profound thanks for it.

C. A. Waldron, E. Bloomfield, N. Y.

I received the King boat you sent me as a premium and am much pleased with it. I shall send more subscriptions soon.

Chas. P. Craig, Uniontown, Pa.

99% of a camera's value is in the lens.

THE GRAND PRIZE

at the world's fair has been awarded to the

GOERZ LENS

in competition with the world.

Goerz lenses are essential in the making of perfect pictures. The manufacturers have always claimed to make the best lenses in the world—competition has proved it. Catalogue Free.

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KUROPATKIN'S PAY.

The salary of General Kuropatkin, it is said, amounts to about $100,000 a year.

When General Kuropatkin draws his weekly envelope,
A matter of 2 thousand, as I figure out the dope,
He must indeed feel sheepish; in fact, if he's sincere,
He probably looks everywhere except at the cashier.
You know the way it is yourself when things are going wrong,
You hate to take your wages, though the figure be a song.
Sometimes, I know, I feel inclined my salary to miss
When I have filled my columns with things about like this.

When General Kuropatkin draws his weekly envelope,
Just after being driven from another easy slope,
And sees the yellow bank notes that glisten in the sun,
And fondles them endearingly, and counts them on the run,
I'll wager that he blushes, if Muscovites can blush,
And make another effort to stop the Japs' mad rush.
I'll wager that he mutters, "It would not seem so strangesky
To find in next week's envelope some kopecks and small changesky."

Ah, well! This world we live in is a very curious blend,
And there are many, many things we can not comprehend.
Think of the countless thousands never driven to the woods
Who make about 12 bones a week delivering the goods!
Think of the men with pompous fronts and nothing else at all
Who make the coin so fast they couldn't store it in a hall!
No wonder that from day to day the Czar is losing hope,
When General Kuropatkin draws his weekly envelope.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Miss Plane: He thinks me pretty, doesn't he?

Miss Chellus: I'm sure I don't know.

Miss Plane: Why, May told me she heard him telling you I was "just as pretty as I could be."

Miss Chellus: Well? — Philadelphia Press.

Wabash—Is her position in society secure?

Lakeside—I should say so. Why, that woman hires a divorce lawyer by the year. —Exchange.

MY GUIDE'S FABLE.

I swung to the ripplin' shallers an' brung the canoe a-land,
An' there wuz a fine red squirrel a-cussin' to beat the band;
A-snappin' his teeth an' barkin', a-jerkin' his bushy tail—
The things what he said wuz shockin', up there on the Injun trail.

Sez he, "Look a-here, young feller; these woods is a den o' thieves!
I'd gethered a pile o' hazels an' hid 'em among the leaves;
When up comes that highway robber—that scallywag, bluecoat jay—
The son o' the thief that hatched 'im, an' filches the lot away!
I won't eat a speck o' dinner! I swear it upon my soul!
Until I kin make that sinner surrender them nuts he stole!"

"The forest is thick with hazels!" sez I, "an' the medder corn
Is meller with juicy kernels ez white ez them teeth o' yo'rn.
The shell o' the shagbark's open; the ches'nut hez bu'st the burr;
The cones in a thousan' tassels is ripe on the glossy fir.
A pert little chap, ez yo' be, with on'y the meanest luck,
C'uld find, in a whisk an' scamper, ten times what the jaybird tuk.
Besides, in the chipmunk's pantry they say there's an empty shelf.
An', beggin yo'r pardin, ain't yo' a bit of a thief yo'rself?"

He jaws me a piece like fury; then squeaks like the Squire in hall
A-scoldin' a stupid jury: "Yo' don't git the pi'nt at all!
I'd guv 'em, an' guv my blessin'! but," givin his tail a fling,
"Aw, shucks fer the nuts! I'm pressin' the principle o' the thing!"

"Ef you'd been a King," I hollers, "I reck'n that you'd a spent
A couple of million dollars collectin' a copper cent!"

Arthur Guiterman, in N. Y. Times.

"Who is that chap talking so much over there?"

"Oh, he's a big gun; full, too."

"Why, he doesn't walk as if he had been drinking."

"No, but like other big guns he is more dangerous when you don't know he is loaded."—Baltimore Herald.

A Mormon boy out in Utah,
One day chanced to meet his own pa;
Cried the glad little one:
"Shake, pa; I'm your son!"
"Indeed?" said the man; "who's your ma?"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Don't Want to Hear

What Medical Science Says About Coffee

Many intelligent people don't care to listen to the truth about coffee causing their aches ails and disturbances.

They keep on using the drug coffee and suffer from heart derangement, liver or kidney disorders or some kind of stomach and nervous troubles. They "don't believe coffee is to blame," and don't want to listen to medical science.

They should keep on with the coffee until Nature forces her facts home in the form of sickness or organic disease if they want absolute proof. Suppose on the other hand one should quit coffee in time and get well. It is easy if you shift to properly made Postum. In a few days you will feel a great change for the better.

Coffee sets up disease. POSTUM dissipates it and sets up health again. Medical science has found this out by experience, the Great Teacher. A prominent physician of Des Moines, Iowa, tells how he learned it:

"I am a physician of 18 years' practice. I felt the need of a stimulant, and for the first five or six years of my practice drank strong coffee. Eight or ten years ago I began to notice symptoms of heart disease. This seemed to be a regular organic type, and year by year became aggravated by dizziness, faintness and later, inability to walk at times. Finally I became such a confirmed invalid that I had to give up practice.

"Several years elapsed with the symptoms growing worse. I was considered marked for an early grave. I honestly believed that coffee was the trouble, and it finally became impressed upon me to give it up. This I found easier to do when POSTUM FOOD COFFEE was used in its place. I made the change more to satisfy my friends than with any hope of benefit from such a simple change, especially in such an incurable case as mine. I was debilitated and very weak, and about 30 pounds short of my old weight.

"From the first week I noticed a marked change and within three months I was almost fully restored to my old strength and health, with the heart trouble and dizziness all gone.

"These facts are known to hundreds of my friends and acquaintances throughout this city."

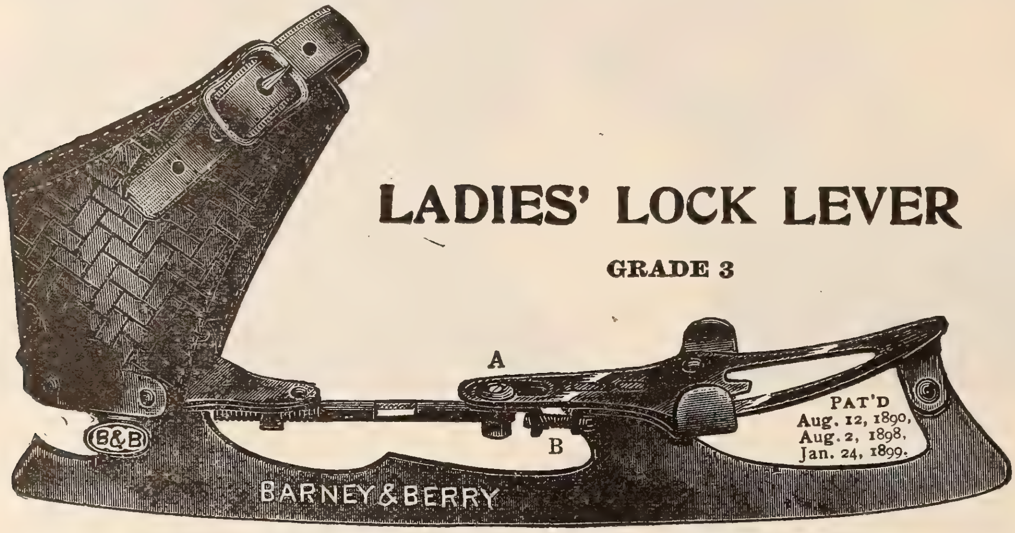
Name and address given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

WINTER IS HERE

GET A PAIR OF SKATES

For yourself, your best girl or your brother, or for some other girl's brother, or for anyone you love, and who is fond of skating


A
B
B&B
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
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BARNEY & BERRY

LADIES' LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3

For 5 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I WILL SEND YOU

A Pair of Lock Lever Skates

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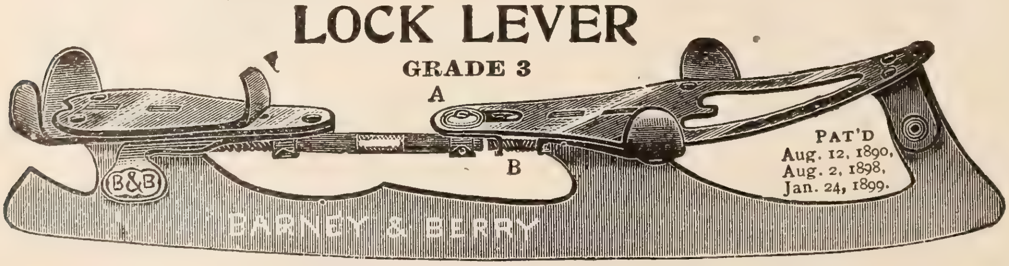
A Pair of Ladies' Lock Lever Skates

Grade 3, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass.

LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3


A
B
B&B
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
Jan. 24, 1899.
BARNEY & BERRY

As every skater knows, these are the best skates in the world.

The Holiday season is here, and you could scarcely select a more appropriate present.

FOR A MAN, OR A WOMAN, A BOY OR A GIRL

than a pair of these high-grade skates. Only a limited stock on hand, and when these are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address 23 West 24th St., New York

PRIZES FOR GOOD DRAWINGS.

With a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds and the development of artistic taste, RECREATION now offers a series of prizes as follows:

For the best sketch of a live wild animal in action, $10.

For the best sketch of a live wild bird in flight or other action, $8.

For the best sketch of a live domestic animal in action, $6.

For the best sketch of a live domestic fowl in flight, or other action, $5.

Studies may be made in black and white wash, pen and ink, or pencil, my preference being in the order stated. They must be from life and not from other pictures.

The sketches may be made on any kind of paper or drawing board and of any size desired, though I prefer to have them on paper at least twice as large as a RECREATION page.

All sketches which may be published, and for which prizes may not have been awarded, will be paid for at the rate of $1 each.

Contestants must write on back of picture full name, address, and age.

This competition is limited to persons under 20 years of age, and a letter from one of the parents or from the legal guardian of each contestant must accompany each drawing, certifying that the age of the contestant is as stated thereon.

Drawings should be packed flat and with a sufficient quantity of straw board to keep them from being damaged in the mails; and on account of the required writing on the backs of the drawings it will be necessary to prepay them at letter postage rates.

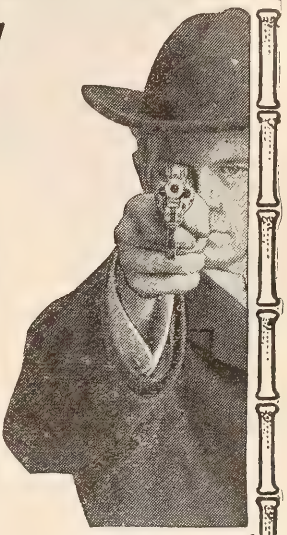
Competition will close February 28, 1905.

Address drawings and correspondence relating thereto, Art Editor, RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

DUG UP.

"Remember, always," exhorted the preacher , "that whatever you sow, that also you shall reap."

"Not always," replied Subbubs; "not if your neighbor keeps chickens."—Philadelphia Ledger.



YOU DON'T NEED A GUN IF YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed, against every form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing — if you would possess that physical strength and power of endurance which characterizes the Japanese soldier—you must learn Jiu-Jitsu.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The Science of Jiu-Jitsu includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

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For over 2,000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an Imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan, has formulated a correspondence course, which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

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An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitsu has just been written by Mr Yabe. As long as the edition lasts, this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full-page half-tone engravings, and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to know more about the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, you should write to-day for this free book and specimen lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address,

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Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere.
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A young man who was working for the railroad company went to one of the directors and asked for a pass to some distant point.

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"Yes, sir," the young fellow answered.

"Have you ever had any complaint to make?"

"No, sir," answered the employee.

"Well, if you were working for a farmer, would you have the nerve to ask him to harness his horses and take you to a certain part of the country?" the director asked.

"No, sir. But if he had his horses all ready and was going to that point, I should call him a mean farmer if he refused to take me," was the young fellow's reply.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A prudish young miss of Oshkosh
Slipped up on an overripe squash;
Good breeding is great,
But I grieve to relate
She forgot all her French in her much confused state.
And the comment she made was "Oh, Gosh!"

Hold that iron arm of yours on the wheel for the pump gun and the game hogs. By so doing you will earn my everlasting thanks and respect.

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The manufacturer of obesity remedies lives on the fat of the land.—Philadelphia Record.

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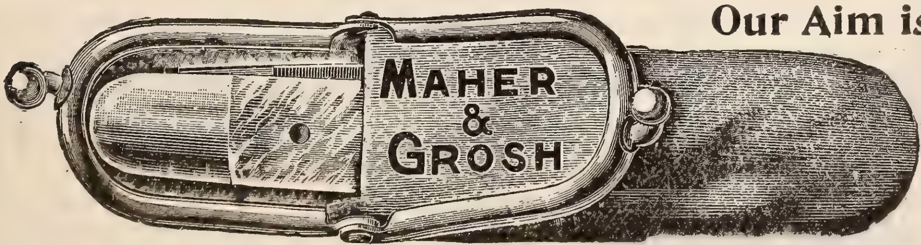

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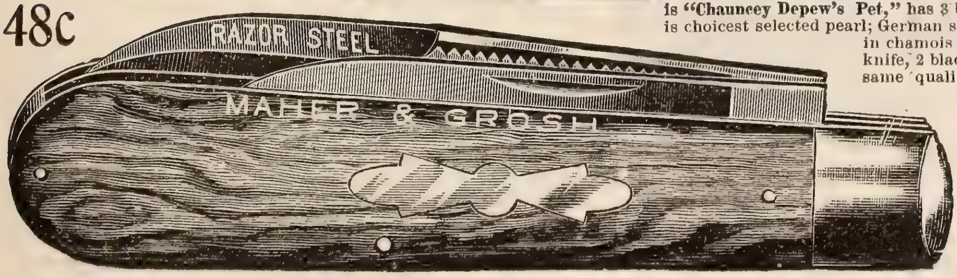

Our blades are razor steel; hand forged; file tested and warranted. This is the difference between them and other knives. We deal direct with consumers since 1877. This cut is **"Chauncey Depew's Pet,"** has 3 blades (one is a file). Handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price in chamois case, $1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blade, $1; plainer finish, 3 blade, same quality, $1; smaller, 2 blade, for lady, $1; plainer finish, 75c; boy's 2 blade with chain, 50c; girl's 2 blade, 50c. **Razor steel jack-knife,** 2 blades, 75c., but 48c for a while; 5 for $2. This knife and 60c. Shears for $1.00. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to use a Razor."

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"This is a queer looking spoon hook," said the customer.

"That, sir," said the dealer in sporting goods, "is the very latest. It is called the 'Anglers' Delight.'"

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"It is a combination spoon hook and corkscrew." — Catholic Standard and Times.

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get your muscles up to this pitch with dumb-bells, chest-weights, etc. Muscle alone won't do it. LET ME TELL YOU of an easy way to enlarge your arms ONE INCH or more, breathe naturally and increase your strength 50 PER CENT in ONE MONTH. Develop your chest, shoulders and legs to a wonderful extent, strengthen your HEART, LUNGS, NERVES, and all the INTERNAL muscles. Rid yourself of catarrh, rheumatism, writer's madcr ,dyspepsia and constipation, and attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a clear complexion. *Dr. R. L. Smith, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes:—"Your System and the Hercules Club increased the size of my arms an inch, and my strength fully 60 per cent in thirty days."*

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A delicious beautifier, preserver and cleanser of the teeth; makes the breath sweet and the gums less tender. **The Metal Box** is a handy package for the toilet table and traveling; no powder to litter, no liquid to spill or stain. *25 Cents, at all Druggists.*

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I am glad to see the 3 in 1 ad again in RECREATION. They make one of the best gun oils I have ever found.

Charles Opp, Beaver, Ohio.

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"That, my son, is the Temple of Peace."

"What's it for?"

"It's a sort of club where nations wrangle between wars."—Life.

I thank you for the J. C. hand trap you sent me as a premium. I have given it a trial and find it a success. I thoroughly enjoy reading RECREATION and shall always recommend it to all true sportsmen.

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I received the Poco camera and am more than pleased with it. Am surprised that you can give such a premium for 6 subscriptions. RECREATION is the best magazine.

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It contains no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, or any injurious ingredient whatever.

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Yours sincerely, DR. T. J. WEST.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

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A Shooter,
An Angler,
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or even a plain
ordinary man.

I will give you one of these coats

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Mr. Thompson—Jones told me a secret to-day.

Mrs. Thompson (anxiously)—What was it?

Mr. Thompson—The one I told you last week.

Mrs. Thompson—Oh, dear me! Mrs. Jones is such a tattler. I'll never tell her anything again.—Judge.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of seight.
And they found it next day in the spoir.
—Clipped.

FANTASY.

My gargoyle fancies, like a fleet
Of spreading sails that veer and meet,
Dip briskly down the distant sea
And leave me sadly, grimly free.

For every hope a bark lies yare
To skim the far seas of despair,
And, wearing down the ocean lane,
Goes never to put out again.
—James O. Tryon in N. Y. Sun.

"What would you suggest as a name for my new yacht?"

"It seems to me the Floating Debt would be appropriate."—Chicago Evening Post.

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and all others who go into the Woods or Hills

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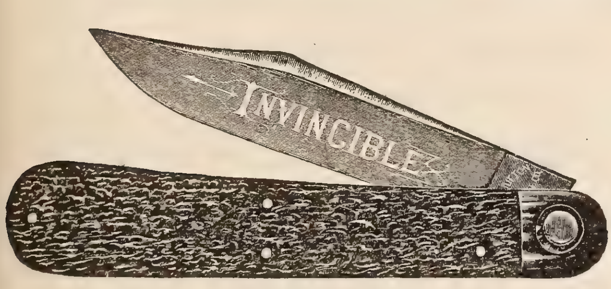

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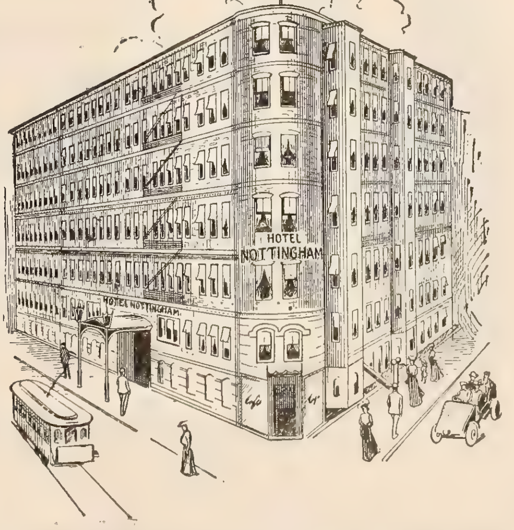

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"You were present during this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness.

"Yes, yo' honah."

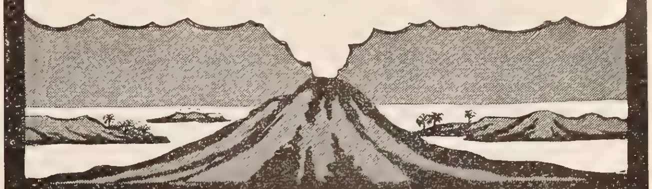
"Then tell us, in a few words, just how the difficulty began."

"Well, yo' honah," replied the darky with much gravity, "I think it was when the chairman of de entertainment committee swatted de secretary ovah he head wif de lovin' cup."—Collier's.

The Baker Gun Quarterly for November is out and is chuck full of valuable information for shooters. It is sent free to all who may ask for it and every man who is interested in shot gun shooting should have a copy. It is published by the Baker Gun Co., Batavia, N. Y. When asking for it please mention RECREATION.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

HAWAII



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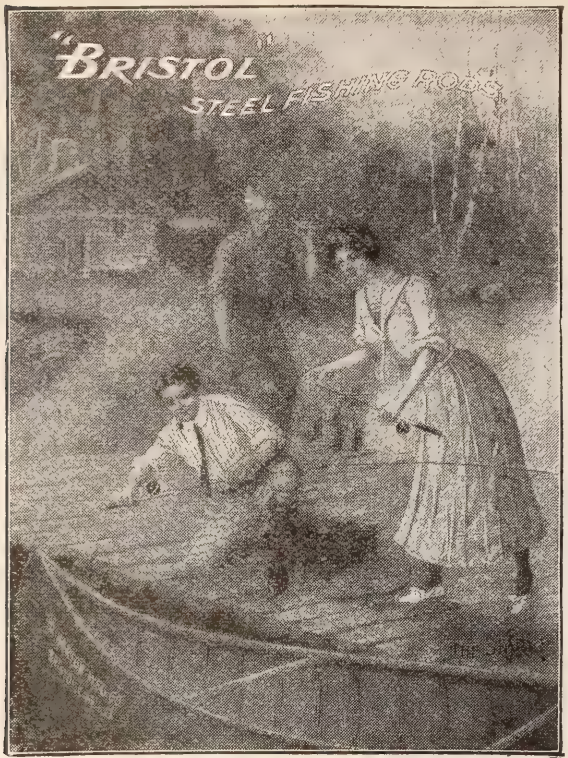

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This beautiful calendar is lithographed in ten colors and will be much admired wherever seen, as it is full of interest for all who enjoy out-door sports.

We will send this calendar to any address on receipt of ten cents (in silver) to cover cost of mailing.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
86 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.

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G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.,
23 West 24th St., N. Y.

I received the Korona camera which you sent me as a premium, in first class condition. It is much better than I expected for so few new subscribers and is all that you claim for it. I have tried it and am more than pleased with the clear pictures I get.

R. C. Mounsey, Columbus, O.

"So you lost your position as undertaker's assistant?"

"Yes. I used to be a conductor on a street car, and I couldn't get out of the way of telling people to step lively, please."—Washington Star.

I received the Syracuse gun for the 25 subscriptions to Recreation. Am much pleased with the gun, and I wish you and Recreation every success.

V. Byers, Kushequa, Pa.

Teacher—Suppose your father gave your mother $20, and then took $5 back again. What would that make?

Tommy—All kinds o' trouble.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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OSTERMOOR

15.

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Each Ostermoor mattress is built—not stuffed. Handlaid sheets of snowy whiteness, each the full size, are carefully compressed within the tick. The Ostermoor is purity itself, germ-free and vermin-proof.

Ostermoor mattresses *cannot* get lumpy; never need renewing; an occasional sun-bath is all they require. The tick can be taken off and washed whenever soiled.

Every hair mattress is a tick stuffed with animal hair, often swarming with disease germs. Our advertising has driven the old-line makers to claim "sterilized" hair, which is absurd; for the only process that would be effective destroys the value of the hair—makes it brittle and lifeless.

The hair-stuffed tick gets lumpy—has to be "made over" every three or four years, at a greater expense each time.

Beware of imitations. The genuine has the name "Ostermoor" and our trademark label sewn on the end of every mattress as shown below. ☞

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We are proud of this book which has cost us $15,000 to issue. It is not a mere catalogue. It is printed in colors and contains over 200 pictures by well-known magazine illustrators. It treats of sleep in its relation to life, "insomnia," its cause and cure, famous beds and their history.

This book is sent on postal card request

30 Nights' Free Trial

Sleep on the Ostermoor thirty nights free and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

Mattresses shipped, express prepaid, same day check is received.

SIZES AND PRICES:

2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
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3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	$11.70
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.	$13.35
4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	$15.00

All 6 ft. 3 in. long

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A Book, a Gun, a Camera
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A Reel, a Tent,
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TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer listed at $1.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5; or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $15; or a Reel, made by the Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., listed at $6 to $9; or a Duxbak Hunting Coat, made by Bird, Jones & Kenyon, and listed at $5; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 4, 4 x 5, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $22.50.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms' Co., and listed at $18; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat, or a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $33.

FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage 303 Repeating Rifle.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $48.

SIXTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 9 F. grade Gun, made by D. M. Lefever Sons & Co., and listed at $90.

SEVENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 8 E grade Gun, made by D. M. Lefever Sons & Co., and listed at $110.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

Address, **Recreation** 23 West 24th St. New York

DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT
1905

YOU CAN MAKE A DIAMOND YOUR SAVINGS BANK

DIAMONDS PAY 20% ANNUALLY

Gold Medal Awarded

"The Loftis System"

The Superior Jury at the Saint Louis Exposition, after a full consideration of the claims of all foreign and domestic exhibitors, have awarded the **GOLD MEDAL** to us. This puts the official stamp of approval of the greatest exposition ever held, upon the **LOFTIS SYSTEM**—its goods, prices, terms and methods.

You Can Use The Loftis System. Why not use it as a savings proposition in 1905. You simply select the Diamond that you want from our Catalogue and we send it to you on approval. It costs you nothing to see it, for we pay all express charges whether you buy or not. If you like the Diamond sent, you pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us direct in eight equal monthly payments. The monthly payments will be just the same as putting a monthly deposit in a savings bank and will pay much better.

You Are Not Too Far Away to have a Diamond Savings Account with us. We open these accounts with honest people all over America. The ten dollar a week employe is just as welcome on our books as is his well-to-do employer. Our easy savings terms make any honest person's credit good.

Pay Cash If You Prefer. We also have a cash plan, and it is just as far beyond competition as our easy payment terms. Read this: Select any Diamond and pay cash for it, and we will give you a written agreement that you may return the Diamond any time within one year, and get all you paid for it—less ten per cent. You might, for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond ring, or stud for a year, then bring or send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents per week.

A Savings Help. With every Diamond or Watch, we will, when requested to do so, furnish you with one of the **LOFTIS STEEL SAFES** for **HOME SAVINGS.** Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes into the little safe as you can spare them, and your Diamond will soon be paid for, and you will never miss the money. We make no charge for the safe, and when desired furnish a key with it.

Guarantee and Exchange. Our Guarantee Certificate is the broadest and strongest ever given by a responsible house. We give one numbered and signed with every Diamond. We accept any Diamond ever sold by us as so much cash in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond. No matter how long you have had a Diamond, it is always good for original value with us.

Begin The New Year Right. Write for our Catalogue, select your Diamond and begin saving your money. Diamonds will be worth twenty per cent more than at present in one year from now. In the meantime, while saving you can have the pleasure and prestige of wearing a beautiful Diamond.

Our 1905 Catalogue is the finest ever published, and shows the finest line of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry ever put on paper. We show many inexpensive articles, but nothing cheap or trashy. Every piece of goods that is given a place in our Catalogue must stand the test of Loftis quality, the highest standard in the trade.

Souvenir. You will receive in addition to our 1905 Catalogue a copy of our Souvenir History of Diamonds, more than a million copies of which were distributed at our Diamond Cutting Exhibit in the Varied Industries Building at the Saint Louis Exposition. Write at once to insure receiving a copy.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858)

Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers

Dept. A 82, 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1904, Franklin Agency, Chicago.

Save a Diamond

Diamonds Win Hearts

Happy New Year

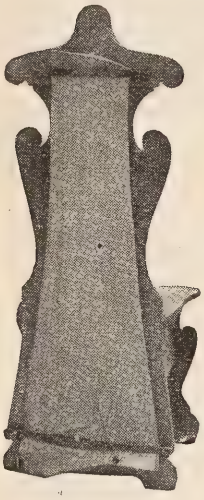
Do you like to Shoot?

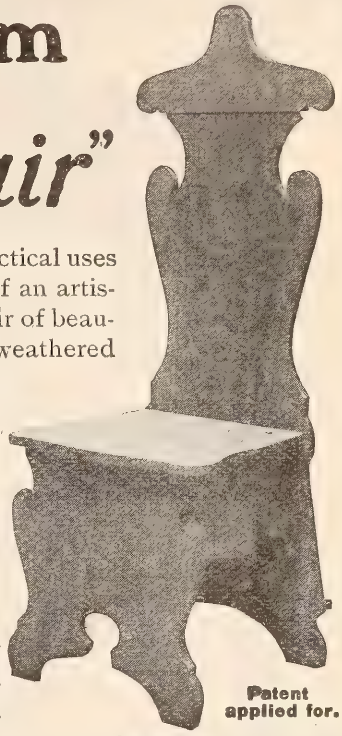
If so, why not join the L. A. S. and help protect the game?

I have spent more than $15,000 of my own money in this work, and all for the public good. Then why should not YOU spend $1 a year of your money to help the cause?

If you have any good reason for staying out will you please tell me what it is?

Address G. O. SHIELDS, Pres't, 23 W. 24th Street New York City.





For Your Bedroom

"A cleverly designed chair with a dozen different uses."

"The Revell Valet Chair"

The newest thing for the home. It has more practical uses than any other piece of furniture ever made. Think of an artistically designed high-back, substantial chair of beautifully finished quarter-sawed golden or weathered oak or mahogany finished birch that will hold and properly shape every article of a lady's or gentleman's clothing! A chair that has a trouser and skirt stretcher concealed in the back—that will save tailor bills by keeping the wrinkles out, and pay for itself in a short time. Ladies will find many unique uses for it and at the same time it will be an ornament to the dressing room. Men like it because it holds an entire suit of clothes as well as underwear, shirt, collar, tie, and hose. There is a spacious compartment in the seat for shoes, slippers, brushes, etc.

Patent applied for.

The Valet Chair will make a man glad and keep a woman happy. **An appreciated gift.** Write to-day for fully illustrated booklet—tells all about it.

Send draft or money order and we will send you the chair prepaid this side of the Missouri River. If not entirely satisfactory you may return chair and we will refund the full amount paid.

$8.50

Alexander H. Revell & Co. 194 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO.

TO THE POINT.

IT WAS UP TO HIM.

"I was walking along the Strand, London," said a Boston business man, "when I was stopped by a dude of a feller who had the head of his cane in his mouth, but removed it long enough to say:

"'Aw, now, but I beg pawdon, doncher knaw.'

"'Do you, really?' I asked.

"'Pon honor, I do. Yes, beg pawdon.'

"'I can hardly realize it.'

"'But I do, doncher knaw.'

"'You actually and truly, and without any coercion on my part, beg my pardon, do you?' I asked.

"'Bah Jove, but I do, doncher knaw.'

"And would you as soon state your reasons?'

"'Well, you are carrying your cane in your right hand, doncher see? I beg pawdon—really I do.'

"'Yes, I see, doncher knaw, and what the devil would happen if I should carry it in my left?'

"'Bah Jove, but I don't knaw,' he replied, as a startled look came to his face, but I beg your pawdon, doncher knaw, and I'll ask young Lud Sudley next time we meet.'"—Chicago News.

The young lawyer is a necessity, but frequently, like necessity, he knows no law.—Philadelphia Record.

Shooting Jacket

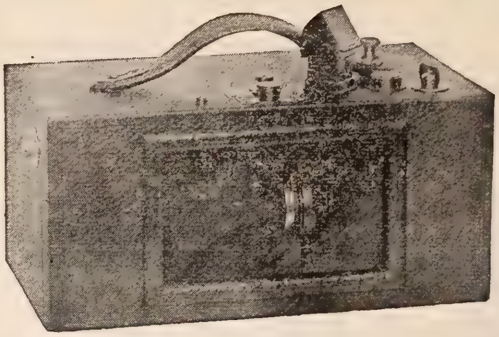
$3.

GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all out-door purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in two colors—dead grass and Oxford gray.

Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogs

The H. H. KIFFE CO., 523 Broadway, N.Y.

Are You an Amateur Photographer?



If so would you like a Camera
that will photograph

A whole range of mountains
A whole sweep of river
A whole army
A whole fleet of ships
A whole city

Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT

The Al Vista

Is the thing. It lists at $30

One of the greatest inventions of the age.
Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

For particulars address

RECREATION

23 West 24th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Absolutely waterproof in rain; light and cool in pleasant weather. Coat, trousers and hat made of fine soft duck, treated by a patent process that resists a dreary drizzle or driving storm. Lined with same material and double stitched throughout. Always easy and pliable in rain or shine. No rubber—no rustle. Perfect ventilation at all times.

Coat has reinforced gun cap at shoulder; patent ventilated gusset under arm. Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

In ordering, give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Give waist and leg for trousers. Light tan or dead grass color. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Price, coat, $5.00; trousers, $3.00; hat, $1.00. Express prepaid. Sample of material and booklet free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

"Well," said the humorous young man, who was watching the fireworks, "I don't see how the old Romans ever got to bed by the aid of those Roman candles without calling out the fire department."

Here Prof. Sternmind, the eminent historian, turned on him.

"From what we can ascertain by means of the records left by the elder Pliny and others," he observed, "we are forced to the conclusion that the ancient Romans never went to bed."—Judge.

THE BOSTON GIRL'S APPETITE GOOD.

Harry: Molly, you look good enough to eat.

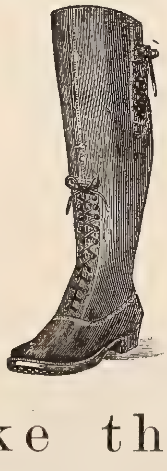
Molly: All you have to do is ask me to dine; I'll do the eating, all right.—Boston Transcript.

The Luther gloves and the Laughlin fountain pen to hand and like the 2 other premiums I received from you, they are much beyond my expectation. My support in the future you may be sure of. With many thanks for prompt shipment.

Chas. A. Phillips, Dorchester, Mass.

Goodwin: I hear you gave $25 to help repair the church?

Graspitt: You have been misinformed. I merely subscribed that amount.—Chicago News.



FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest

Get a pair of

Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE

240 Halsey St, NEWARK, N. J.

11-foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats

were not satisfactory until the

KING

was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof*, wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention Recreation. **KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A**

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

If you want a bromide enlargement of any of your photos which you prize highly I will make one, enlarged from your negative, to 10x12 inches, and mount same on a 14x17 card for 2 new yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Or I will make 2 of the same size, from the same or different negatives, for 3 new subscriptions.

Why not have your prize choice pictures enlarged to a size suitable for framing, when you can have it done free? Send draft to me made payable to G. O. Shields, and your negatives carefully packed, and I will send the enlargements promptly.

E. W. Edington, Le Mars, Iowa.

The beggar approached the bald man, who was enjoying his after dinner cigar on the veranda.

"Please, sir," said the mendicant, "have you a copper you could spare?"

"Sure," replied the man behind the weed. "You'll find him on the back porch making love to the cook."—Chicago News.

The Harrington & Richardson revolver you sent me as a premium is a handsome little weapon and I thank you very much for it. I like it so well that I am going to get up another club of subscribers for you.

Geo. O. Maggs, Sussex, N. B.

A certain young man of great gumption
'Mongst cannibals had the presumption
To go—but alack,
He never came back;
They say t'was a case of consumption.

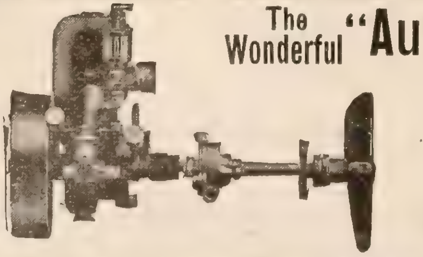
—Yale Record.

I am in receipt of the Bristol steel rod received through the premium list of Recreation. It is a prize worth working for and I am more than satisfied.

J. N. Canoyer, Melrose, Minn.

The buffalo horn gun rack which you sent me as a premium was duly received, and I am highly pleased with it. Success to you and your noble magazine.

R. D. Bottum, Potsdam, N. Y.



The Wonderful **"Auto-Marine Motor" $37.50** Engine Only

Weight 37 1-2 lbs. Height 11 1-4 in.

CONVERT YOUR ROW BOAT INTO A LAUNCH

Rated at 1 h.p. Has shown nearly 2 h.p. No valves, gears, springs or cams. Jump spark. Reversible. Speed control. Only three moving parts. Could not be made better if it cost five times as much. **Order now**—they are selling so fast you may be disappointed in the spring. Auto-Marine Motors from 1 to 20 h. p.

Detroit Auto-Marine Co., 77 E. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.

Formerly Detroit Lackawana Co.

Take good care of your

GUNS

A Prothero Gun Cabinet

Made by
JOHN N. PROTHERO, DuBOIS, PA.,
Makes it Easy.

Send me

15 new yearly Subscriptions to Recreation

and I will send you a Cabinet listed at $15.

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

Address **Recreation**

23 W. 24th St. New York City

Thanks for the Syracuse gun you sent to me as a premium. I shot at a ruffed grouse, at about 25 yards rise, and scored a clean kill, with the first shot. The gun suits me, and so has RECREATION suited me since 1894.

Roland Travis, Bloomfield, N. Y.

First Aeronaut: Couldn't you get the insurance company to give you an accident policy?

Second Aeronaut: No. They found out I was going to give up my business and settle in New York.—Life.

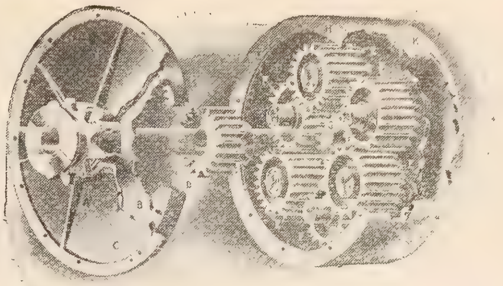
The Czar sat still on his bombproof chair
  And merrily sang "Tee-hee!
I will not go to the blooming front
  For the front is coming to me—
    He-hee—
  The front is coming to me."

—Puck.

I have been trying Robin Hood smokeless powder and Comet shells and for penetration, target and general results they can not be beaten. One more feather for Robin Hood's cap.

L. W. Dewitt, Blackville, S. C.

Chickens Free: Will give a pair of early hatched thoroughbred buff Plymouth Rocks for 4 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, or a trio for 6. Ira D. Goodhue, Norfolk, Ohio.



The Best Transmission

Most automobile troubles arise in the transmission case. The transmission of the Cadillac has solved one of the most difficult problems of the automobile. It insures perfect running, reduces cost of maintenance and repairs and gives greater power. It is simple, strong and noiseless.

Every part of the

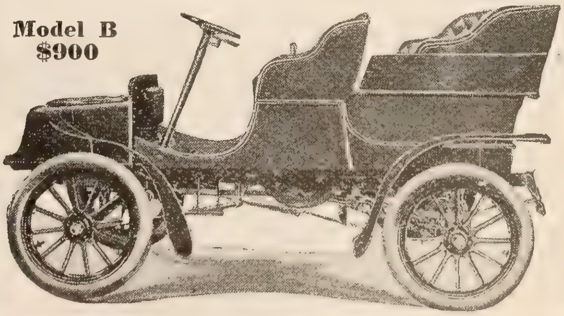
CADILLAC

is built with care, thoroughness, and precision. The result is extreme durability and absence of annoyance to the operator. The speed range of the Cadillac is from four to thirty miles an hour, the maximum speed being easily maintained with four passengers. Let us send you Booklet K, and give you the name of the nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, $750 to $900.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Model B
$900



Canvas Covered Paddling Canoes
New Canoe catalogue for 1905 ready about January 15th.

High Speed Launches
12 to 30 miles per hour

THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR & BOAT COMPANY
GREENPORT, Suffolk Co., Long Island, N. Y.
J. G. FRASER, *General Manager*

The Fraser Hollow Spruce Spars
New Spar booklet and price list ready January 15th.

Famous St. Lawrence River Skiffs

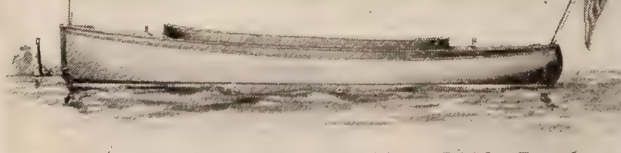
Mention RECREATION.

S. K. Hooper, G. P. A., D. & R. G. railway, has been unusually active during the past few months in planting young trout in the streams reached by that road. More than 6,000,000 fry have been liberated since August 1st. This, in connection with the work done in previous season, means that sportsmen may reasonably expect to find good fishing in all the D. & R. G. territory within the next few years.

Uncle Josh—They say that out in Kansas they raise corn 30 feet high.

Uncle Eben—They do, hey? They must raise corn in ther West like we ketch fish in ther East.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Matthews Torpedo Launches

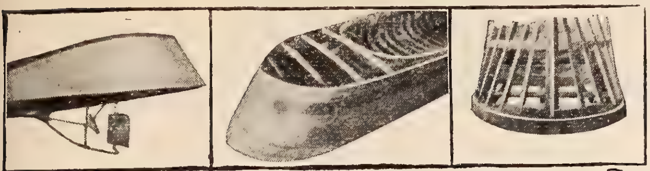


21 ft., $435 to $530; 18 ft., $360 to $475, Complete
Not the lowest in price, but as low as consistent with quality and equipment. 15 different makes of Marine Engines in operation at our factory, from ¾ to 60 H. P. Motor Boats 16 to 75 ft., equipped with any power.
The Matthews Boat Co.
Members National Ass'n Eng. and Boat Mfrs.
Catalog 10c BASCOM, OHIO, U. S. A.

"I never become angry because a man does not think quite as I do," remarked the professor; "for when I find a man who disagrees with me I realize that it is probably with difficulty he thinks at all."—Judge.

The gun Pop looked in wasn't loaded,
And yet in Willy's hands exploded!
"What can't be cured must be endured,"
Said Willy. "Pop was well insured."
—Life.

Indian Baskets: I have a few rare and beautiful baskets made by Alabama Indians living near me, which I will exchange for yearly subscriptions to Recreation at the rate of one basket for 4 subscriptions. Many dealers in Indian curios sell these baskets for several dollars each. Here is a chance to get one free. Nothing finer for a Christmas present. Full description and photo for 5 cents. These Indians also make from the inner fiber of Spanish moss, the best saddle blankets in the world. These blankets are cool to a horse's back, do not become hard and stiff and will last for years, as they are well made and positively will not rot, the inner fiber of Spanish moss being absolutely impervious to moisture. Will give one blanket for 3 subscriptions to Recreation. The above articles are guaranteed to give satisfaction. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.



BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

By the Brooks System.

You can build your own Launch—Sailboat—Rowboat or Canoe in your leisure time—evenings—and the work will be a source of profit and pleasure. It's easy when we show you how.

$12 covers the cost of a $50 boat. Cheaper boats cost less in proportion. Write us—we'll tell you how.

The Brooks System consists of exact size **Printed Patterns** of every piece, with **Detailed Instructions,** a complete set of **Working Illustrations,** showing each step of the work, an itemized bill of **Material** required and how to secure it.

Our system is so plain you cannot fail. A full sized pattern of each piece with instructions that not only TELL, but SHOW you, by illustrations, every detail.

Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

Patterns of all kinds and sizes from 12 to 55 ft. Prices from $2.50 up—Catalogue and particulars FREE. For 25c 100-page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line of knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered—Patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D. to allow examination.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building
501 **Ship Street. Bay City Mich., U. S. A.**

American Magnate: What evidence can you give that you really belong to the English nobility?

Suitor: Well, I have no respect for women, and I'm dead broke.—Life.

"Is your wife economical?"

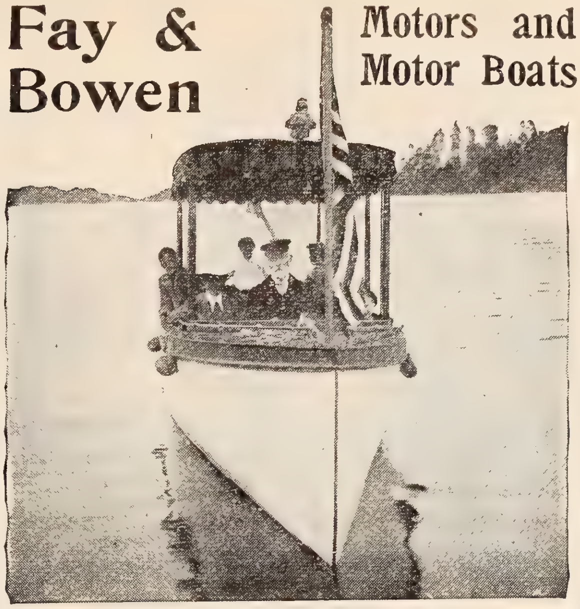
"Very; she can fix over a $10 hat for $15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

I received the Davenport gun and am greatly pleased with it. Expect to send you another club in a short time.

Connell Dignam, Leetsdale, Pa.

Fay & Bowen

Motors and Motor Boats



Our Motors made the best record of any American motor in the British Reliability Trials in August, 1904.

No crank or handle used in starting.

Our boats are perfect in construction and appointments.

Send for Catalogue.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake St. Geneva, N. Y., U. S. A.

"Yes, thanks to my father's generosity, I ride in one of the finest automobiles on the boulevard."

"Made you a present of it, did he?"

"Oh, no; I bought it myself, but he keeps it in repair for me."—Chicago Tribune.

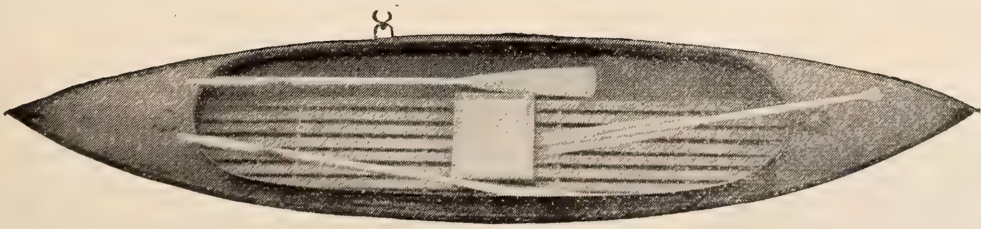
I have received the Press Button hunting knife as premium and it is all right. I appreciate it and your promptness in getting it here.

D. S. Featherstone, Everett, Wash.

Mr. Beacon Street: I am about to broach a rather delicate subject——

Miss Ari Zoner: Fire away, old chap; I'm fond of delicacies!—Life.

MULLINS' STEEL BOATS FOR SPORTSMEN

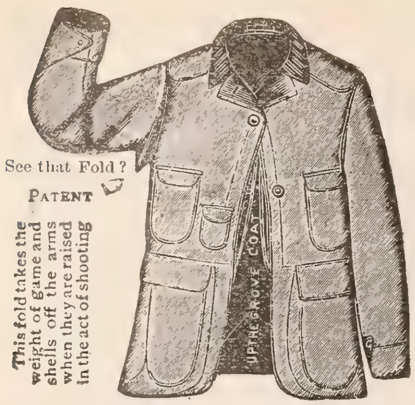


Air Chambers
Cannot Sink
No Repairs
Always Ready
Very Durable
Low in Price

"GET THERE" Duck Boat. 14 feet long, 36 inch beam. Price, $20.
Crated on Cars Salem.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue. Free on application.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, SALEM, OHIO


See that Fold?
PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
UPTHEGROVE COAT

THE UPTHEGROVE SPORTING GOODS CO.
Makers of High Grade Clothing
VALPARAISO. IND

UPTHEGROVE
Waterproof Hunting Cloths

English Corduroy—Moleskin—Rainproof Mackinaw and Waterproof Duck.

Strictly Hand tailored to measure.

10 oz. Waterproof Hunting Coat, $5. Extra Quality Rainproof Hunting Coat, (finest coat made) **$8; 5 per cent. discount if cash accompanies order. All our Coats have silk button holes and hand made silk pocket stays. In ordering give—breast, waist, length of sleeve and coat measurements, also height and weight.**

Write for free catalogue—If you want the best made—Try us.

The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Company
Dept. C, Post Office Place, Valparaiso, Ind.
Mention RECREATION.

AN IMPORTANT OFFER

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I will send you

A RIFLE WICK PLUG

Made by HEMM & WOODWARD, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber up to 50 caliber.

OR

A SHOT GUN WICK PLUG

20 gauge up to 10 gauge

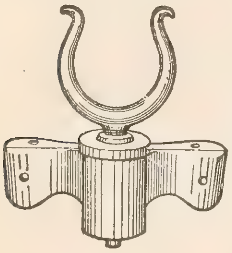
For 3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

A Pair of Shot Gun Wick Plugs

20 to 10 gauge.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. City



The Ball-Bearing Oarlock

A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN N. Y.

Hi Tragedy—How did you like Iowa?

Low Comedy—Well, there is one town in the state I'll never forget. We were simply carried away with it.

"You don't say?"

"Yes, a cyclone arrived about an hour after we did."—Philadelphia Press.

"It's hard to be worried by a lot of debts you can't pay."

"Nonsense! That's nothing to being worried by a lot of debts you have to pay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The L.A.S. furnishes cloth posters in any number desired, free of charge, offering a reward of $10 for each conviction for a violation of a game law. These posters have done great good wherever placed in deterring would-be law breakers from committing offences against the game, fish, and forest laws. Are you not willing to put up some of these posters? If so, how many?

Free:—To any person sending me $1 for 1 new yearly subscription to RECREATION, I will send a deck of the celebrated golf playing cards.

For 2 subscriptions, a fine artificial minnow listed at $1, or a spool of 50 yards of Kingfisher No. 5 silk casting line listed at 75 cents.

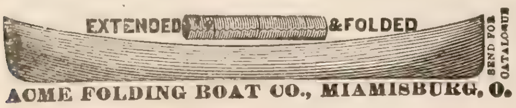
Arthur W. Bruce, 508 Woodward Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Weno Hawkeye camera which you sent me for 5 subscriptions to RECREATION. I am well pleased with it. Shall send you more subscriptions soon.

Chas. H. Kunz, Davenport, Ia.

The Marble axe came all right and is a beauty. Thanks.

J. S. Landon, Brant Lake, N. Y.



ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

The Colorado Onyx Co.

236-237 Equitable Bldg.
Denver, Colo.

QUARRIES
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Capital - - 300,000 shares
Treasury Stock - 50,000 shares

Par value *One Dollar* each, fully paid and Non-Assessable.

No Stockholders Liability.

Write for particulars as to price of stock to

The Equitable Finance and Development Co., ***Fiscal Agt.***
Equitable Bldg., DENVER, COLO.

JAMES D. HUSTED, *President.*
JOHN H. MORSE, *Vice-President.*
RAYMOND S. HUSTED, *Sec'y & Treas.*

For Sale.—A 20 gauge hammerless Parker gun; weight, 6 pounds 1 ounce; in perfect condition; 26 inch barrels; left, full choke; right, cylinder. Stock, 14⅛, drop about 2⅝, $80 grade. Will sell for $40 cash. W. D. Gruet, Box 640, Hartford, Conn.

For Sale:—One canvas canoe, substantial and steady, 12 feet long, 30 inches wide; also one Remington rifle, No. 4, 22 caliber, as good as new; $20 for both.—Veon Moncrieff, Box 218, Kutztown, Pa.

For Sale: 30 Golden Pheasants. Exceptionally fine and high bred birds. Address, J. M. Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana.

Miss Pert—Which half is it that doesn't know how the other half lives?

Miss Caustique—The better half.—Philadelphia Record.

I acknowledge receipt of the Marble axe you ordered for me as premium. It is a little beauty and I thank you.

J. M. Wallace, Toledo, O.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send ten cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. Clarke, Agent, Le Roy, N.Y., Dept. 3.

How a
Thousand Dollars
Made a
Million

An Illustrated Booklet
Sent Absolutely Free
to Anybody
addressing

W. G. Vanderbilt
No. 100 William St.
New York City

For a limited time I will give for $1 one year's subscription to RECREATION and a choice of any one of the following articles as a premium:

A rifle cleaning rod, 22 or 32 inch with scratch and bristle brush; or a hard rubber water-proof match-safe; or a nickel folding drinking cup and dog whistle; or a duck, snipe or turkey call; or a French brier pipe, or fountain pen; or soft kid money purse. All the above premiums listed at 50c. each. Or for 1 new yearly subscription I will give a RECREATION waterproof match safe.

For $1.15 I will give one year's subscription and a fine hunting knife 11 inches in length when open, with stag handle, and retails at $1.25; or for $2 will give a year's subscription and a hunting knife, 7 inch blade, and sole leather sheath. Retails at $4.50. These 2 knife offers are bargains.

E. W. Jacobs.
Coshocton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY

Can now be **made** in certain stocks by **anyone** with a capital of **$5 to $10 a Month.** We are in position to give you the only reliable inside information. Write to-day.

UNION SECURITY CO.
604 Gaff Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

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"JUST RESTING"

Was the way a dear old grandmother described her trip to California on the

Golden State Limited

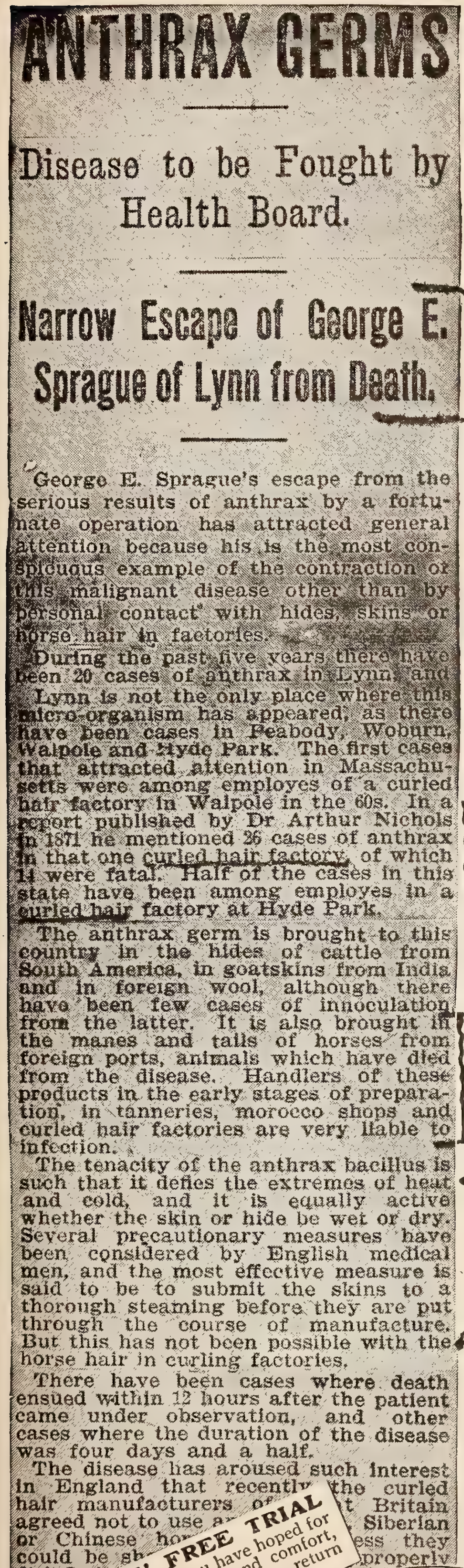
"For once in my life I knew what it was to sit in the Lap of Luxury. I just lay back and let that strange western world glide by me—no effort—no worry—no strain upon either mind or body. I enjoyed every blessed minute, and was actually less tired when we reached Los Angeles, than when I left Chicago."

BEGINNING December 25th, Golden State Limited leaves Chicago daily 8.00 p. m., St. Louis 9.30 p. m., Kansas City 10.40 a. m. Arrives Los Angeles 2.45 p. m., third day after.

It runs via El Paso and Southern Pacific line through New Mexico—most Southerly route. Every mile is a mile away from winter.

Send six cents in stamps for illustrated book describing train and service and reserve berths NOW.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Rock Island System, Chicago.



ANTHRAX GERMS

Disease to be Fought by Health Board.

Narrow Escape of George E. Sprague of Lynn from Death.

George E. Sprague's escape from the serious results of anthrax by a fortunate operation has attracted general attention because his is the most conspicuous example of the contraction of this malignant disease other than by personal contact with hides, skins or horse hair in factories.

During the past five years there have been 20 cases of anthrax in Lynn, and Lynn is not the only place where this micro-organism has appeared, as there have been cases in Peabody, Woburn, Walpole and Hyde Park. The first cases that attracted attention in Massachusetts were among employes of a curled hair factory in Walpole in the 60s. In a report published by Dr Arthur Nichols in 1871 he mentioned 26 cases of anthrax in that one curled hair factory, of which 14 were fatal. Half of the cases in this state have been among employes in a curled hair factory at Hyde Park.

The anthrax germ is brought to this country in the hides of cattle from South America, in goatskins from India and in foreign wool, although there have been few cases of innoculation from the latter. It is also brought in the manes and tails of horses from foreign ports, animals which have died from the disease. Handlers of these products in the early stages of preparation, in tanneries, morocco shops and curled hair factories are very liable to infection.

The tenacity of the anthrax bacillus is such that it defies the extremes of heat and cold, and it is equally active whether the skin or hide be wet or dry. Several precautionary measures have been considered by English medical men, and the most effective measure is said to be to submit the skins to a thorough steaming before they are put through the course of manufacture. But this has not been possible with the horse hair in curling factories.

There have been cases where death ensued within 12 hours after the patient came under observation, and other cases where the duration of the disease was four days and a half.

The disease has aroused such interest in England that recently the curled hair manufacturers of t Britain agreed not to use a Siberian or Chinese ho ess they could be sh properly disinfect ch of t anir in

found in Curled Horse Hair. The "Boston Globe" June 5th 1904 tells the story.

The Ostermoor Mattress is very good life insurance.

The old-fashioned HAIR mattress has distasteful and dangerous possibilities. The hair is taken from the bodies of dead beasts.

THE "OSTERMOOR"—Built, Not Stuffed

Each Ostermoor mattress is built—not stuffed. Hand-laid sheets of snowy whiteness, each the full size, are carefully compressed into the tick. The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt is purity itself, germ-free and vermin-proof.

Ostermoor mattresses *cannot* get lumpy; never need renewing; an occasional sun-bath is all they require. The tick can be taken off and washed whenever soiled.

Every hair mattress is a tick stuffed with animal hair, often swarming with disease germs. Our advertising has driven the old-line makers to claim "sterilized" hair, which is absurd; for the only process that would be effective destroys the value of the hair—makes it brittle and lifeless.

The hair-stuffed tick gets lumpy—has to be "made over" every three or four years, at a greater expense each time.

30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL

If it is not even all you have hoped for in cleanliness, durability and comfort, you get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

TRADE MARK

Send for Book Mailed FREE

Our 138-page book, "The Test of Time," treats exhaustively the mattress question, and gives letters of praise from prominent persons. It also illustrates OSTERMOOR Cushions and Pillows for Window Seats, Cozy Corners and Easy Chairs; Boat Cushions, Church Cushions. May we send it? Your name on a postal will do.

Beware of imitations. The genuine has the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end.

OSTERMOOR & CO.

114 Elizabeth St. New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Tropical Butterflies

Mounted in any style or in papers.
Butterfly Pictures—(no pins) suitable for everybody.
Butterfly Paper Weights for the writing desk.
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Particulars free. Mention RECREATION

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Taxidermists' Glass Eyes for Stuffed Birds, and Animals
Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies **Materials**
Send 5c. in stamps for catalogue

FRED. KAEMPFER, 88 STATE ST., Chicago, Ill.

Taxidermy work done in all its branches
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B. Bernard

Buyer of Raw Furs and Ginseng Root.

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Quotations sent on request.

NAVAJO BLANKETS
Indian Beadwork, Baskets, Pottery. Moccasins, Alaskan Curios, Mexican Goods, Beads, Basket Material.
If it's Indian we have it

Send 6c. Stamps for Catalogue.

BENHAM INDIAN TRADING CO.
138 West 42d Street, New York City
Mention RECREATION.

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices.
Send 10 cents for photos.
JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

Do You Ever Shoot Ducks?

If so, you should have a copy of the group of

Duck Shooting Pictures

shown on pages 370, 371 and 372 of the December issue of RECREATION. I had **300 Artist's Proofs** made from these plates before running them in the magazine.

These are printed on one sheet of heavy enameled paper, placed end to end, so that they may be framed as one picture, and together they make **a beautiful panel decoration,** and a delightful reminder of happy days on the marsh or in the blinds. **The set sells at $1. each.**

Address Recreation 23 W. 24th St., N. Y.

How to Collect Animal Tracks.

A simple, inexpensive method of preserving accurately the footprints of birds, mammals, etc. Clean, instructive pastime for boys, girls, sportsmen and naturalists. Send 2 cent stamp for particulars, or $1. for complete instructions. J. Alden Loring, Owego, N. Y.

Seashells Free! I have a good collection of saltwater shells that I would give in exchange for 4 yearly subscriptions for RECREATION, or would sell for $5.
Harry Flipping, 30 W. Ohio Ave.
Atlantic City, N. J.

Date, ______________________ 190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St. New York.

Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year beginning with ______________________ number,

Name, ______________________

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Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN

Catalogue of Firearms

FOR SALE BY

Van Allen Lyman, 256 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.

The following are all in absolutely perfect condition in every way, unless otherwise stated.

Smith & Wesson 32-44 target revolver, 6½ inch barrel, blue finish, weight 2 lbs., 12 oz. Finish worn off in places, inside of barrel nearly like new.

Holster and belt and Ideal reloading tools, cartridges, empty shells, primers—to go with the revolver. Price for the lot $10.

Stevens .38 rim fire, Hunter's pet rifle, 18 inch octagon barrel, skeleton stock, weight 5 lbs. Absolutely perfect in every way. About 75 cartridges to go with it. Price $4.00.

H. & R. single barrel, 12 gauge, automatic ejector shot gun. Absolutely perfect, with canvas shell belt. Price $3.75.

Colt .31 caliber powder and ball revolver, in serviceable shooting condition. Sear has been removed and cylinder has to be turned by hand. Price $1 75.

Hopkins & Allen .38 caliber revolver, 5-shot, double action, nickle finish, perfect inside, good condition outside, 2½ inch barrel. Price $1.25.

Hopkins & Allen .22 caliber revolver, double action, nickel finish, 7-shot, perfect in every way, 4½ in. barrel. Price $1.25.

Winchester bullet mould, .38 long caliber, new and perfect. Cost $1 50—will sell for 75c.

Terms are cash in advance. Money returned immediately if goods prove unsatisfactory. Goods will be sent on approval C.O.D. if desired, on recept of money to cover express charges both ways. Detailed information about any of the foregoing for stamp.

Free:—Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions. For 5 new yearly subscriptions I will give a tame young Raccoon or a pair of Opossums; a young, tame Jack Rabbit for 4 subscriptions, and a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions.

Safe delivery of animals guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

SOME GOOD SCORES.

Fred Coleman, shooting the Parker gun, at 19 different shoots from July 27 to October 6 inclusive, has broken 1,960 targets out of 2,065 shot at. This is remarkable shooting. In one event Mr. Coleman scored 99 out of a possible 100, and made other exceptionally good scores.

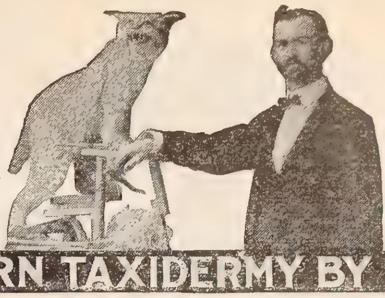
Mr. A. L. O'Connell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., shooting the Parker gun, October 15th, made a score of 107 out of 108; one straight run of 82, finishing the day's program of 123 out of 125. This speaks well for Mr. O'Connell and the Parker gun. Mr. O'Connell is a strict amateur.

Mr. M. E. Atchison, of Giddings, Tex., September 29 and 30 broke 312 out of a possible 350 at 18 yards rise. October 19 and 20 Mr. Atchison, shooting at 295 targets, broke 264, winning first high average at 19 yards rise. In the handicap for the gold medal Mr. Atchison broke 25 out of a possible 25, at 19 yards. These are good scores made by the Parker gun.

Mr. J. E. Vaughn, Los Angeles, Cal., using the Parker gun, at 20 yards rise, October 7 and 8 broke 320 out of a possible 360 shot at, winning high average for the 2 days. Mr. Vaughn is a strict amateur.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

Mounting a Wild-Cat.



We can teach you how.

LEARN TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

Sportsmen **Why not mount your own Trophies?** During the Shooting Season you will secure many fine birds and animals. Mount them for your home and den. Save taxidermist's bills. Enjoy your spare time and **increase your income,**

IT PAYS. Hundreds of leading sportsmen have taken our course, and are paying all gun and sporting expenses by selling their mounted specimens and doing work for others. You can do as well. If you want the most profitable of all "side lines," **learn Taxidermy.** We can teach you **by mail.** Our rates are reasonable and we **positively guarantee success.** Endorsed by all sporting magazines in America. If you are a hunter, angler, or nature-lover, you will be interested in our **new catalogue.** It's yours for the asking. **Write for one to-day.** Mention RECREATION

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy

Suite A, Com. National Bank - Omaha, Neb.

The only School of Taxidermy in the World.

Diamondville, Wyoming.

West End Furniture Co.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—Your gun cabinet was received in good condition and is exceedingly convenient for keeping in order and storing guns, ammunition, loading tools, fishing rods and other tackle. After once using one of your cabinets I should greatly dislike being without one.

Yours truly,
R. C. Peterman.

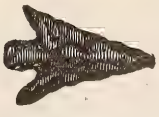
Silas: By hen, I never saw such a determined fisherman as Hiram. About 6 hours ago he pulled up an old boot.

Cyrus: What is he doing now?

Silas: Waiting to pull up a mate to it.—Chicago News.

Buxley—Aeronauts tell us that a woman's voice can be distinctly heard at an altitude of 3,520 yards.

Trimble—Great Cæsar! It must have been my wife!—Town Topics.



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CURIO DEALERS'
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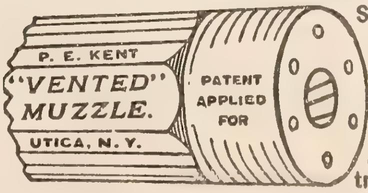
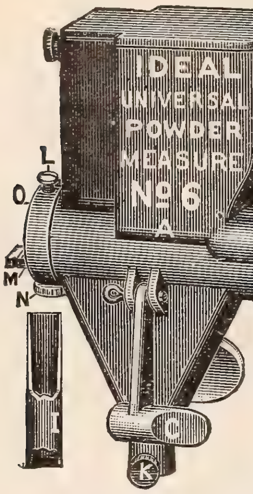
L. W. STILWELL,
DEADWOOD . . . . SO. DAKOTA

DOES YOUR RIFLE SHOOT O K?


P. E. KENT
"VENTED" MUZZLE.
UTICA, N. Y.
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Surprising Results are secured by using this new Improvement! It will please you, and improve the accuracy of your rifle. A stamp brings guarantee, circulars, terms, etc. A trial will convince you!



No. 5, for one powder, $3.00.
No. 6, for two powders, $4.00.

POWDER! POWDER!

All kinds of powder for ***Rifles, Pistols*** and ***Shot Guns, measured accurately*** from 1 to 145 grains. 4 different measures in 1. The latest and best tool. Ask your dealer for it.

Every shooter should have 1. Send 3 stamps for ***Ideal Hand Book,*** 146 pages of information to shooters.

IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The PHIL B. BEKEART CO., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

When you write kindly mention RECREATION

Slowboy (at summer resort)—I am going to the postoffice, Miss Peachly. Shall I ask for you?

Miss Peachly—Of course you may, Mr. Slowboy; but it isn't necessary to go to the post-office. You will find papa down in the billiard room.—Columbus Dispatch.

"What's that book you're reading, papa?" "The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' my pet." "What did he die of, papa?" "An eruption, dear."—Exchange.

Angry Patron—Hello, central! What did you cut me off for?

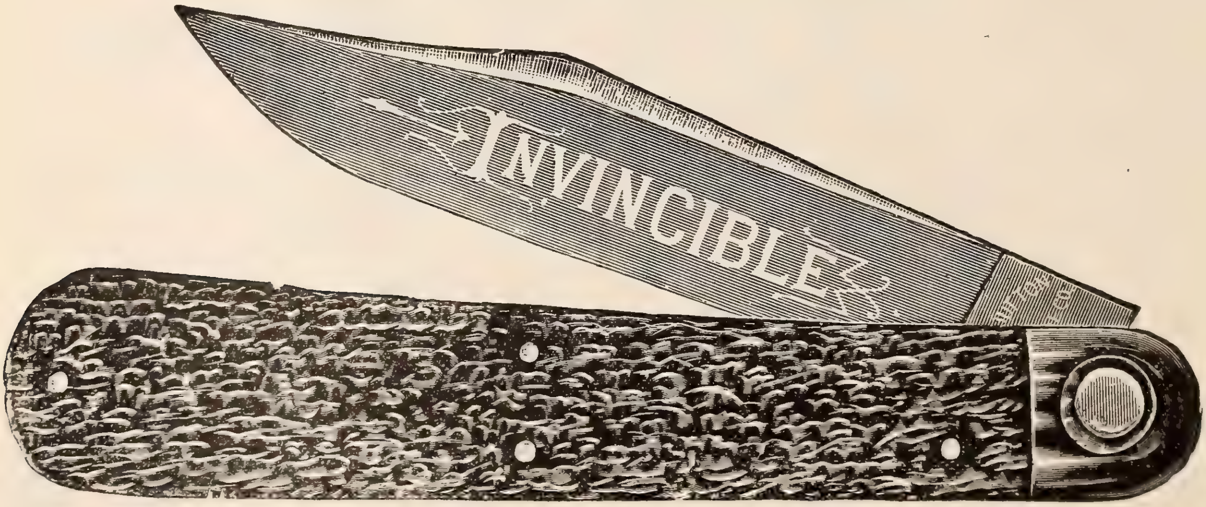
Boston Telephone Girl—Because you used a plural noun as the subject of a singular verb. You are not allowed to do that on this line, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Bacon—I see you've been investing in an electric fan.

Egbert—Oh, yes; I thought I'd blow myself.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

3 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

Sample Copies furnished on request.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York

Have You a Dog?

We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs**; How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog**, and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10 cents, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
845 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Squab Book Free

Squabs are raised in 1 month, bring *big prices.* Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here *is something worth looking into.* Facts given in our FREE BOOK, "How to make money with Squabs." **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Living Wild Animals & Game Birds

collected and furnished for Scientific and Propagating Purposes. Write for what you want. No catalogue issued.

Chas. Payne
Naturalist
Box 913, Wichita, Kan.

J. BLAKE
Buyer and Exporter of
RAW FURS
1 WEST THIRD ST.
NEW YORK
Write for price list.

105 MILES AN HOUR.

Uncle Sam's mail was brought into New York in record time October 13, 1904, over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, when the mail train, consisting of 6 cars, made the distance between Albany and the Grand Central Station, 143 miles, in 142 minutes.

The train makes no stops between Albany and New York, but it slows down at various points to take on mail. It left Albany one hour and 10 minutes late. When it rolled into the Grand Central Station 2 hours and 22 minutes later it had made up all of this time except 7 minutes. In this regard all the records of the road are beaten.

The run between Croton and Ossining was made at the tremendous rate of 105 miles an hour.

The Empire State Express, which makes regularly the best run on the road, carries usually 4 cars, sometimes 5. Car for car those on the Empire State are heavier than the mail cars, but the mail train was composed of 6 cars, all heavily laden, and, taking these facts into consideration, a new record was made.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

TAXIDERMISTS and FURRIERS
Fur and Curio Dealers Wholesale and Retail
Every Description of Work in our Line done to Order.

We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, and will be pleased to send you anything you may wish in this line C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Give us a trial on making up your Furs. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with anything we may do for you.

A mounted Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep head, Bear, Lion, Wolf or Fox head, or a Fur lap-robe, the warmest and best robe one can get, or a handsome Lion, Bear, Wolf, Wild Cat, or Fox Rug, or a nice Fur Muff, Boa, or Scarf, makes a beautiful and always welcome Christmas present, or a pair of Indian moccasins, the most comfortable and durable house slipper possible. We have them.

All work guaranteed moth proof. We have our own tannery
All kinds of tanning done to order.
Highest prices paid for raw furs. Taxidermists' supplies
Please mention RECREATION

McFADDEN & SON
F 1632 Champa St. Denver, Colo.

Near the front a man groans in deep distress.

"Repent!" shouts the evangelist, energetically. "Repent, and be at ease!"

The man rises to his feet, irresolutely.

"I am sorry," he falters, "that I ate the mince pie for dinner."—Puck.

Homer—What's the difference in time between Chicago and Paris?

Rounder—That depends on the kind of a time you are looking for.—Chicago Daily News.

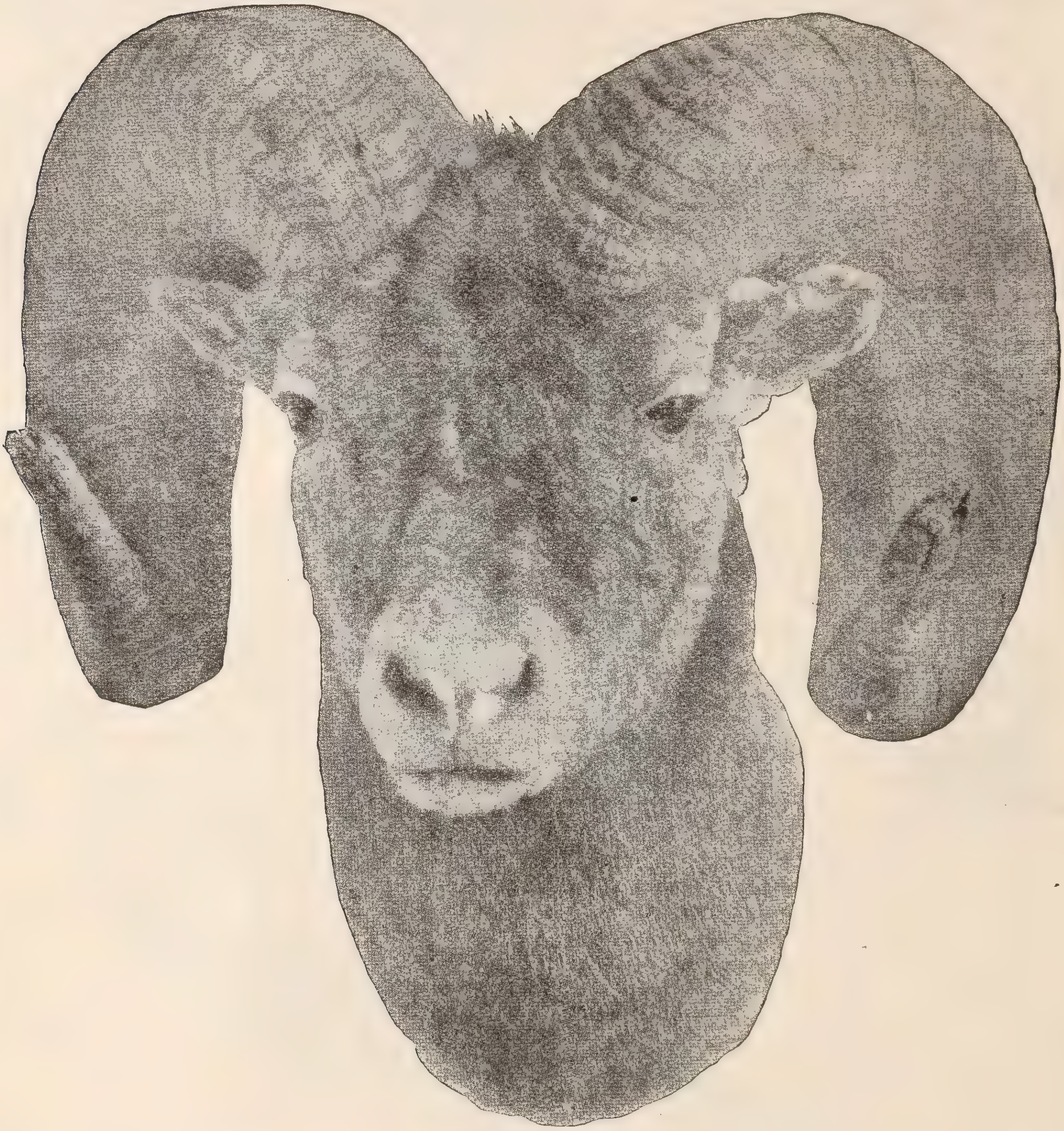
She—Do you really enjoy whist, Mr. Finesse?

He—Not at all, madam. I play a strictly scientific game.—Boston Transcript.

Swedish
COLLAN
OIL
Waterproof
LEATHER
DRESSING
AND
RUST
PREVENTER

"Collan-Oil"
preserves leather and renders shoes and harness positively
WATERPROOF
Used by the U. S the Army and Navy and National Guard.
Send 25c. for trial can.
AGENTS WANTED
Write for terms and circulars
J. R. BUCKELEW
Dept. A. 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

A Great Head



Here is a reproduction of a photograph of one of the largest and best Rocky mountain sheep heads in existence. The horns measure 16½ inches in circumference at the base, and 16 inches out from the skull they still measure 16 inches, having tapered only ½ inch in that distance. The length of each horn is 39 inches and the spread at the tips is 17 inches. The horns make nearly a complete turn, and if they had not been broken in fighting, would undoubtedly have passed the starting point. Most naturalists and collectors place an additional value on horns that are broken more or less, as such damage indicates the natural courage and pugnacity of the animal. This ram had evidently spent much of his life looking for trouble, at least 6 inches having been broken from the point of each horn.

The horns and skull weighed, before mounting, 39 pounds. The head was mounted by John Murgatroyd, 16 North William street, New York city, who, as the picture shows, has done an admirable piece of work. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, pronounces this one of the best pieces of taxidermy he has ever seen done on a sheep head. Many taxidermists fail to get the natural shape and expression about the nose, but Mr. Murgatroyd has reproduced this feature accurately, as well as all the others.

This sheep was killed by an Indian in the Rocky mountains, North of Laggon, B. C.

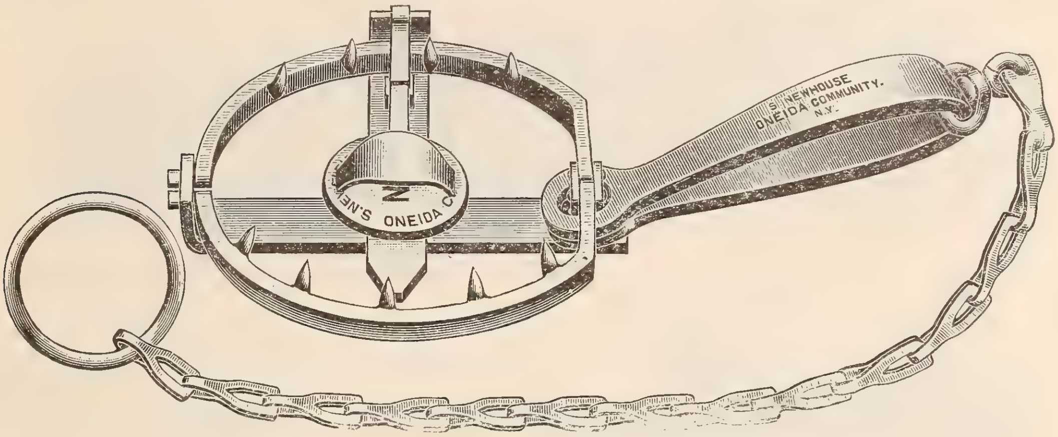
The head is for sale, address G. O. Shields, 23 West 24th street, N. Y. Price, $300.

Newhouse Steel Traps

Do you know the **Newhouse Trap Spring?** It has a world-wide reputation and is absolutely guaranteed. The Newhouse Trap is made in all the regular numbers and several special sizes.

Every genuine Newhouse Trap is stamped

S. NEWHOUSE
ONEIDA COMMUNITY
N. Y.



No. 3½ Otter Trap. For those who wish a large single spring trap.

Write for illustrated catalogue. Mention Recreation.

Oneida Community (Ltd.) - Oneida, N. Y.

Send 25 cents for "Trapper's Guide," which describes habits of animals and best ways to catch them.

"Hist!" whispered the politician's wife in the dead of night; "there are robbers in the house!"

"Yes," replied the politician, sleepily, "and in the Senate, too. But why should that worry you?"—Philadelphia Press.

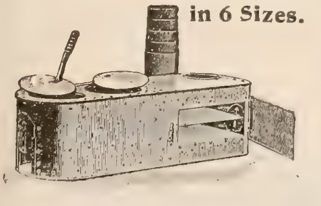
"It is true I have known you but a short time, Miss Roxley," said Mr. Skemmer, "but I assure you my love for you is as deep and boundless as the ocean and——"

"But infinitely more fresh," interrupted the wise heiress.—Philadelphia Press.

I received the Bristol steel rod, and I would not trade it for my father's $18 split bamboo rod. Thank you very much for the premium.

Harry C. Browne, Detroit, Mich.

Practical Common Sense **CAMP STOVE**
in 6 Sizes.



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention Recreation and address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

Seated in an "L" train were Jones and Brown.

Brown: Who is that homely woman at the end of the car?

Jones: That's my wife.

Brown: But you are not looking.

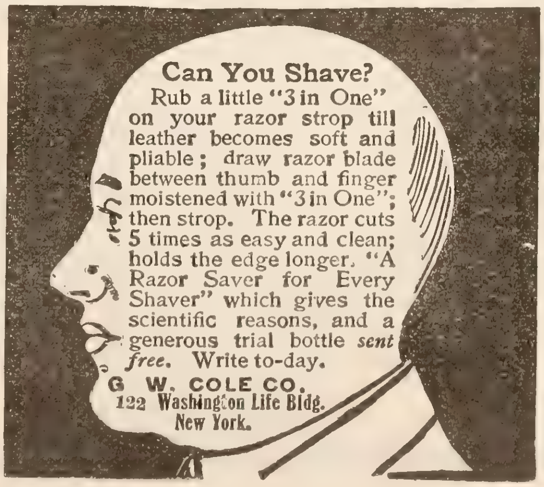
Jones: I don't have to.—Exchange.

First Busy American—Commuting now, are you? How do you like the place you're living in?

Second Busy American—Well, you see, I haven't spent a Sunday there yet, and it's hard to judge a place in the dark.—Life.

The Hawkeye camera arrived in due time and I am much pleased with it. Accept my thanks.

Edward Hamilton, Bridgeport, Conn.

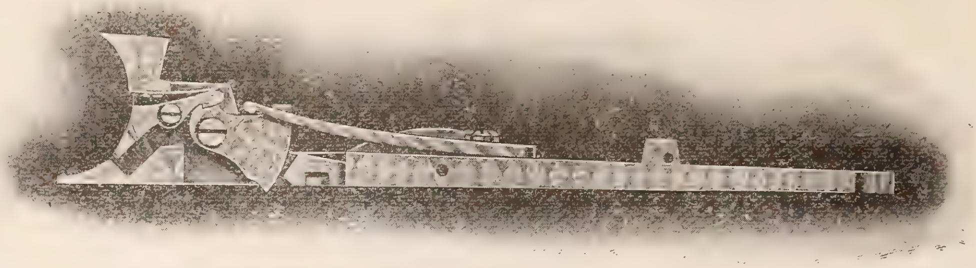


Can You Shave?

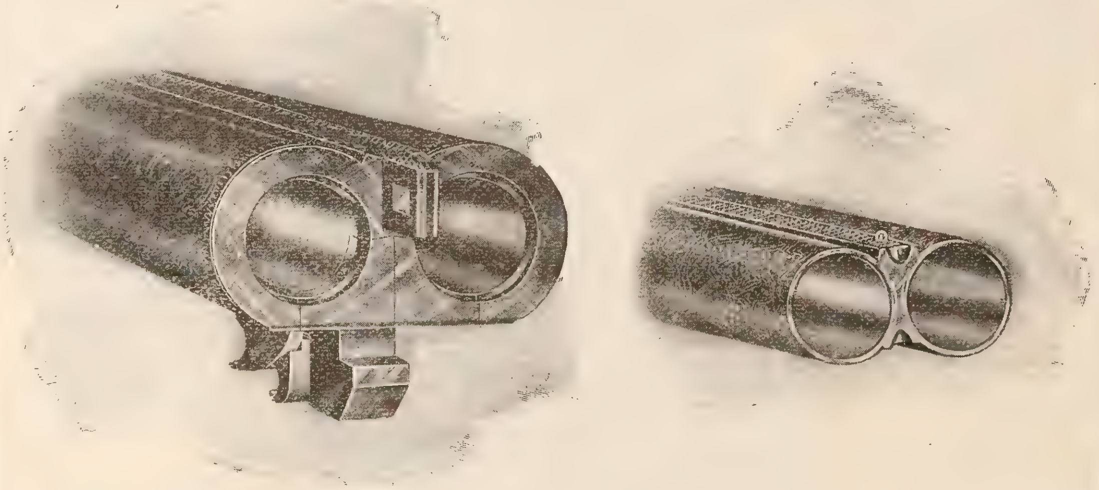
Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle *sent free.* Write to-day.

G. W. COLE CO.
122 Washington Life Bldg.
New York.

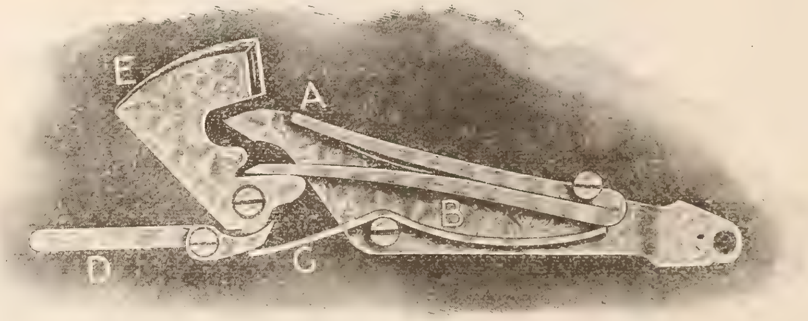
ITHACA GUNS



This cut shows Forend Ejector, Simplest on earth, only three parts, Always works.



Above cuts show the double thick nitro breech with cross bolt and under fastening, the narrow skeleton rib, 6 ounces lighter than any other, tapering gracefully from breech to muzzle.



The simplest, most durable and fastest lock in the world.

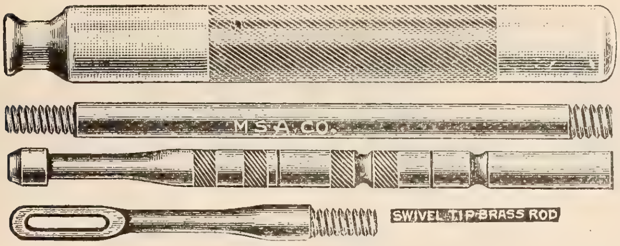
If you don't know what gun to buy order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. **N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.**

Send for Art Catalog and Special prices on 16 Grade Guns, $17.75 to $300.

Mention RECREATION.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
ITHACA NEW YORK

Marble's Revolver Rod.

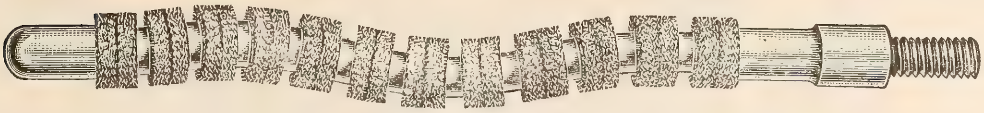


This is a handy and handsome little tool for men who take pride in their arms. The rod proper is made of solid brass with our patented steel swivel. The hollow nickeled handle will hold a Marble cleaner.

For 7½ inch, or 5½ inch barrel and under, choice of ends, price postpaid, $1.00. Mention caliber. Joints are 4 inches long. Extra joints, 15c; ends, 15c.

Marble's Brass Rifle Rod with strong steel joints, postpaid, $1.00.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner



(Garrison's Patent) Brass gauze washers on a spiral spring steel wire.

We knew after the first time we tried this cleaner that it was a wonderful implement and that we would have a large sale for it. But we did not guess big enough, for it is selling faster than any new specialty we ever put out. Why? Because it takes out every particle of burned smokeless powder and lead. Because it does the work faster and easier than any other cleaner. Because it is cheaper, for one will last a man a lifetime. We have one we have used over 200 times in cleaning rifles. It is still in just as good condition for service as ever. It is kept this way by occasional scraping and turning of the washers. We guarantee that it will not harm your rifle.

Price postpaid, 50c. Mention Caliber.

Send for catalogue of extra quality specialties. Mention RECREATION.

Marble Safety Axe Co., Dept. A, Gladstone, Mich.

Yeast—"Whenever some new territory is opened up there is always a rush for the place, is there not?"

Crimsonbeak—"Well, not if a volcano opens up the territory."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Davenport single gun which you sent me several weeks ago for a club of subscribers is well made and shoots exceedingly well. Penetration and pattern are excellent. F. C. F., Palo, Mich.

I received the Mullins "Get There" duck boat and am much pleased with it.
Wm. Collins, Decatur, Ill.

"Here you 2," yelled the stevedore, "handle that gunpowder careful!"

"What's the matter wid it?" demanded Casey and Reilly in one breath.

"Don't you know some of that powder exploded 2 years ago and blowed up 10 men?"

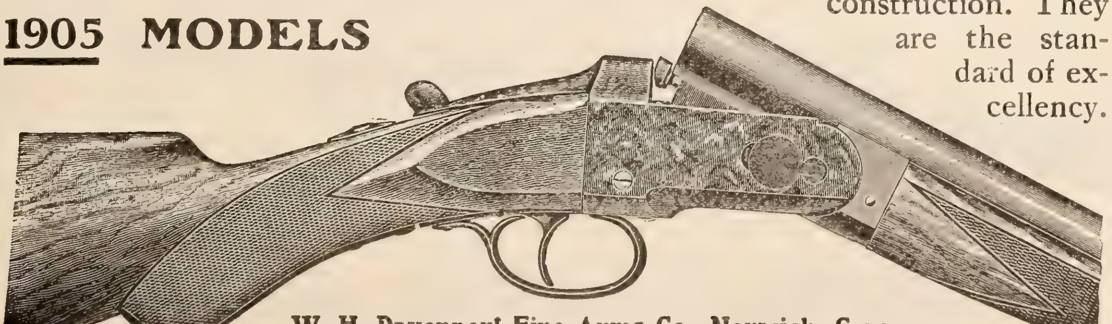
"Sure that couldn't happen now," replied Casey. "There's only 2 of us here."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Farmer—"Hi, there! Can't you see that sign, 'No fishin' on these grounds'?"

Colored Fisherman—"Co'se I kin see de sign. I'se cullid, Boss, but I ain't so ignorant as ter fish on no grounds. I'm fishin' in de crick."—Exchange.

The DAVENPORT 1905 MODELS

Embody all the latest improvements in modern gun construction. They are the standard of excellency.



W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn.

For 15 years

Walsrode Powder

has been the leading and at one time the only

DENSE SMOKELESS POWDER

It always runs regular. Insist upon getting shells loaded with it. If you can't get them, write to

Schoverling, Daly & Gales

302-304 Broadway New York City

Something Special — Playing Cards

Free:—To each person sending me $1 for one year's subscription to Recreation, or sending it direct to be placed to my credit, I will forward all charges prepaid, a pack of elegant gold edge playing cards. These are no cheap second quality cards but first quality of extra selected stock, highly enameled and polished, fancy set pattern backs, each pack wrapped in handsome glazed wrapper and packed in strong telescope case. L. J. Tooley,

141 Burr Oak St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

THE CAMPFIRE.

Cold night weighs down the forest bough,
Strange shapes go flitting through the gloom.
The wilderness is home!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in The Criterion.

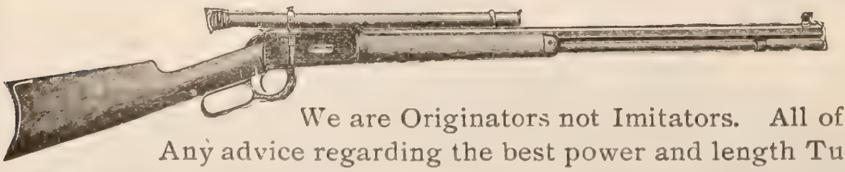
Miss Kremey, (in bookstore): Have you Moore's poems?

Clerk: Yes, miss; I'll get 'em for you. By the way, here's a splendid story called "Just One Kiss."

Miss Kremey (coldly): I want Moore.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST PLACED ON THE MARKET



We are Originators not Imitators. All of our Outfits are first class Any advice regarding the best power and length Tube for Hunting or Target purposes given when requested. *SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE.*

Mention Recreation.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO.

F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.

Established 1857 SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

One of the 9

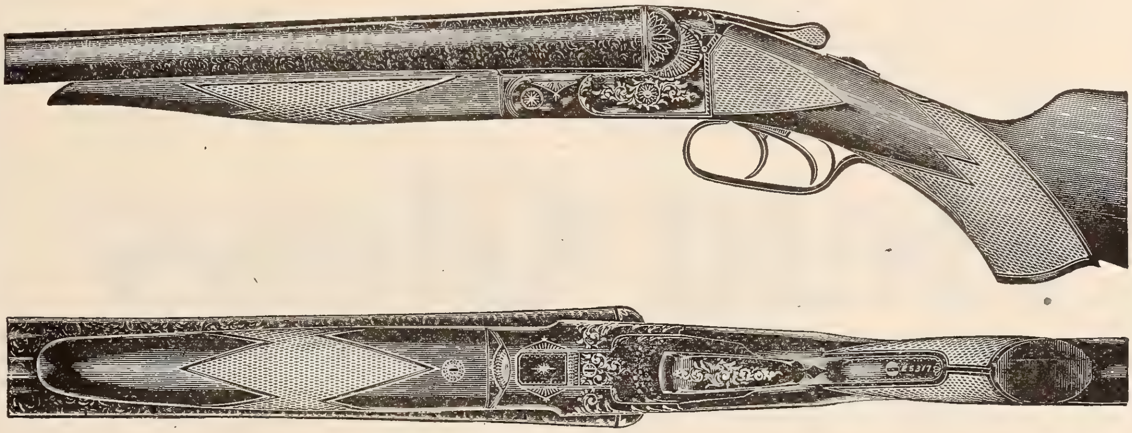
Built for Business

"A" GRADE $80 LIST

In offering this gun to the public, we have combined

ALL OF THE DISTINCTIVE IMPROVEMENTS

which have gained for the "Syracuse" its present prominent position among American Arms.



"A" GRADE

Condensed Description.

BARRELS—Fine quality of Damascus Steel, or if desired, we will furnish Krupp Fluid Pressed Steel Barrels, made at the Krupp Works, Essen, Germany, and imported to our order.

STOCK—Imported Italian Walnut, finely figured and dark rich color. Full pistol or Straight Grip as desired.

AUTOMATIC EJECTOR—With our Patent Non-Ejector device which allows the gun to be instantly changed from an Automatic to a Non-Automatic Ejector.

This model gun is handsomely engraved and cleanly finished, and will compare favorably with any gun on the market listing at $100.00.

All "Syracuse" guns for 1905 will be built with our New Compensating Double Cross Bolt; and Frames Inletted into Stock, thus preventing the spreading or splitting of same.

Catalogue yours for the asking. Mention "Recreation."

SYRACUSE ARMS CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Here Is Another!

If you will send me 15 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

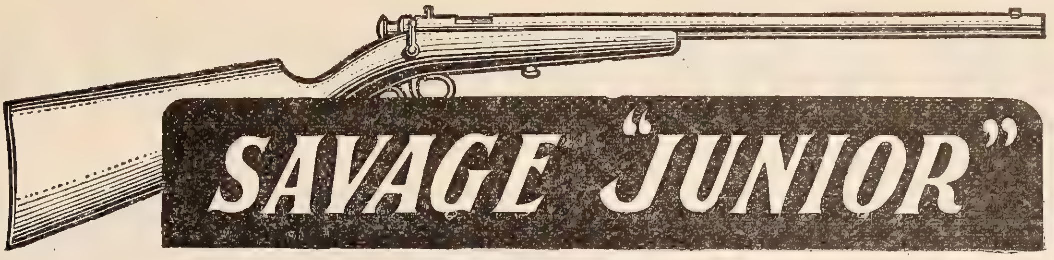
I will send you a high-grade, powerful

Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. Cit,**


SAVAGE "JUNIOR" Price $4.

It is "Savage Quality" all Through

While the Savage "Junior" is a bolt action rifle, it is radically different than any other rifle of this type on the market. Like all other Savage rifles it is distinctly ingenious and workmanship the best. Shoots short long and long rifle cartridges. Perfect accuracy guaranteed. *If your dealer can not supply you*, send us $4. and we will deliver to any address in U. S.

Savage Arms Co.

Catalogue No. G, Free **Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.**

"Been in a fight?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Not exactly," replied the absent minded man. "While shaving myself this morning I tried to lather myself with the razor."—Chicago Daily News.

Gabber—You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody.

Miss Duncan (wearily)—I wish he was here now.—Tit-Bits.

"Dear Teacher—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same you will oblige her mother."—Tit-Bits.

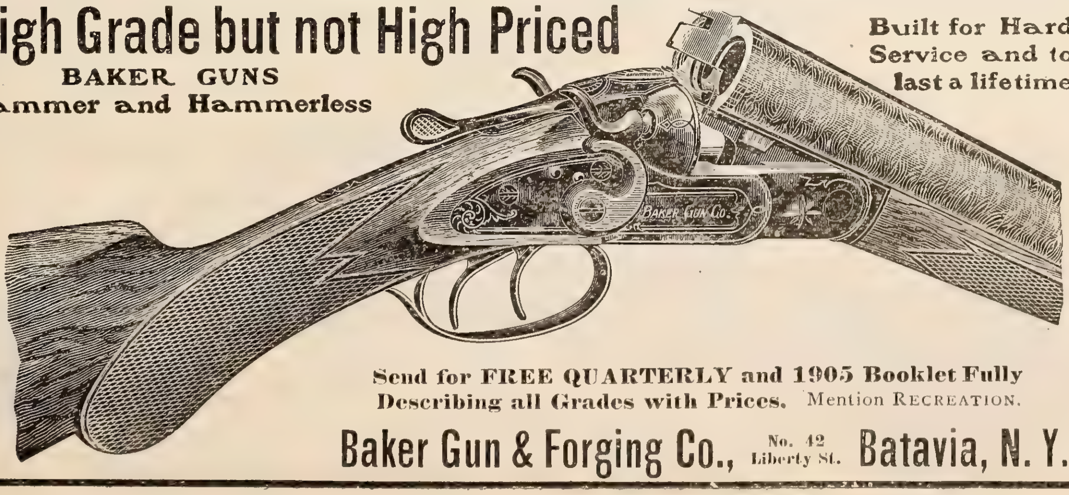
Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt.,
Dear Sirs, I received the Comet shells you sent me by express. Please accept my thanks. I have been using your powder this fall and am much pleased with it. Have recommended it to all my friends.
Frank E. Busiel, Laconia, N. H.

Fond Papa: Johnny, the stork has brought a new baby to our house; would you like to see it?

Little Johnny: No; but I would like to see the stork.—Chicago Journal.

"Johnny, do you like to go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I like coming home, too, but I don't like staying there between times."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.


BAKER GUN Co.
High Grade but not High Priced
BAKER GUNS
Hammer and Hammerless

Built for Hard Service and to last a lifetime

Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1905 Booklet Fully Describing all Grades with Prices. Mention RECREATION.

Baker Gun & Forging Co., No. 42 Liberty St. **Batavia, N. Y.**

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

An Appropriate Present
would be a set of beautiful

Hunting and Fishing Pictures

15 Plates —— Size for framing, 18x24 inches

SUBJECTS:

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Mallard Shooting—Black Bass Fishing
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These 15 plates are lithographed in true colors of nature, and altogether make one of the finest series of pictures of out-door sports ever published.

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I have bought the last of them and can furnish a complete set for

15 Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation

Or will sell at $10 a Set

Address

RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St.

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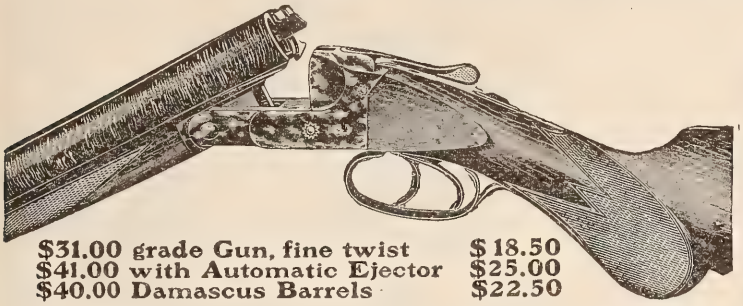
Special Bargains in Hammerless Guns

We offer at these SPECIAL PRICES a small lot of a Standard American make Breech Loading Double Guns



$31.00 grade Gun, fine twist	**$18.50**
$41.00 with Automatic Ejector	**$25.00**
$40.00 Damascus Barrels	**$22.50**

Entirely new. Made on Interchangeable System. Top Lever Action. Greener style Cross Bolt-Pistol stock. 26, 28 and 30 inch. 12 and 16 bores, at the following **Exceptional Prices:**

Send $5 with order, and if the Gun is not satisfactory upon receipt it may be returned and money refunded less cost of expressage. Or if the whole amount of money is sent with order a Victoria Canvas Case is included.

Always in stock a full line of high-grade GUNS

W. & C. SCOTT, JOS. LANG & SON, London

and others, in addition to Parker, Remington and all the American makes.

JUST NOW ON HAND
Also large lot **"Hammer Double Guns,"** ten and twelve bores, many of them second-hand, taken in trade. Prices **$8 to $15**

Also lot of **Lee Straight-Pull Magazine Rifles,** small bore, made by the Winchester Arms Company and cost over $25 each, long range and very accurate, in nice refinished brown, condition same as new. Suitable for target or hunting. Price, each **$7.50**

Send Six Cents in stamps for Catalogue of New, also of Second-hand Guns

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

"You have a tough looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of the magistrate who had dropped in at the police court.

"Huh!" rejoined the dispenser of justice, "you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."—Chicago Daily News.

Statistics show that the average height of the American woman is 2 inches more than it was 25 years ago. Yes, they come higher, but we must have them.—New York Sun.

THE BOSTONIAN'S INCIDENTAL REMARK.

He—Will you marry me?

She—No, thank you.

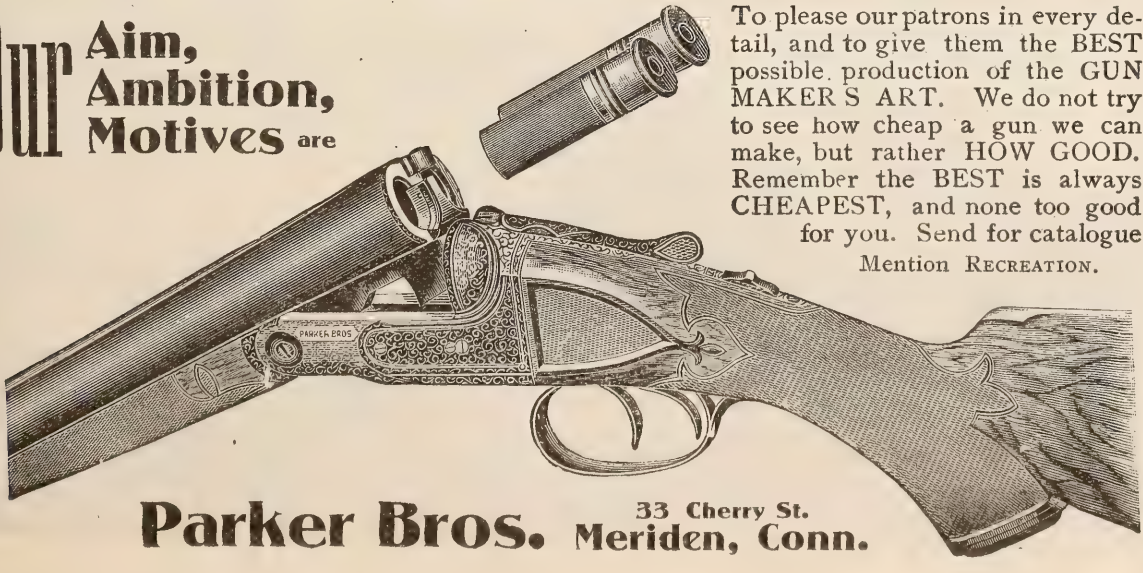
He—I thought perhaps you wouldn't. How do you like that continued story that is running now in The Atlantic?—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

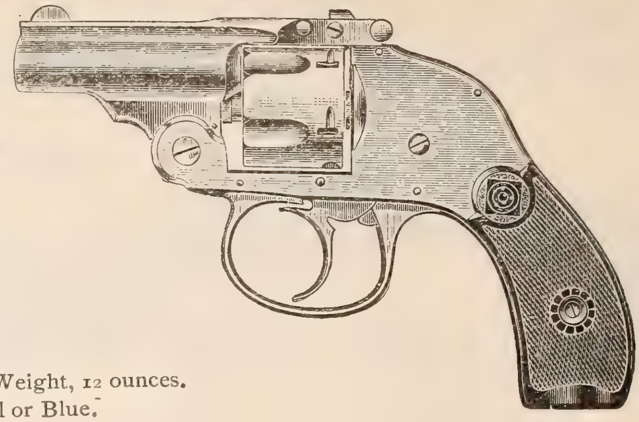
"It won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Our Aim, Ambition, Motives are

To please our patrons in every detail, and to give them the BEST possible production of the GUN MAKER'S ART. We do not try to see how cheap a gun we can make, but rather HOW GOOD. Remember the BEST is always CHEAPEST, and none too good for you. Send for catalogue
Mention RECREATION.



Parker Bros. 33 Cherry St.
Meriden, Conn.



H. & R.
"Bicycle Hammerless" Revolver

Description
32 Caliber, 5 shot. 2 inch Barrel. Weight, 12 ounces.
C. F., S. & W. Cartridge. Finish, Nickel or Blue.

Impossible to catch on the pocket and discharge accidentally.

Absolutely Safe. Although designed for cyclists, this revolver is equally adapted to all cases where a small, light weight, effective and handy pocket weapon is desired. It has a small frame and automatic ejector. Sold direct where dealers will not supply. Mention RECREATION when writing.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.

Makers of H. & R. SINGLE GUNS

Catalog for Postal
Dept. R.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Mr. Klose: I'm glad to see some women have begun a crusade against the killing of birds for hat trimmings. It certainly is a cruel——.

Mrs. Klose: It is cruel, dear, and I just hate to wear my last winter's hat, because it has a bird in it. I saw a lovely hat down town to-day for $40 that hasn't even a feather in it. Let me buy it to-morrow.—Philadelphia Press.

I was asked by a charming young Mrs.:
"Pray, what's the best way to give krs.?"
Then, in spite of her fears,
I seized both her ears,
And showed her, and said: "My dear, thrs.!" —Exchange.

Tommy—Ma, I wish you'd give me some cake.

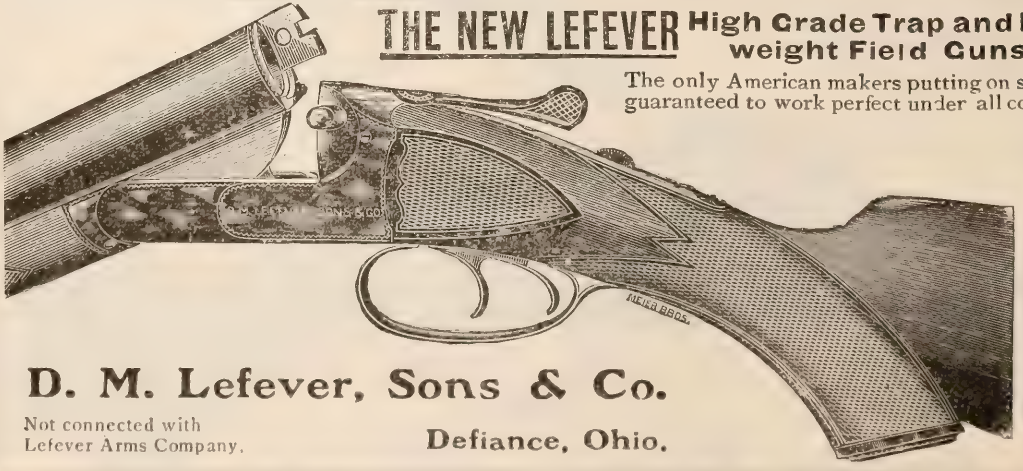
Mother—Tommy! Didn't I tell you not to ask for any cake?

Tommy—I ain't askin'; I'm jest wishin'.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Bristol rod you sent me as a premium is beautiful and seems like a gift, as it was only a few minutes' pleasure, not work, to secure these subscriptions. Thank you for your promptness and courtesy.

Chas. D. Johnson, Jamestown, N. Y.

He who fights and runs away
From awful battle scenes,
May live to write them up some day
For all the magazines. —Puck.


D.M.LEFEVER SONS & CO.
MEIER BROS.

THE NEW LEFEVER **High Grade Trap and Featherweight Field Guns**

The only American makers putting on single trigger guaranteed to work perfect under all conditions.

PRICE
$60 TO
$400

Send for
1904
Catalogue

D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co.

Not connected with
Lefever Arms Company.

Defiance, Ohio.

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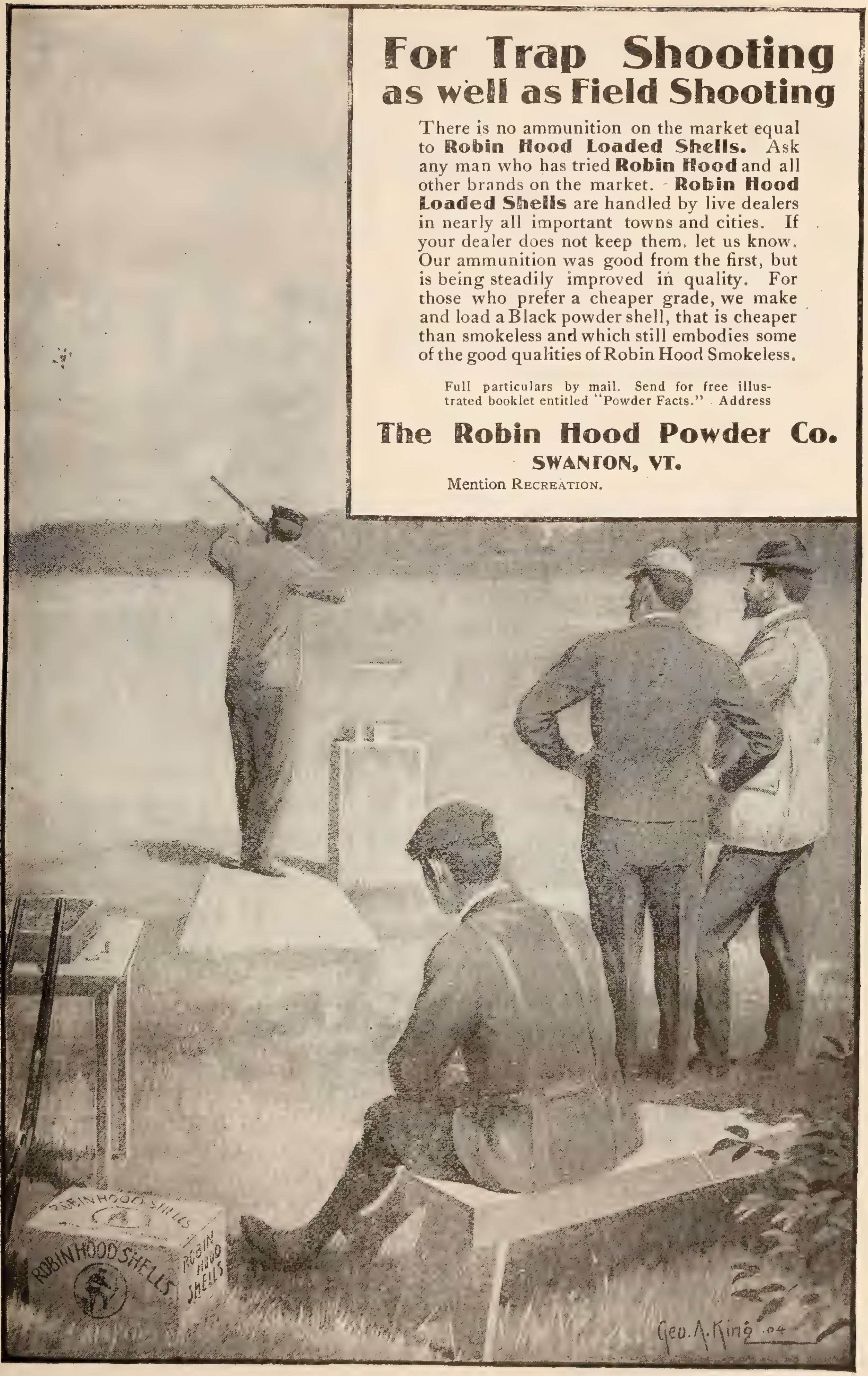

For Trap Shooting as well as Field Shooting

There is no ammunition on the market equal to **Robin Hood Loaded Shells.** Ask any man who has tried **Robin Hood** and all other brands on the market. **Robin Hood Loaded Shells** are handled by live dealers in nearly all important towns and cities. If your dealer does not keep them, let us know. Our ammunition was good from the first, but is being steadily improved in quality. For those who prefer a cheaper grade, we make and load a Black powder shell, that is cheaper than smokeless and which still embodies some of the good qualities of Robin Hood Smokeless.

Full particulars by mail. Send for free illustrated booklet entitled "Powder Facts." Address

The Robin Hood Powder Co.
SWANTON, VT.

Mention RECREATION.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Here is a Chance to Get a FINE CAMERA EASILY

A Petite Century, No. 2, 4x5, listed at $15, for 15 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION.

A Century Camera, model 42, 4x5, listed at $24, for 24 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION.

These are both neat, compact, well-made and handsomely finished cameras, capable of doing high-class work.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

Address RECREATION

23 West 24th St. New York.

That Strangers May Know I Offer a Dollar's Worth Free

I know of a remedy for certain forms of illness that brings the utmost relief that medicine can. I am so sure of it that to any ailing one who has not tried it, I will willingly give a full dollar's worth free to test.

My offer is born of confidence unlimited. I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

Mine is no ordinary remedy. It represents thirty years of experiment—thirty years at bedsides—in laboratories—at hospitals. Thirty years of the richest experience a physician can have. I tell below wherein my remedy differs, radically, from other medicines.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. To one and to all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free, the full dollar package.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up and strengthens it and makes it well.

Many Ailments, One Cure

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "Sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads to another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed.

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

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The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

This offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar lay before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

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Constipation
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Dandruff—Dropsy
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Fevers—Gall Stones
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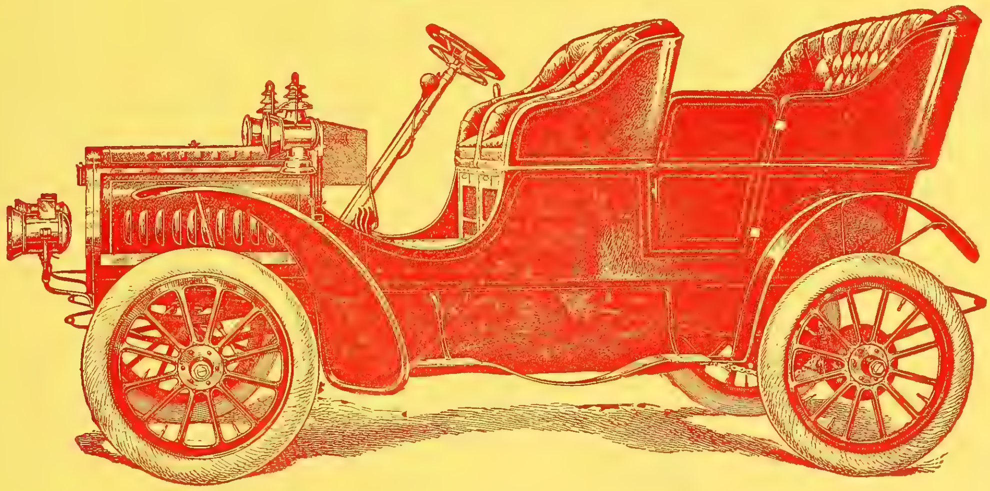

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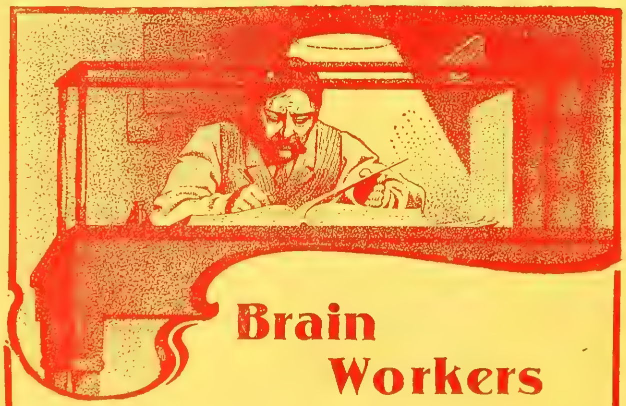

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

PAGE
Tom Got Close to the Mink before it saw Him .... FRONTISPIECE
A Golfing Incident .... S. L. E. 77
A Salt-water Yacht in Fresh Water. Illustrated .... G. H. WINANS 79
Yacht Racing in 1905. Illustrated .... EDWARD MCSWEENEY 83
How the Water Habit Grows. Illustrated 87
The Bachelor's Chant. Poem .... T. E. B. HENRY 89
Cheap Yachting. Illustrated .... W. S. QUIGLEY 91
A Successful Motor Canoe. Illustrated .... A. D. W. SMITH 95
The Cruise of the Restless. Illustrated .... WARREN E. KELLEY 97
At Sea in a 90-footer. Illustrated .... STANLEY G. BONE 101
Canoeing in the Land of the White Pine .... A. S. HAWKS 105
The Amateur Trappers .... CHARLEY APOPKA 107
Old-fashioned Cake. Poem .... EMMA G. CURTIS 108
Have You? .... CLEMENT VOSE 131
Another Warning to Florida .... M. D. EWELL, M. D. 132
From the Game Fields 109
Fish and Fishing 113
Guns and Ammunition 115
Natural History 118
The League of American Sportsmen 120
Automobile Notes 123
Forestry 125
Pure and Impure Foods 127
Publisher's Notes 129
Editor's Corner 133
Amateur Photography 140

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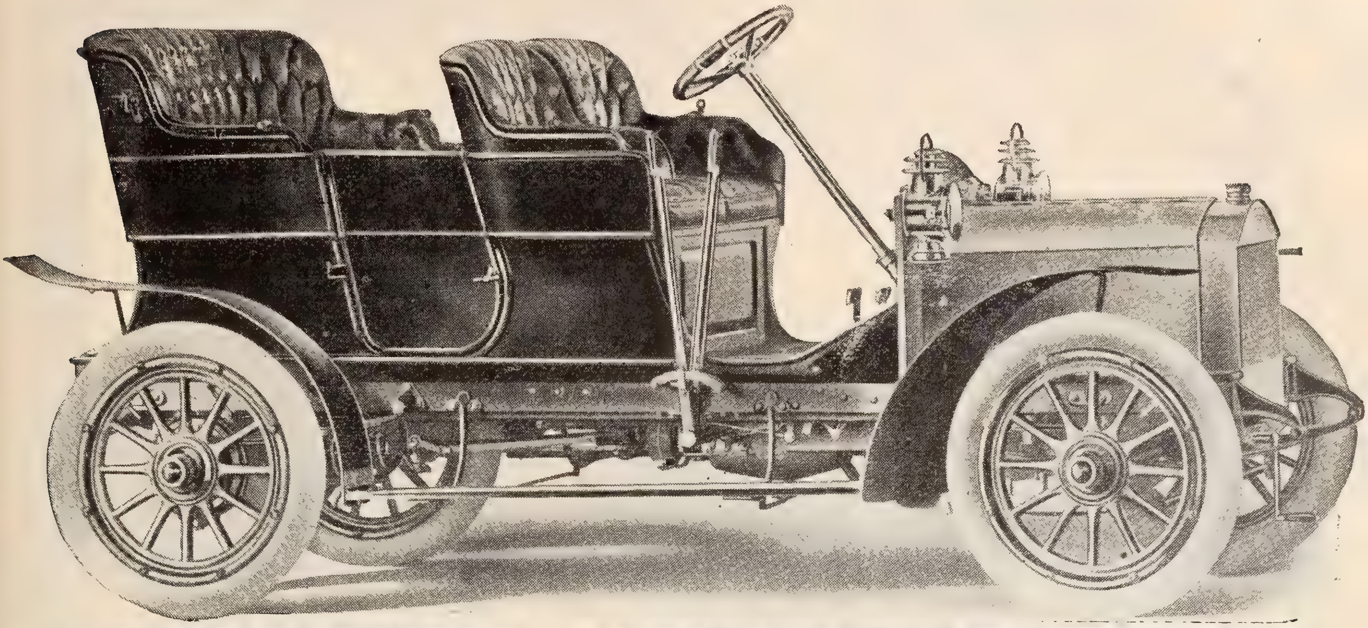

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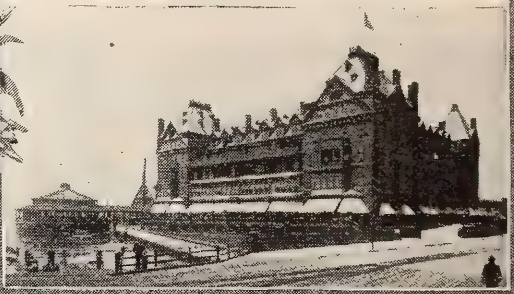

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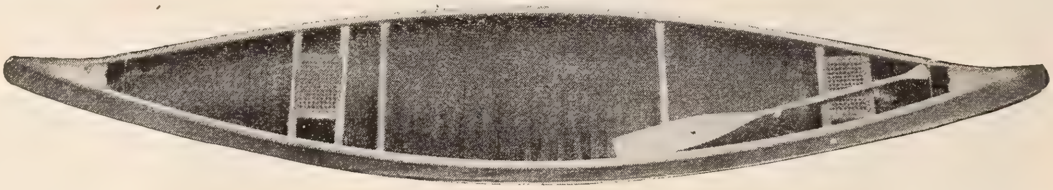

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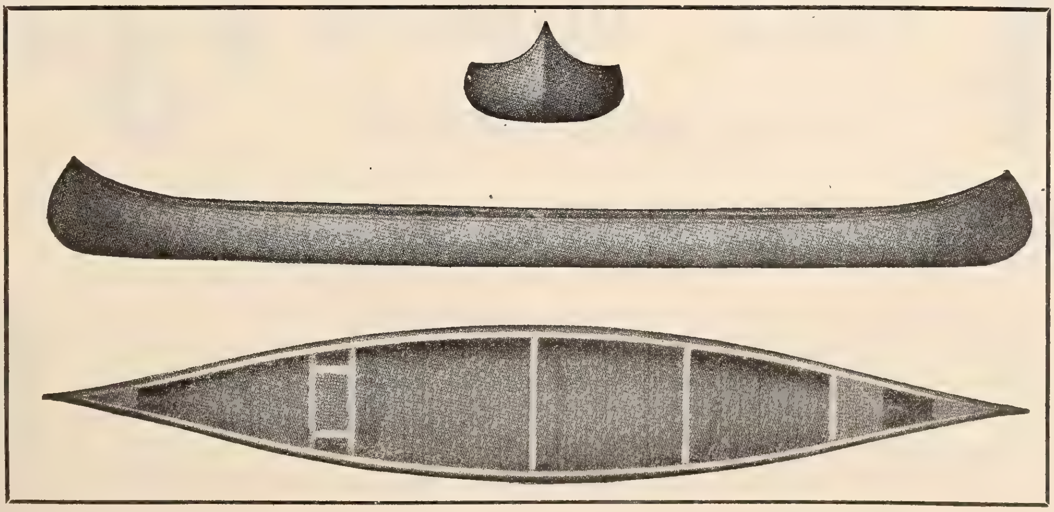

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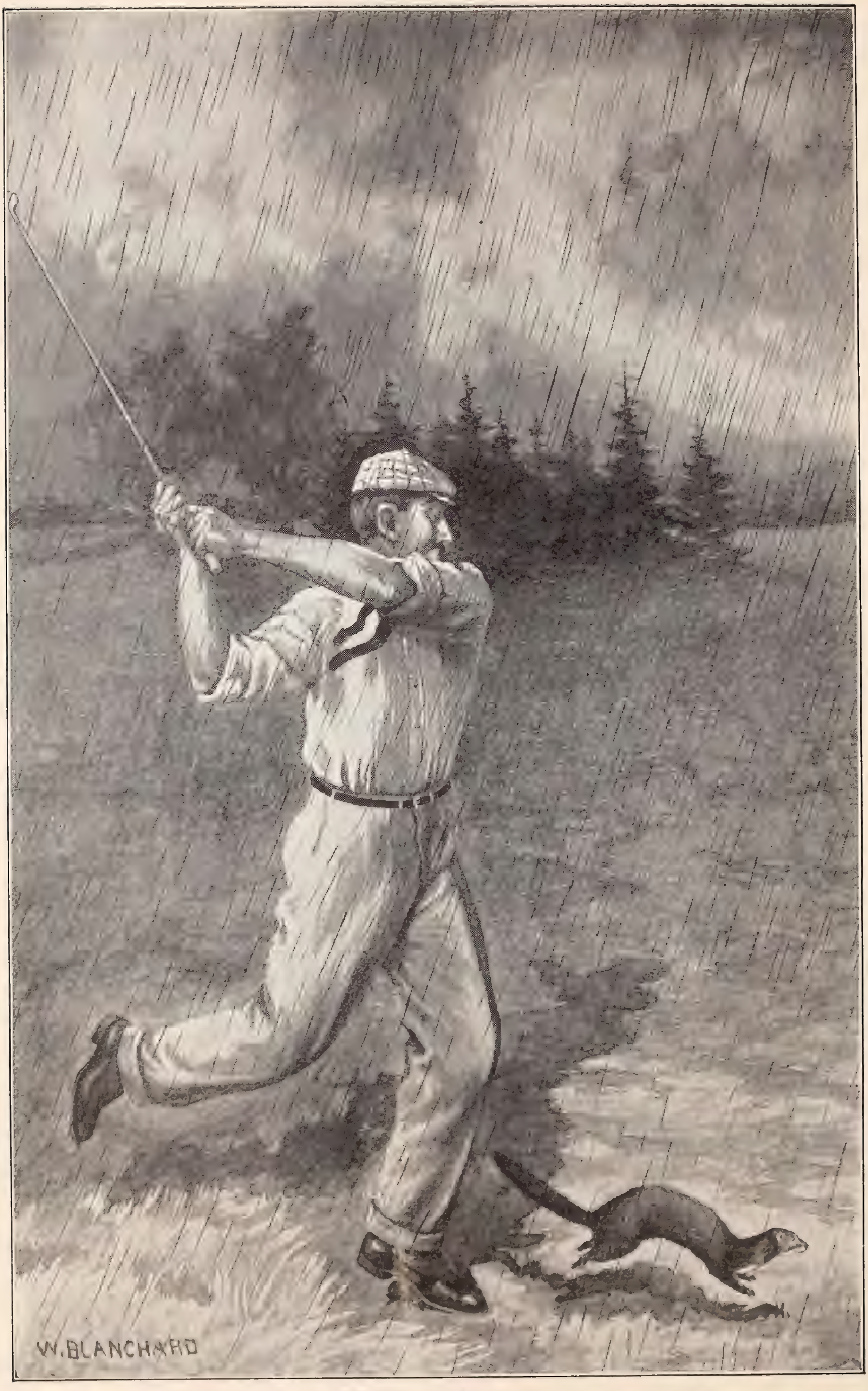

W. BLANCHARD

"TOM GOT CLOSE TO THE MINK BEFORE IT SAW HIM."

RECREATION.

Volume XXII. FEBRUARY, 1905 Number 2

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

A GOLFING INCIDENT.

S. L. E.

Tom, my brother-in-law, came home about 5 o'clock and said:

"How about golf to-night?"

I got ready at once, and after a light lunch, we boarded a car for South Park, arriving at the golf grounds shortly before 6. It was a beautiful evening, rather breezy, and threatening rain, but we did not suppose it was coming soon. It was to be my third attempt at golf, and I have still to acquire the stroke and the lingo. I got the first hole in 17, and Tom got it in 6. We were nearing the second hole, when Tom said,

"Gee! we are going to get wet."

I looked, and there was a big black cloud, coming right at us. Tom said,

"We couldn't get half way back, so we would better get under a tree."

I was afraid of lightning, but he said there was no lightning, and it wouldn't strike a tree like that anyway, so as the drops commenced to come, we got under the tree, scarcely half a minute after the first sight of the cloud. It was amusing to watch the golfers scurrying for shelter. A picnic party who thought they were secure under a big tree, suddenly started to pile tables on end, to make a shelter for the ladies, who evidently found it too damp under the tree. The rain, which commenced with big scattered drops, soon went through the tree we were under, as if it was a sieve, and we were getting nicely drenched, when suddenly Tom said,

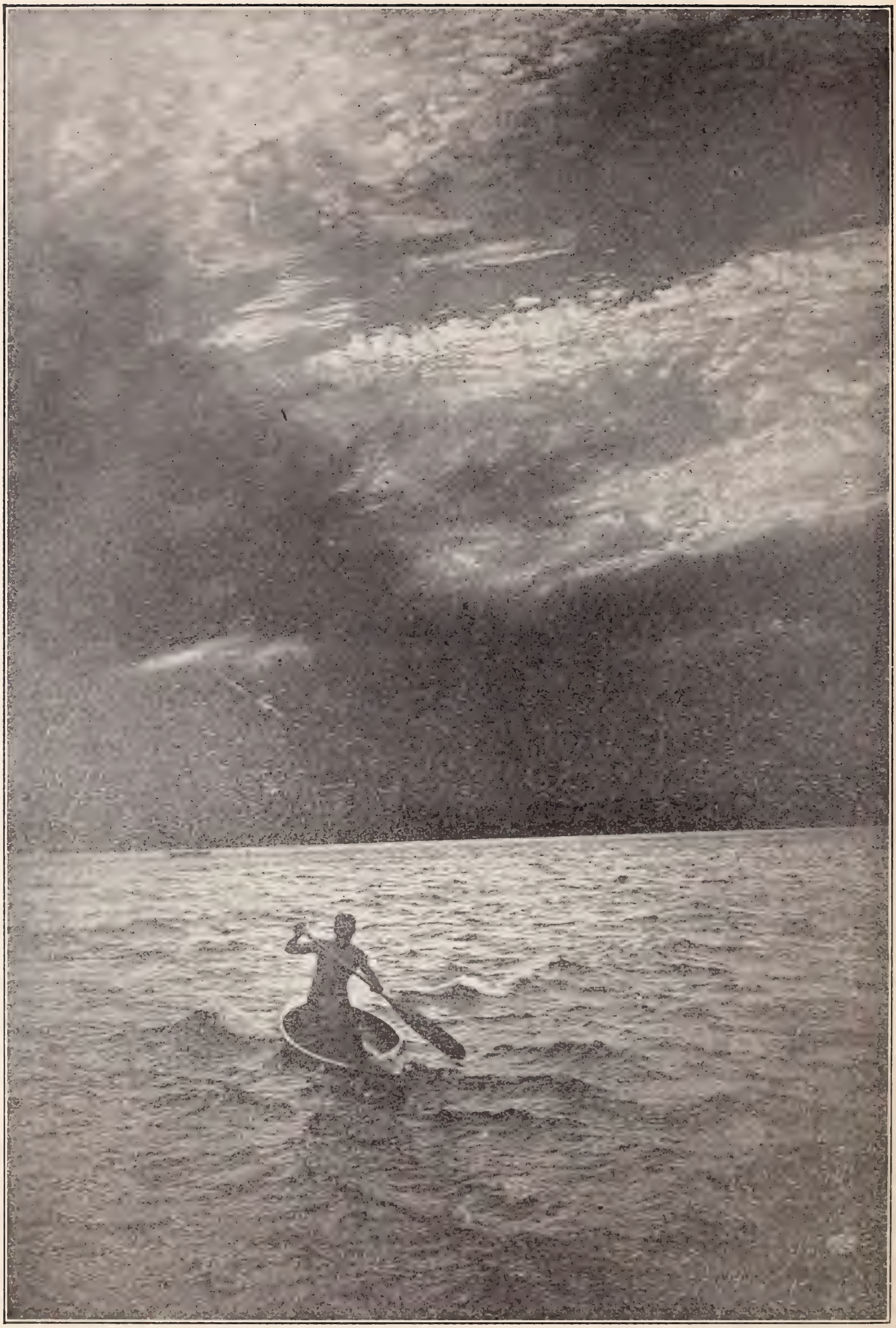
"What's that? Why, it's a mink!"

Looking across the green, I saw a funny, long black animal running toward us. Tom dropped the golf sticks, all but the mid-iron, and darted out in the rain, and then I saw the funniest chase it has ever been my fortune to witness. Tom got quite close to the mink before it saw him. Then it stopped, turned, and began a marvelous exhibition of dodging and twisting. Tom seemed possessed, and was more like an Indian or a wild animal than a civilized human being. He could beat the mink running, and was always on its heels, but it turned and dodged so quickly, that he couldn't strike it. Across the green, and under the trees, and over the muddy road they went, and all the time I was shouting at Tom, that he would be fined if he killed it, but I don't think he would have heard a cannon, had it been fired then. It all ended by Tom's aiming a tremendous stroke at the poor mink, just as if it had been a golf ball, and he was making a 200 yard drive, but he didn't have time to stop to get position, so when he missed the mink, he lost his feet and brought up sitting in the wet grass. His cap flew one way and the golf club another, and by the time he had got on his feet, the mink was going over the bank, into the river.

All this happened, while the rain was coming down in sheets. Tom came back, under the tree, panting and laughing, with his clothes as wet as if he had tumbled into the river. He said,

"I am glad I didn't hit it. What did I want with it anyway!"

We laughed until the rain stopped, which it did in a few minutes. Then we played back along the course, and were dry long before we got through.



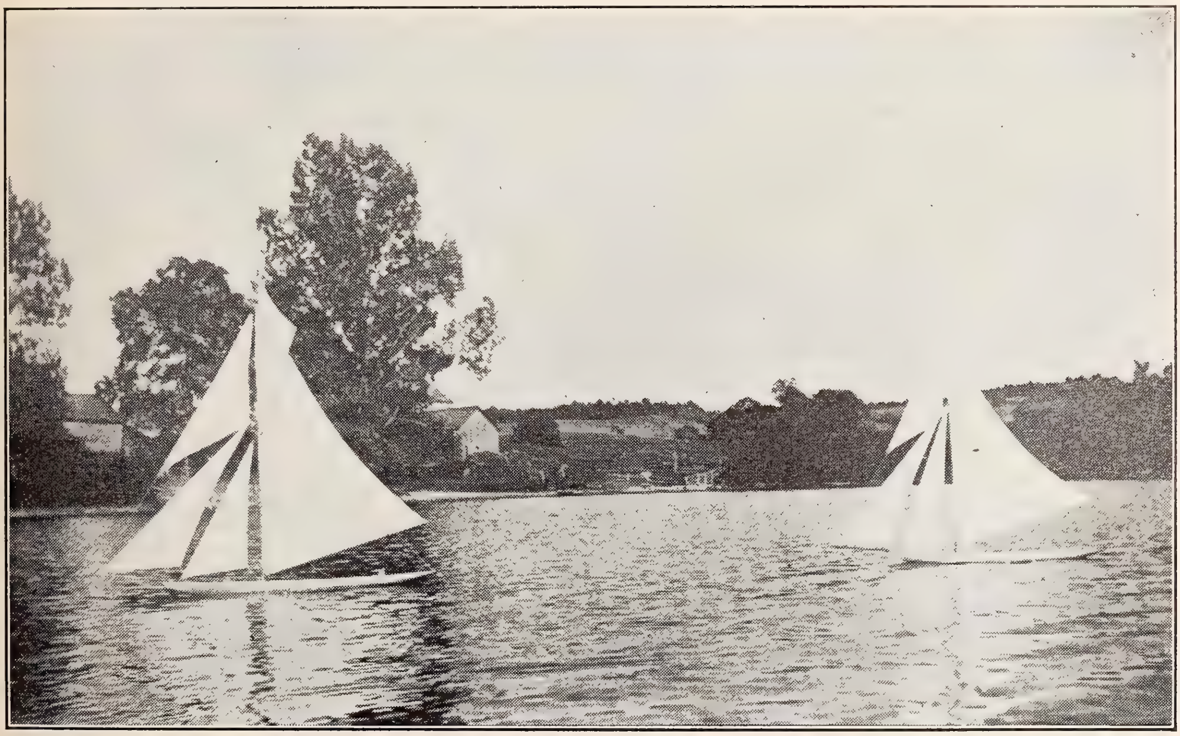
AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. L. BAER.

SCUDDING FOR THE SHORE.
Made with a Premo Camera, Bausch & Lomb Lens.

A SALT-WATER YACHT IN FRESH WATER.

G. H. WINANS.

I wish everyone who buys a yacht "sight unseen" could be as perfectly satisfied as I am with my venture in the purchase of the Vayu. Having never owned a real down East boat, as destructive in its architecture as a Parisian gown, I was caught by a natty advertisement; and after negotiations the Vayu was delivered to me at Buffalo the first of July, 1903. I depended entirely on the representations of her owners as to her condition etc., and every statement made was more than substantiated in her appearance and condition. She came through the canal. I knew she was in Buffalo, but although I made diligent inquiry at the canal tugboat office, no one had seen her. Late in the day, I found a tugboat captain who had seen a strange yacht behind a big lumber dock right up in town where I had passed numerous times looking for her. He kindly took me over and I shall never forget my first impression of my Boston beauty. She is not young, in fact, she is a kind of bachelor maid; but like many of the latter, she does not show her years and looks like the sweet Miss she really is.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO L. RAMSAY

RACE ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER.

My former yachts, of which I have had several in the last 20 years, were home grown and looked it; regular Reubens, like nearly all the lake-sailing yachts, strong, but homely, honest but freckle-faced. Vayu, the dear little ship, is without a check or a spot or a misfit joint; built to wear a lifetime and as good today as when she first slid into the sea at her Boston home. Every line and everything about her, inside and outside, was what I wanted; a yacht built for sea work, not for fair weather sailing; so I was happy.

Her genial sailing master, whom the former owner sent with her from Philadelphia, had instructions to see that I was perfectly satisfied, and he did see it. I was only sorry he could not go with me to Lake Michigan, but he had to be back in Philadelphia. I parted regretfully with so competent and gentlemanly a sailor and looked around for a hand at Buffalo. I soon found 2, Jack and Pete, of fair ability as yachtsmen and great ability at whiskey and gin. Pete became a regular tank. Still, with good charts I was at home aboard such a ship, the safest in the middle of the lake.

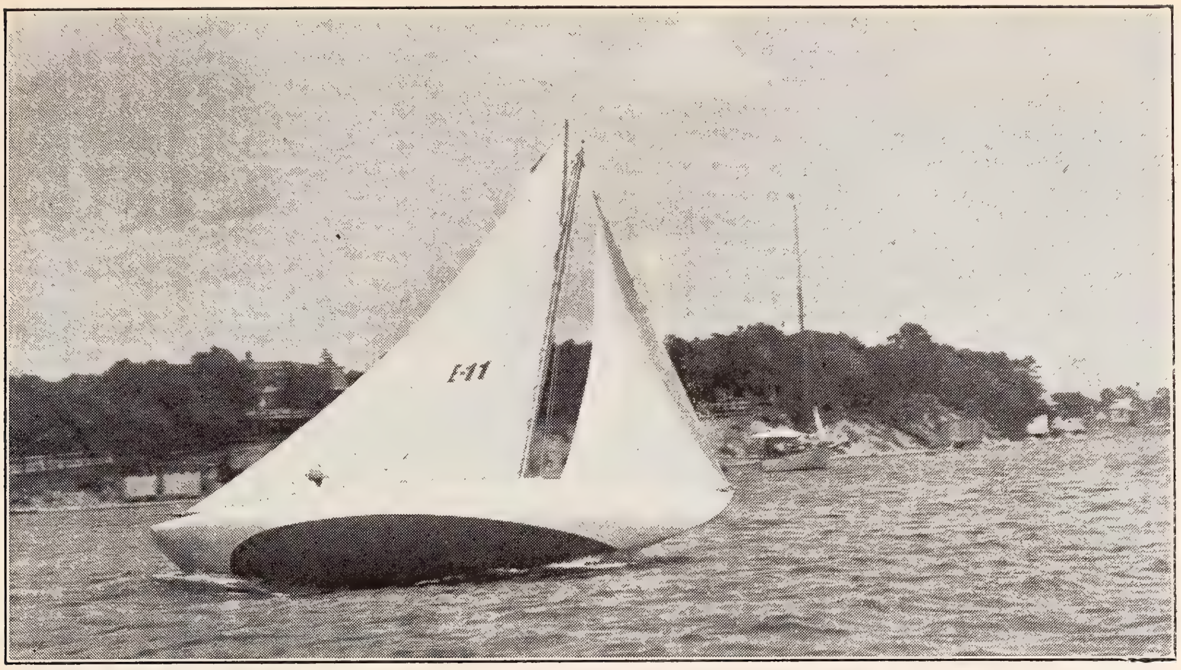
After putting provisions aboard and stretching lines and canvas a little, 2 a. m. July 4th found us working out of the Buffalo Yacht Club basin for the West. When well outside the harbor and with the pale streaks of early dawn we got a light Northerly wind, which gradually freshened to a topsail breeze. We kept near the Canada shore during the day, and at night, the wind being light, put into a little harbor 110 miles from Buffalo. There we stayed until 4 a. m.; then put out again for an all day drift and 25 miles more were counted off.

A good night's rest, an early start and the next night we were in Detroit river, making the little town of Amherst, in Canada. Such anchorage! The current there runs fully 5 miles and we kept grinding around on our anchor chain all night. An early start and fair wind took us to Belle Isle for supper. I had charts of the river, as the 7-foot draught of Vayu made me think I required them, but when I saw the traffic through the river all I had to do was to look at some one of Rockefeller's 400-foot yachts ahead or behind to know just where to go. Sailing through the river is needless, as a tow can easily be found. However, I did not care to have the bitts yanked out of my yacht by catching on to one of those 15-mile fellows, and the slow ones were all going the wrong way; so I sailed along until well up in the St. Clair river, about 10 miles from Port Huron. There, in a narrow reach, with a 5-mile current, a fair light wind made us 3 miles in one day. Sunday we lay at anchor, and late that afternoon a captain offered to take my line for the price of a keg. He took the line and that night we were in Port Huron. We went over to Sanilac, Canada side, and anchored. From there to Lake Huron is about 3 miles, and the rapids run 7 miles an hour, so that sailing is out of the question unless a genial gale from the right way comes along.

I could not find a tow and the tugs were all busy over on the Port Huron side, but late in the day a big tug, with a wide, long boom, came along for Georgian bay. She just moved when she struck the rapids and the boom swung our way; so awaiting our opportunity, with anchor short, we caught the last log. Then we ran our line through the chain so we could let go when we wished, and were off.

ONE OF THE MILLIONAIRES' YACHTS.

The tug did not seem to like it and kept whistling to us to let go, but he was a mile away, busy, and so were we. About 10 p. m. the wind came up strong and fair. We slipped our line and were headed for Mackinaw. While we had been in Lake Erie and the river the air had been 95 to 100 in the shade, but out in the lake the cool South wind was delicious. A good glass of 12 year old, a big charge of choice Havana in a briar bowl, a steamer rug



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. GRAFFAM.

WELL HEELED.

thrown around me, the wind whistling softly through the rigging, the little ship making 7 or 8 knots fair, what matters?

Harbors in that portion of Lake Huron are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, and Sand Beach, 65 miles from Port Huron, is the first good one. It is a made harbor, large breakwaters enclosing a good anchorage, and is accessible in all weathers. We held a little to one side of the regular steamer course, keeping about 10 miles off shore, as so many boats pass there it is a good plan to do so. The wind held steady and fair until about 3 a. m., when off to the North the banking clouds told us to look for a change. The heavy bank came up rapidly against the wind, but Vayu had her mainsail double reefed and her storm jib set before the storm came in, with a whistle and a bang, from dead ahead and hard to. It did not take much of a sailor to know we were in for a 25-mile thrash to windward, in a gale, but I knew the Vayu by that time, and if Mackinaw, 300 miles away, had been the port she would have made it. As the gale increased and the wind-blown spray from the Vayu's bow wet my face, I could but think what a different feeling I should have had if under me had been one of those modern cigar-box constructions of which too many disgrace the name yacht. I was aboard a yacht old enough to vote, but sound and solid; one of Lawley & Son's best construction, perfect as the day she stretched her white wings for the first time and still a yacht; a ship good for a trip around the globe if I should desire. Not so fast as a nice shore sailor's up-to-date mandolin toy, in a summer breeze, but one that can show her cards and spades in a sailor's wind. I watched with increasing delight as the long crests from the 300 miles of water ahead rolled under and past us and the dear little ship went merrily on, making good time, close and by, in and over the long rollers.

As the gale increased the sea got easier, the short chop grew into long, easy waves, and the 40-foot Vayu could slide on a single one. Taking 15-mile stretches, we got into Sand Beach for supper, and no sooner were we at anchor than several visitors came aboard. They said the captain of the Life-Saving Station wondered what kind of a craft we had, for he had never seen a yacht of her size come up against such a wind and such a sea. There were 4 barges and 3 sailing vessels in; also a large steam yacht from Detroit, to escape the blow. For various reasons we had not had much dinner, and the big layout for supper was well cleaned up. Pete was a good hand in the galley, as well as aloft, and if his inordinate love of whiskey could only be spoiled he would make a good yacht sailor.

The next day we lay at anchor and listened to the howl of the gale. A bright red sky at night betokened good weather and at daylight we were off. Two days and 3 nights followed at sea, before we reached Mackinaw Isle, and the next day we made 75 miles in 10 hours, to our destination.

Vayu seemed to like the fresh water lakes, and I only hope her health may be as good here as in the salt water, where she has lived. Dear little ship, frozen in the ice away from her home and beautiful companions, how lonely she must be! But next summer I shall take her visiting over to Chicago and Milwaukee, where she can find others like herself and perhaps some old schoolmate from Boston.

A LIVE WILD SILVERTIP.

WILD ELK ON A MOUNTAIN PLATEAU.

AMATEUR PHOTOS BY N. W. FROST.

A STAMPEDE.

Winners of the Special Prize in RECREATION'S 9th Annual Photo Competition.

YACHT RACING IN 1905.

EDWARD M'SWEENEY.

Yachtsmen, excluding those counterfeit sailors whose mental and nautical equipment for the sport does not exceed a few salty phrases, a blue coat and a pair of white flannel trousers, hail with satisfaction the fact that the coming summer will bring forth no contest for the America's Cup. These costly and intermittent affairs, while a source of great interest to yachtsmen, and an extraordinary attraction to the non-seafaring public, invariably strangle, for the season, the small boat racing of all the various clubs along the coast and the Sound.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. GRAFFAM

ROUNDING THE BUOY.
Winner of the 17th Prize in RECREATION'S 9th Annual Photo Competition.

Small boat competition, in which the yacht owner handles his own craft and steers his own course, is the true yachtsman's delight. Of this fundamental class of the sport, of which the America's Cup races are ornate but artificial developments, there promises to be a plenty in the coming season of 1905.

For the public interest, however, one race has already been arranged which, besides eliminating the undesirable features of the 90-footer affairs off Sandy Hook, while conserving their international quality, will afford a splendid test of daring, broad and thorough seamanship. This event is the transatlantic race for a gold cup offered by the German Emperor, and the details of the contest have just been completed.

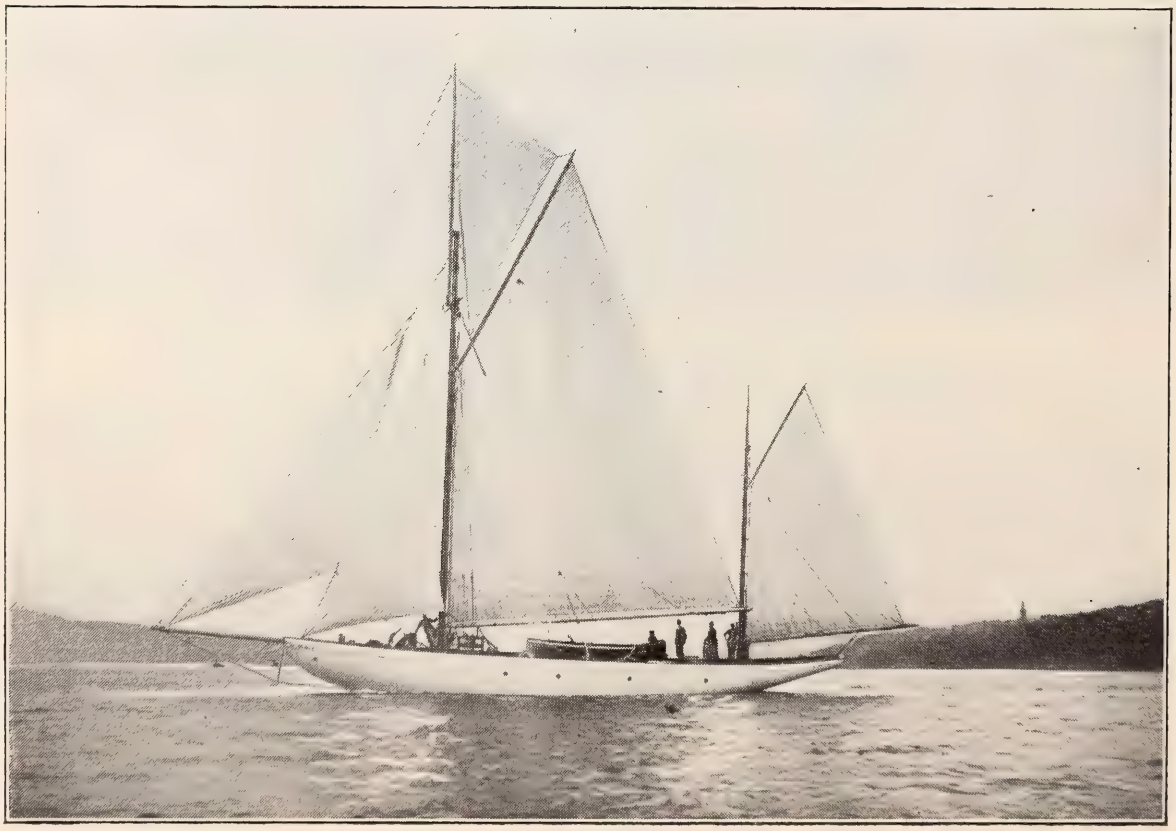
The Emperor intended originally to offer the cup through the New York Yacht Club, and Sir Thomas Lipton, who already had offered a cup for a transatlantic race through the Atlantic Yacht Club, in recognition of that club's promotion of ocean racing, withdrew in favor of the Emperor on the condition that the race should be managed jointly by the New York and Atlantic clubs. The exclusive and somewhat arrogant policy of the New York Yacht Club would not agree to that, and now as a solution of the dispute the race will be managed by the Kiel Yacht Club, of Germany.

There are no restrictions as to the rig of the competing vessels and there will be no time allowances; but to eliminate foolhardy mariners the conditions stipulate that each craft must be of at least 200 tons burden.

PHOTO BY N. L. STEBBINS

THE CHANTICLEER.

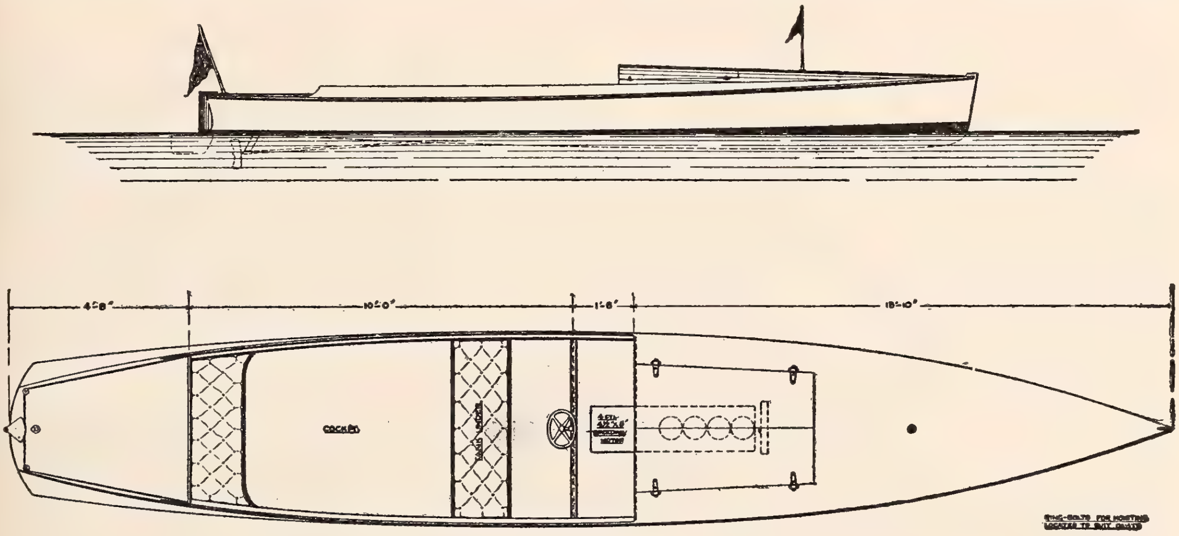
The start will be made May 15th, from Sandy Hook, and the finish will be off the Lizard, on the English coast. To guard against taking unnecessary risks and to ensure a proper regard for the safety of the men there is a condition that any boat losing a man overboard will be disqualified as a winner. It will be remembered that in the famous transatlantic race of 1866, between Fleetwing, Henrietta and Vesta, 6 men were washed overboard from the Fleetwing and lost.



AUXILIARY YAWL, 77 FEET, CACIQUE. OWNED BY F. W. PAVAMORE.
32 h. p. Speedway Motor, 8 Miles an Hour.

The big new 3 masted schooner Atlantic, owned by Wilson Marshall, which won the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups last season; George Lauder, Jr.'s handsome black Endymion, which now holds the transatlantic yacht record; Lloyd Phenix's 3 master Intrepid; H. W. Putnam's schooner Ariadne; Robert E. Tod's Thistle; Albert C. Bostwick's Vergemere; and E. C. Coleman's big schooner Hildegarde, are all probable starters.

The largest and probably the only square rigger among the contestants will be the bark Apache, of which Edmund Randolph is the owner. Mr. Randolph had been planning an extensive winter and spring cruise, and had fitted out his vessel for the purpose, but as soon as he heard that the dispute about the race had been settled and the date of the start arranged, he gave up his cruising plans in order to enter his vessel in the race. This race will be the season's chief offering in that growing form of yachting which tends so much to develop seaworthiness in boats and seamanship in navigators. In addition, however, there will be the Atlantic Yacht Club's usual quota of ocean races, which ex-Commodore Tod has done so much to encourage; the Brooklyn Yacht Club's race to Hampton Roads; the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New York to Marblehead; and the Chicago Yacht Club's race from Chicago to Mackinaw, a 331 mile fresh water event.



LINES OF YACHT'S AUTO-BOAT.

The Canada's Cup race on Lake Ontario and the races for the Seawanhaka Cup on Lake St. Louis are 2 international events that will be fought out this summer. For the Canada's Cup, so sensationally won in 1903 by the Irondequoit, under the skillful handling of Addison G. Hanan, there are plans and rumors of plans that at least 6 boats will contend for the honor of challenging and defending that trophy.

From Gardner & Cox, who designed the 40 footer Irondequoit, the Rochester Yacht Club will order a new boat, the design for which is now practically complete. Herreshoff will design a potential defender for Frank T. Christy, and 2 other boats are contemplated. William Fife, Jr., who designed the first and third Shamrocks, will evolve a possible challenger for the Canadian yachtmen. Great interest is centered on another boat which the Canadians have ordered from Albert Mylne, who, in the opinion of many, is the coming British designer. He is a young man and served his appenticeship under the late George L. Watson. Thus far his creations, which include the 50 footer Moyana, have been remarkably fast and successful.

It is doubtful if there is a better designer in Canada than H. C. McLeod, who is the general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The Payne defender, Beaver, defeated his Minloa in 1899, but the margin was a close one, and Mr. McLeod probably will be asked to devote some of his leisure to the evolution of another boat.

In the small classes along the Sound and the New England coast there promises to be unusual activity. Even the New York Yacht Club, which has done little to encourage racing among the mosquito fleet, is getting a one design class, of which the Sound clubs, in addition to their present supply, will have some new ones.

The most active of the small boat clubs are those along the Massachusetts coast, where practically all the racing is furnished by boats of 30 feet and below. The record for last season is held by the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Marblehead, in whose 10 open events there were 431 starters. As a rule, the boats are larger and the number of starters correspondingly fewer the farther East one goes along the Sound.

KANAWHA, WINNER OF BENNETT CUP, 1904.

Nevertheless, the Larchmont Yacht Club, probably the most popular and progressive yachting organization on the Sound, came next to the Marblehead club with 11 open events and 390 starters. Then came the Boston Yacht Club with 14 races and 386 starters; the Beverly Yacht Club with 15 races and 273 starters; and the New York Yacht Club with 20 races and 232 starters.

The amount of yacht racing done each year is usually underestimated, even by those who keep up a connection with yachting events. According to the records of 83 yacht clubs between Cape Ann and Cape May, 291 races were held last summer and 3.353 boats started. These figures include the 43 races and 744 starters from the clubs on Great South bay, the Hudson river and the Jersey coast; a portion of the yachting fraternity whose doings are usually overshadowed by the accomplishments of the larger and richer organizations.

It is doubtful if steam yacht racing ever can obtain a hold on the yachting public, on account of expense and time allowance difficulties. Two handsome cups offered last year were not competed for at all, and H. H. Rogers' swift Kanawha, after her defeat of Haouli, seems, with James Gordon Bennett's Lysistrata cup in her possession, to remain mistress of the field.

Motor boat racing is sure to become more widespread than ever, and some astonishing speed records may be looked for from boats now building. At present Commodore Harrison B. Moore's Onontio, which established last autumn a record of 28:36 statute miles an hour, is at the top of the heap.

The races already mentioned, the Lipton cup races at Chicago and San Diego, and the races of the Gulf Coast Association, together with the long sought uniform measurement rules for the Eastern clubs, promise much racing activity the coming season and much development along the most healthful lines.

"How long have you had your new girl?"

"Which one? I've had 4 in the last week."

"Mercy! I mean the new one you had 10 days ago."

"I've had 7 since then."

"I think her name was Mary."

"I've had 5 Marys."

"Goodness! This one had freckles and a turn-up nose."

"Three of them had the same."

"I give it up."

"I've given them all up."—**Cleveland** Plain Dealer.

HOW THE WATER HABIT GROWS.

The love of outdoor life is growing more rapidly in this country than it ever before grew anywhere. Thousands of people who have heretofore imagined they could not live without the luxuries to be found within brick or stone walls, and on paved streets are leaving their city houses every year and going into the woods or on the waters.

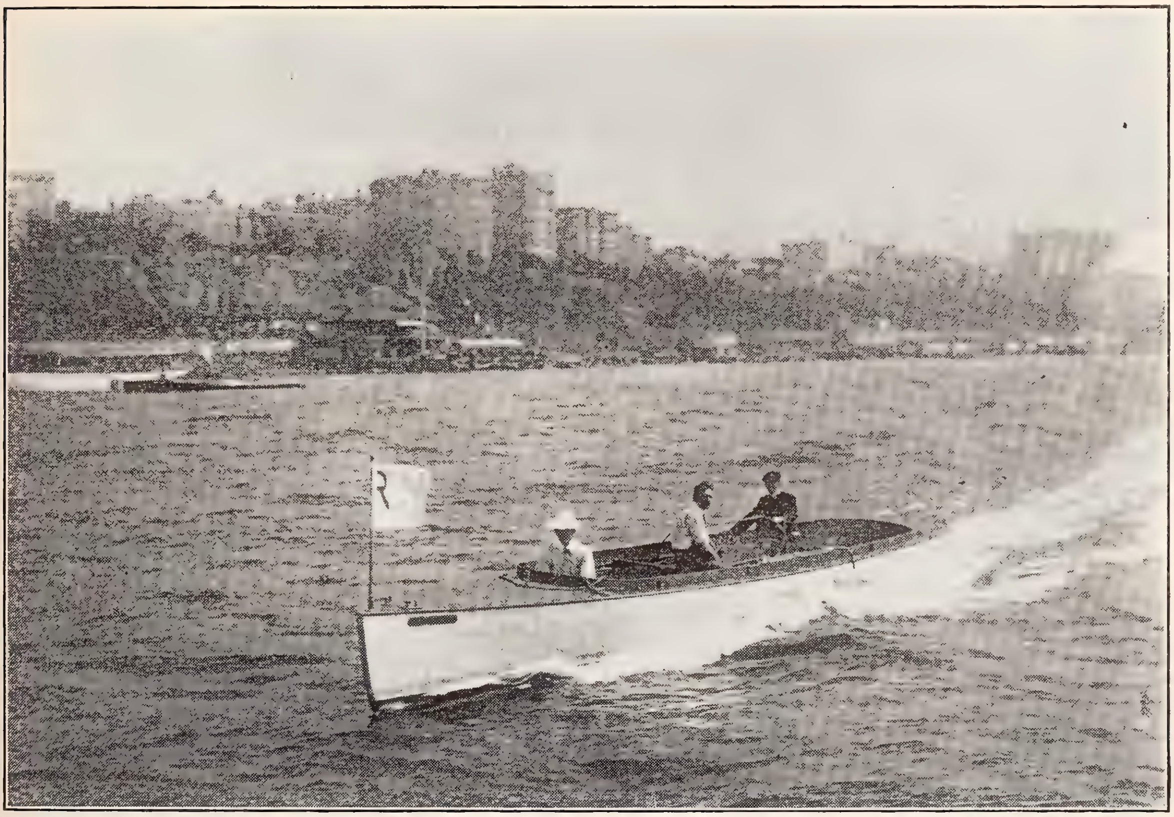
A larger part of this outdoor movement is taking the aquatic form. There never was a time when so many boats were being built and sold as to-day. The size and character of these craft are regulated only by the means of the purchasers. Millionaires are buying elaborate and luxurious steam or sail yachts, as heretofore. The man of moderate means is content with a 40 or 50-foot gasoline launch, or a small sloop or catboat; while the man of less means, the man who works for a salary, does his cruising in a rowboat, fitted with a one-horse-power engine, or even in a canoe propelled by muscular power.

All this development of the love of out-of-doors is encouraging to the student of sociologoy, and in fact to every one interested in the health and prosperity of the people.

Many of the ailments that have kept the doctors busy heretofore are due to confinement in houses or offices, and to a lack of proper exercise and good air. Men and women who live a large portion of their time outdoors develop strong, vigorous constitutions, good lungs, good appetites and a confirmed habit of sleeping 8 hours at a stretch. The indications are that if this outdoor sentiment continues to grow the medical colleges will have to shut up shop and many of the doctors already on the town will have to seek other occupations.

A strong proof of what I have said about the water habit is shown in the fact that there are about 5 times as many boat-building plants in this country to-day as there were 10 years ago. Furthermore, most of them are behind their orders all the year around. All of them are constantly increasing their capacity and adding to their working forces.

Where will this thing stop? It will probably not stop at all. It will keep on growing as the people become more highly educated in the advantages of this form of recreation. The time is likely to come when Long Island sound and the North river will be as densely crowded with pleasure craft as Fifth avenue is now with carriages and automobiles; but one-third of the earth is covered with water, and it will



AUTO BOAT SPEEDWAY, 22 MILES AN HOUR, 40 FEET.
Owned by Charles L. Seabury.

THE NIAGARA.

take ages for the boat builders to put enough of their product afloat to overcrowd all the waterways.

It is only natural that the same eagerness for speed should have developed among amphibian people as has already taken possession of those who navigate the public highways. The auto boat and the motor boat of to-day are marvels of speed; yet the water lovers are not satisfied. They are all looking for something still faster. Marine engineers and master boat builders are lying awake nights trying to devise motor power that will drive a boat through the water at a rate of 40 or even 50 miles an hour.

This striving after great velocity seems to me unreasonable. If a man goes on the water simply for pleasure there is no use of his being in such a desperate hurry to get anywhere. If he is going to Chicago, or to Boston on business, it is only reasonable that he should wish to get there as soon as possible, get through with what he has to do and get back. But if he starts to Newport, New London, Albany, or Florida on a pleasure cruise, why should he try to go faster than anyone else can go? This unseemly striving after high speed should be discouraged, for the owner or the driver of the high speed boat not only endangers the safety of his own party, but gets on the nerves of other people who may happen to come within his course.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO. HARTMAN.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S 9th Annual Photo Competition.

The increase in the number of boats of all kinds on waters near the great cities will have a tendency to cause those who like peace and quiet to seek the inland waters of the Middle or Southern States, or of Canada, just as the automobilist and the owner of good horses who does not care to run the gauntlet of Fifth avenue or Riverside drive seeks the less frequented roads of Westchester, Long Island, or Jersey. The people of the interior will profit by the coming of these yachtsmen and launchmen. They are good livers and liberal spenders, and are always welcome among the people who live along the rivers or about the interior lakes.

The object of making this special boat number of Recreation is to bring to the attention of the thousands of people who do not yet appreciate the magnitude of this outdoor movement, a better knowledge of what the boat builders are doing for the country. There are great numbers of people who live near rivers or small lakes, or near the seacoast, who do not realize what pleasure there is in navigating the water in a light boat propelled by the wind, or by gasoline, or by steam. Many people do not know how simple a matter it is to operate a small boat. They do not know how cheaply they can buy and maintain a vessel capable of carrying a dozen people comfortably. The object of this issue of Recreation is to place before such people a goodly fund of information that will be new to many of them.

Recreation stands for the great out-of-doors. It counsels its readers at all times to live as much as possible in the open air. One way of doing this comfortably and at a moderate expense is to own and use a boat. By living a month or 2 every summer on the water, by doing the hard work that may easily be combined with such sport, you may secure a new lease on life. You can harden your muscles, build up your appetite and secure a coat of tan that will be an honor to you and that may save you a doctor's bill.

THE BACHELOR'S CHANT.

T. E. B. HENRY.

Oh, vex me not with a song of love,
'Tis a mad, delusive dream;
But sing the joys of the yacht at sea,
Where the moon-kissed ripples gleam;

Of hunting field, or the rod and stream,
Of the tent and light canoe,
The stag hound's bay when the quarry springs,
And the hunter's loud halloo.

While echoes wake on the distant hill,
And the blood leaps in the veins,
As flies the turf from the spurning hoof
Where the flying charger strains.

Sing not to me of thy twilight bowers,
Nor the glance of dreamy eyes,
The face divine, nor the sylphlike form,
Nor the love that never dies.

Then sing a song of the mountain bold,
Where the eagle screams on high;
Where crag to crag in the thunder speaks,
When the lightnings rend the sky.

Where she wolf prowls, and the wildcat screams
By the cave where lurks the bear;
Where night owl hoots to the drowsy moon,
And the panther seeks his lair;

Where groans the mountain with riven breast,
When the Storm King laughs aloud
And veils the brow of the snow-clad peak
With the low'ring thunder cloud.

Ah, these are themes that are worth a song,
Not a lovesick, soft refrain;
A droning tale by idiot told,
Of a pleasure all but pain.

For love, at best, is a phantom sprite,
Ever fickle, fierce, and vain;
While unrequited, it gnaws the heart
With an anguish worse than pain.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY U. C. WANNER.

RETURN OF THE FISHERMEN.

One of the 2d Prize Winners in Recreation's 9th Annual Photo Competition.
Made with a Century Camera.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY U. C. WANNER.

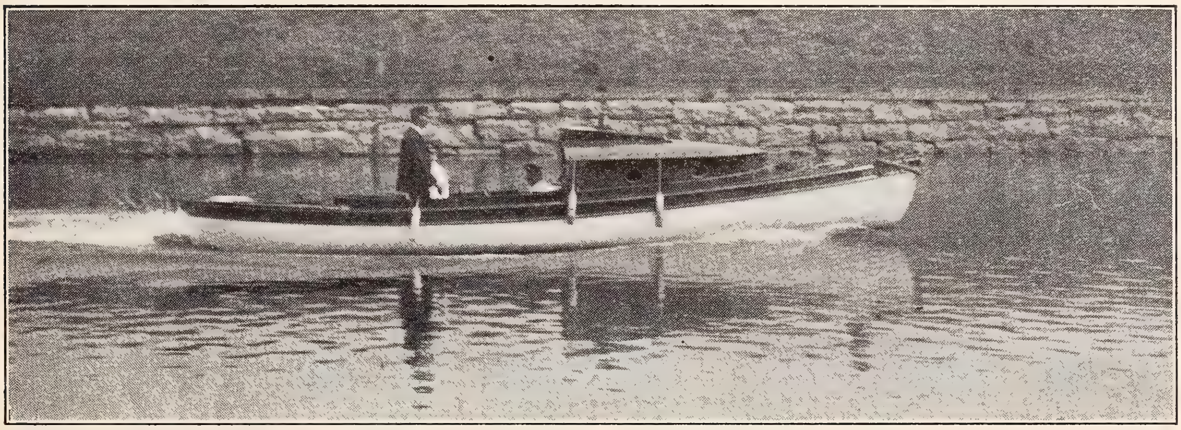
WHOSE FLUSH?

One of the 2d Prize Winners in Recreation's 9th Annual Photo Competition.
Made with a Pony Premo Camera.

CHEAP YACHTING.

W. S. QUIGLEY.

To the average mind yachting suggests abundance of leisure, an excess of wealth, great cargoes of wines and other beverages, a retinue of servants and much knowledge of things nautical. As a matter of fact, the only essential, besides a boat of moderate cost, is the luxury of leisure. With these twin necessities it is possible for anyone to provide himself with a floating summer home to be moved about at will, at a comparatively small cost; and the explorer does not have to dig into the mysteries of yachting designs, either. It may be a democratic gasoline launch, a stately old windjammer, whose lee rail is never wet from one season to another, or even the promising auxiliary, without too much bush for crowding on canvas and just enough gasoline power to move around to a desired destination when the winds are asleep.



ON A COUNTRY WATER WAY.

An endless variety of location is afforded in the wanderings of a boat whose designer is noted for not straining after the production of the lightest shell. From a well timbered and stoutly planked craft, with promises of many years of useful service, more healthful recreation and genuine fun may be had in one week than from a whole season of that odd product of misdirected ingenuity, the fragile racing shell, whose life is one, or, at most, 2 brief racing years. The cost of a cruise in a comfortable boat need be no greater than that of board at the ordinary watering places. Then there is the advantage of going where one pleases, returning when one chooses and changing around as mood or necessity dictates. To start with a fair wind when you please, not knowing how far you will go, making harbor only when weather or caprices decide, no dressing for meals at a fashionable hotel, no conflict of authority, no ruffling of temper, no disputes as to where to locate, forever free from dust, smells, noise, stray dogs, tramps, bad sewage and from intrusion of all objectionable kinds, is the height of happiness. In cheap yachting alone is such a blessing possible, for in expensive yachting there is the endless social function and the omnipresent gratuity. The cheap yacht, unlike the leopard, can change its spots by moving about when the joyous explorers so decide.

I once stood on the wharf of the Pequot House, at New London, watching the fleet of the New York Yacht Club preparing to move off to Newport on its annual cruise to the Eastward. The kingly Nourmahal, the queenly Corsair, the princely Varuna and all the other royal steam yachts of the country were there, getting their anchors to move onward in the majestic fleet. Visions of Moorish chandeliers, Turkish rugs, hard wood, highly polished, silken plush furniture, old gold passementeries, bevel edged mirrors, grand pianos, velour portieres, priceless tapestries, silver lamps, a regiment of valets, champagne as plentiful as water and edibles to satisfy the desires of the most exacting king, rose before me; but I was not envious. Near the pier and apart from the aristocratic fleet was a broad beamed cabin catboat, her only sail as yellow and time stained as aged khaki. Clustered in the cockpit of the catboat was a merry party of college boys with their banjoes and their glee songs. They, too, were preparing to get under way, but their preparations were in marked contrast to the formality that attended the departure of the fleet of the multimillionaires. A man on the pier sang out to one of the brawny youths who was lifting the catboat's anchor:

A STEEL MOTOR BOAT.

"Where are you going?"

"Blessed if I know," was the laconic reply with evidence of sublime indifference in the answer.

"When are you coming back?"

"Blessed if I know that, either."

The catboat swung away with nothing but a gentle ripple of water to disturb the ineffable beatitude of her amateur mariners; and I was envious. They had no ground to buy, no rent to pay, no speculation as to where they would sleep that night, no mosquitoes; nothing but healthful exercise, wholesome fare, hardy adventure, excitement for the mind and labor for the muscles. I looked longingly after the catboat and then at the rich men's fleet and I could not help comparing the latter with a boat I had heard of in song:

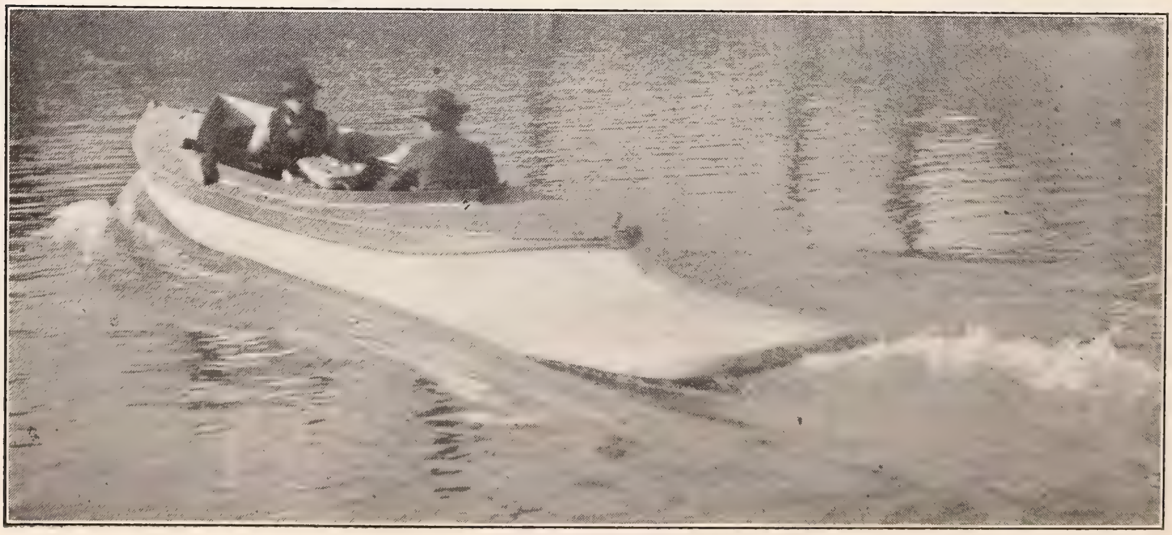
"'Twas the good fast yacht, the Mermaid, that went sailing down the bay
With a party predetermined to be jolly, one would say,
By the demijohns and boxes, by the lemons and the beer,
And the ice that went aboard her just before she left the pier."

Let us glance at the yacht builders' and agencies' circulars and catalogues to see what we can get in the way of a cheap pleasure craft. Perhaps we do not desire the uncertainties of moving around in fickle breezes along tranquil stretches of water in the canvassed floating cottage that so many like to own every summer; so we will turn our attention to a motor boat that is sure, barring accident, to get us to some desired haven alongshore about the time the truant waves of sunlight are being pursued by the shadows of the dying day. Let us see. No, that is too costly. This one is too small. No sleeping accommodation on this one. Ah, here is one.

"New double planked mahogany speed launch, 52 feet long, 6.6 feet beam; hull designed by Henry J. Gielow. Engine, 30 horse power; built by Gas Engine and Power Co.; accommodation for 6; cost $4,500. Will sell for $1,850. Howard Howard, Yonkers."

We are to have 5 in our party. That will mean if we buy this boat that each will have to pay $370. This boat is ready for service except that we would have to supply the berth linen, the rugs and cushions, the provisions, ice, fuel for the oil stove or alcohol for the chafing dish and a few other inexpensive furnishings. Each member of the party may furnish blankets or rugs from his own home. We do not, therefore, figure that item in the general average. We would want one hired man, to run the boat, and such a one may be had for about $40 a month. We could live well on $10 each a week. Counting the hired man's fare at $5 a week would figure out for each man: Original cost of boat, $370. Provisions for month, $40. Wages of crew, $8. Board of crew, $4. Bedding for crew, $2. Incidentals, $15.

The cost to each man during the first



A 15 MILE CLIP.

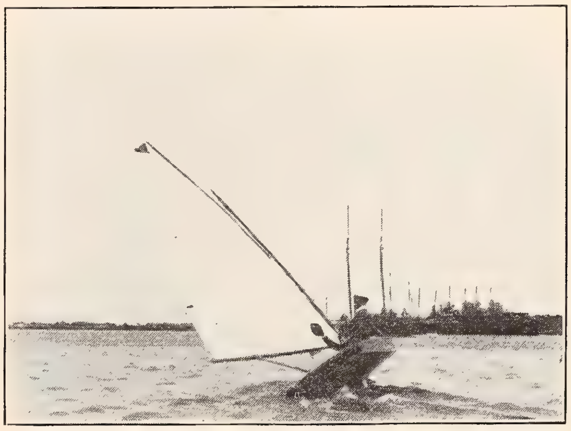
month of the cruise, for the launch mentioned, would be $439, but the running expenses for each month thereafter would be only $67 for each member. The value of a launch of this size is that it is possible to run up to a friendly pier without the necessity of buying a small boat to take the people ashore who might wish to go. This launch has a draught of about 2 feet, so it is possible for her to navigate in safety almost every sheltered stretch of water, bay or estuary, whether in the waters of Wisconsin or the more turbulent streams about the coast of Maine. It is not intended that this estimate cover claret cup, birds' nest soup and woodcock pâtes for meals and between meals, but $10 a man is a liberal allowance for a week of wholesome fare. It is surprising what appetites the bracing sea air engenders and what a thirst, and for the latter the incidental $15 a month per man is made.

No matter what body of water is selected for the cheap yachting trip it will be necessary to get some extra clothing that would not be demanded in camp or during a vacation on land. An oilskin, a sou'wester, a heavy peajacket and rubber boots will be needed. There are days during every cruise when tarpaulins on even the hatches are necessary, but the limit that each man will go to provide for comfort will depend on his personal ideas and desires to spend money. Allowing $15 for extra clothing and $1 a man for cooking and eating utensils, the cost for the first month of such a cruise would be $455 for each member. The second month's cost would, however, remain at $67 for each man.

It is not necessary to get so expensive or so fast a launch. A cabin cruising launch of, say, 35 feet, brand new, and finished in oak, cypress, cherry or birch mahogany, with 6 horse power, sufficient to get around in any kind of weather or sea, may be bought direct from the builders for $800. A boat of this type is completely equipped with all necessary fittings and furnishings, including cork filled cushions, covered with corduroy, pantasote or car plush, 3 brass sailing lights, a brass combination light, cork filled fenders, a brass tipped boat hook, a galvanized folding anchor, a permanent roof with side curtains, a complete canvas cover, flagpoles and sockets, a steering wheel, canvas awning and stanchions, nickel or brass rail and other necessaries for safety and comfort. An $800 launch of this type has seating capacity for about 25 people, so that 5 persons would have no trouble in finding sleeping accommodations on board. This craft is covered from 3 feet from the bow to about 2½ feet from the stern by a cabin with ample head room, and has 15 glass windows on either side.

If the party be smaller than 5 and the purpose to get around from port to port, with no objection to spending nights at a farmer's house or in a hotel, it is possible to get an open launch almost for a song. One of the builders advertises a $200 outfit for such a cruise. The decks of this craft are finished in oak, pine, cypress or birch, her length is 16 feet, her draught 16 inches, and she is well finished with nickel or brass polished trimmings. She is equipped with a 2 horse power motor. She is not a craft for those who are afraid of the powers of the sun and the ravages of the wind, however.

No matter what launch is bought for a cruise of any length consider, as in the selection of a sailing craft, safety first, comfort second and speed third. Stick to that order of things and you can not go wrong. Another desirable feature in a marine gasoline engine is simplicity. There are times when the professional member of the crew, if one be carried, will need a rest; or he may be ill or injured midway between ports. Under these conditions the owners of the launch will thank themselves most fervently if they have chosen a simple, understandable engine and not one that has spasms and balky idiosyncrasies. Not to speak of the annoyance, it is dangerous to own an engine which beomes overheated after being run a short time. Get a good water jacketed cylinder head by all means, to save your fingers from frequent burns, and get a water jacketed exhaust pipe to save yourself in the summing up in the hereafter and from "the perils of the sea." Above all, get an engine that will not leave a disagreeable odor in your wake to cause fingers to point at you with scorn or to make you feel as if you had taken a draught of gasoline with your last meal.


AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. DUNBAR.

BEATING TO WINDWARD.

Made with a Goerz Lens.

A recent advertisement of a launch 31 feet in length gave the selling price as

$1,500. The forward saloon of this boat is 13 feet long, providing 4 extension berths. On the starboard side aft of the main saloon is a brass lined stove locker, containing 2 stoves. Aft is an enclosed toilet with folding nickeled lavatory, closet, plate glass mirror, and mahogany brush, comb and soap racks. On the bulkhead of the lavatory enclosure, in the engine room, is a table locker, containing 4 mahogany folding tables nested into a small space. On the starboard side aft is an extension berth for the engineer. The sliding door between the engine room and the saloon has beveled plate glass windows, and on both sides of the door in the bulkhead are windows of French plate glass. The saloon is laid with Wilton velvet carpet and the engine floor is covered with linoleum. Mahogany shelf racks extend the full length of the saloon on both sides, and detachable brass mesh mosquito screens are on all the windows.

When it comes to the selection of a sailing cruiser much more care must be exercised than in choosing a launch. It is necessary above all things to avoid excessive lightness. Any yacht built below a scale of weights and sizes which would make it useful for cruising purposes is to be tabooed. Of course, every pound saved in weight of hull means more ease in propulsion, and consequently more speed from the same driving power. Speed is, however, optional, and to reach an extravagant limit is merely a matter of expenditure. An over canvassed boat may result in foam halfway up to the mast and may furnish exhilarating sport while it lasts; but a boat of that type does not guarantee the full pleasures, comforts and economies of the strongly built craft, even when the latter is deadened by a cargo of cabin hamper. The possibilities in choosing a sail-driven cruiser are as many as the variety in purses. Some may prefer the much overrated yawl-rigged boat, others the cabin sloop, many the cabin catboat, and a few the schooner. The latter is preferable for all around work, but is more expensive to buy, charter or maintain than the ones of smaller spars. One advantage in securing a sailing boat is that it is not always necessary to buy; a time charter, including all furnishings, being the usual condition of a transfer. Launch owners, as a rule, prefer to sell outright.

Any yacht agent of pretension is able to furnish a list of available cruising sail boats, in season or out. It is not advisable to charter when the price of a boat is moderate. A fairly well built cabin catboat with accommodations for 4 persons and ample head room may be bought for $250 to $500. All depends on the finish, the condition of the sails, spars and rigging and the reputation of the vessel for speed. A small keel schooner, 31 feet on the water line, is advertised for sale for $500. She is built of oak frames and oak and pine planking. She is galvanized iron fastened and has 4 berths in the cabin. The head room of the latter is 5 feet 4 inches. Another advertisement shows a keel sloop 25 feet over all, with nearly 10 feet beam and a draught of only 4 feet. This one has oak frames, cedar planking and spruce spars. She has no staterooms, but there are 4 berths in the cabin. Her owner says that the transoms are wide, and that while intended for 4 persons they have accommodated 6 with comfort.

The cabin of this boat is large, and is paneled in mahogany and birds' eye maple. There are 2 large clothes lockers of hardwood in the cabin. She has a large ice box. The cockpit is finished in ash and walnut, with a cherry rail. It is claimed for her that she is no racer, but an able boat and comfortable in any weather. She has a water tank and pump, a refrigerator on the starboard side of the companionway and a dish locker on the port side. The list may be carried on to an able cutter for $700, a sharpie for $900, another for $400, and scores of centerboard sloops for about $350 each. If one wants to pay $1,000 for a sloop he may get 2 staterooms, a forecastle, and berths for 5 guests. As for open catboats, they are to be had for $100 each, and in some cases for the cost of the mast and mainsail. Who could not afford cheap yachting with prices like these?

A man of family, or several friends, may organize into a floating community, reducing the expenses to a minimum and obtain on their excursions in a cheap yacht a grand combination of personalities and ideas. Expensive railroad and steamboat fares are eliminated, journeys along the broad waters of the ever changing and attractive Sound may be made, or up the picturesque and placid Hudson, or even along the mighty stretches of the New England coast. A cruise of this kind will be found more advantageous than camping on shore because the floating home can be so readily moved about. No country in the world has such an elaborate system of canals, incomparable lakes and numerous navigable streams for cruising into the interior as this of ours.

The value of cheap yachting is that the bases of supplies are always handy, and one is not obliged to submit to the extortions and inconveniences of the average summer hotel. One may even take his servant along to work and enjoy the recreation. One need not have business constantly shoved at him as on shore, and with or without a skipper one's command is supreme. In the morning one may swim alongside his own home without chill or languor, he may catch his own fish for breakfast, and in the evening, after gliding on through sunshine or moonlight, the owner of a small boat at anchor in a safe haven may take his pipe, spread out his rugs and cushions and survey with a proprietary mien the surrounding waters.

Cheap yachting! It is the Elysium of the tired business man and the invention of the angels. But it has its "Don'ts," too. Ignore a boat of superb fittings. She costs too much. Get an able boat and pay as much attention to her equipment and outfit as to her design. The comfort and pleasure of an owner are dependent on such secondary features as lighting, ventilation, plumbing and communication.

It is best to finish each day's run early. There is always danger after dark.

It is unwise to take too many trappings along. Use the same rule that soldiers do when starting on a march. Pick what is needed and take no more unless it be a hammock for an uncomfortably warm night or an extra blanket for a cold one.

Always lay in a good supply of provisions, ice and coal. Calms come like the proverbial thief in the night.

Don't, above all things, select a boat in bad order or even a very old craft. Examine everything in sight and have a builder examine everything out of sight.

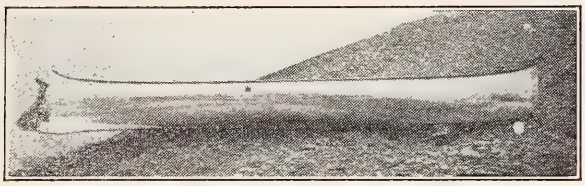
If you pick a sound boat, select congenial companions and choose an interesting cruising area: you will own your floating cottage and live as cheaply as on shore, if not cheaper. Under such conditions the highest degree of pleasure and instruction may be attained, and every night all hands will rest with the tranquillity of a forgiven sinner.

A SUCCESSFUL MOTOR CANOE.

A. D. W. SMITH.

Photos by the Author.

Great interest has been aroused in the development of small motor craft, and while there are many classes of motor boats the motor canoe here described is, as far as I know, the only successful one in operation. It is an ordinary stock paddling canoe, 18 feet long, 35 inches beam, 14 inches deep, built by The Canadian Canoe Co., Peterboro. As shown in cut No. 1, a skeg is built on from about the center of the keel to the stern. Through this skeg the shaft runs to a point sufficiently low to keep the propeller submerged under all conditions which, as far as I can find out, was the main difficulty experienced by others



SHOWING SKEG, PROPELLER, ETC.

This skeg not only answers the purpose mentioned, but also provides a long bearing for the shaft, and stiffens the canoe considerably. It is fastened through by bolts sufficiently long to be riveted underneath to the one-inch half oval iron which serves as a protection to the keel, and is carried from the bow to the stern, at which point it projects as a shoe protecting the propeller blades from injury either while running or landing. The rudder is attached to this shoe, and steering can be controlled from any part of the canoe, as an endless cord runs through screw eyes and pulleys attached to the gunwales.

Motive power is supplied by a 2-cycle, single cylinder one horse power gasoline engine, set up exactly in the center of the canoe. It is fastened to a bed made from 2-foot pieces of ash, laid longitudinally, with 2 cross pieces formed to fit the bottom of the canoe. These pieces also act as braces, and are fastened from the outside by brass screws.

The propeller shaft from the engine to the skeg is encased in brass tubing, and is supported by 2 bearings about 2 feet apart. This stationary casing also acts as a bearing where it enters the skeg, and the shaft

RUNNING 10 MILES AN HOUR.

can always be kept lubricated; and notwithstanding the 9-foot length of the shaft there has been no side play.

The gasoline tank, capacity 3 gallons, is in the bow under the decking, and a lead pipe conveys the gasoline to the carburetor. This works all right in smooth water, but where rough water is the rule I advise cylindrical tanks placed amidships. Battery box, spark coil, and switch, together with the connecting wires, are waterproof, and are within easy reach of the person running the engine. The discharge pipe from the water jacket is run through the muffler. A tool box is used as a seat by the person running the engine, and while one person can easily operate the canoe, I found that while carrying 2 or 3 people, better speed could be obtained. Four adults can sit comfortably in the canoe, and average speed of a little over 10 miles an hour during the past season was obtained with the equipment described.

MAKING A LANDING.

The cost of the canoe, equipped, is about $180, and when fully loaded the draught is less than 12 inches.

It is impossible in a short description like this to give details, but I am confident that this type is not only the ideal one for canoeists, but that it will also appeal to prospectors, explorers and surveyors, who need something portable, safe, speedy, and strong enough to stand hard usage. As an illustration, in August, with fairly choppy water, on Lake Ontario, we carried in the canoe 4 adults and 2 children and towed for several hours an 18-foot rowboat containing as many more people.

RUNNING 8 MILES AN HOUR.

I found the canoe steady in the roughest weather, easily steered and dry.

Anyone interested and wishing to build can get further details by writing me, and I can also arrange for working plans and specifications.

A. E. Dunn, St. Enoch's square, Toronto, did the necessary woodwork. The engine was designed by E. J. Philip, now of Brandon, Man., and the Dominion Motor & Machine Co., Toronto, installed the engine. Wm. Wilkinson, one of their employees, successfully solved some intricate problems in connection with the gasoline supply, which on account of the limited head afforded by a craft so shallow, proved difficult.

CANOE STATIONARY.

"It's always dangerous to jump at conclusions," said the careful man; "you're liable to make yourself ridiculous, at least."

"Yes," replied the Jersey commuter, "I jumped at the conclusion of a ferry boat once, and missed it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CRUISE OF THE RESTLESS.

WARREN E. KELLEY.

Lake Erie has an evil reputation. It is noted for violent squalls, and being the shallowest of the great lakes it takes only a short time to kick up a nasty sea, which tests the seagoing qualities of even the largest lake steamers; but this feature really adds to the excitement and adventure that all amateur mariners are eager to encounter and overcome.

We left Buffalo in August, in the gasoline launch Restless, 30-foot hunting cabin boat of the whaleboat type, bound for Put-in bay, a snug little harbor on South Bass island, 250 miles from Buffalo, made famous by Perry's victory. It was here that the sturdy Commodore captured the entire British fleet, and announced his victory in the famous dispatch, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

It had rained torrents until noon, and while there was not much wind, it was one of those uncertain August days when it is hard to tell what will happen next, but we shaped our course for Dunkirk, 40 miles up the South shore, where we arrived before dark without incident.

Before the advent of the small power boats, it was customary in cruising on Lake Erie to follow the North shore to Long Point, 63 miles, and from there to cross the lake to Erie, and continue up the South shore. Any wind-jammer will still give this advice, not realizing that conditions are entirely different with a launch.

The South shore of Lake Erie is bold and rocky, for the most part, and as the storms swing from Southeast to Northwest by way of North, the strongest wind usually being from the West, it is a bad lee shore, with no shelter. The only harbor of refuge between Buffalo and Erie, 85 miles, is Dunkirk, which is about half way.

The North shore is sandy, with many sheltering points, and several good harbors. The progress of a sailing yacht being uncertain, makes it liable to be caught in a bad situation on the South shore; but with a launch making 8 or 9 miles an hour, the run between these ports can be made safely by keeping a careful lookout.

The weather was fine when we left Dunkirk early the next morning, so we did not stop at Erie as intended, but pushed through to Ashtabula. We needed no alarm clock to call us for an early start the next morning, as night was made hideous by the loading of steamers at the coal docks where we tied up. They run cars up a high trestle, then turn the car bottom-side up and let the whole load drop into the vessel with a bang that makes sleep impossible. We should have stopped at Erie, where they say the spirit of sleep pervades the whole atmosphere.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY D. W. MATTESON.

A FRESH WATER REGATTA.

We had forgotten an important part of our outfit, a small folding table, and while at Dunkirk we telephoned back to Buffalo to one of our party, who was to meet us at Cleveland, to bring it along. We also told him to have a barrel of gasoline at the dock in Cleveland by the time we were due there. When we reached Cleveland we expected to find Ed astride of a barrel of gasoline, with the table under his arm, waiting for us on the dock; but he got mixed on our instructions, and it took us the best part of the day to find him, away on the outskirts of the town. He had evidently passed through the main part of the town without realizing that he had arrived at the City of the Garfield Monument that we hear so much about when they take a census. They count all the people in the Western part of Ohio, and then stand on the viaduct and count them again as they pass back and forth.

On previous cruises we had taken on gasoline at many points, and the obliging and prompt service of the Standard Oil concern has always been a marvel, but at the headquarters we had a great deal of trouble. They refused to allow the man to pump into the boat, and after much argument they sent a little toy tin pump with a spout about a foot long. We were lying in a dock about 6 feet high, and had all kinds of trouble before we got the tank filled.

We expected to complete our outward voyage the next day. The wind was blowing fresh, but we decided to make a start. As we made the first plunge after clearing the breakwater, there emanated from the depths of the cabin a rapid fire of announcements from one of our party who styles himself a canal sailor.

"The gasoline tank is slopping over, the water is coming in on all sides, the port lights leak, our grips are getting soaked! Aw, what's the use!"

Added to this was the din of kettles and pans slamming around, and as soon as this excitement subsided and we saw an opportunity for turning, we reluctantly put back. We were, however, impatient to get under way, and decided to try it again and run as far as Rocky river, about 8 miles, a pretty harbor used as an anchorage for the Cleveland yacht clubs. We got a better slant by going out of the West gap of the breakwater, and by the time we reached Rocky river we were riding the seas so gaily, and so enjoying the sensation of leaping from crest to crest, that all hands voted to continue to Lorain. We rounded Avon Point close to the shore, as there is good water all along. The shores of that Point are beautiful, with many splendid summer homes nestling among the trees on the high bluff overlooking the lake.

The wind subsided and we passed Lorain and continued to Vermilion. There we found one of those charming old ports that are left entirely to the pleasure cruisers, dilapidated piers, a picturesque lighthouse, and summer girls, idly paddling up and down the Vermilion river, which empties into Lake Erie. There is no commerce at that port. Sand bars have filled the entrance, and it is accessible only to small craft.

Daylight the next morning found us stirring, as we were scheduled to reach Put-in bay by noon, but the fates had decreed otherwise. Our start was promising, but our finish was not far off. Sandusky bay sets in some distance, and we laid our course for Marblehead, a prominent rocky headland, and a picturesque spot, with lighthouse, life-saving station, and storm-signal station. It has been the scene of many wrecks. There we left the open waters of Lake Erie and entered the South passage, leading to the intricate channels through the numerous islands, rocks and reefs at the Western end of Lake Erie.

We passed Marblehead in high spirits, with a fresh head wind and a sea that tossed our little craft about regardless, but she dug into it as if she enjoyed it as much as we did. We were bowling along at a swift rate when suddenly the engine slowed down and then stopped. The launch fell into the trough of the sea and rolled frightfully, and we feared it would swamp; but we shipped scarcely any water, so we began to look for the trouble. Gasoline was tested for water, vaporizers taken apart to look for dirt, wiring overhauled, batteries tested, spark plugs taken out, cylinder heads taken off and new gaskets put in; every possible symptom was diagnosed over and over with no results. We were completely stumped for the first time.

We were about 3 miles off shore and right abreast of the life-saving station, and we saw that they had launched the life boat and were coming to our rescue. As we had absolutely no means of helping ourselves, we considered it fortunate that our accident occurred in sight of Uncle Sam's watchful guards, who are always on the alert to assist the shipwrecked mariner. We were in no immediate danger, so we had the long-looked-for opportunity to try our drogue, which had been carried on many a trip and had never been wet. As a means of keeping the boat head-to, it was a dismal failure. We put it out to windward, and it drifted back up against the side of the boat.

When the life-saving crew reached us, they passed us a line and towed us to Kelley's island, about a mile distant, where we tied up to a dock, and proceeded to take the engine apart several times more, in a vain attempt to get it started. Just as we had given up hope of finding the trouble, one of the party hung over the stern, looked at the propeller wheel, and found one of the blades perfectly flat. The lock-nut had worked loose, and that was the cause of all our trouble; but to fix it was not easy. There are large limestone quarries on Kelley's island, and they were loading a vessel at the dock. The captain rigged up a tackle from the mast and hauled up the stern of our boat with his engine, which he carried on deck for unloading stone. We then took turns dangling from the end of a rope, up to our necks in water, trying to repair the damage, and finally dropped the wrench in the drink, just before dark, without accomplishing anything. The vessel was going to pull out, so we dropped the boat in the water again, and began to do some deep thinking. There were several summer hotels and boarding houses near, and we decided to sleep ashore that night. We started to find a bed, as we were tired and wet. We knew the hotels would refuse us accommodations if they saw the disreputable looking gang, so we delegated the one man with a necktie left to make arrangements. Even he got the marble face at one rather swell house, until he told a thrilling tale of shipwreck which softened their hearts.

We had to drive across the island to get a machinist to make a new spanner, and engaged several men to haul the boat out at a dock with an overhead trestle. After much pulling and hauling, we got fixed by noon, and started on the last stretch of our outward voyage.

The Marblehead life savers had taken our names, value of boat, etc., to make report to Washington, and one of our members thinking reports would be published in the newspapers, telegraphed his wife that he was safe. Whether the anxiety was for her, or for fear she would get the news and he would return from his voyage like Enoch Arden to find her married to a handsomer man, we will never know.

Put-in bay, on South Bass island, was in sight, 7 miles distant. There was a heavy beam sea running, and at times we could look through the port lights straight toward the bottom. We headed for the narrow passage between South Bass and Ballast island, or where we thought it ought to be according to the chart, and soon reached our destination, 5 days out from Buffalo.

Our stay was cut short by the time we had lost, and we had much less time than we wanted. There was plenty to do, visiting the yachts and launches of all kinds from everywhere. Steamers center there from every direction, bringing crowds of excursionists every day. The land-locked bay is beautiful, and an ideal headquarters, from which short runs can be made to the many islands close at hand. Good hotels, wine cellars, natural caves, and amusements of all sorts made our stay of 2 days altogether too short.

We wired Cleveland to have gasoline at dock on our arrival, and weighed anchor early in the morning for our return trip over the same course. It was blowing a moderate gale, and we stuck our nose out past a sheltering point of the island. We decided to put her through to Marblehead, 15 miles, and run in there to get the weather reports. There were vigorous protests from some of the members of our party about the foolhardiness of trifling with Davy Jones. Our little craft plunged along bravely, half buried in the smother, as the water at that end of Lake Erie averages only 25 to 30 feet, and the seas are choppy.

We learned afterward that our friend the watchman at Marblehead had his eye on us all the way over. We landed at the life-saving station at Marblehead, and received courteous treatment from all hands at the station, but we regretted landing there, for the minute we struck the dock our gallant cook "ratted the ship," mutinied outright, and declared the railroad track was good enough for him; that the skipper was a long eared son of a sea cook, and took a fiendish delight in trying to sink the ship.

Weather reports predicted change of wind, which would be off shore. This occurred while we were there, and we immediately put to sea again in the open lake with more water under the keel. A big

A RACE MEET IN 1904.

swell was still rolling in from the East, and within half an hour the weather bureau had ordered up Southeast storm signals, unknown to us, of course. The wind switched back in the same old quarter, and gradually increased in force. About that time the captain of the life-saving station was remarking to our deserter that we were catching it, and we were. We were then abreast of Sandusky, and could have made shelter there, but we kept right along and stayed out all day. Late in the afternoon, just before we reached Lorain, we took a header into an extra large comber, which tore off our bow light, fastened with screws and electric light wires to the cabin roof; also washed overboard our large anchor, and 175 feet of heavy cable. We put into Lorain and called it a day. When inside the river, the captain of a gasoline launch twice the size of ours wanted to know if we came down the lake. He had started out in the morning and put back, and laid there all day; but when we told him we had been outside all day he immediately started for Cleveland.

The next 2 days we were dodging squalls and thunderstorms, and hustling from port to port whenever we could get a chance. Storm signals were up at every station, and we were on the anxious seat every minute.

We caught one good day for rounding the peninsula at Erie, and ran 15 hours that day without stopping the engine a minute. This took us back to Dunkirk, only 40 miles from home. That 40 miles was made without any chance of shelter, on a threatening day, a heavy sea following, and a strong gale broke shortly after we slid in behind the breakwater at Buffalo, with the satisfaction and pleasure of having successfully navigated our launch on the longest open water cruise made up to that time by any of the Buffalo fleet.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY U. C. WANNER.

IN BAD COMPANY.

One of the 2d Prize Winners in RECREATION'S 9th Annual Photo Competition. Made with a Pony Premo Camera.

Mrs. Smith—I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor.

Mr. Krusty—Not to me. I shouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I should win him.—Exchange.

AT SEA IN A 20-FOOTER.

STANLEY G. BONE.

The Luella was a sloop, 20 feet over all, with only 4 feet of head room in a tiny cabin. The crew consisted of Mr. Layton, the owner and cook; Mr. Wells, who served as skipper; and me, owning to the title of deck hand.

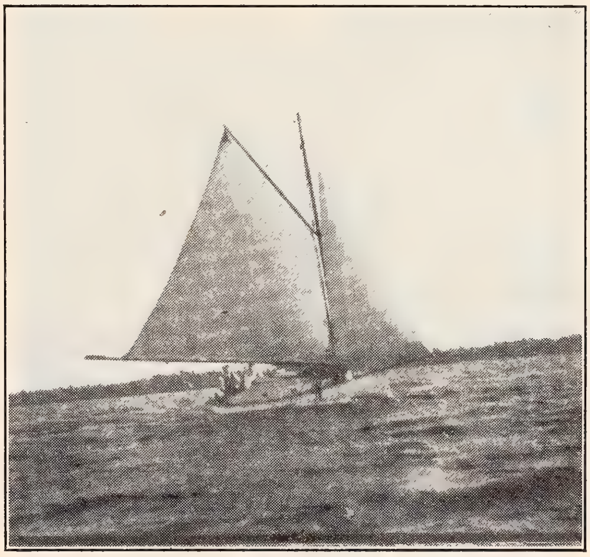
By appointment we met at Weymouth, Mass., where the boat had been all winter, and went on board. We spent an hour getting our gear stowed and at 7 a. m. we got under way. We had first to sail up to Boston, to lay in provisions, get charts, a stove and various other necessities. The wind was fresh and we had to beat about 15 miles dead to windward against a strong tide. It took us until 11.30, thrashing our way through a nasty chop, to reach the wharf at Boston. We spent the rest of the day getting our stores, etc., and looking around the city, to which Wells and I were strangers.

The following morning we bowled merrily out to the Boston light with the wind right aft and with 3 reefs in. We passed Hull about noon, the wind still with us. At 3 o'clock, when we were off Minot's light, the wind suddenly dropped, so we shook out all the reefs, after which we sailed easily along, following the coast, and at 5 p. m. we ran in behind Plymouth lighthouse, where we anchored for the night.

Then Layton showed at his best. While we were getting the boat snug for the night and stowing the sails we were cheered by the smell of coffee and things. After supper Wells and I caught enough flatfish for breakfast. Then we took the skiff and went ashore to fill our water bottles. We also interviewed the lighthouse keeper and got some information from him as to our prospective trip. The mosquitoes were bad, but as soon as we pulled off to the Luella they left us.

At 5 a. m. we were under way, and breakfasted on fried flounder. The wind was light and when we were 10 miles from land it dropped altogether, leaving us in the doldrums. We stayed motionless an hour and then a few catspaws were seen on the water. Presently we were again bowling along with a good sailing breeze, and at noon we were off Cape Cod. Meanwhile the weather began to look threatening and the wind to get gusty, but as it was off shore the sea was calm.

Cape Cod is not prepossessing, being sandy and apparently strewn with wrecks. On rounding the Cape we had the wind right ahead, so we put back into Provincetown for the night. Meanwhile it began to rain and blow, right in our teeth, and it took us 5 hours to beat back against wind and tide. Each of us took a turn at the wheel, but Wells had the worst of it. We would make a leg out to sea for about 2 miles and then in to shore again, probably making only ¾ of a mile headway, although sailing several miles. We were not sorry to find ourselves in the harbor of Provincetown at 6 p. m., and we anchored in 12 feet of water. By that time the weather had cleared. We did our best to dry ourselves at the oil stove and after supper we all went ashore, returning at 10 o'clock.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY STANLEY G BONE.

THE LUELLA.

About midnight I was awakened by feeling a weight on my chest. It was not the supper Layton had provided, but Layton himself, with Wells on top of him. I cursed Layton fluently for crowding me, he passed it on to Wells, and Wells cursed us both for waking him, he being the top man. We had not reckoned on the rise and fall of the tide at Provincetown, 15 feet. Crawling out on deck, I found we were nearly high and dry; but the tide soon rose enough to put us on an even keel.

At daylight there was a thick fog, so it was impossible to make an early start. About 7 a. m. a breeze sprang up and cleared off the fog. We had to beat our way back to the Cape, but were favored by tide. At 10 o'clock we passed a large schooner, which had stranded off the Cape. The day grew warmer and we were able to dry some of our wet clothes. With a fair wind and the tide we kept along the coast, usually about 300 yards off, passed the

Highland light, and the wireless station at 3 p. m. We stood in close to Nausett, as we had thoughts of putting in there for the night. However, the entrance to the harbor, if such it can be called, looked too risky, so we stood out to sea again. We had been warned at Provincetown that Nausett was a poor place to make unless acquainted with the coast. While off Nausett we were hailed through a megaphone from the life-saving station and told to look out for the bar that ran out about 2 miles from Chatham. It was then almost dark, and we signalled back as well as we could with a lantern that we understood.

We were then about 4 miles off Chatham. It was a glorious night, with a full moon. There was a light breeze ahead, but we still had the assistance of the tide. As we were going to carry on all night, we decided to go on watches. I stayed at the wheel until 12 o'clock and then Wells came on. We had the regular Government charts, so were easily able to find our way, picking up the various lights as they came. Still it kept us busy all night locating whistle buoys and lights as we passed them and setting a course for the next. We went through several tide rips, which are alarming in appearance, as they look like breakers, and we could hear them roaring a long way off.

I turned in at 1 a. m., and when I awoke the following morning we were just entering the harbor of Hyannis, having made the trip from Provincetown in 24 hours. The distance being about 80 miles, this was not remarkable time, but considering the weather it was not bad. In the harbor we passed the Mayflower, a large schooner yacht. We anchored close into a little pier that ran out about 100 yards and after breakfast I went ashore to fill our water bottles and buy grub.

We decided to stay a day in Hyannis, so we went outside the breakwater and fished, but it was far from exciting. Toward evening the weather grew stormy and wet. We put back to our former anchorage, but found that we were on a lea shore, with a nasty sea running. We put out both anchors and prepared to make the best of it, but as it was impossible to cook, we had to content ourselves with a cold supper. Just before dark Wells went out on the bowsprit to see how things were and came back with the news that our hawser was nearly chafed through with rubbing against the bobstay, so he tied it up with a lot of canvas and small rope; not a pleasant job, as every now and then a large wave gave him a complete ducking. We took turns at keeping watch, but sleep was almost out of the question, as the boat pitched furiously. L. kept watch until midnight and I until 4 a. m., when the weather cleared and we all got a little sleep.

At 6 a. m. we were getting breakfast. The weather was still squally, but evidently on the mend. An old fisherman came out to know how we had weathered, and he seemed surprised when we told him we had come from Boston and were bound for New York.

We left at 7.30 a. m. and had a good reach to the Vineyard sound. Meanwhile the sun came out and again we had a chance to dry our clothes and blankets. At 11 o'clock we entered the Vineyard sound and, the tide still with us, we went past Woods Holl and Tarpaulin Cove. We had figured on making one of those places for the night, but we decided to try for Cuttyhunk. We had the choice of 3 passages to Buzzard's bay, and chose the middle one, which is the widest. We went through it like a shot out of a gun, with a fair wind and tide, but as soon as we were in Buzzard's bay we had a 4-mile beat dead to windward to make Cuttyhunk. That we did at 6 p. m. After supper we went ashore in search of fresh provisions and water. Cuttyhunk is a quaint little island at the end of the Vineyard sound. It is almost joined to the next island by a strip of beach with just a narrow channel through, and along this beach are innumerable wrecks. Cuttyhunk is hilly and rocky, and apparently is not much cultivated.

I was awakened the next morning by Layton, asking what we would have for breakfast. We had to humor Layton. We said politely, “Ham and eggs for a change,” and tried to look as if we had had anything else on the trip. After breakfast we stood out to sea, intending to make Newport. We had a strong head wind and a nasty sea. After beating out as far as the Hen and Chickens lightship we decided we could not make Newport that day, so returned to Cuttyhunk harbor, where we spent the rest of the day, roaming over the island and picking strawberries, which abounded. Several other boats put into the harbor for shelter during the afternoon, and when we returned to the Luella for supper we found quite a fleet around us.

We made an early start the next morning, and although the wind was still in our teeth we made fair headway. When 6 miles from Westport we suddenly felt a jar, as if we had struck something, and on going forward found that we had carried away our bobstay and the bowsprit had sprung up 6 inches from the deck. This meant that we had to reduce our sail and make for the nearest harbor, which was Westport, 6 miles to windward. There was a high sea running and the channel is narrow, with sunken reefs on both sides, over which the sea was breaking heavily. Our accident, which compelled us to take in the headsail and reef the mainsail, made it slow work beating up against wind and tide. At one time we were struck by a squall and had to let go the sheet for a minute.

At noon we got into Westport, which is a tiny harbor, but thoroughly protected. We went alongside a wharf, to repair damages, piled some large rocks on the stern of the boat, so the bow was well out of the water, and found that the wire bobstay had broken, leaving the 2 ends intact, with the turnbuckle. We got some stout wire and made it as strong as ever. We were well treated by some of the residents of that place, who helped us all they could, one man riding 3 miles on his wheel to get us some wire. As it was blowing hard and there was a nasty sea on, we decided to stay one night at Westport. I did some fishing, with indifferent luck, and after an early supper we walked along the beach to Westport, 3 miles away, a quaint, old fashioned village. The mosquitoes were bad and we were glad to get on board again, as they never troubled us much on the Luella, the atmosphere probably being a bit too smoky for them, what with an oil stove and 3 strong pipes.

At 5 o'clock the next morning we made our way out of the harbor, standing out to sea clear of the reefs. The wind was light, and although ahead was sufficiently on the bow to allow us to make leg for the lighthouse, which we were just able to weather without coming about. We passed a large steam fishing boat and were interested to see the crew fishing. A man up in the mast sights a shoal of fish, then the boats cast a net around them and the crew haul in. We saw about 20 of these steam fishing boats around Newport, which was then coming into full view. We stood over toward Point Judith. The wind was freshening and a nasty sea getting up. We passed Narragansett Pier and at 2 p. m. were off Point Judith, where we caught the full force of both the sea and the wind. We kept at it 2 hours, but could make little headway, catching the wind when on the top of a wave and when in the trough of the sea getting none at all; so we went about and headed for Newport. We then had wind and tide with us and went at a great pace.

When off Narragansett Pier we noticed a schooner moored behind a breakwater and concluded that where she could go we could; so we stood in and went through a narrow entrance into a little harbor about 200 feet square. Soon after we went in, the schooner was towed out. There were 3 fishing boats of about our own size in there. We spent the rest of the day doing Narragansett Pier. The next morning the weather was worse and the breakers were dashing right across the mouth of the harbor, making it impossible for us to get out.

As my time was up I was unable to continue my water trip to New York, and had to return overland; but I had thoroughly enjoyed my vacation and felt braced up to contend with the rest of the summer in a place that shall be nameless, but is only one degree removed from Hades.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

DR. C. B. ALBRIGHT.

Never has my barque been cast
On mighty rivers rushing fast;
Nor have I stood on mountain height
Where lonely eagles rest their flight.
I have not been upon the shore
And heard the mighty ocean roar;
Nor have I ever lived to see
The desert's wide monotony.

But well I know the inland lake,
Where bass and trout the waters break;
The woodland filled with song and flowers,
Where breezes whisper 'mongst the bowers.
The hills, the brooks, the meadows free—
I'm born for them—they're born for me.

MADE IN ALASKA.

Enclosed find photos that were made at 2.30 a. m. July 6, 1904, just as the sun was rising. Game is plentiful here; geese by the thousands, with their young, and many other kinds of birds. They are seldom molested.

ALASKA DUCKS.

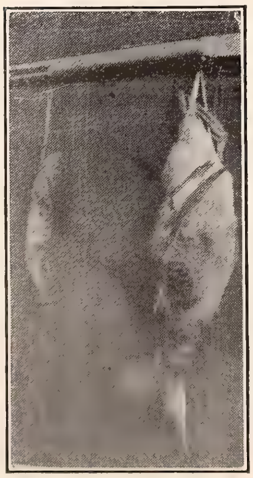
ALASKA TROUT.

I bought my Eastman Kodak from a dealer here and find it perfect in every way.

Recreation reaches us at intervals and is always a welcome visitor.

Frank R. Louden, Nome, Alaska.

A FISH DUCK'S BREAKFAST.



Herewith I enclose a photo of a fish duck* and fish which I shot last fall. The justice of the place, Mr. Martin, and I went out to shoot some loons on the river and, supposing we saw a loon out about 125 yards Mr. Martin naturally took aim at it with his 30-30. He missed, shot again and missed, so he told me to try my luck. At my first shot the bird turned over. The next thing was to get him. I climbed down over a cliff of rocks, got a boat, and went after him. To my regret I found he was a fish duck. Inside of the wound, which can be seen at the root of the duck's neck, the gills of a large fish were visible. I took the duck to shore, we pulled the fish out of the wound, and found it to be a bass 12¼ inches long. The duck had had this black bass inside of him completely out of sight and was swimming around as if he had not had anything to eat for 2 or 3 days.

Recreation is the best magazine published.

G. L. Manor, Post Falls, Idaho.

There is nothing more enjoyable than an animated discussion of something we don't know anything about with somebody who knows less than we do.—Puck.

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* Probably a merganser.—Editor.

CANOEING IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE PINE.

A. S. HAWKS.

In this era of wonderful achievements, good railroading, by annihilating distances has opened to us in Northern Michigan a region comparatively unexplored. It was originally one of the greatest lumber districts in the country, but when the lumbermen, having exhausted its wooded resources forsook it and pushed farther North, they little dreamed they left behind a land so rich in the abundance of natural resources as to astonish the uninformed. There is no better farming land in the world than this section, newly denuded as it is of its once magnificent pine forests, and the opportunities there awaiting farmer, laborer, business man and manufacturer are unexcelled anywhere. Moreover, the many beautiful streams that cross and recross Northern Michigan make it a veritable paradise for the sportsman and the rest seeker.

In planning a canoe trip the first thing to consider is accessibility, and there is no place more easily reached than this. You also want the route to lie away from the haunts of men as far as possible, yet so near to civilization that your canoe may be carried by rail to your starting point; and this combination is not to be found everywhere.

Although Michigan's day of lumbering on a big scale is past and the land looker's job is gone, there is still some of her arboreal glory left in the form of considerable hard wood. It lies North of Alpena and from there to Mackinaw. Consequently all of the streams suitable for canoeing are used at certain times of the year for running logs and it would be well for canoeists to understand that the drive is supposed to be over by the middle of June. Still, they should be sure that the streams are in condition before they start down, for a meeting with a mile or 2 of jams might not be pleasant, especially if one be limited for time. The station agents at the towns on the railways which intersect the upper counties of the State will be found willing to give canoeists information on this subject.

These rivers are picturesque in the extreme and although there are portions with low-lying, even marshy banks, the greater part are banked by sandy slopes that average at least 30 feet in height. They are all remarkably free from falls and rapids and in but a few places is it necessary to make a carry, or portage, and that only around a dam. Where man has destroyed the original forest, Nature has done her noblest to cover the defect with a second growth of low timbers; the result is beautiful and picturesque, inviting to both artist and photographer.

The many winding Au Sable river, the one time haunt of the gamy grayling, offers one of the most accessible canoeing trips of the State. One who has but limited time at his disposal may there find complete relaxation from business life and its cares. He can reach the starting point easily, and at the end be within reach of the railway. He can lazily paddle along by day, resting, dreaming, breathing life giving air, and by night sleeping with "the stars ashining overhead." He can catch each morning enough trout to supply his need for the day, making the pleasure of the catch all the keener by stopping short of satiety. Camping places are to be found anywhere that fancy may incline one to stop when night falls.

The outfit for an ordinary camping trip is all that is necessary, excepting the canoe. This should be of cedar or any light wood and for a party of 2 with their outfit should weigh about 60 pounds. If decked over 2 feet or so at bow and stern it will be found more convenient for stowing away articles. It can be taken by rail to Grayling in Crawford county, and there the stock of provisions can be secured. This river rambles along 300 miles to its outlet in Lake Huron at Oscoda. There train can be taken for home with strength in one's limbs, health in the body and so, of course, hope in the heart.

A short drive from Rose City, Ogemaw county, would reach the headwaters of the Au Gres and Rifle rivers which offer fine opportunities for canoe trips and incidentally some good trout fishing, coming out in one case at Omer and in the other at Au Gres on Saginaw bay. This section and that of the Au Sable were originally the home of the grayling, but brook trout and rainbow trout have taken their place. Pigeon river and Black river, in the extreme North of Michigan, have still some grayling, but the fish is practically extinct. This is greatly to be deplored, for there was no finer sport than casting a fly for this gamy fish. As Michigan has lost her timber the climate has changed and as the grayling never thrives in rivers subject to great changes in temperature the species is disappearing.

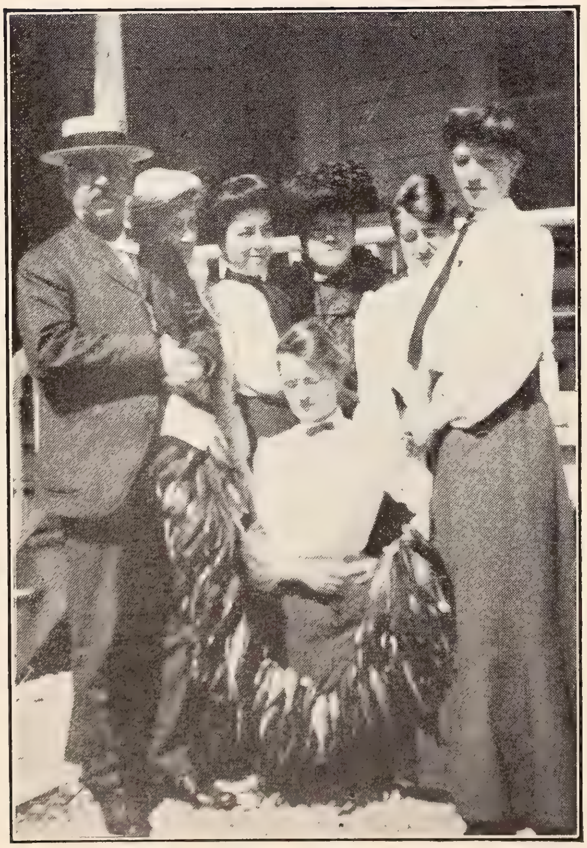
A canoe can be taken from Ossineke, Alpena county, about 12 miles over good roads to the outlet of Hubbard lake, thence down the South branch of Thunder Bay river to its junction with the main stream, and then down to Alpena. This forms a short but interesting trip, with a fairly straight course through a fine farming country and besides the trout fishing is excellent.

Penetrating still farther North, the canoeist reaches what is left of the lumbering district of Michigan, the lonely and wild section lying around Black and Pigeon rivers. These 2 streams offer really splendid opportunities for the canoeist who desires to get as far as possible from his ordinary life and dwell for a time close to Nature in her wildest form. One hears alluring stories of the big rainbows caught up these rivers and as they have not been fished so hard as the streams farther South one can well believe that sportsmen would probably find in these waters plenty of exercise for their skill in casting a fly. The canoe can be put into Black river at the termination of a spur of the Detroit and Mackinac railway, which runs about 15 miles South from the town of Tower. Thence the way leads into Black lake, then down the Cheboygan river to Cheboygan. This trip can be made in 3 days if one be pressed for time and will amply repay for the trouble taken in getting there; but a longer time should be allowed in order to enjoy it to the full extent.

The Pigeon river and Sturgeon river trips can be begun by driving about 4 miles West from Vanderbilt, Otsego county. Down either of these rivers to Mullett lake and through this and then on to Cheboygan will take about 5 days and affords the canoeist and the fisherman the finest sort of recreation.

On all such trips at least one member of the party should carry a camera, for the scenery is grand and many small objects will be found along the way, of which the canoeist will wish to preserve images.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN.



MR. AND MRS. ROBT. SINGER, MRS. AND MISS CONKLIN, MISSES MAY, GRACE AND LILIAN BLACKMORE.

Here is another example of the shameful use to which the camera is sometimes put. A Columbus, Ohio, paper reproduced this picture, accompanied by the following statement:

> A party has just returned from a tour of the lakes, and their fishing exploits equal those of professionals. The party consisted of the following Columbus ladies: Mrs. Robert Singer, Mrs. Conklin and daughter, Libbie; and Misses May, Grace and Lillian Blackmore.
>
> They went under the guardianship of Robert Singer. During their trip they spent a day at Islandton, Mich., and there the ladies caught 300 fish with hook and line. They proudly show a photograph of themselves and the fish they caught as a proof.

These women were not aware when they posed before the camera, with this shocking evidence of their slaughter, that they were exposing themselves to the reasonable condemnation of all good people who may see the picture, but I trust they may never fish in one afternoon.

Customer—You know that coat I bought of you? Well, when I buttoned it the first time it split down the back.

Clothing Dealer — Indeed? It must be that the buttons were sewed on too strongly.—Chicago News.

"Yes, he was killed by a blow from a policeman's club."

"Sort of hard-wood finish, eh?"—Puck.

THE AMATEUR TRAPPERS.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

III.

Early the next morning the trappers arose, lunched, and then, putting a lot of otter and coon traps in the little boat, they followed suit with gun and rifle. At the first turn of the stream up rose a pair of mallards with a great clattering of wings. "Bang, bang," said the gun, in the hands of Uncle Snap, "Quack, quack," said the ducks, and U. S. murmured about something connected with the production of water power. About 100 yards farther, 2 more big brown ducks arose from the lily-pads, and again U. S. paid them his compliments, without results, excepting that an old blue heron flapped up from where he had been fishing and flew off, squawking, in an insulting manner.

"Ding yore pelt!" said U. S., eying Mose suspiciously. "I believe you've been playing another of your confounded jokes, and monkeyed with this ammunition, and us with no fresh meat in camp, too."

Mose crossed himself over the heart.

"Hope to die in a minute if I have," he said. "You just simply couldn't hit a flock of bed quilts, much less ducks on the wing."

"Oh, well, 'Smart Elick'," said Uncle Snap, "take the gun, and let's see what you get."

Mose relinquished the paddle to U. S., and, assuming an easy, graceful posture in the bow of the boat, with the gun in readiness, scanned the horizon of sawgrass for ducks. In a moment, up went 2 fine ones, and Mose, taking a swift yet careful aim, let go with the right hand barrel, then with the left, but the ducks flew madly on. U. S. laughed an irritating laugh.

"Talk about hitting a flock of bed quilts," said he, "why you couldn't shoot down a stove pipe and hit the stove."

"Oh, rats," said Mose, "this is nothing to laugh at. There is a 'hoodoo' on us. We have done some wicked deed, and it is a judgment on us to see these big fat ducks fly up in our faces, without being able to get any. The only way to remove the hoodoo is to do some good deed, as quickly as possible."

"For goodness sake, let's get busy about the good deed," said U. S., "before any more ducks get away."

At that moment, the agonized yelp of a frog, seized by a snake, sounded close at hand. The opportunity was theirs. The eyes of the A. T.'s met, and seizing the paddles, they drove the boat's nose into the grass and bushes whence had come the cry for help. A black snake had slipped up on a big lazy frog, and seized him by what would have been his coat tails, if he had been properly dressed. The frog was kicking desperately, in a hopeless effort to save his life, and ever and anon, principally anon, as "Samantha" says, his throat would expand, and he would give his despairing yell for assistance. It was only one of the 1,000 daily tragedies of the marsh, but this one was nipped in the bud. A smart blow of the paddle caused the snake to release his victim and wriggle off in the grass, and the frog went kerchug into the water.

"Hurrah!" yelled Mose, "the hoodoo is broken!" At the sound of his voice a big mallard flew up near, and went whistling overhead; but U. S. grabbed the gun, which had been laid aside, in the excitement of the rescue, and squinting along the barrels till they were in line with the fleeing duck, pulled both triggers, at the same moment giving a vicious push with his shoulder, "to make the shot strike harder," he afterward explained, and down came the duck in the mud.

"I'm not a bit superstitious," said Mose, as they retrieved their duck, "even if I do like to see the new moon over my right shoulder, and a few little things like that, but I'll be switched if I don't believe helping that frog made us lucky."

"Gee, ain't he fat and heavy," said U. S., as he picked the duck out of the edge of the water.

"Holy smoke," said Mose, "look at the otter sign."

The duck had fallen within a few feet of a trail made by otters in crossing from the river to a slough, separated from it by a low bank a few yards wide. The mud was beaten down by their webbed feet, and they had wallowed on the grass near. A trap was set at the river end of the trail, with the chain ring on a sliding pole, and the spot where the trail entered the slough was guarded by another trap, made fast to a drag. Carefully obliterating their tracks, and completing the set by sprinkling with a bunch of dog fennel dipped in the river, the trappers continued on their way, in the course of the morning setting a dozen more, where the signs were good, as well af a few coon traps, which they baited with scraps of fish hung on sticks and convenient bushes.

U. S. killed another duck, and they arrived in camp at 3 o'clock, well satisfied with their day's work. They had company, in the person of an old redheaded buzzard, which was walking about, hunting scraps around the remains of the fire, and dragging his tail in the ashes. Realizing that "2's company, 3 is a crowd," he leaped into the air, and flapped away, assisted in his departure by a billet of wood from the hand of U. S., who hates a buzzard.

Mose picked and cleaned the ducks, while U. S. cut wood, started the fire, etc., and when the sun went down behind a distant cypress swamp an odor was emanating from the bake oven that caused wrinkles around the noses of the amateur trappers. That night, as they lay around the fire, full of peace and contentment, and duck, they heard a snarling, as of animals fighting, up toward the head of the dead water on which they were camped.

"Listen to the coons fighting," said Mose. "We'll go over there to-morrow and hunt for signs."

Uncle Snap responded not. He was asleep.

OLD-FASHIONED CAKE.

EMMA G. CURTIS.

We took supper at Aunt Belle's last night, on Brush Creek, Jane and me;
That we struck luck in vittles there, I think you'll all agree.
Aunt never learned new-fangled ways to pickle, bile and bake,
And, actin' on a little hint, she made old-fashioned cake.

She made the good, substantial kind they measure by the pound,
With a hole right through the middle and scallops all around.
She turned it bottom upward on a plate, and there it stood
As brown as home-cured bacon is; I tell you it looked good!

Then while the cake was coolin' and 'taters gettin' done,
She fixed up ham and eggs and tea that smelled just number one.
I saw her at the big, blue crock she keeps peach butter in,
And time that meal was ready I was hungrier than sin.

I took 2 helps of damson plums for old acquaintance sake;
But nothin' else appealed to me and warmed me like the cake.
As soon as I bit into it, it touched a memory spot
And called up scenes of boyhood days that I had quite forgot.

It took me back into the woods I played in years ago,
When haws were ripe and hazel nuts were drying sure but slow;
I even saw the sugar camp, and heard the sap's faint drip,
And felt the wax, all warm and soft, against my slobbery lip.

A settin' at the table I could look out on the snow
And see a drama actin' there, made up of long ago;
See Pa and Ma and Uncle Eb and jolly Grandpa Grey,
And Jane, a little dumplin' gal, not half a jump away.

I've sat at banquets lots of times; but, high-falutin' fare,
With Aunt Belle's old-fashioned meals in my mind don't compare;
Wishy-washy salads, junket and lady finger cake
May do for some, but I like good old roast and bile and bake.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

A KID, A CUR AND A BEAR.

In 1884 I was employed as a horse wrangler on a cattle ranch in the Shoshone Indian reservation, Wyoming. I was a mere kid, and a tenderfoot at that, though born on the frontier.

It was, I think, in November; anyway, it was late in the season for bear to be out of winter quarters. One day I was hunting deer in the bad lands between Crow creek and the North fork of Big Wind river. I shot at and missed several deer, and, becoming discouraged, set out for home in the middle of the afternoon. On the way I ran across the most forlorn and abjectly wretched specimen of an Indian dog it has ever been my misfortune to meet. The loneliness of the place and the whining appeals of the dog, evidently nearly starved, induced me to make friends with the poor creature. When I had cemented friendship by an equitable division of what remained of my lunch, the dog followed me to the ranch.

The boys were all away, and I began preparing supper. While thus engaged I was startled by unearthly yowls from the Indian cur, which had been nosing about the outbuildings. It bolted into the house and under my bunk, whining and slavering with mortal terror. I stepped out of the house and looked around the open country and along the timber bordering the river. Seeing nothing alarming I concluded my canine friend was mad, and determined to get him out of the house and put a bullet through him before a worse thing happened.

When I returned to the house the cur was curled up in an empty trunk, trembling violently and emitting those frenzied yelps, snarls and whines of which only an Indian dog is capable. Slipping a cover over the trunk I dragged it out of doors, and, thinking the dog secure, went back for my gun. As I again emerged from the house the dog escaped from the trunk, ran between my legs, nearly upsetting me, and took refuge beneath the bed. That I was a little alarmed I admit, but getting a long stick I proceeded to poke the cur out from under the bunk. I finally got a purchase on him, levered him to the door and shoved him out. He ran toward the river and I followed, waving the stick. When near the timber the dog stopped short; then with a howl he bolted for the open, his tail between his legs. Looking in the opposite direction I saw an object in the underbrush which I took to be a large black hog. It is true I had never seen a dozen hogs in my life and that the hog was, and still is, a mighty rare animal on the cattle ranges.

Nevertheless, I did not doubt it was a hog, and started toward it, stick in hand. When within 40 steps of the beast I discovered it was a big black bear pulling down bull brush to get at the frozen berries. It did not take me long to decide that I needed a gun. I ran to the house, got it, and, from behind the wood pile, fired at the bear as it was making off.

I heard a roar and, believing I had hit the animal, I ran in closer, firing as I advanced. I finally got within 15 feet of the beast and saw that both forelegs had been badly smashed by my bullets. At that point the bear raised on his hind legs. I don't think he came toward me, but I know he roared and that I snapped the gun at him. It did not go off, but I did, and if ever a frightened kid made far apart tracks it was I.

I grasped another rifle from the pegs and, mustering up courage, went out again. The bear had gone, but I followed his trail into a dry creek bed and through the bull brush. There I lost the sign and gave up the chase.

When I got back to the house one of the boys had returned. I told him my troubles and he volunteered to go with me and see what we could find. He took a shot gun and I my rifle. By blood stains on the rocks we followed my bear some distance. Suddenly the old fellow came out of the brush, advancing on his hind legs. I saw my friend pull up the shot gun, and I yelled, "Don't shoot, Andy, you'll spoil the hide!" A moment later I bagged my game; but never afterward did I see the Indian dog to which I was indebted for my first bear.

W. L. Simpson.

TWO DAYS IN THE OLYMPICS.

One cool, bright summer morning a friend and I shouldered our packs and started for Lake Crescent, in the Olympic mountains. It is 18 miles from Port Angeles, over a rough road. Crossing the beautiful Elwah as it roars down its deep canyon, we passed through dense forests of fir, cedar and hemlock, seeing occasionally the cabin of a homesteader or a prospector. When we reached the summit we had a splendid view of Lake Sutherland and the snow-capped Olympics. There we had lunch and resumed our way to Lake Crescent, only 4 miles distant, all down hill. The lake is 9 miles long and 40 rods to 3 miles wide. It is surrounded by high mountains, and the water is so clear that the bottom can be plainly seen where the water is 20 feet deep.

After making camp, we rowed out on the lake just as the sun set behind the mountains, and an hour's trolling resulted in a dozen trout. These made us a delicious supper. Then we rolled ourselves in our blankets and the rippling waves on the beach lulled us to sleep.

The next morning, after breakfast, I climbed one of the highest peaks near, and after a rough scramble considered myself well rewarded by the view. Northward I looked out over the blue water of the straits and the forest-clad mountains of Vancouver island, with the snow-capped head of Mt. Baker towering far above everything in the distance. Southward the crests of the Olympics were reflected in Lake Crescent at their feet, the mountains extending Southward, range after range, until the farthest peaks were hazy in the distance.

After another scramble over fallen timber and through dense underbrush, during which I saw many fresh elk tracks, I reached camp again, and found that my pard had secured another dozen trout for our dinner.

Fishing with fair success, we repeated the program of the night before by turning in early. The next morning we rolled out early and soon caught 18 trout, all we wanted to carry home. These we packed in moss, which kept them fresh until we reached home, a little before sundown, tired but happy.

Game as well as fish is still plentiful in the Olympics, as the mountains are so rough that few tenderfeet can penetrate far into their fastnesses and the game hog is too lazy to do so. Any true sportsman who wishes to add a good elk head to his collection and is not afraid to do plenty of tramping, can do no better than try the Olympics, to which Port Angeles is the best gateway.

M. S. Brown, Port Angeles, Wash.

THREE DEER IN 2 DAYS.

Three of us left Pointe Au Chene station on the C. P. railroad, in September, for our hunting grounds.

After riding about 12 miles on a rough mountain road, we arrived at Lake Commondow. The rest of the day was spent in making camp.

In the evening I crossed the lake to the mouth of a creek and killed a black duck, which made a good supper for all of us.

The second day after our arrival I killed a small deer.

The next day I was left alone, as Evan and Dan had to go out and look after their farm work. I then set some traps for coons and succeeded in catching 2.

The next morning, after breakfast, I started to visit my traps and was only 50 yards from camp, when I heard hounds on the other side of the lake, and soon saw a deer come down the mountain and plunge into the lake. I ran to my canoe and after a lively chase overtook and killed the deer, which proved to be a fat doe. I had just started to dress her when I heard the dogs again, and to my surprise another deer, a buck this time, came down the same runway and into the lake. I met him and soon had him hanging up beside the doe.

That afternoon Evan and Dan came in and I decided to pull camp next day, for I had my lawful number of deer. In the afternoon I went to a clearing about a mile from camp, to lay for a fox which we had seen several times. I had watched perhaps half an hour, when I saw Reynard come in at the other end of the clearing. After a while he came within range, the old 44 found his shoulder, and his skin was mine.

Next day we returned to the Pointe, where I put in a few days shooting ducks and grouse. That part of Canada is an ideal place for sportsmen. The people are the most accommodating I have ever met, and I hope to go back there again.

George H. Bent, East Providence, R. I.

Don't you know it is unsportsmanlike and unmanly to kill a deer in the water? This cold blooded murder is prohibited by law in several States and should be everywhere.—Editor.

A WYOMING ANTELOPE HUNT.

In September, 1890, when I was 16 years old, my father and I were camped on Sheep creek in Albany county, Wyoming.

September 12th being my birthday, I determined to celebrate it by having an antelope hunt. Accordingly I arose early and set out. I had but 8 cartridges for my 40-60 repeater. Following the creek 2 miles North, I discovered a small bunch of antelope grazing in a valley. They looked so big and so close together that I thought a bullet could not get by without hitting one, but when I fired, the whole bunch ran. I fired 2 more shots in quick succession and then watched the animals until they stopped on a hill a mile away.

By following a ravine I got within 500 yards of them and then gained another 200 yards by crawling on my hands and knees. Then I wriggled like a snake through the scant grass and not so scant cactus until I got within 150 yards of the animals, which by that time were lying down. Not being able to see a buck and not daring to change my position, I picked out a doe and fired, killing her on the spot. After bleeding and cleaning her I started for camp.

Presently I saw 2 big bucks run into a hollow that led back toward the hills. I ran to where they had disappeared and, looking up, saw one standing on top of a steep hill. I took quick aim and fired. Off he went. When I reached the top of the hill I saw my buck about 250 yards away. I fired twice without bringing him down. I had but one cartridge left and the buck had left, too. Still I followed as carefully as possible, but not very hopefully. I finally saw him standing with his head down, evidently wounded, about 200 yards away. With a careful aim I sent my last bullet after him, holding just over his back. He seemed to break in 2 when the bullet struck him and went down in a heap. When I got to him, however, he was far from dead, and I dispatched him with my knife. I cleaned him and, returning to camp for the horses, got both antelope in by dinner time.

Ernest A. Johnson, Morris, Ill.

SCALPED BY A SILVERTIP.

I left Old Faithful inn at 7 a. m. to-day, and arrived at the Yellowstone Lake hotel at 3.15 p. m. There was great excitement here. Two of the men connected with the hotel were walking in the woods about half a mile back of the hotel. Being tired, they were about to sit down, when they came on 2 silvertips. One of the bears ran away, but the other attacked the men, knocking one man down. His friend hit the bear with a club and was in turn promptly knocked down with a swipe which laid his scalp open 6 inches, over his left ear. The bear also bit through the man's left arm and walked on him. Evidently thinking the man dead, the bear left him for the man first attacked, who was by that time up a tree. This gave the more severely injured man a chance to climb a tree and save his life.

A doctor from Brooklyn, assisted by the barber, sewed up the wound with a cambric needle and a fishing leader. I assisted by getting solutions, stimulants, etc. The man who has only severe scratches and bruises is nearly scared to death, while the other, who is in really a serious condition, is as brave as they make them.

At 5 p. m. I saw 5 black and brown bears, and at 7 p. m. 5 silvertips, on the garbage heap where they are fed; but excuse me from wandering far in the woods alone. I have never been afraid of anything, alive or dead, but I should not like to meet the old 900 pound silvertip I saw this evening.

Dr. J. S. Emans, Yellowstone Park.

A PERSEVERING WARDEN.

November 21, 1904, I arrested Howard Miller and George Shraner, 2 hunters from Baltimore, Md., for hunting in our State without a license. I went to their camp from Reedsville, driving nearly all one night in order to get there before daylight. There were 17 men in the camp. I told them who I was and my business, and asked them to point out to me the 2 men I was seeking. I had their names, but did not know them by sight. The hunters refused to identify the 2, so I put the whole 17 under arrest. When they saw that I meant business, they pointed out to me the 2 men I wanted. I held them each for 2 days this year and one day for last year and fined them each $75 and costs, making in all $173.14.

These 2 men hold good positions in Baltimore, on the railroad, still they were not gentlemen enough to take out the required license which in our State is only $10, considerably less than the $173.14 they eventually paid.

After they got out of our State last year, they bragged of having got away from me, but this year the laugh is on them.

Joseph Berrier, Game Protector,
Harrisburg, Penn.

You're a good boy, Joe, and I hope the neighbors of Miller and Shraner will see that they are properly ostracized by the decent people of Baltimore.—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

The Scugog is filling with wild rice, but I believe it is the government's intention to dredge part of it. There were an unusual number of black ducks last summer.

We ought to have in every Province and Territory in Canada and every State and Territory in the Union a law to prohibit the sale of game and birds. If such a law were strictly enforced, it would do more to stop the decrease of our game and game birds than stopping the sale of the automatic gun. We want both stopped, however, for they are the 2 greatest causes of decrease. The automatic is at present only begun, but now is the time to stop its manufacture.

The winter of 1903-4 proved hard on the deer up North. Guides tell me a great number were either frozen, starved or killed by wolves.

S. E. Sangster, Port Perry, Ont.

Some Keene, N. H., game butchers recently held a side hunt. One end of the crowd was headed by "Doctor" W. C. Mathews and the other by C. H. Slade. I wonder what Mathews is "Doctor" of? It would seem from the love of slaughter he has manifested by going into this kind of a match that he would never try to save the life of anything, man or beast. If he is a doctor of medicine, it would be well for sick people to leave him out.

These hunters are said to have killed a large number of hedgehogs. Brave hunters! You can kill a hedgehog with a club; and that creatures calling themselves men should go out and murder these innocent, useful, stupid, little beasts with guns, in a side hunt, is almost beyond comprehension.

The only pleasant feature of the report is that these 2-legged skunks killed a number of the 4-legged kind.

I have read my story in December RECREATION, and frankly admit I did wrong in being such a hog, and killing so many squirrels; but at that time I did not realize what I was doing. I will never kill more than I really want. I thoroughly appreciate the way you roast the game hogs, and trust you may continue to do so for the sake of those who are not so greedy.

J. S. Johnston, Jr.

Deputy Game Warden R. M. Wark, of Harrison, Idaho, arrested I. N. Coplen and Wm. Pratt in their camp on the St. Joe river for killing deer out of season. He took them before Justice Frost, of Harrison, who promptly gave them a case of cold feet. He fined Coplen and Pratt $100 each and costs, and it will probably be a cold day when they go before Justice Frost again.

Hunting licenses were issued early in the season to W. H. Brewin, J. E. Haines, C. H. Standard, D. Eldridge, L. R. McCoy, J. D. Barnes, H. R. Fisher, A. Burhans, F O. Gilmore, M. Vielehi, Floyd Straley, M. L. Pollitt, Frank Lockwood, Samuel Haines, O. Ague, F. Sollenberger, Charles Luker, George Gladwell.

M. K., Canton, Ill.

October 1st guns resounded all day from the woods about West Brookfield. Sportsmen who had been longing for the day made an early start for favorite hunting grounds. Dr. Clement E. Bill and party drove to game grounds in adjoining towns. William D. Foster returned with a well filled bag.

G. W., Worcester, Mass.

Altoona sportsmen had great luck with turkeys last October. Harry Bartley, R. H. Metz and J. A. Lafferty each killed a large bird; George Coon, Fred Hill and Harry L. Stewart got 2 apiece.

C. S. H., Altoona, Pa.

William Hetrick, of 1520 Third avenue, enjoyed a successful hunting trip last fall, returning with a large number of coons, squirrels and grouse.

R. M., Altoona, Pa.

Sheriff Costigan, James Cunningham and George Fowler hunted the Cheyenne bottoms near Hoisington, securing a large number of ducks.

A. W. S., Ottawa, Kan.

C. L. Bent does not have to go hunting for birds. He bagged 4 black ducks from his office window one day last October.

B. C. B., Gardner, Mass.

I should like to hear from any of your readers who have taken a course in the Northwestern School of Taxidermy.

A. J. Perrine, Indianola, Ia.

Charles D. Case spent part of October hunting at Chateaugay lake. He brought home a doe weighing 186 pounds.

S. W. C., Fort Edward, N. Y.

James McFeely is one of our lucky sportsmen. He made a number of exceptionally good bags last season.

E. R. D., Altoona, Pa.

Charles A. Mason and John Nesbit spent 2 weeks deer hunting in the vicinity of Elmsville, N. B., last October.

A. S., Cambridge, Mass.

Walter C. Coons and Albert Peters are the champion opossum hunters of Haverhill. They bagged 7 in one night.

W. H. R., Ironton, Ohio.

The best coyote hunting is in Nevada, along the C. P. R. R., about Kelton, and West of Salt Lake.

F. D. Shepherd, Salt Lake, Utah.

Councilman Wm. E. Donmoyer killed a number of wild ducks at Stover's Dam, North Lebanon.

C. J. H., Lebanon, Pa.

Fred Crowell had a few days' successful hunting on the Cape early in the season.

R. F., Brockton, Mass.

R. F. Warren, of Friendsville, Pa., got 4 wild turkeys in 2 days' hunting last season.

B. M. B., Chambersburg, Pa.

Carl S. Taylor and H. M. Smith were among our luckiest hunters last season.

K. C. C., Altoona, Pa.

Mr. G. Leland spent 10 days last fall hunting in the Schroon lake region.

G. B. H., Glens Falls, N. Y.

FISH AND FISHING.

SOME CATCHES AT AVALON.

Fishing all along the coast of Southern California and at Avalon, Catalina Island, is at its best in July. Mackerel, silver sea trout, surf fish and halibut ran well last season at Santa Monica, Redondo, Playa, Del Rey and all the beach resorts South of Los Angeles. By trolling off shore large numbers of barracuds and yellowtails were taken. At Avalon many large black sea bass, or jewfish, were brought to gaff.

July 2nd Mr. Claude W. Heineman, of New York, took a black sea bass weighing 350 pounds after a hard fight, lasting over 3 hours. July 3rd Mr. Ben L. Brundage, of Bakersfield, Cal., broke the season's record by bringing in a black sea bass which weighed 357 pounds. Mr. Brundage brought his huge fish to gaff in 34 minutes.

Yellowtail and white sea bass also ran well. Many of the white sea bass weigh 30 to 60 pounds and afford excellent sport. Albicore and rock bass were brought in by the hundreds every day. July 3rd Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brown, of England, who were stopping at Avalon, brought in 110 rock bass, 3 albicore and 2 yellowtails, the entire catch weighing 620 pounds. Another man, name unknown, brought in a catch weighing 700 pounds.

Some regulation should be adopted at Avalon to stop this slaughter of fish by people who never know when they have enough.

Mr. H. E. Smith, of New York, recently took a black sea bass weighing 210 pounds, which he brought to gaff in 9 minutes. It is estimated that there were 8,000 people at Avalon July 4th, and probably 5,000 to 6,000 there during the remainder of the season, so the fish suffered.

The tuna gave Catalina the go-by again last season. Only small ones were taken early in the season, on hand lines. May is generally the best month for the tuna.

The jewfish record was broken July 9th by Mr. H. E. Smith, of New York. His fish was taken near Avalon and weighed 402 pounds. It measured 6 feet 10 inches from tip to tip, and 5 feet 9 inches around the body.

July 8th a large school of tuna were sighted about 3 miles from Avalon. Several launches with enthusiastic fishermen aboard started after them. Two large fish were hooked, but both broke away, taking the hook and wire leader with them.

B. C. Hineman, Los Angeles, Cal.

THREE WISCONSIN SWINE.

Among the local Nimrods who made big catches Sunday were Jake Segerstrom and G. Christofferson. The gentlemen took over 80 pounds of pike from one of the county lakes. It is safe to add that their friends were liberally treated.—Rhinelander, Wis., New North.

The following letter explains itself:

In answer to your inquiry regarding the truthfulness of the pike catch, Mr. Christofferson, my son Henry and I caught 45 pike, and it is safe to say they weighed 1 to 3 pounds apiece. We also had a string of good sized black bass, not to say anything about the large size of pickerel we had. We did not fish early or late.

J. Segerstrom, Rhinelander, Wis.

You say you had 45 pike, weighing 1 to 3 pounds each. It is fair to assume, therefore, that they would average 2 pounds each, making 90 pounds in all. Then you say you had a string of black bass, but do not say how many nor how much they weighed. Probably 20 pounds. You mention some large pickerel. Suppose we consider this conservatively and say 20 pounds of pickerel. This would make your total catch weigh 130 pounds, or more than 40 pounds to each man, at least twice the quantity of fish any decent party of 3 men should catch in a day. So your names go in the fish hog book in this wise: J. Segerstrom, No. 1,139; G. Christofferson, No. 1,140; Henry Segerstrom, No. 1,141.—Editor.

WARDENS FAIL TO KEEP PROMISES.

Have been reading Recreation several years, and enjoy it much. I like the way you roast the fish and game hogs, but would it not be a good plan to roast some of the game and fish wardens and other State officers?

I am a lover of outdoor sports, especially fishing. We have the Wishna Botna river about ½ mile from town. It is a beautiful, deep river, and should be a good fishing place, but between here and the mouth of this river are 3 dams and no fishways. Below these dams the fishing is good, many catfish weighing 3 to 17 pounds being caught there. The local sportsmen have been after the game warden and others and have the promise that fishways will be put in at once at each of the dams. This promise was given early last spring, but as yet nothing has been done, and probably all it ever will amount to is a promise. We can go fishing here, but the usual luck is about what I had Saturday, 8 catfish averaging 5 inches in length, which, of course, I threw back.

If you care to publish this letter it may have some effect, by getting opinions from others, and possibly next year we can go out with at least the hope of making a fair catch.

N. G. Partridge, Atlantic, Iowa.

MORE NOVA SCOTIA ROOTERS.

As a rule, Canadian hunters and anglers are decent men, but unfortunately there are some swine among them. Here is the latest herd that has been reported to me:

> Amherst.—J. H. Douglas, J. W. Taylor, Neil Morrison, and H. N. Stevens have returned from a successful fishing trip to Summerside. They secured 42 dozen splendid trout in one day's fishing. They were accompanied by A. W. Cummings, of Folly Village, and F. L. Rayworth, of Bayfield.—Sackville, N. B., Post.

I inquired as to the truth of this report and received the following reply:

Six of us caught over 500 trout in about 6 hours' actual fishing. The largest trout weighed 2½ pounds.

H. N. Stevens, Amherst, N. S.

Their numbers in the fish hog register are as follows: J. H. Douglass, 1,142; J. W. Taylor, 1,143; Neil Morrison, 1,144; H. N. Stevens, 1,145; A. W. Cummings, 1,146; F. L. Rayworth, 1,147.—Editor.

NIBBLES.

I am informed by reliable persons that Oscar Barrows, of Royalston, Mass., caught 114 trout one day last week. Skin him.

R. S., Worcester, Mass.

Confirming this report, I received the following:

The story is true, but it happened 2 years ago. I caught 67 trout and could see others that would not bite, so 2 days later I fished the brook again and caught 114. That is the largest string of trout I ever caught or heard of in these parts.

O. H. Barrows, Royalston, Mass.

You should be heartily ashamed of it, instead of boasting of it. Even though the fishing was done 2 years ago, you do not seem to have learned anything in the meantime as to the ethics of real sport. In that case, you made a hog of yourself, and you now brazenly boast of it. Your number in the fish hog book is 1,148.—Editor.

Last season I spent 6 weeks on the Kawartha lakes and was completely restored to health.

A great deal of water from Lake Scugog was wasted at the mills in Lindsay, causing low water in the fall. The unusually severe weather had formed thick ice, the result being the death of all the muskalonge and bass in the lake. There were thousands piled on the shores last spring, and hundreds of gulls feeding on them. The Indians tell me that more fish sank to the bottom than there were on the shores. There are no fish left save perch, etc.

A party of us took a 2 days' trip through Scugog, Sturgeon, Cameron and Balsam lakes to Coboconk. The latter lake is one of the prettiest on the continent and contains plenty of small mouth bass and muskalonge. I obtained several good photos.

S. E. Sangster, Port Perry, Ont.

Dr. F. G. Legg and his son took many large bass last summer, on the lakes in Branch county. One day, at Morrison's lake, they cought an even dozen black bass that for size were winners. One weighed over 5 pounds, another over 4, one 3, and the remainder 2 to 3 pounds each.

W. D. E., Coldwater, Mich.

James Doran spent 2 months camping and fishing on the White river in Rio Blanco county. Mr. Doran met John L. Muehlhausen, Dr. Deemer and O. B. Wright, of this place. They were enjoying good health and having a delightful time.

T. S., Cripple Creek, Colo.

A party of Middleboro anglers, including Robert Donato, Joseph Benway and Percy Harlow, report a successful fishing trip along the lakes.

M. B. F., Brockton, Mass.

L. M. Peckham and S. E. Thayer, of Hardwick, report some excellent pickerel fishing at Muddy pond.

J. F. C., Worcester, Mass.

ANOTHER ONE.

[Denver, Nov. 20.—Alexander Sutherland, said to have been the last survivor of the famous Balaklava six hundred, is dead at his home in this city.]

Fully six thousand they
That have been laid away
Since that wild charge that day
  Of the six hundred!
Of those who backward rolled
When death's last bell was tolled
Six thousand have grown cold
  Since some one blundered!

Oh! the wild charge they made!
When will their glory fade?
When will the last be laid
  Of the six hundred?
Each month that onward flies
The last survivor dies
(Unless somebody lies),
  Deathless six hundred!

Six hundred fought that day!!
Six thousand laid away
Bring back that awful fray
  Till we have wondered,
At ev'ry one's decease,

At the brigade's increase,
When will their dying cease?
  Deathless six hundred!

—Houston Post.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

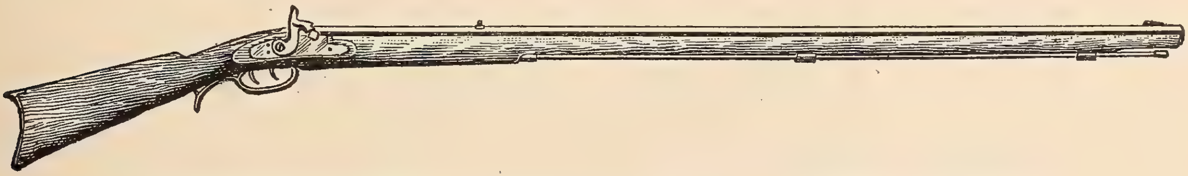
THE OLD KENTUCKY RIFLE.

In response to a request by a correspondent of RECREATION for a description of the Kentucky rifle of a generation ago, I will describe the style of arm which was in common use in the South.

Up to the time of the Civil War the muzzle loading rifle was a favorite weapon for small game. In Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia it was generally used for all sorts of game except for wing shooting.

At the age of 12 years I had a handsome Kentucky rifle and it was my constant companion. Since then I have owned several others until about 1870, when I procured a Maynard and acquired the breech loading habit.

The Kentucky rifle was heavy, with a thick, octagon barrel, 26 to 48 inches long, and carried a round ball, patched with cotton cloth or buckskin. The favorite calibers were 30 to 36. We described them by the number of round balls required to make a pound. From 90 to 120 was a favorite size and 60 was considered large. Local gunsmiths usually bought the barrels, ready grooved, with the locks and other parts separate. They would make the stocks and assemble the guns in their own shops, often ornamenting these weapons with fancy German silver plates in profusion.



LENGTH OF BARREL, 44 INCHES, LENGTH OF STOCK, 15 INCHES.
CALIBRE, ABOUT 45.

Many rifles in common use were originally of the flintlock pattern but altered to the percussion system by a plug and a nipple, screwed into the barrel where the touchhole was. Some were called "Patent Breech," having a claw which engaged a slot in the iron permanently fixed on the stock. Such barrels could be easily removed from the stock and the nipple was screwed into the breech, in the ordinary way.

Most of the old rifles had a tang on the breech pin, which extended down the grip of the stock and was secured thereto by screws.

The stock often extended all the way to the muzzle and was secured to the barrel by small pins which passed through lugs on the under side of the barrel. Others had stocks which extended about half way up the barrel, and were finished with a brass tip with a hole to receive the ramrod. The free end of the barrel had a small, grooved bar on the under side, with thimbles for the ramrod. In the stock, near the butt plate, was a roomy grease box and the butt plate had a deep curve in it, which engaged the arm of the shooter just inside the elbow. The stock was always slender and light; not at all like that of the modern shot gun. The great weight of the weapon absorbed the recoil of the small powder charge, so it was hardly noticed.

The lock was always fitted with hair triggers which would act at the slightest touch.

Altogether the rifle was top-heavy, as compared with the modern breech loader. The barrel was thick and heavy. The great weight and length of the rifle made it easy to hold in taking aim.

Being of small size the ramrod had to be of the best hickory and nearly as large as the bore. It projected several inches beyond the muzzle, thereby giving a handhold to withdraw it when used in swabbing out the bore.

Careful sportsmen would load and keep their rifles with jealous care. Some of them would clean out the bore after every shot and were extremely careful and precise in the exact charge of powder used and the quality of the patching.

I owned a gun and killed game at the age of 8 years, having for my instructor my grandfather, who used a long rifle and was a past master in the art. He was a type of the expert still hunter of his day.

After pouring down a charge of fine grained powder a perfect bullet would be selected and placed on the muzzle, with the greased patch intervening. Then the bullet would be forced into the barrel, carrying the patch with it, until flush with the muzzle, using for this purpose the handle or smooth back of a jackknife. The surplus of patching cloth would then be cut off, at one swipe of the blade, and the bullet forced home, on the powder, with the ramrod. When properly adapted, the bullet would glide into place, smooth and true, but it required considerable force on the slender rod to put it there.

The patch should be of just the proper thickness, soft and tough, so as to fill the grooves just right. An old buckskin glove would often be the best thing, though a thick cotton drilling was generally used. With the bullet in place, a percussion cap on the nipple put the rifle in condition for immediate use.

The sights were usually of the common pattern. The front sight, a thin slip of polished silver, set into a slip of steel which fitted a dovetailed notch across the barrel, near the muzzle. The rear sight was a semi-circular notch, with a minute nick in the bottom, and this sight was often covered with a shade of blackened tin, to protect it from the light.

When the front sight was polished, a fine bead would show at the nick like a tiny spark of fire, thus allowing exact aim. Every hunter would adjust the sights to suit himself and no time nor labor was considered too great to accomplish that end.

At a moderate range, say under 75 yards, the small bore rifle was wonderfully precise. The trajectory of the round bullet, at that range, was flat, but would not hold up much beyond that distance.

The still hunter, with his muzzle loader, was a careful man in many ways. He could not pump half a dozen bullets into the game, in as many seconds, but he usually brought home the meat with his first shot. It was a case of the man behind the gun, then as well as now.

Although my first and best shooting was done with such rifles, I soon discarded them as too slow and now am content with the modern breech loader which is not so great a burden to tote and has a longer range of action.

Thomas Clarke Harris, Baltimore, Md.

In reply to the suggestion of U. N. Dyer, who wished to hear something good said of the old Kentucky rifle, I have a great interest in old time guns, of which I have several. Among them is a fine old style muzzle loading rifle, made in Nashville, Tenn., by Kirkman & Ellis. The barrel is of the finest steel, octagon, 48 inches long; stock is of dark curly maple and extends the entire length of the barrel. The gun is brass mounted. The caliber is about 36, taking 90 pound balls to the pound of lead. There are 7 deep grooves or rifles in the barrel. The front sight is of the knife-blade style, German silver, the rear sight a plain buckhorn with a fine notch, no elevation being allowed. The gun is percussion lock with a set hair trigger. This rifle is capable of throwing a ball with the greatest accuracy within the limit of its range, about 150 yards. There are few rifles of to-day that can outshoot these old guns. I load my rifle by placing a ball in the palm of my left hand and pouring out just enough powder to cover it; then ram the ball home, with its greased patch. These rifles are a great curiosity now, and are almost out of use, although I saw several in the Northern part of Minnesota last fall. Let us hold the old Kentuckey in reverence, because it is so closely associated with the pioneers who went before us. I stick by RECREATION.

George W. Huffnagle, Vineland, N. J.

In July RECREATION Mr. U. N. Dyer asks concerning the old Kentucky rifle. I have one in my collection which is in condition to use. It is 7 feet 2 inches long. The stock and fore end are all one piece and are of snakewood; the fore end extending to the muzzle. The flint lock is extra large and the flash pan is prominent. The rifle is about 14 gauge and at the muzzle is as thin as a modern shot gun; but the explosion chamber must be 1-2 inch thick. The rifle weighs about 18 pounds.

Dr. H. Plympton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLD TIME HUNTERS AND THEIR GUNS.

The greater part of the hunting in my early days was done with a muzzle loading rifle of the type generally known as the old Kentucky rifle. As a man had only one shot in those days it was necessary that he should take great care in aiming. A misplaced bullet might cost him his life. Imagine yourself face to face with a grizzly, a mountain lion or a bunch of red men, with their war paint on, with a little load of black powder and one little bullet, away down in the back end of the barrel, a percussion cap on the tube. You pulled the trigger and were not quite sure whether the gun would go or not, for a little dampness or dirt in the tube and it was no go. With those old long guns you had to have a steady nerve and be a good shot. As a rule all old timers were such. In fact, it was necessary with them, as a good portion of their living was secured with the rifle. It was not safe to get nervous. If you shoved a ball down before putting the powder in the gun, or broke your ramrod, either of which was easy, then you would better take to tall timber.

In those days it was considered a disgrace to shoot a squirrel or grouse in the body. I have known some of those old men who would seldom miss a grouse's head, or, in fact, anything they shot at. For accuracy, up to 100 yards, the gun will probaly never be built that will beat the old time muzzle loader. They were loaded with a light charge of F F or F F G black powder, and a patched bullet; and one shot a minute was considered fast work.

A man who has never shot one would do well to load it at all. One cause of those guns having gained such fame is they were all finely sighted and the length of the barrel gave much greater distance between sights than we have in our modern rifles. The double set hair triggers enabled the shooter to hold dead on while pulling, instead of pulling off, as we so often do with our hard trigger guns.

Geo. L. Maus, The Dalles, Ore.

THE UNITED STATES REVOLVER ASSOCIATION.

This Association is the national organization of the revolver and pistol shots of the United States. It was organized in 1900 and incorporated in 1903. Its objects are: "To foster and develop revolver and pistol shooting, establish and preserve records, classify arms, encourage and conduct friendly matches between members and clubs in our own country as well as with our brother shooters abroad."

Any citizen of the United States interested in revolver or pistol shooting is eligible for membership. There is no initiation fee. The dues are $1 a year.

During the 5 years of its existence the Association has conducted 2 international revolver matches with France, both of which were won by the United States. It has provided suitable trophies and has established annual championship matches open to everybody. These matches are held in 6 or more places throughout the United States each year, and are in charge of a regularly appointed officer of the Association in each locality.

The rules and regulations governing these championship contests have been adopted by nearly all the active clubs in the country, thus securing uniformity in the classification of arms as well as in the minor details and conditions. Matches between teams in remote parts of the country are now not only feasible, but are of frequent occurrence and extremely interesting.

The Association has also instituted a medal competition to gauge the skill of individual shots, wherever they may live. Certified targets are issued, and when the shooting is done under prescribed conditions, medals are awarded, and the scores recorded in the Record Book of the Association. Sixty members have already secured ratings in the records by this method.

The membership, which in 1900 numbered 40, has increased to over 420, and now includes practically all the prominent shots in the country.

The affairs of the Association have been managed conservatively from the beginning. Financially it is in excellent condition, and is now accumulating a surplus which will be expended in furthering the objects of the Association.

It is proposed to provide a trophy to be competed for by teams of 5 men and to establish State championships, the latter to be determined by the scores made in each State in the annual championship matches.

A booklet containing the constitution, rules and regulations governing the championship matches, a list of members, etc., will be mailed on application to J. B. Crabtree, Secretary-Treasurer, 525 Main street, Springfield, Mass.

SMALL SHOT.

Public sentiment will have to be molded against the use of automatic and pump guns before their use will be restricted by law. I am opposed to both of them. They are not sportsmanlike and are sold for the quicker extermination of game and the making of larger bags. They are weapons of the market hunter; of the man who would not hesitate to pot a covey of quail running ahead of him in the furrow; of the man who creeps up to a flock of ducks sitting on the water and pots as many as he can; the weapon of the man who sells his game and thinks more of the money he gets than he does of the day's recreation, the difficult shot he has made and the easy one he has missed. W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, Mich.

While hunting deer in the Adirondacks last fall I started a buck. Although I caught but a glimpse of his flag I sent a bullet after him, partly in hope that it might find him and partly to warn Bill that I had started game. Bill heard the shot, and as the buck came his way, fired at it. Not knowing where the shot came from the animal stopped on a knoll 100 yards from where my comrade was standing. Bill tried to throw another cartridge into the gun and it stuck halfway between the magazine and the barrel. Shocked at Bill's remarks, the buck hastened out of hearing. The rifle was a Marlin. Bill has a Savage now.

J. W. Furnside, Schenectady, N. Y.

Will some of Recreation's readers please tell me what they think of the 38-55 Winchester for big game?

Is there any game in Arizona? If so, what kind?

Long life to Recreation. It is the best sportsmen's magazine I ever saw.

Jas. Gaylord, Nasper, Tenn.

Do you think 34 inch barrels desirable? What are maximum loads of both black and smokeless powders for 10 and 12 gauge, with B B shot?

Revalli, Missoula, Mont.

Will readers of Recreation please answer?—Editor.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

THE CROW MUST GO.

I have written repeatedly of the dastardly work of the crow, but he has not yet had all that is coming to him.

The L. A. S. has done much good, and I hope will still do good, but the first thing that demands its attention is the crow. We are putting a stop to the man with the gun and now many of us believe that is all there is to be done; that nature will care for itself if we only see that the laws are enforced. It does look that way to the man who lies abed till the sun is an hour or 2 high; but let the same man be up and away with the first light of day, and if he is at all observing he will soon see and know that we have a greater enemy than the man with the gun. The crow will follow civilization to the ends of the earth if there are a few trees in the neighborhood where he can build a nest. If he can not find carrion to eat, he will rob the domesticated hens' nests, and when the barnyard fails to supply him with food, he will take what he can find from the State in the shape of eggs and young of the song, insectiveorous and game birds.

I am glad to see that other students of nature have observed the same thing I have. Articles have been published from time to time in Recreation, from people all over the United States, telling of the depredations of the crow. In an article in Recreation, from Devil's Lake, N. D., the nesting place of many of our water fowl, the writer endorses my statement, of several years ago: "A substantial bounty per head on all crows killed during the nesting season will assist in the preservatioon of our fast disappearing water fowl."

Many of our States prohibit spring shooting, yet the crow thrives and will get fat as a consequence. No one ever claims that crows are getting fewer. They do not fly in bunches ready to alight with any stray bunch of decoys. Neither do they fly in coveys, like prairie chickens and quails. Do you know of any bird or mammal that hunts for the nesting place of the crows and destroys their eggs or the young? Crows' eggs always hatch and the young always grow to maturity.

W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill.

For a long time I believed that the good the crow does in eating bugs and worms counterbalanced the evil he does; but I have changed my mind completely on this subject and am now advising sportsmen everywhere to declare war on him. A long time ago I printed an editorial approving of the action of a party of sportsmen somewhere who organized and conducted a big side hunt in which the shooting was confined to crows and English sparrows, and I would be glad if sportsmen would conduct such side hunts wherever these 2 species of vermin exist.

I should indeed be glad to see laws enacted providing for a bounty of 10 cents a head on crows; but this would be well nigh impossible. The farmers wield too big an influence in most Legislatures to allow such a bill to go through. It would mean an expenditure of thousands of dollars, and the farmers would claim that such a law would be entirely in the interest of city sportsmen. We would not agree with this, but the other fellows would probably talk us down. We are urging the passage of such laws, and I am sure that 9 out of every 10 League members will agree with me in this.

I think I shall draft a bill providing for a bounty on the heads of crows and send it to all our chief wardens in the States inhabitated by these birds, with the recommendation that they introduce it in their respective Legislatures and push it.—Editor.

DO PHEASANTS FAST WHILE SITTING?

When I first intrusted some of my golden and Amherst pheasants with the incubation of their own eggs, I was surprised at not seeing them off their nests for food or drink at any time during the 22 to 24 days required for hatching. I never supplied our birds with food over night, so we concluded these sitters came off their nests at daylight, took a drink, scratched up what gleanings they could find from the grain thrown to the other pheasants the previous evening, and returned to their respective nests. We have since proven conclusively, however, that they went us even one better. They never leave their nests from the time they commence incubation until the young are hatched, and they were given no food nor water, either by us or the male pheasants, during that time. This seems hard to believe; it was for us, but we proved it in several ways, and have also received confirmation from other people. At the expiration of the fast the hens come off with their little amber and brown striped chicks, in fine condition, and are extremely watchful, gentle and proud of their little ones.

L. R., Detroit, Mich.

I referred the foregoing letter to a friend who has had experience in raising pheasants, and he replied as follows:

The story about golden pheasants going without food and drink for 22 to 24 days may be true, but I doubt it. I showed the letter to our gamekeeper, and while he is not strong on golden or Amherst pheasants, he doubts if they can go so long without food. We raise English birds, and irrespective of the hand raised ones hatched out and attended to by domestic hens, the old cluckers are fed at regular intervals daily and the young pheasants every 2 hours. The wild pheasants, raising their own young or sitting on their own eggs, go off the nest to feed early in the morning and again in the evening. I have a few goldens, and I noticed that one little hen in a pen sat extremely close and tight. She had a runway, and while I placed food in her coop she never left it. However, the rats may have eaten the food.

I take the liberty of forwarding the Detroit letter to Mr. D. B. Provoost, of Elizabeth, N. J. He showed me a nice lot of young goldens he had recently raised in his back yard, and may be able to throw some light on the subject.

S. B. Jameson, Allamuchy, N. J.

Mr. Provoost writes:

It is a matter I have never had brought to my attention before, but one of my golden hens, while sitting on her own eggs, came off her nest at least twice last year, and I counted her eggs on 2 occasions. This year the same hen nested in her coop where I could not see her without going in the coop. She had food and water in the coop. I do not recall seeing her out of her coop while nesting this year. Therefore my observations this year are of no value to you.

D. B. Provoost, Elizabeth, N. J.

Following my former articles in RECREATION about purple martins, I received several letters as to how to make the bird houses, etc., and am glad so many of your readers were interested.

The martins were unusually numerous this year. I had 18 pairs that raised broods of young birds. An average of 4 to each pair would make 72 young martins in my colony. Three pairs in my dwelling had 13 young, there being 5 in one nest and 4 each in the others.

Ten years ago no one in this vicinity had any purple martins, although they were in other portions of the city. A friend of mine living on the West Side, who had some of the birds, said I lived too near the lake, which is 9 blocks away. About 8 years ago I was fortunate in having a pair settle in my bird house, and with new ones coming from other localities, and from the young, the number has increased wonderfully. Within a mile of my place, people who never knew the bird have begun to like them and put up houses, so that at least 150 pairs have nested this year.

A few weeks ago the telegraph wires for 3 to 4 blocks were covered with purple martins, the most of the birds being this year's crop of young. There must have been 1,000 to 2,000.

I had this season one pair of bluebirds, one pair of tree swallows, and one pair of house wrens. The bluebirds raised 2 broods. I regret to say that some fiend killed the male tree swallow, as I missed him after the birds were breeding. The female made a valiant effort to hatch the eggs and raise the young, but one time during her absence for food a sparrow got in and threw the eggs out.

A male purple martin I also missed just about the time the female started laying. She managed to hatch the eggs, and successfully rear 2 or 3 young, all by herself. As I kept close watch of the bird during the time, there is no doubt of this being correct.

The first purple martin of the season arrived April 6.

Last evening I was sitting on the porch in front of my house, when a neighbor called my attention to a flock of birds about a block or a block and a half high, and wanted to know what they were. I at first took them for nighthawks, but soon recognized them as small gulls, about the size of a pigeon. They seemed to be catching flies, some of which I noticed in the air near. I watched the birds at least 15 minutes, and there is no doubt in my mind that they were feeding, as they darted about, exactly as the purple martins do when in the air feeding. I never saw gulls do this before, although they are numerous on the lake, and I am much interested to know if what I state has been observed before by anyone else.

Frederick Wahl, Milwaukee, Wis.

"You look awfully tired, young man," said the benevolent woman to the young man with the books under his arm.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the student, "I'm studying for a doctor."

"It's a shame! Why don't you let the doctor study for himself?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mamma—Don't lounge that way, Tommy. Sit up like a man.

Tommy—Why, mamma, men sit down; it's only dogs and rabbits that sit up.—Philadelphia Press.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

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James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.
Redifor Rod and Reel Co., Warren, Ohio.

REPORT FROM MONTANA.

Speech of Hon. W. F. Scott, State Game Warden, at the 6th annual meeting of the L. A. S.:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Montana, as you all know, is one of the largest States in the Union, having an area of about 143,000 square miles. I have the honor of being the Warden of that State. Previous to 1901 we had a complete game law, as nearly every State has had, but with absolutely no provision for enforcement except through peace officers, and, of course, you know what interest constables, policemen and such officers take in the enforcement of game laws. In 1901 a bill was introduced in our Legislature providing for a department of fish and game. It passed, with an assessment of 1-10th of a mill on all the taxable property of the State, for a game protective fund. That gives us a revenue of about $20,000 a year, and with that are placed the license fees collected from non-residents. This license is $25 for hunting large game, and $15 for hunting small game. There are also placed in this fund all fines collected by this department; so we have a large amount of money in our fund, but we can not gain access to it.

The number of deputies provided for by this bill is 8. This does not include the State Game Warden, but the State Game Warden has 8 deputies and they are paid $100 a month and allowed their expenses while traveling out of their own districts. The State is divided into 8 districts, and these average about 15,000 to 18,000 square miles to the man. The deputy must pay his own expenses while traveling in his own district. The law is lame. The fund keeps multiplying as the years go on, and the Legislature will no doubt wipe out the 1-10th mill tax.

I have been worrying a good deal as to how to get at this surplus (laughter), and being a new hand in politics I have not yet devised a way.

We passed, at the last Legislature, a law which restricts the shipment of game. Heretofore we have had no restriction on shipment of game outside the State, and people had a right to ship all the game they chose. Now we have a law which leaves the question of shipment entirely with the State Game Warden as to whether a hunter may ship game out of the State. Non-residents buy their licenses, which entitle them to kill a limited quantity of game and take it out, provided it is properly ticketed. This new law holds express companies and their employees liable for any violations.

We have a new feature which was taken from the Wyoming game law, namely, the licensing of guides and making the guides ex officio game wardens and holding them responsible for the acts of the hunters whom they may take out. Every man who guides in Montana for pay must make an affidavit and have it signed by 3 responsible taxpayers of the county in which he lives, that he is of good moral character and responsible, and he must take the oath of deputy game warden and pay $10 for a license. As soon as he returns from a trip he is required to make a report, stating the number of days he has been employed, the names of the persons whom he took out, and if non-residents, the number of their licenses. He must also give an itemized account of the number of heads of game killed by each member of the party. That is a good law and it is working well.

Another good feature of our law is that it licenses taxidermists. Taxidermists are a hard class of people to handle. Heretofore we could go through a taxidermist's shop, but we had no way of finding out whom the hides belonged to that were there in pickle; so we passed a law providing for the licensing of taxidermists. They pay $25 a year and render an itemized statement each month of the number of heads and hides received, and to whom they belong; also of the number of heads of game they have on hand the 1st of each month and the amount of game shipped out. Thus we have an absolute check on them. We know exactly what goes out, what comes in and to whom it belongs. When we call on them we take our reports along and check them. If there is any discrepancy the taxidermists must explain. Of course, they complain about the law and say it is unconstitutional, but they have not tested it yet, and I think it will stand.

The National Park borders on my State and it is an interesting place for any one to visit. It is a great breeding ground for game, because game is protected there. The Park is now in charge of Major Pitcher, one of the most enthusiastic game protectors and one of the pleasantest gentlemen to be found anywhere. The Government employees in the Park, as well as the soldiers and civilian scouts, whose duty it is to patrol the Park, do their work well at all times. They take their saddle and pack-horses and go out and stay for weeks, patrolling the borders of the Park, and I have deputized each one of the scouts as a game warden for Montana, so they have jurisdiction to come over the Park line into Montana and make arrests. They have given us more assistance than any other class of people, and they have broken up along the borders of the Park several gangs of poachers which have been operating there for years.

Public sentiment in that community is rapidly growing in favor of game protection, and we have but few reports of violations in that section. I went up to the Park the other day to see Major Pitcher, and driving over to the Mammoth Hot Springs, we drove into a band of 33 mountain sheep. I have often seen mountain sheep when hunting, but I never got so close to them as I did there. We got within 25 or 30 feet of them. They got up on the sides of the cut and stood there, looking down at us as we drove by. I was in a Government ambulance, and I had the driver stop while I made several pictures of them.

When I got up to headquarters the Major said,

"I will feed some of my pets to-night," and asked if I would like to see them.

I said I certainly should, and he ordered the soldiers to bring out the feed on to the grounds in front of the barracks and in front of the hotel stables. Right in the center of the parade grounds we soon counted 68 mule deer that came down to feed, and they walked about the officers' quarters like domestic sheep. We took pictures of them, sometimes getting within 8 or 10 feet of them. There were some of the largest bucks I have ever seen. They were originally wild game. They come out over the borders of the Park each year and are hunted. It would seem that a man might go out and shoot one easily on the border of the Park, but it seems that as soon as they go over the boundary line they know it, and then one can not get any closer to them than to the other wild game.

Up on the branch, possibly a mile from the Springs, we saw enormous numbers of elk. There must have been 2,000 or 3,000; and down on the flat, coming home, we saw between 400 and 500 antelope feeding. They are a little wilder than deer. One can not get closer than 30 or 40 yards from them; but the deer are like domestic animals.

In the winter, when the snow is deep, it is worth while to see these animals. Even persons who have been raised in the far West and used to all kinds of game can see more wild game in the Park in a day than they ever saw in their whole lives. It is a great breeding ground, and the surplus will wander over the borders of the Park into adjoining States and keep them thoroughly stocked.

I believe Montana has a more varied Rocky mountain game than any other State in the Union to-day. We possibly have not so many birds as some other States, but what we are shy on the bird crop we have in the big game crop.

Another good feature of our law which has been in force ever since 1897 is the absolute prohibition of the sale of game. We are a young State, but we are among the first to inaugurate that feature of game protection. In Montana you may travel months and never find a piece of game on sale anywhere. You may go to any restaurant or hotel or eating house in the State and you would not find a piece of game on sale. That is the foundation for all game laws. As soon as you stop the sale of game, you destroy the incentive of the market hunter. A hunter will not go out and live on sow belly and kill game if he has no way of disposing of it that will bring him revenue. He will turn his hands to pursuits which are more honorable and profitable.

Another question I have worried about a great deal is the Indian proposition. I don't know whether you Eastern gentlemen appreciate the situation, but my Western brothers, no doubt, will agree with me when I say it is a difficult problem to handle.

In Eastern Montana the Missouri river winds down in a zigzag, crooked way. The lands in the bends, when large, is known as bottoms, and when small, as points. The Indians surround one of these bottoms, or points, and send the women and children in with tin pans, bells or anything they can make a noise with, to drive the deer out, and they are slaughtered in countless numbers. It is an evil that needs careful consideration and demands the attention of the National Government.

We passed a bill which made it unlawful for any Indian to leave his reservation armed in any way, and we tried to enforce it. We confiscated guns and have several lawsuits pending. I don't know just where we are going to get off (laughter), but we shall keep at it till we land somewhere.

Now that we have a license law we have prosecuted some Kootenais for hunting without licenses; but when you are absolutely certain that you are convicting a nonresident Indian, you are liable to be making a mistake. They all look alike, and you can't tell whether they are Flatheads or Crees or Kootenais. We are up against it, and I should like to see the Legislature enact some law that would reach these cases.

Idaho, Wyoming and several of the Western States are in the same box. As to the League of American Sportsmen, no other organization has helped us as the League has. As Mr. Fullerton said, it seems to be fearless; more so than the local organization. A man who belongs to a local club will come to you and say:

"I want to tell you about something I ran across up the valley the other day."

He will explain all about it; "but," he says, "don't bring my name into this case."

"Why not? Can you give me an idea where I can get the facts?"

"No, no, I can't do that; but you don't know how much violation is going on up there."

"Well, won't you give me some idea; let me send a man."

"No, no! If you send a man up there they will know it was I who told you; but something ought to be done there soon."

They come around with such propositions and then go out and scatter the report broadcast that you are not doing your duty. People of that kind are no good in any community, especially along the lines of game protection. I have found the League members to be made of different stuff. They try to assist us in every way possible, and they have done great work out there. In regard to the official organ of the League, you may go anywhere, even in the thinly settled sections of our State, and you will find on top of the sewing machine an almanac and a copy of RECREATION. (Applause.) So the League is doing great work and is making public sentiment for us, and that is all that is necessary. Public sentiment is the main thing. (Applause.)

AN APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN.

Many sportsmen when on hunting trips are in the habit of shooting, simply for practice, birds that can in no sense be considered game. Large numbers of red birds, martins, larks, woodpeckers, sapsuckers, flickers, catbirds, bullbats, and birds of like character are destroyed every year. Without considering the æsthetic side of the question, such birds should not be killed, from an economic standpoint. They are of great value to the public as worm, bug and insect destroyers. A drove of bullbats is of more value to a malarial district than a grove of quinine trees, as the diet of these birds in spring and summer consists principally of mosquitoes. No true sportsman will kill these valuable servants for practice shooting.

This appeal is made to the sportsmen to consider the great value of the non-game birds, and it is believed that they will not only abstain from killing such birds but will preach the gospel of protection at all times.

J. E. Redding, R. W.
Yazoo Chapter, League American Sportsmen.
—Yazoo, Miss., Herald.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Edited by J. A. Kingman.

AUTOMOBILE BODIES.

Numerous styles of bodies are used on automobiles, but the tonneau is by far the most popular. The name is French for tub, and the tonneau body in its original form came to us from France. For years the tonneau body consisted of a front seat and a rear seat, the former sometimes in the form of a plain seat, straight across, accommodating 2 or 3 passengers at a pinch, but more often, and of late almost entirely, in the form of 2 separate, or bucket-shaped, seats. This arrangement has the advantage of holding each passenger firmly in place and prevents the occupant of the front left seat from sliding into and interfering with the driver when going at high speed over lumpy roads. Of course, the driver almost invariably sits at the right of the car. It it rare for the wheel or tiller to lie at the left.

The rear seats of the tonneau have been made more comfortable of late years. At first the tonneau was a tiny and uncomfortable affair, seating 2 grown persons with difficulty. The sides of a tonneau are built high, so that articles carried therein, such as suit cases, wraps and the like, will not spill out; and in some large cars the tonneau is roomy enough to contain 5 persons. Ordinarily, however, the tonneau seats 3.

This coming season the universally popular tonneau will have double side-door entrances instead of the single rear entrance employed so many years. The advantages of the side entrances are fairly obvious; there are 2 entrances and exits instead of one; the car may be driven to either curb so that the passengers may enter or leave it without dismounting into the road; and it gives a more comfortable rear seat, with better facilities for carrying tools, supplies and the like. One objection is that the framework must be longer in order to accommodate the longer body, and this makes a longer car; in most cases longer than is necessary or convenient. What the designers are busy over now, is the working out of a design which shall combine the side entrance tonneau with a moderately short wheel base. A car with a long wheel base takes up a good deal of room, is not any too easy to manage when entering or leaving a garage or automobile storage station, and has other drawbacks.

Tops and closed bodies grow more popular every year. In the early days people were more or less indifferent about bodies and the comforts thereof as long as the machine would run. Now that great reliability has come, people are more closely considering their own comfort. The Cape cart hood will be popular during the coming summer. It is made of waterproof cloth, in appearance is something like an extension buggy top, and can be used for a dust shield or sun shade, as well as a means of protection against rain. The heavy canopy, supported on metal uprights and having a folding glass front, I look to see almost entirely displaced this season by the Cape cart hood. The latter is much lighter and cheaper and just as effective. The glass front is not much advantage in rainy weather, for it fogs, and then the operator can not see through it. Moreover, it makes great wind resistance when lowered in place.

HOW TO START THE CAR.

There is a right as well as a wrong way of starting a gasoline car. Who has not watched or experienced the wrong way and wondered why a driver with any pretensions to skill should follow it? The engine is started and the occupants of the car brace themselves for the shock that they know is coming. The clutch is thrown in and the car plunges forward abruptly; it almost seems as if the sudden and tremendous application of power had lifted it off the ground. The passengers are forced back into their seats and then brought forward as the car picks up its speed. The process is a good imitation of that of a trolley car in a congested street when the motorman plays with the power, alternately applying and shutting it off, tilting the passengers back and forth as if they were manikins.

A driver who knows his business never starts in this way, any more than a locomotive engineer does. He introduces his clutch gradually, permitting only part of the power to be transmitted at first, thus starting the car without the suspicion of a jerk. It gathers way, slowly at first, but before many yards have been traversed the clutch is forced home and the full power of the engine is being transmitted to the gearing.

The saving in wear and tear of engine, gears, frame, springs, wheels and tires by this method of starting is enormous.—Motor World.

LIBELOUS SENSATION REPORTS.

Any one outside the ranks of automobilists reading the daily papers might easily get the impression that users of automobiles are without exception a lawless lot. Incidents of the most trivial character, which, if occurring in the case of horse-drawn vehicles, would get a scant paragraph, are worked up into sensations. Distortion and exaggeration fill in all details necessary to make a story out of some commonplace incident of city or country traffic. In the eager campaign of scandal mongering and head line sensation there is neither time nor inclination to search for truth, and, indeed, this is more laborious work than those who do not write for a living realize.—The Automobile.

K bets that in driving a wagon or an automobile around a right-hand corner at a high rate of speed it will tip over to the right.

H bets it will tip to the left.—S. P. H., New Haven, Conn.

ANSWER.

H wins the bet. The reason the wagon or automobile would tip over to the left in turning a right hand corner at high speed is because the centrifugal force is not compensated for. In a railroad track the outer rail on a curve is elevated so that the train will not have to reduce speed in turning the corner. A bicycle race track is banked for the same reason.—EDITOR.

An auction sale of second hand automobiles held in New York city demonstrated the value of advertising. Farmers and persons of inexperience were in the majority among the buyers, and the well posted visitors were repeatedly amazed to see an excellent car knocked down at a ridiculously low price, while others sold at figures well up toward the list price for new models. In every case the big bargains were in cars that are not well known to the general public, because not extensively advertised, while the high prices were brought by machines that have been widely advertised.—Automobile Topics.

If acetylene lamps are to be expected to give satisfactory service, the gas generators should be thoroughly cleaned every time they are filled. A good way to do this is to use a hose and water under pressure, compressing the end of the hose so as to make the water stream out forcibly. See that all the residue is thoroughly removed from the generator before refilling with carbide.—Motor World.

The reason French automobiles have been so popular is that French manufacturers started sooner, got on the right track quicker and have kept ahead till now. In 1902 France reported 24 million francs' worth of automobiles; in 1903, 46 million, and in 1904, 56 million.

Henry Souther, of Hartford, after making some exhaustive tests of anti-freezing solutions for use in gasoline cars in winter, declares that the problem is now substantially solved. A mixture of wood alcohol and glycerine is the proper thing to use.

Showing the interest taken in automobile construction, a competition has been organized, to be held in Paris, whereby actual owners of cars enter them in classes arranged according to the price of the *chassis*, or machinery.

"I think I'll try filling the tires of my automobile with illuminating gas," said the amateur chauffeur.

"Good joke," gurgled his fool friend. "Expect to make it light. Ha, ha!"

"Nothing of the kind," replied the amateur chauffeur. "I thought it might increase the speed of the machine. Just think how the stuff makes the wheels of a gas meter spin around."—Chicago News.

"Do you think the automobile will ever take the place of the horse?" asked the man who was standing around watching the tourist trying to repair a breakdown.

"My friend," was the response, "that is an unimportant question. The problem now is to get a horse to take the place of the automobile."—Washington Star.

Miss Frightleigh—How did you manage to retain your composure when the auto blew up?

Mrs. Flareup—Mr. Flareup has such a furious temper, you know, that I am used to explosions.—Detroit Free Press.

Sunday School Teacher: Tommy McGrath, can you tell me who threw the stone that struck Goliath?

Tommy: Ye kin search me. Our street's all tore up, an' dey ain't no autermobiles goes dat way.—Brooklyn Life.

An Ohio exchange says: "A Michigan editor has had a streak of bad luck. He was just about to step into his new $10,000 automobile the other night when 3 bed slats gave way and he awoke."

"My kingdom for a horse!" cried Richard III.

And a moment later he was seen slowly emerging from under his balky automobile. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

CHESTNUT FOR WOOD LOTS.

Throughout the Northeastern States, from Massachusetts to Maryland, and as far West as Indiana, chestnut holds an important place as a timber tree. Commercially, it is chiefly in demand for ties, telegraph and telephone poles, and posts, for all of which purposes, as well as for some constructional uses, it is especially adapted by its peculiar power to resist decay in contact with the soil. It is also largely used for fuel and general farm purposes. In Maryland alone, according to the 12th census, its annual market yield of lumber, railroad ties and telegraph and telephone poles amounts to over $100,000, besides large supplies of material for local consumption.

It happens that chestnut is especially fitted for management in farmers' wood lots. Before scientific forestry began to be heard of in the United States, and when forest preservation was not uncommonly talked about as a sentimental fad, the thrifty owners of the small tracts of woodland which cover so much of Southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania and neighboring States had long been cutting successive crops of the hardwoods which sprout rapidly from the stump, thus practicing more or less rudely what the forester calls the "pure coppice" method of management. The superior market for chestnut, combined with its rapid growth, gave it the leading place in the esteem of these woodlot owners, who by winter cutting were able to turn to good account time for which farm occupations gave no other employment.

The results of a study recently conducted and soon to be published by the Bureau of Forestry show strikingly the advantages of chestnut for this kind of management, and at the same time suggest some practical conclusions concerning how the methods now in vogue may be improved. Like other trees which reproduce by sprouting, chestnut loses its vigor when the root system becomes too old. Trees grown from seed increase, both in height and bulk, more slowly for many years than those grown as sprouts from the stump. But by the time the trees are 80 to 100 years old the seedling trees will catch up, and eventually reach a larger size than the others. For ordinary uses, however, chestnut is cut long before this age is reached, and coppicing is therefore the best way to raise it; but unless new seedling growth starts in the forest along with the sprout growth, the declining vigor of the old root systems will result in smaller and smaller production until only a sickly stand of inferior timber is left to draw on.

Chestnut tends to produce seed abundantly, and if the nuts were left to sow themselves the forest would take care of itself; but crows, squirrels and other animals levy a heavy toll. Far more formidable, however, in well settled regions, are the gatherers of nuts for the market. With chestnuts selling at an average of $2.50 a bushel, there is a premium on the seed crop which makes propagation of the tree through this means a matter of dubious chance. When in addition hogs are permitted to range the woods for mast, and cattle to browse the tender shoots as they rise from the ground, the prospect of seedling growth is small indeed.

Chestnut is not exacting in its soil requirements. Its roots spread comparatively deep, so that it is not so sensitive to fire or humus destruction from any cause as most species. Its sprouts grow so fast that a height of 7 or 8 feet at the end of the first season is not uncommon, and its stumps are so vigorous that one will often produce 40 to 50 sprouts. Not more than one in 8 or 10 of these will mature, but by selecting the most promising the full vigor of the parent stump may be concentrated on them to the great improvement of their rate of growth. The observations made by the Bureau have proved that low stumps produce more vigorous sprouts than high ones, and that winter or spring cutting is followed by better results than that done in the summer or fall. Telephone poles are grown, in Maryland, from healthy stumps in 35 to 38 years, and ties may profitably be cut in about 29 years. Too early cutting of ties should be discouraged as wasteful in the long run. The practice of permitting contractors to cut unrestrictedly for a given sum is one which works much injury to the permanent productiveness of the woods.

The Bureau is thus doing excellent practical work for the owners of small tracts of timberland, for whom the employment of a forester is out of the question, but for whom the application of the knowledge furnished by scientific forestry is essential, if they are to reap the full value of their holdings.

The largest tree in the world, so far as reported, is supposed to be a chestnut which was recently cut in the vicinity of Mount Ætna. It is said to be 212 feet in circumference 60 feet from the ground. More remarkable than its huge girth is the point on the trunk at which this measurement is said to have been made.

THE AMERICAN FOREST CONGRESS

The most notable meeting that has ever been held in this country to consider the subject of forestry and its allied interests was held in Washington during the first week in January. It brought together a larger body of active men engaged in practical business than ever before assembled to consider an economic question. The Governors of 22 States appointed and were represented by delegates; 25 of the leading railroads were represented, including the presidents of 12 roads. Among the especially prominent railroad men present were: President Hill, of the Great Northern. President Eliot, of the Northern Pacific. President Winchell, of the Rock Island. President Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio. President Spencer, of the Southern Pacific. President Harding, of the Pere Marquette. President Johnson, of the Norfolk and Western. President Hoyt, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas; and President Hughitt, of the Chicago and Northwestern. All the large telephone companies and both the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph companies were ably represented. The lumber interests were naturally better represented than any others; and the grazing interests were represented by a number of influential men from the Western States.

Prominent representatives of the mining interests were present, and editors of nearly all the lumber trade journals.

Nearly every member of the Society of American Foresters was present; also nearly the entire force of the United States Bureau of Forestry. The students of the Yale Forest School were required to report for the beginning of the winter term at the Congress instead of at New Haven. Other forest schools were represented by many of their students and faculty.

The delegates to the Congress were received in a body by the President at the New Year's reception at the White House, President Roosevelt being the honorary president of the Congress. Tuesday afternoon the delegates met in the National Rifles Armory for the first regular meeting. The subject was the Importance of the Public Forest Lands to Irrigation, and was discussed by the Government Engineers in charge of the arid land reclamation work and by representatives of the vast agricultural interests so absolutely dependent on irrigation for their existence.

"The Lumber Industry and the Forests," "The Importance of the Public Forest Lands to Grazing," "Forestry in Relation to Railroad Supplies," "The Importance of Public Forest Lands to Mining," and "National and State Forest Policy" were the most important subjects considered.

HOW FORESTRY DIFFERS FROM LUMBERING

The connection between lumbering and forestry is vague in the minds of many people, and the line of difference between the work of the forester and of the lumberman is even more confusing. This arises from the fact that the result to be obtained is similar in both cases. The lumberman's business is to harvest his lumber crop at the best profit; and after all is said and done the forester's work is exactly that. In general, however, the lumberman's aim is to make the greatest immediate profit, while the forester aims to make the forest yield the greatest continued income throughout its life. The forest never dies with the forester.

A working plan as made by a forester, is first of all a plan for lumbering. It specifies the diameter limit to which trees shall be taken and includes estimates of yield. It fixes the areas to be logged over, forecasts the profits to be realized, and sums up the whole situation from a business point of view. This far, it treats of what is to be done in the forest entirely from the standpoint of the lumberman, and it is based on the same study of local conditions that any good lumberman makes before he fells a tree. The lumberman's working plan, however, usually considers only the most profitable way of harvesting the merchantable timber. The forester's plan is made with a view also to the removal of the mature timber in such a way as to hasten the production of a second crop. In spite of much that has been said to the contrary, there is no other radical difference in purpose between the 2. Both wish to make the forest pay as high a rate of interest as possible on the capital it represents. The lumberman, however, is usually content to receive returns only once from the same area, while the forester lumbers with a view to lumbering again. Exactly the same study of the quality and amount of merchantable timber, of the conditions of transportation, and the market open to it for sale, is necessary under lumbering and under forestry.

Lumbermen do not need foresters and foresters do not need lumbermen. But lumbermen need to be foresters and foresters need to be lumbermen.

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her; a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, seashell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy.

Servant—Really, sir, I don't know—

Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.
—London Tit-Bits.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

NUTMEG AND MACE.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the seed *Myristica fragrans,* a diœcious evergreen tree found wild in the Banda islands and some of the neighboring islands extending as far as New Guinea. The following statements occur in a recent summary of data regarding this spice: "Nutmegs and mace are almost exclusively obtained from the Banda islands, although the cultivation has been attempted with varying success in Singapore, Penang, Bengal, Reunion, Brazil, French Guiana and the West Indies. The trees yield fruit in 8 years after the seed is sown, reach their prime in 25 years, and bear 60 years longer. Almost the whole surface of the Banda islands is planted with nutmeg trees. The light, volcanic soil, shade and excessive moisture of these islands, where it rains more or less during the whole year, seem exactly to suit the requirements of the nutmeg tree.

"In Bencoolen the tree bears all the year round, but the chief harvest takes place in the later months, and the smaller one in April, May and June. In the Banda islands the fruits are gathered in small, neatly made oval baskets at the end of a bamboo. This prevents bruising, the baskets being opened half their length on one side and furnished with 2 small prongs projecting from the top, by which the fruit stalk is broken, the fruit falling into the basket. The ripe fruit is about 2 inches in diameter, of a rounded pear shape, and when mature splits into halves, exposing a crimson arillus surrounding a single seed. When the fruit is collected the pericarp is first removed, then the arillus is carefully stripped off and dried, in which state it forms the mace of commerce. The seed consists of a thin, hard testa or shell enclosing a kernel, which, when dried, is the nutmeg. To prepare the nutmeg for use the seed enclosing the kernel is dried at a gentle heat in a drying house over a small fire for about 2 months, the seeds being turned over every second or third day. When thoroughly dry, the shells are broken with a wooden mallet or a flat board and the nutmegs picked out and sorted, the small, inferior ones being removed for the expression of the fixed oil which they contain, and which forms the so called oil of mace. The dried nutmegs are then rubbed over with dry sifted lime. The process of liming, which originated at the time when the Dutch held a monopoly of the trade, was commenced with a view of preventing the germination of the seeds, which were formerly immersed 3 months in milk of lime for this purpose; and a preference is still manifested in some countries for nutmegs so prepared.

"There is a remarkable difference between the Banda trees and those of the Straits. This has to do with their respective heights. The tree of the Straits is a mere shrub compared with that of the Banda islands, where 50 to 60 feet is no uncommon size. The male tree is much shorter lived than the fruit-bearing one. The Banda fruit hangs on longer and more slender stalks than that of the Straits, the skin is more free from all blemish, more thin relatively to the fruit and of more uniform proportion. The Banda manner of breaking the fruit when dried is also superior to that followed in the Straits. This is done by spreading them on a sort of drumhead and striking them with flat pieces of board. Several are cracked at each stroke and resupplied as fast by a man standing alongside. One man in this way will break more nuts without injury than half a dozen men after the Straits fashion.

"It is computed that each female tree at full maturity, under careful culture, will yield 10 pounds of nutmegs and about one pound of mace annually. Nutmegs are divided into 2 varieties, royal and green. The former are of a larger size and have their mace longer than the nut, which, in the latter, is not entirely enveloped by the leafy network. Good nutmegs are distinguished by being large, round and heavy, finely marbled and of a light gray color."

VEGETABLES IN ANCIENT ROME.

The ancient Romans had in their gardens in early times beans, peas, lentils, chickpeas, and onions. As pointed out by a recent writer, "The potato was, of course, wanting to the Roman garden, but Cato considered the cabbage the king of vegetables, and it is likely that many varieties of the plant were cultivated in his day." He thought it surpassed all other vegetables, and liked it "both cooked and raw, dressed with vinegar." The best artichokes came from Carthage, whence had been imported the *Malum punicum,* or pomegranate; also, apparently, the finest figs. One recollects the clever use made by the same Cato of a bunch of fresh Carthaginian figs, which, being suddenly produced from beneath his toga, were intended to convince his hearers that great Carthage was become too near a commercial rival in the Mediterranean for the security of Rome.

"Fennel and lettuce, both, among the Phœnicians, sacred to Adonis, were regarded, as they still are here, particularly good for the 'Minister of the Interior'; also as sleep producers. Venus is said to have salved the wounds of Adonis with lettuce. Pliny mentions a family who were not ashamed of their name in fact, a branch of the *gens Valeria lactucini.* Pumpkin (*cucurbita*) and cucumber (*cucumis*) may both have been cultivated in quite early times. The Emperor Tiberius, probably a temperate man, at one time is said to have eaten cucumber daily. Endive and wild asparagus were greatly esteemed, though the latter was thought inferior to a kind grown at Ravenna, and to that brought from Germany.

"Let us turn from these vegetables, however, to the fruit trees, which in early days must perforce have been rare, perhaps including only apples, pears, certain nuts, together with the almond and the fig, and even those came to Rome chiefly from other districts in Italy, such as Picenum, Nola and Taranto. The pomegranate, which has always thriven in Roman soil, was no doubt an early introduction from Carthage, perhaps by way of Sicily; and, of course, the olive was regarded almost as native, though brought up from Campania by one of the Licinian *gens.* So much during the later Republic did the Romans apply themselves to fructiculture that some ancient writers even go so far as to describe Italy, as some have called England, one great orchard."

FOOD ADULTERATION IN EUROPE.

Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfort, is authority for the following: "An article on the adulteration of food products which is going the rounds of the German press states that an ordinary liver patty is made into fine 'Strassburger' *patê de foie gras,* or goose liver patty, by means of borax or salicylic acid and of finely chopped and cleverly distributed pieces of black silk, representing truffles.

"Cosmos, a German paper, guarantees the fact that under the label of canned lobsters the soft parts of cuttlefish and crabs are sold.

"In Paris, snails are of late popular, and the adulterators mix them with lungs of cattle and horses. Even entirely artificial snails are manufactured. The shells, recoated with fat and slime, are filled with lungs and then sold as Bergundy snails.

"Lovers of fresh rooster combs are imposed on by a substitute cut out of hogs' intestines.

"Chopped artificial truffles are made of black rubber, silk or softened leather, and even whole truffles are made out of roasted potatoes, which are given a peculiar flavor by adding ether. They are said to sell well!

"Fish spoiled in spite of ice and borax is treated with salts of zinc, aluminum and other metals. Rubbing the fish with vaseline to give it a fresh look and coloring the gills with fresh blood or eosin—a coal tar color—are resorted to. The latter is also used to intensify the red color of inferior crabs.

"Imparting a greenish color to oysters is another adulteration. An oyster requires about one month in the beds to acquire the greenish color. As this is too long a time, the dealers help them along with an artificial color.

"The chemists in the Paris municipal laboratories have shown that tomato jelly is adulterated with turnips, and powdered pepper contains a large admixture of hard tack."

VEGETARIANISM AND ITS EFFECTS ON HEALTH.

Vegetarianism, in the opinion of a writer on the subject, can be called neither scientific nor practical. Man's digestive organs demand both vegetable and animal food. though existence, without regard to perfect development, physical or mental, can be maintained for long periods on food that is unsuitable. All food compounds that are found in the animal kingdom are also found in the vegetable kingdom; but the human organs can not assimilate the vegetable compounds with so much ease or thoroughly as they can the animal compounds; and if these be restricted to vegetable compounds, malnutrition follows. While the general health of some vegetarians may appear good, bodily powers can not be sustained for any length of time on a purely vegetable diet. To change from a mixed to a one sided diet necessitates years of gradual adaptation of digestive ferments and organs to the new diet. This gradual adaptation of system to diet could be secured, in time, more completely by some than by others; but, at best, it would take many generations to bring about such a change in the human system. Without doubt many of us eat too much animal food, but vegetarianism is not the remedy.

FRUITLESS.

I know a maid, she is a peach,
With her I made a date;
She is the apple of mine eye,
But here I sadly state
She does not care a fig for me;
Alas, my cruel fate.

The dainty maid has cherry lips
And lemon-colored hair;
She wears a bright burnt-orange gown,
But, ah, to my despair
She will not answer yes to me,
So we may be a "pear."

—Chicago Chronicle.

Mary had a little lamb,
But that is nothing new.
She's gone and bought another lamb
And now she's got lamb stew.

—New York Times.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A TOP LINE LAUNCH.

I have a small launch, built by the Fay & Bowen Engine Co., Geneva, N. Y., and fitted with one of their 3 horse power engines, which I have used 3 years, and some of your readers might like to hear about its behavior during its third season. Last spring I made a movable waterproof canvas canopy and curtains for the boat. In the summer I took a trip to Wheeling, W. Va., in company with a friend, and made the round trip, 180 miles, in 5 days. We had a 16 foot skiff in tow, containing an oil stove, provisions and bedding. We slept on the launch every night.

Coming home we had to stem a stiff current, as the locks on the Ohio river are not yet completed. In some places we had stiff rapids, but the launch took us through without any trouble.

About 2 weeks later I went, in company with the same man, to Morgantown, W. Va., which is the head of navigation on the Monongahela river. The round trip was about 250 miles, from Sewickley, Pa., and we had the same skiff and load in tow. We made the round trip in 5 days and slept on the launch, as on the Wheeling trip. We used only 23 gallons of gasoline, and went through 13 government locks each way.

I ran the launch over 1,000 miles last summer, in all stages of water, and had no trouble, but a lot of fun. The engine and boat are as good as new, except that the finish on the latter is slightly marred. The engine is a good one and full of business; and the heavier the load the better she works.

In locking through on the Monongahela river the easy handling and reliability of the engine were well demonstrated. When approaching a lock I would blow the horn, put the engine on slow speed and run the boat in a circle until the gates were opened; then shoot into the lock and shut down. As soon as I received the signal that all was ready I would start the engine again and run out of the lock when the gate was opened. I never had the slightest trouble in starting the engine and never delayed the lock men a minute. They all complimented us highly on the handling of the boat, and said we gave them less trouble than anything they ever put through. They were somewhat amused at the small size of the boat, for the skiff load of freight which we were towing looked nearly as big as the boat. They showed us as much courtesy as they did the largest steamboat on the river.

James C. McCormick, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.

STEEL MOTOR BOATS.

W. H. Mullins, the boat builder, of Salem, Ohio, must certainly work nights. He is always doing something new. Few of his products get in view of Recreation readers. They go out into the busy world through other channels and are in daily use by thousands of people.

Mullins steel ducking boats are staples wherever the ducks drop in, and now, in order to keep up with the trend of modern progress, Mr. Mullins has put on the market a steel motor boat which is sure to be a winner. One of these is called the Beaver Tail, and is, without doubt, the record boat of the world for a 21-footer. It has exceeded a speed of 15 miles an hour in shallow water and with a temporary arrangement of the engine. It is believed that under different circumstances and with a well-regulated and well-equipped engine this boat would run 16 to 17 miles an hour. Such speed is phenomenal for so small a boat.

These steel motor boats are bound to prove popular. If there is anything the boatman grows weary of it is a boat that is constantly leaking. Steel boats are always watertight and secure. By a special arrangement the engine is so placed that the vibration of the engine is taken up by the frame work and is not communicated to the hull of the boat. Not only this but the new steel boat will weigh not over one-half as much as the ordinary wooden boat of the same size. Mr. Mullins is counting on a great trade in these boats, and is building a special factory in which to build them.

NEW H. & R. PRINTING.

Harrington & Richardson, Worcester, Mass., have put out their 1905 calendar, and it is very attractive. The artist has given us a pretty girl, pretty enough to eat, dressed in hunting togs and equipped with one of Harrington & Richardson's single barrel guns. She is sitting on a bench, evidently thinking over some good sport she has had, because she wears a smile that won't come off. Her companion is an English setter, no doubt of blue blood stock, and he looks as happy as any lucky dog would be in such company.

This calendar is a genuine ornament to any office or house, and every sportsman should have a copy of it. Harrington & Richardson will send a copy free of charge if you will ask for it and mention Recreation. H. & R. know how to get up attractive printed matter relating to guns and revolvers, too. Their latest is a new catalogue showing all the different models of goods they make, and the information and the pictures are put out in a very catching way.

These people are now making an excellent line of revolvers, and persons interested in the problem of getting a high grade revolver at a moderate price should consult this catalogue. In writing for it please mention RECREATION.

LEGAL LIFE OF A RAILROAD TICKET.

A decision as to the life of a railroad ticket, which is attracting considerable attention, has been rendered in favor of the Southern Pacific Company by the Civil Court of Appeals at San Antonio, Texas. The court has decided that a railroad ticket which is not used within a reasonable time after issuance, is barred by the statute of limitation. The case arose out of the sale of a ticket by the Southern Pacific on April 29, 1885. The ticket was for a trip from Houston to San Antonio. The man who bought it died without using it. Fifteen years later it was sold. Late in 1899 it was offered to a Southern Pacific conductor. The latter refused to accept it and the man refusing to pay his fare was ejected. There was nothing irregular in the ticket or in its purpose and transfer. In deciding against the man in his damage suit for ejectment, the court holds that "it was never contemplated that the ticket should be held for nearly half of an average lifetime before it was presented for the purpose for which it was purchased. The ticket held by the appellant could not occupy any better position as to the statute of limitation than a promissory note payable on demand."

A SYMPHONY IN GRAY.

In the 1905 Calendar of N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia Advertising Aegents, a color scheme in grays and white is worked out so harmoniously as to merit the above title.

On the background of gun metal gray cover paper is developed in lighter tones their well-known medal trade mark and motto, "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success"; the latter being the predominant feature of the design.

The calendar is 14 by 28 inches, and designed for office or library. The figures are large and, being printed in white, stand out clearly across a large room.

Whether the popularity of Ayer & Son's calendars is due to the uniformly tasteful design, to their utility, or to the epigrams on advertising and business building which fill the blanks left on the flaps, it is hard to say, but they have enjoyed a steady sale for years at 25 cents each; for this sum, which barely covers cost and postage, the 1905 edition may be had as long as it lasts. In sending for it please mention RECREATION.

United States Senator John F. Dryden, President of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, has issued in book form his recent address before the Boston Life Underwriters' Association, on the "Regulation of Insurance by Congress."

Following the official recognition given this matter by President Roosevelt in his last message to Congress, the speech of President Dryden is especially interesting, presenting, as it does, the views of the controlling head of a large life insurance company. Senator Dryden's views are in harmony with those of the President.

Among other things Mr. Dryden says: "I hope the time is not far distant when, as a permanent relief from the needless and increasing burdens of over supervision, over legislation and over taxation, and as an additional security for the protection of our policy holders, we shall have an act of Congress regulating insurance between the States."

MAP OF NEW YORK CITY.

The passenger department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad has just issued an interesting and useful map of New York City, embracing the bay, Hudson, East and Harlem rivers. It shows an area of 4 miles from Grand Central Station in every direction. The names and location of 77 hotels are given; also, the names and location of 78 clubs and 49 theatres. The piers of the various lines of steamships are distinctly marked, as well as the numerous large and small parks located in various parts of Greater New York. The map is most valuable to strangers visiting the "Wonder City," and can be obtained by sending a 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York City, and mentioning RECREATION.

West End Furniture Co.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—The gun cabinet arrived and is a beautiful piece of furniture, much finer than I expected. Now that I have it, I fully realize the value of a gun cabinet to every sportsman.

Yours truly
E. M. Storm.

At Nashville Cumberland Park Traps, Capt. Andrew Meaders, shooting the Parker gun, broke 99 out of 100; a remarkable performance. Mr. Meaders continued shooting after the event was finished, to warm up his Old Reliable, breaking 25 more straight, making a total of 124 out of 125.

HAVE YOU?

CLEMENT VORE.

To Eastern anglers who have never felt the exhilaration that results from the hooking of a wily muskalonge, I desire to tell my story in a series of questions. If you think you have such fishing in your lakes and streams, come to Wisconsin, show your ignorance and enjoy real sport.

Have you worked all year steadily until your nerve was gone and you spoke only monosyllables to your wife? Have you fondled your fishing tackle and looked reproachfully out on the snow through your murky window panes? Have you felt a longing for you know not what? Have you watched the snow disappear and the grass grow green and the policemen put on the new, light uniforms that betoken spring?

Have you made love anew to your wife until she promised to let you fish for muskies in June? Have you anticipated all these things so long that every time you passed beneath a stuffed musky hanging on a wall you felt goose pimples coming out on your flesh?

Have you at last nestled down in a railroad coach and felt the rails bumping along behind you? Have you gone into the woods of Wisconsin where occasionally you saw a vast stretch of stump land speaking of the devastation of the axe? Have you seen the spots of green on the hillside and the old pines tinged with the yellow green of the virgin needle? Have your thoughts run rampant until the milk of human kindness made your whole soul glad?

Have you met your guide and gone to his house, made of logs and smeared with mud, to meet his wife and children?

Have you smelled the breath of pine and listened to the choir of spring frogs singing among the new rushes?

Have you shown your new tackle to your guide and made his heart glad with a gift along the same lines?

Have you inspected the boat and tucked away the genial bottle in the stern and set the bow of the boat out to the bar?

Have you felt the spoon twist as the line ran out and you were at last trolling? Have you trolled for an hour and caught one little pickerel, and just begun to have all the idealism vanish from your soul, when you felt a vicious lunge on your line and saw the look on your guide's face?

Have you settled yourself just right and begun to reel in? Have you fought 12 minutes, finally to see behind the boat, say 25 feet, the huge head of a musky bob up, while a glimmer came from your spoon?

Have you seen the fish roll his eyes, lash his body and spread his gills until he looked like a bull dog?

Have you felt the uncertainty of the struggle as you got him close alongside and felt the boat settle as the guide moved over by your side to sink the gaff into the hidden belly?

Have you seen the awful contortions and struggles as the musky writhed to free himself of the hook just before the gaff entered him?

Have you seen him pulled into the boat and viewed him lash around until the hunting knife severed his vertebræ?

Have you talked incessantly to your guide for an hour after and forever after never knew what you or he said?

Have you noticed how bright the day then grew and how intensely beautiful was the shore line?

Have you rowed home almost too early and dispatched the following wire to your wife:

"Have just landed 35-pound musky. Tell Jones about it."

Have you ever slept so well as that night? Have you returned to work thoroughly rested after having spent 2 weeks in the woods and caught 8 fish?

Have you scorned the bass and looked down on the pickerel and wall eyed pike?

If you have done all this you have done more than I. I am, body and soul, brain and brawn, the lover of a good, old, wily, fighting bass; the best fish that swims, pound for pound. I never caught a musky in my life.

A camera fiend of Vincennes
Attempted to photo some hennes,
He was nearly distrait
When he looked at the plate—
He forgot to uncover the lennes.

ANOTHER WARNING TO FLORIDA.

I have read with great interest the graphic and accurate paper of Dr. Curtis in your December number, entitled "A Warning to Florida," and can testify to its truthfulness from personal observation.

I wish through your magazine to sound another warning in behalf of the fish and game of Florida. When I first began to go to that State, in the winter of 1875, the fishing was excellent, though, as I was told, not nearly so good as it had once been. Since that time I have visited Florida every winter, staying 3 weeks to 3 months, and have seen the game and fish gradually diminish in numbers, till now the fishing, from a sportsman's standpoint, is poor, except for tarpon late in the season, say in June or July.

Even so late in the season as July, in 1904, I was unable in Sarosota bay to catch more than 2 or 3 fish in several hours, though I tried it repeatedly.

The cause for this is apparent to the most superficial observer. It is due to the fact that the fish have practically no protection from rapacious fishermen, who catch great and small fishes in nets, often a mile or so long. I have seen seines run entirely around a small island and then drawn up to shore, killing everything within their compass, great and small.

It is a common practice to run a seine, there called a stop net, across the mouth of a bayou at high tide and then catch practically all the fish in the bayou when they emerge as the tide ebbs.

It is astonishing that the people of Florida do not see how inimical these practices are to their real interests. So soon as it is once understood that the legitimate sport of fishing can not be advantageously pursued in Florida, many tourists and all the fishermen who fish for sport and not for profit will go elsewhere where the fish are protected. This policy, I fear, will awaken the people of Florida to their danger too late to remedy the loss, and after the State is no longer visited by seekers for legitimate sport. Interested parties may deny the facts above stated, but so far as it relates to the places I have visited, notably Sarocota bay, they can not be successfully controverted.

The same remarks will apply to game and birds of plumage. There is much better sport farther North, and birds of plumage are notable by their absence. Even the pelicans and alligators are becoming, relatively, few in numbers, and I am sorry to say that Northern tourists are not free from blame for this condition. The brutal lust for blood is so universal that these birds and reptiles are killed merely for sport, though they are worthless as food and rarely bought for their plumage or skins. The people of Florida should at once enact a strict law for the protection of their fish, game and birds and enforce it by severe penalties against residents and tourists alike. If this is done soon, conditions will improve in the course of a few years; if it is not done, not only will the State lose some of its principal attractions, but an important source of revenue will be forever lost.

M. D. Ewell, M.D., Chicago.

WITH A STOCK COMPANY.

It was a proud and happy day
When Russell Crane Salvini Gray
  Joined a flock
Of actor folk, a real stock troupe;
Yes, he was taken in the group
    With the stock.

They started West without delay,
And Russell Crane Salvini Gray
  Wore a frock—
A lovely coat—with conscious air,
Rejoicing greatly to be there
  With the stock.

They busted out near Santa Fe
And Russell Crane Salvini Gray,
  Who couldn't hock
His clothes at anything like par,
Came home inside a cattle car
  With the stock.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SHALL THE PRICE OF RECREATION BE ADVANCED?

Herewith I enclose check for $2 for which continue my subscription to RECREATION as long as the amount will pay for. Should you raise the price of RECREATION I shall certainly continue to take it. Ten years ago I saw your advertisement in a catalogue of Henry C. Squires & Sons and I sent for a sample copy of RECREATION, At the same time I sent for 3 other sportsmen's periodicals. It was the December, 1894, number of RECREATION I received and I was so well pleased with it that I sent you my subscription; also for copies of October and November previous, and from then I have received and read every copy of RECREATION with great pleasure.

I heartily endorse the work you are doing and am sorry to hear of your losing the ads. of some companies that I think should be helping in the work of protecting game, for without game there would be little use for such goods.

I have never been a hog, even before I read RECREATION. While a mere boy it was a pleasure to me to go to the woods just to watch the squirrels gather nuts, but there is no game here now. All my hunts are taken in RECREATION and in dreams. No true sportsman would object to the price of RECREATION being doubled or trebled. Just think, for $10, how much pleasure I have had the last 10 years.

In time to come you will long be remembered as the beginner of game protection, and true lovers of the field, forest and stream would be glad to erect a monument to your memory, though I hope your days will be long in the land that you may see the results of your good work and see those who are against you now become your followers before the end.

J. O. Evans, Paris, Ky.

On the field of battle, would you desert your brother, or your captain?

Has not G. O. Shields been the leader of all true sportsmen for years past? He has stood for moderation in killing game; for good laws; for the preservation of game and game fishes; for non sale of game; for a bag limit and against the deadly automatic and pump guns; against sneak boats; against night shooting; and all this to the detriment of the business interests of RECREATION. Selfish people, who really hate to leave a bird in the field or a fish in the stream, have damned Shields right and left.

By his crusade he has lost the friendship of the game hogs and the advertising of many of the gun and ammunition makers.

G. O. Shields has done more for game and fish protection than all the other sportsmen and all the game protective associations combined.

Now, all friends of this great cause should rally to the front and extend a helping hand to our leader. By all means advance RECREATION to $2, and let us double its circulation within the next year.

Jean Allison,
State Game Warden, Jerome, Ariz.

I have read in RECREATION that you are undecided whether to raise the subscription price or not. Count me a subscriber until your price exceeds my income, as no other publication gives me the pleasure that I derive from RECREATION. Your ads are more interesting than the literature in other periodicals, and your attacks on game hogs are above par.

Thanks to RECREATION, I bought a .303 Savage last fall, which has proven the superior of any other rifle I have ever tried. When writing the Savage Arms Co. I gave you credit for my selection.

I am interested in, "Can a bullet be seen in flight?" Several years ago I owned a .22 rifle, and on a cool, clear day, shot at a hawk, perched on a top branch of a high tree. Having as a background a snow white cloud, I distinctly saw the bullet as it passed through the air to the right of the hawk.

John F. Goode, Cadillac, Mich.

December copy of RECREATION received. It is the finest specimen of sportsmen's periodical it has been my good lot to see. The Gun and Ammunition Department is A1; just what it should be, every time. I also read with delight the numerous remarks concerning the shot gun, repeating and automatic.

Twenty cents is a small price indeed for such a treat as this last issue, or any other, for that matter. After a hard day's work in a close, grimy city office it is a glorious refreshment to read a copy of RECREATION.

Russell G. Pond. Winchester, Mass.

I have just received the December issue of your splendid magazine and have read it with deep interest. I noticed the editorial, "Shall the Price of RECREATION be advanced?" wherein you ask the views of your subscribers on the subject. I, for one, will support RECREATION regardless of any advance in price. RECREATION is the best magazine published, and I have $5 for a yearly subscription any day, if need be.

L. W. Weismann, Shawnee, Okla.

I see in December RECREATION that for

reasons good and sufficient you are going to raise the price of RECREATION to $2 a year. I have read RECREATION for the past 5 years and I admire the way you have handled the fish and game hogs. Keep up the good work, and every true sportsman in the country will stay with you, even if you have to charge $5 a copy for RECREATION.

G. C. Goddard, Harmony, Utah.

I noticed in December RECREATION your note as to raising the price of the magazine from $1 to $2 a year. This is a good field; plenty of sportsmen of all kinds, and I feel sure every one of them will be willing to pay $2 a year for RECREATION. I expect to get up a club of not less than 50. I can do it easily.

H. C. Metcalf, Dennison, Ohio.

I admire the stand you have taken in the interest of our game. You have done more for its protection than any other man in the United States. The December number of RECREATION is worth 2 of any other sportsmen's periodicals I have seen, and you would be entirely justified in doubling the price.

C. T. Lemon, Uneva, W. Va.

I see in the December number that you speak of advancing the price of RECREATION. I have often wondered how you could sell the magazine for 10 cents, and I can readily understand how you are at last compelled to advance the price. I shall continue to read RECREATION just the same.

A. Moore, Anderson, Ind.

I am in favor of the advance to $2 on RECREATION and with you in your war on the pump and automatic guns and on the game hog.

Don't cease to give it to the loafer who prefers market hunting to an honest livelihood.

George S. Hale, Chardon, Ohio.

I am in hearty sympathy with your fight against game hogs and pump and automatic guns, and I admire your spirit in sticking to the fight to the end. I shall take RECREATION regularly at $2 a year. Please find enclosed draft for $2 for a year's subscription.

Walter Blount, Evansville, Ind.

In regard to your notice in December RECREATION of the possibility of the price being raised, I for one am willing to pay for a good thing, and expect to be a continuous subscriber to RECREATION for an indefinite period, even at an advanced price.

Geo. F. Mims, Edgefield, S. C.

In regard to raising the price of RECREATION, I am in favor of $2 a year. RECREATION is worth it. The article in the December number in regard to reloading full charge smokeless powder shells is alone worth the price of the magazine.

J. W. Hurlbut, Milford, Cal.

I approve of your purpose to increase the price of RECREATION from $1 to $2 a year. It certainly is worth more than $1, and I fail to see how you can afford to furnish it at that price. I shall most cheerfully pay $2 if that is to be the price.

George W. Geiser, Easton, Pa.

I see you are thinking of raising the price of RECREATION. Let it be raised, for RECREATION is worth twice what it now costs us, and there will be just as many takers as ever.

T. S. Hollister, Sparta, Wis.

I note that you intend to raise the subscription of your magazine. I do not think $2 a year too much for it, and I believe your other friends will say the same.

M. L. Michael, North Watergap, Pa.

You ought to raise the price of RECREATION. It is worth more than $1, and I would not miss it if it cost $3 a year.

R. G. Messinger, Easton, Pa.

A CALIFORNIA HOT AIR MACHINE.

In April last I received a letter from Willits, Cal., signed "A Friend," which gave a Munchausenlike story of the slaughter of deer by one Harry Flinn. Although the letter bore the earmarks of falsehood from start to finish, I thought it worth while to investigate, so I wrote the alleged Flinn, asking him whether the report of his deer killing exploits was true. He replied promptly that it was, but his letter also bore ample evidence of being a pack of lies. It was easy to read between the lines of both communications that they were written by one and the same man, and that there was scarcely a word of truth in either of them.

However, I wanted positive proof as to the identity of the man who wrote the letters, and I referred them to a friend in California, with the request that he investigate. He did so, and now writes me that he is satisfied both letters were written by J. U. Gillespey, of Willits.

This man Gillespey, therefore, stands convicted before the public as being one of the most shameless liars I have ever known, and if he does not like this sort of record he is at liberty to seek redress in any way he may choose.

There are 2 game hogs in Mt. Clemens, Mich., namely, W. E. Sutherland and his wife, who, it is asserted, went to West Branch last fall, killed 790 ruffed grouse and shipped them to Mt. Clemens, where they were sold. A League member in Mt.

Clemens tells me this pair goes to some Northern county every fall, that they shoot grouse throughout the entire season and ship them to market. Unfortunately, there is no law in Michigan that will reach these people. The only way to punish them would be by mob law. I do not believe in that, as a rule, but I do believe it would be right for the sportsmen of whatever community Sutherland lands in next fall to treat him to a coat of tar and feathers and then dump him in the nearest mud hole. Possibly he and his wife might then take the hint and let up.

Deputy Game Warden P. M. Wark, of Harrison, Idaho, is making an enviable reputation for himself as a game protector. Some months ago he arrested C. L. Brickells, owner of Brickells' island, in Spirit lake, for hunting deer with dogs in violation of law. Brickell put up a gauzy plea to the effect that he was hunting cougar instead of deer, but it did not go with Judge Wilson and he fined Brickell $150 and costs. It seems that during the time when Game Warden Wark was seeking evidence against Brickell, 2 of the latter's dogs were shot and killed in the woods while trailing deer, and it is safe to guess that Warden Wark knows who killed them. His example is one that every game warden should follow.

Another side hunt and fishing contest was held in November in Meadville, Pa., and lasted 2 weeks. One branch of the herd was captained by W. G. Harper and the other by F. G. Prenatt. Among the fishes and animals sought by these butchers were green bass, which counted 2 points to the pound; black bass, 3 points; wall eyed pike, 4 points; grouse, 10 points; grey squirrels, 5 points; ducks, 5 points, and mud hens, 1 point.

A banquet was provided at the expense of the losing side, and if the crowd had had its just deserts the food would have consisted of swill, served in a trough where every participant would have been required to insert his snout and feed like any other hog.

Recent revelations as to the uses to which wood alcohol is put are astounding. Within the last 60 days 70 samples of witch hazel have been bought from as many wholesale and retail drug stores in 7 different cities, all of which have been carefully analyzed, with the result that 52 showed the presence of wood alcohol or formaldehyde, or both. In other words, 52 samples were shown to contain deadly poison, and only 18 were free from poisonous ingredients.

Buyers of extracts, essences, toilet waters, etc., should purchase well known brands that have a standard of quality.

A friend on Long Island wrote me sometime ago advocating the repeal of the Brown anti-spring duck shooting bill, and signed his letter "Old Subscriber." If he had given me his real name I should have been glad to print the article, but under the rules it went into the waste basket. It is not necessary that a contributor's name should be made public, but it is necessary that it be known in this office. It takes a large waste basket to hold all the anonymous communications that come to this office every day.

"Bridge Developments" is the name of a little book written by Edmund Robertson and A. H. Wollaston and published by Brentano's, of New York. At first sight the title might suggest the construction of steel bridges, across rivers and things; but such is not the theme of the authors. It is a treatise on the game of bridge, and is an excellent work in every respect. If, therefore, you are fond of the game or if you wish to learn it and to master it, you should study this book carefully. It sells at $1.25, postage paid.

A number of Canadian friends have recently sent me newspaper clippings reporting the extensive slaughter and shipment of deer, from various points in Ontario and Quebec, to Montreal and other markets. I trust this exhibition of greed on the part of market hunters and game dealers may have so disgusted the sportsmen of these Provinces that they will soon secure the enactment of laws to prohibit the sale of game. This is the only way to stop the slaughter.

There is a movement on foot in Michigan to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the killing of quail for 2 years. In fact, some of the sportsmen claim that the close season should be made longer than this, and it seems to be the consensus of opinion that a rest should be given the little birds in order to prevent their complete extermination. The sentiment is an excellent one, and I earnestly hope every sportsman in Michigan will support this measure heartily.

I have been informed that certain people are engaged in canning catfish and sturgeon; that these fish are stained, labeled "salmon" and sold as such. Does any reader of Recreation know of the existence of any such fishery? If so, will he kindly give me full particulars?

HOW BUSINESS MEN LOCATE SPORTSMEN.

"Yes, I know," said a gun manufacturer recently, "the general idea of a business such as mine is that it conducts itself; but as a matter of fact we do proportionately about one hundred times more hustling for an order than a small dealer would. We do it systematically, though, whereas he does it in a haphazard way.

"Of course we can sell guns only to people who wish to use them. Sportsmen want guns, so we go after sportsmen. Merchants as a class do not want guns, so we do not go after them especially.

"We need the name and address of every sportsman in America. More than this, we want new people who use guns, and we must reach them ahead of our competitors. How to do this was a puzzler. We worked over the thought for months. Finally, a man came along and said, 'Why don't you ask Burrelle?'

"That was a new one on us. We didn't know who Burrelle was or what to ask him. However, we soon located him all right. He's the Dean of press clippers. He occupies the whole of that historic old Fremont building down in 19th street.

"We asked Burrelle what he could do for us, and he settled the whole business. We had been planning to have agents in every county in the country, and had figured on spending about $20,000 to get new names. Burrelle put us on a way to get them, and we are getting them now, at a cost so low that I'm afraid to mention it.

"Here's the basis of the idea. Sportsmen abound in country districts. One can scarcely pick up a country paper without seeing a paragraph 'John Smith has gone on a shooting trip down the lake,' or 'Tom Brown is getting up a party to organize a gun club.' There you are. Get all the country papers, clip out those items, and you have your names.

"It's a great idea; but suppose we tried to buy all the country papers! We would be up against a $50,000 idea right away. That is where Burrelle comes in. He has a force that reads day by day every newspaper published in America. We gave him an order to clip out and send us every mention of a sportsman. Then each day as we get the items we let those sportsmen know where they can buy good guns.

"It costs a few cents a day. Burrelle has the experience, the system. He is delivering us the goods, and we are making money out of them.

"What Burrelle has done for us he can do for any business, or any individual. He can tell people in any line where to sell goods. Take the man who has photographic outfits to sell. Burrelle can keep him posted as to everyone who intends to take a trip anywhere. If you wish to do new business in a new way, try Burrelle."

THE MOVEMENT FOR CLEAN MONEY.

The growing demand for a more wholesome and decent paper currency is a healthful tendency. This is an antiseptic age; an age of cleanliness. In the realms of pathology it is the era of germ discovery and annihilation; in domestic affairs it is an era of soap and water, plentifully provided and industriously applied. To checkmate the microbe has been the diligent endeavor of modern medicine and surgery; to promote that virtue which is justly extolled as next in rank to godliness is a tribute to advancing civilization.

Yet our government permits the people throughout ⅞ of the entire republic to handle paper currency that is disreputable in its dirt and is a menace to the public health as well as a disgrace to the nation whose seal of verification and guaranty it bears.

There might be some excuse for this if there were no remedy; but there is a remedy. The proposed post-check currency would provide adequate means for the return and re-issue of these small bills several times every year, not only without expense to the government but yielding a profit, and extending to the remotest points of the nation its beneficial effects. This post-check money system, it will be remembered, provides that every $1, $2 and $5 bill shall have on its face blank spaces to be written in when the holder desires to send a bill by mail in lieu of stamps, coins, and small money orders now employed for that purpose. A part of the scheme is that a bill once used as a check is immediately retired from circulation, destroyed as mutilated currency, and re-issued. This would keep a constant flow of crisp, new bills from the press to the hands of the people.

Thus the post-check would furnish an ideal medium for small remittances, and would provide clean money throughout the country. Health and decency combine to denounce the filth our currency carries.

The inventor of this many sided scheme of public utility has not only assigned his patents to the government without asking any recompense, but he has expended without hope of reward many thousands of dollars in legitimate agitation for the adoption of the invention.

Smiggs—There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people.

Smaggs—Great labor agitator, eh?

Smiggs—No; manufacturer of alarm clocks.—Chicago Ledger.

"I was out with my automobile 8 hours yesterday."

"You were in the machine that long?"

"No. I was in it an hour and under it 7 hours fixing the breaks."—Chicago News.

Greatest Gains

IN

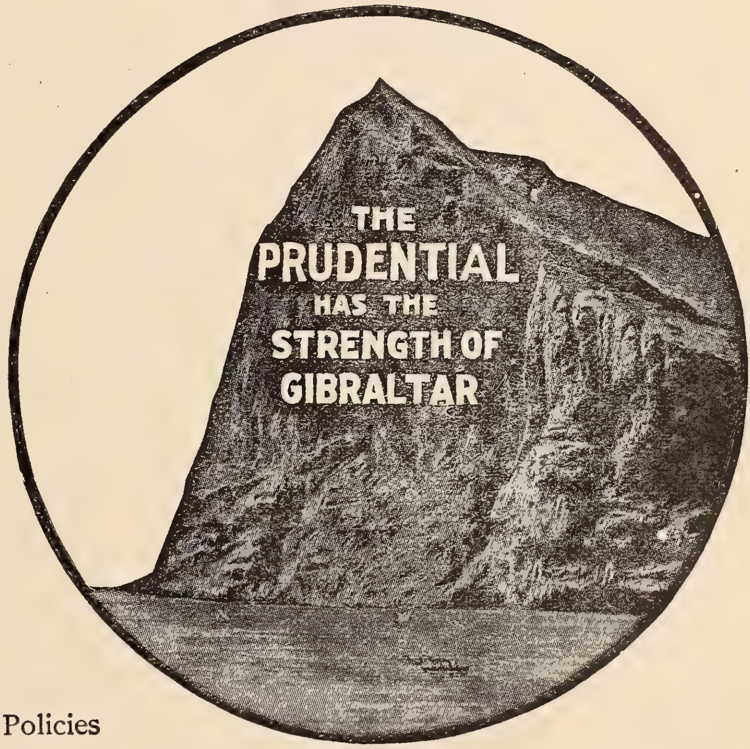
Progress—Strength—Usefulness

1904 A RECORD YEAR

FOR

The Prudential

The Vast Increases in the Company's Business Place it in a Stronger Position, Financially and Otherwise, Than Ever Before in its History, and Demonstrate the Public Approval of THE PRUDENTIAL'S Broad System of Life Insurance for the Whole Family.



A Statement of the Magnificent Gains of Last Year Will Be Published in the March Magazines.

Write for Information of Profit-Sharing Policies for any Member of your Family. Dept. 92

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. **Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.**

FIRST VENISON IN CAMP.

One morning in November, I met a friend on the street and the conversation that ensued landed me, together with 4 others, including a guide, on the shore of Moosehead lake 3 days later; quick time considering the distance, nearly 1,000 miles. Of course it took some hustling, but with such an incentive as a hunt in the big woods of the pine tree State, it gives much pleasure to throw a pair of blankets, a hunting suit, a rifle and other camp essentials into a chest. This we did, telegraphing our guide to meet our train on its arrival. The trip itself is a pleasure not to be forgotten, besides the varied scenery.

Our tickets read via Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Boston, Portland, Bangor and Greenville, Maine, where we arrived at 8.30 p. m.

We spent one night at a hotel in Greenville, on the shore of the lake. With daylight came the work of provisioning the camp. That accomplished, we boarded the little boat and steamed 25 miles up the smooth waters of Moosehead lake to our camp. We landed by canoe, our cabin being but a dozen rods up the shore, and soon had a fire crackling in the old stove of which the cabin boasted. The cabin, 14 x 15, contained a table, a bench, and 3 wooden bunks, which we filled with fresh pine boughs. Add 5 men, 3 chests and provisions, and room was scarce; but we crowded a carload of fun into it besides.

We were not on shore half an hour until each man, armed with his favorite large or small bore rifle and instructions from the guide about the inadvisability of shooting one another, was slipping quietly up the old tote road, 2 going one way and 2 the other. My friend and I had reached the end of a small road leading off the main tote, and having arrived without making any noise were discussing the advisability of turning back, when I suggested that we walk into the forest a short distance either way. I selected the left, picked my way carefully to a log and mounted it when, to my surprise, 2 deer jumped up from the other side, sprang into the undergrowth and disappeared in an instant. I had not even time to discharge my gun into the air. I yelled for my companion and after I had made several attempts to describe the enormous size of the deer he diagnosed my case as buck fever.

That night, with no venison in camp, we mapped out our trip, with the assistance of the guide, for the morrow; but the morrow came and went and we ate a bacon and flapjack breakfast the third day. I lost all hope of ever seeing another deer, much less of killing one, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I trained my gun on a ruffed grouse, awakening the forest with the report. I then started for camp a mile distant, securing another grouse on the way in. We had potpie that night, but it was a dejected crowd that climbed into those bunks. Five men 3 days in the Maine woods and nothing but ruffed grouse for the inner man! The wonderful stories of the wonderful numbers of deer to be found in the wonderful forests of Maine began to seem wonderful indeed.

The morning of the fourth day we breakfasted before daylight and each man went his way alone. My route was the old tote road. I walked slowly, making no noise, for 2 hours, keeping at my work with grim determination, when suddenly I heard a queer, crackling noise in the forest off to my left. Instantly I paused, breathless and excited; my eyes followed the direction of the disturbance, and I scarcely dared to breathe for fear of frightening the game. Presently I saw something moving through the undergrowth, and was about to shoot, when it occurred to me that it might be one of my companions. I withheld my fire, and the next instant a big buck stepped out into full view not 60 yards distant. As I drew my gun to my shoulder he scented me and threw his head up in a graceful pose. I fired, aiming at his right shoulder. He dropped, unable to rise, and kept his head swaying from side to side. I ran forward, whipped out my hunting knife, approached and struck the deer back of his shoulder. He rose to his fore feet and swung toward me. Strangely enough, I did not lose my head, but managed to get out of the way, and then I struck him again, that time in the heart. As his beautiful eyes turned skyward, remorse came over me, and I felt like a murderer. The agonized look in the innocent eyes of that animal will live in my memory always.

The venison was welcome in camp, for it was the first, and though we stayed 2 weeks we got but one deer each. I shall go again, but not for deer. The next time I shall hunt for bear, moose or wildcats. I can never again take the life of such a beautiful and harmless creature as a deer.

C. C. Eckfeld, Marion, O.

A CHANGE OF FACE.

(Dean Lefroy, in denouncing the devotees of bridge, says "their faces grow hard and expressionless.")

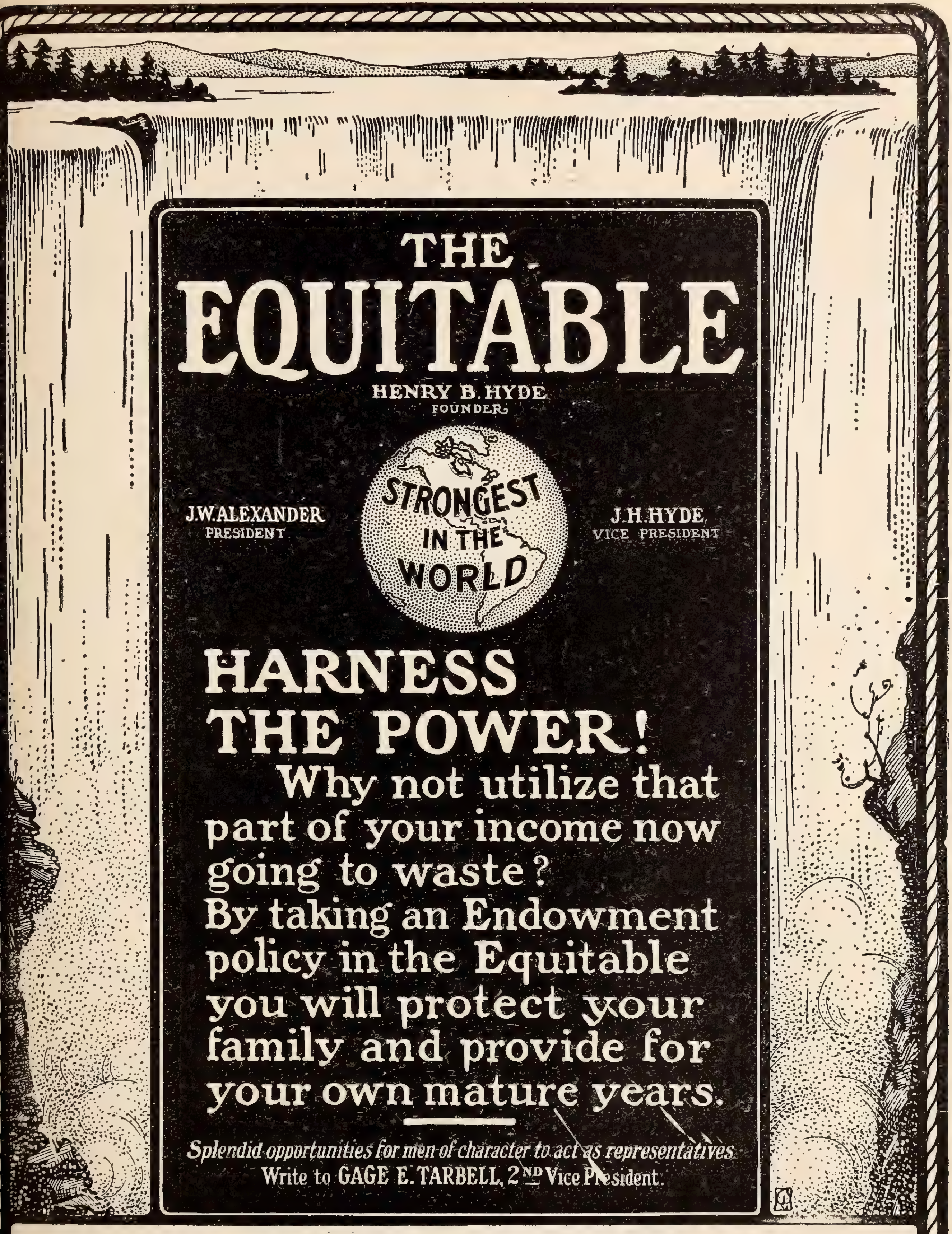
Her eyes that seemed twin stars to pierce
The golden cloud that was her hair
Now turn upon me with a fierce
Glare.

The ripe red lips so finely cut,
To look upon them was delight,
Are pallid now and always shut
Tight.

Where rose and lily once did dwell
Her cheeks are now quite worn and thin;
She looks, too, older since they fell
In.

Her brow is seamed with many a ridge,
Her mien is sordid, grasping, base;
In fact, she's suffering from bridge
Face.

—Tatler.



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"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

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THE PRIZE WINNERS.

Recreation's 9th Annual Photo. Competition closed November 30th, and the following list shows who drew the lucky numbers.

The judges were A. L. A. Himmelright, who is well known to Recreation readers as a hunter, traveller and way up amateur photographer; T. E. Niles, managing editor of the New York Evening *Mail;* and Frank Presbrey, an all around art connoisseur.

There were over 500 entries in this competition, and many of the pictures are of a high order. The judges had a difficult task to select 29 of these for the prizes, and still a more strenuous one to decide which of these 29 should have the better prizes. These gentlemen, however, did their work carefully and conscientiously, and their one regret was and is, that they could not give substantial recognition to a much larger number of the competitors.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st prize. Dead Bird, J. W. Tollmann.
2d " Whose Flush? Return of the Fisherman, In Bad Company and Returning at Eventide, U. C. Wanner.
3d " A Visitor to the Cabin, A. W. Rasmussen.
4th " Feeding in a Snowstorm and Shot with a Camera, T. M. Twitchell.
5th " Young Kingfishers and Young Foxes, John M. Schreck.
6th " Jumping Dog, H. P. Dahlen.
7th " Live Wild Ptarmigan, Thomas Tugwell, Jr.
8th " Morning Exercise, Warming Up, Nesting Time and The Chief Pleasure of Bathing, Jas. H. Miller.
9th " American Magpie, A. W. Stevens.
10th " Live Wild Ptarmigan and Young Loon, A. H. Dunham.
11th " The New Home, Bass Fishing, What's Doing? and A Striking Pose, W. H. Fisher.
12th " Wild Geese at Home, H. H. Dean.
13th " All Down But 7, M. F. Jones.
14th " Expectations, J. H. Blackwood.
15th " Young Egrets in Nest, G. M. DeRose.
16th " Rounding the Buoy, W. H. Graffam.
17th " Golden Winged Wood Peckers and Woodchuck and Two's Company, Three's a Crowd, F. L. Libby.
18th " Grasshopper on Thistle, R. H. Beebe.
19th " A Messenger from Mars, H. W. Spooner.
20th " Hooked, W. Gibson.
21st " Picnicking at the Old Homestead and The Final Regatta, S. W. Matteson.
22d " Sora at Home, Capt. R. R. Raymond, U. S. A.
23d " Saving the Dog a Cold Bath, Telling How It Happened, I Wish He Was Baked and A Skin Game, E. W. Edington.
24th " Prairie Chicken on Nest, Jos. Clemens.
25th " Young Redwinged Blackbird, We Want Our Mamma and A Young Song Sparrow in Nest, H. G. Higbee.
26th " How Did It Happen? M. A. Yauch.
27th " Nest of Wild Turkey, E. F. Pope.
28th " Nest of Killdeer Plover and Nest of Bridge Pewee, W. Stark.
29th " Redpoll Linnet on Nest, W. A. B. Sclater.

The following were highly commended:

Drifting and Undecided, Mrs. J. W. Bussey.
Spring, A Robin's Nest and Swans, J. H. Blackwood.
A Western Guide and Getting Supper, W. H. Graffam.
Four Abreast and Young Hawks, F. W. Dole.
All in a Nutshell and The Early Bird, F. L. Libby.
Waiting for Him to Jump and A High Dive, W. H. Rowland.
Garter Snake and Herring Gulls, H. G. Higbee.
Saucy Maggie, Phoebe Bird on Nest, Blue Bird at Home and Young Bullock's Oriole, H. C. Markman.
I See the Bunch, Fishing for 'Gators, Well Retrieved, W. N. Fisher.
A Coming Brood of Quail, F. Chadwick.
Kingbird at Nest, Young Bluebirds and Up in a Balloon, R. H. Beebe.
Nest of Redwinged Blackbirds, H. G. Phister.
Working Their Passage, P. Zschule.
Fighting It Out Down the Stretch, J. M. Schreck.
It's the Bait We Need, F. G. Benson.
Silver Tips, Mrs. J. R. Wright.
Leaving Home, H. Criswell.
Butterfly, W. Yardley.
A Brace of Wilson's Snipe, H. H. Fraser.
Off for a Day in the Woods, S. A. White.
Combining Business with Pleasure, C. Bloom.
I'm All Ready, Master, A. S. Howard.
Landlocked Salmon, H. St. Clair Silver.
Wide Awake, E. C. Stosick.
Close Quarters, F. T. Brehin.
A Crow's Nest, C. E. Brobst.
A Woodland Tragedy, G. W. Damon.
Comrades, J. W. Rupert.
Butting In, E. F. Cowgill.
The Assembly on the Farm, S. W. Matteson.
Opossum, F. H. Shaw.
A Willis Creek Catfish, W. A. Whitecraft.
A Woodchuck Family, F. S. Andrus.
A Wrecked Wagon Bridge, L. F. Weston.
A Trio from the Hills, G. S. Hutchinson.
Wolf Hollow, W. A. Cady.
A Skin Game, E. W. Edington.
In Bad Company, U. C. Wanner.
No Title, J. P. Hambly.
No Title, W. Brewster, Sec. Jr.
No Title, C. M. Whitney.
No Title, W. Ide.
No Title, Mrs. H. P. Gatch.
No Title, Chas. Vanderwelde.
No Title, Chas. Vanderwelde.

The next competition opens May 1st, and will be conducted on somewhat different lines from the others.

It always affords me great pleasure to look over the excellent reproductions of most interesting photographs published in Recreation, especially those entered in your photo competitions, along with valuable photographic information, making Recreation most desirable for those who believe and practice that "For sport the lens is better than the gun."

"In Bad Company" was made with a Pony Premo No. 6 camera, 6½x8½ Plastigmat lens on a Seed portrait orthopædic plate, and printed on platinum paper; exposure, 1-100 second.

The picture shows the shooting of a wild duck returning with the tame flock.

The duck can not be seen in the picture, being covered by the splash made in the water by the shot. The camera has recorded this splash along with some of the feathers shot from the fowl. The method of securing the effect of the shot was counting from one to 3, having it understood that when 3 was called the shot was to be fired and the exposure made at the same time. There is no flash from the gun, due to the use of smokeless powder.

"Whose Flush?" was made with a Pony Premo camera No. 6, 6½x8½ Plastigmat lens on a Seed portrait orthopædic plate and printed on platinum paper; exposure, 1-25 second.

Both dogs have found the same bird, having approached from opposite directions. The dog on the right of the picture is too near the bird to take proper position, due to the wind being from him to the bird, but both were held in position several minutes until a tripod camera could be placed to show both dogs to best advantage. By drawing a line from the nose of each dog the position of the bird may be located in the clump of dried grass between them.

"Return of the Fishermen" was made with a Century Grand Sr. Special camera, 5x7, fitted with a 6½x8½ Plastigmat lens, exposure, 1-120 second. This picture was made at Holly Beach, N. J., and shows the Scandinavian fishermen, who live there in considerable numbers, and the style of boats, etc., used by them in securing a livelihood by sea fishing. They frequently go out 10 to 15 miles in these little launches. To watch them going or returning is extremely interesting, there being as many as 40 or 50 boats with 2 men to each boat, and usually all leaving or returning within an hour. Their wives and children are frequently grouped on the beach, awaiting their arrival to see the result of the day's work and welcome their return, the families adding interest to the scene.

U. C. Wanner, West Phila., Pa.

I made the photo of the bear in the woods on the head of the East fork of the Yellowstone river in the Park. I was going into Gardiner by way of the old Cook City trail, with pack outfit.

I do not believe this bear was any tamer than any bear outside of the Park. as he was 40 miles from the nearest hotel, and was a genuine silvertip. I have never seen a large silvertip near a hotel.

The photo was made about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in July last. I had noticed some eagles soaring about the mouth of a small canyon as I was making camp, so I took my camera and went up to see what they were eating. They had the carcass of a calf elk nearly eaten. They seemed tame, and I hid near the bait, thinking to get a snap shot at them if they came back soon. In about 10 minutes I saw this bear coming down the side of the canyon, straight for the bait, which lay in the lower end of a small park. I slipped around near the upper end of the park and hid in some thick young pines at the edge of the opening. When he came to the park he stopped and looked around awhile, then started to the bait, but the instant he got wind of me he stopped and threw up his head to smell, as shown in the photo. I had no more than pressed the bulb than he turned and shot into the timber on the other side of the park. He had not seen nor heard me; the wind was all he wanted.

The distance of the bear from the camera was 18 or 20 paces; stop 16; time, 1-50 of a second, if I remember rightly.

N. W. Frost, Cody, Wyo.

INFINITY FOCUS.

It is frequently useful to know the distance at and beyond which all objects will be in focus when using a lens of known focal length and a given stop. To obtain the requisite information most photographers have recourse to the published tables, if they are at hand, but a simpler method consists in marking each lens with its constant, which, divided by the f number of the stop, gives the so-called infinity focus or distance beyond which all objects will be in focus.

The constant of any lens is obtained thus:

Let fa = focal aperture or stop,

F = equivalent focus of lens, in inches.

K = required constant;

Then:— $\frac{F^2 \text{ x } 100}{\text{fa x } 12}$ or $\frac{K}{\text{fa}}$ = infinity focus in feet

and $K = F^2 \text{ x } 8.33$.

The following is a list of constants calculated for a confusion disc of 1-100 inches:

Equivalent focus of lens in inches.	K.	Equivalent focus of lens in inches.	K.
3.	75	6.5	352
3.5	102	7.0	408
4.0	133	7.5	469
4.5	168	8.0	533
5.0	208	8.5	602
5.5	252	9.0	675
6.0	300	10.0	833

Example:

Required, constant and infinity focus of 6 inch lens at f6.

$K = F_2 \text{ x} 8{\cdot}33 = (6\text{x}6\text{x}8{\cdot}33)\ 299{\cdot}8$ (say 300).

Infinity focus $\frac{K}{\text{fa}} = \frac{300}{6} = 50$ ft.

The infinity foci for other stops will be:

Stops	f6	f8	f11·3	f16	f22·6	f32	f4
Infinity given in feet	50	37·5	2·65	18·7	13·3	9·3	6·

—The British Journal of Photography.

LENGTHS OF EXPOSURE.

I own a 4 x 5 Century Grand camera, which is fitted with a convertible lens, the different foci being 6¼ inches, 10½ inches, and 14½ inches. The longest focus requires a considerably longer exposure than the shorter ones. Can you tell me what the comparative lengths of exposure should be with the different foci, under the same conditions, to produce the same result? Also what causes this difference? Then, is it not true that the wider the angle the lens has the quicker it will work?

E. W. Edgington, Le Mars, Iowa.

ANSWER.

It is only natural that the single elements of a convertible lens should require longer exposure than when the lens is used as a compound.

Supposing that the working aperture remains constant with the use of the different focus lenses, and assuming that the 6¼-inch focus lens should require, on a certain subject, an exposure of one second, then the 10½-inch focus lens would require 3 3-10 seconds and the 14½-inch focus 4 6-10 seconds.

As the approximate speed of any photographic lens is secured by dividing the equivalent focus by the opening of the aperture, it will be seen that with a lens which has an opening of one second and an equivalent focus of 8 inches, the speed value would be F8. If the focal length is increased to 16 inches, retaining the same opening of the diaphragm, which would be 1 inch, the speed of the lens would then be F16; so that, in this instance, should the 8-inch focus lens require one second exposure the 16-inch focus lens would require 4 seconds exposure.—Editor.

A FISH ASSISTANT.

Last summer I punched some holes in a wooden box, hinged a cover on it and tied it to the dock in front of my cottage. I put about 20 velox and Dekko prints in it at 11 o'clock one night, and expected the motion of the waves to wash them by morning. In the morning I tested them with a 2 M N 208 and found plenty of hypo left. It took a half hour of constant washing to get them test proof.

The next night I had the same number of prints to wash and as I had a 2 pound bass in the live box I put him in with the prints. In the morning by the most careful test there was no trace of hypo. The bass washed all my prints after that and made that part, usually the most tedious, the easiest of all. He received a few big fat minnows every day, and was given his liberty the day I left the lake. This is no fish story, but is true, and will be of great benefit to all photo folk if they will try it. I have no patent on it and it is free to all.

The explanation lies in the fact that the fish waved his tail and fins enough to separate the prints, which the ordinary motion of the box would not do. The box was about twice as large as a starch box, or a little larger than half a soap box.

T. W. Harrington, Chicago, Ill.

I never miss a copy of Recreation. I am an amateur photographer and thank Recreation for many valuable suggestions. I should like to know if the reproductions of exposures in colors is a secret, or can you give the process of sensitizing plates, films or paper to give the proper color in a photograph true to nature? Or, can you tell me the address of some reliable firm who make or handle such? Would prefer to know the process.

V. J. Levy, Spokane, Wash.

ANSWER.

A method for obtaining true colors in photographs by sensitizing the plate or paper has not yet been devised. Colored prints are made, however, by the 3 color process. This is done by making 3 negatives of the subject, using different colored screens and then printing from each negative on the same print in different colors.—Editor.

Will you kindly let me know whether or not enlarging can be done with artificial light? Must I have a room arranged specially for that purpose; or can it be done in any room. What size would a 5 x 7 print make? Will some experienced reader enlighten me as to making of enlargements?

What is the best formula for the making of good Velox prints?

R. E. Godfrey, Jackman, B. C., Can.

ANSWER.

Enlargements are made by both daylight and artificial light. A room that can be made perfectly dark is necessary.

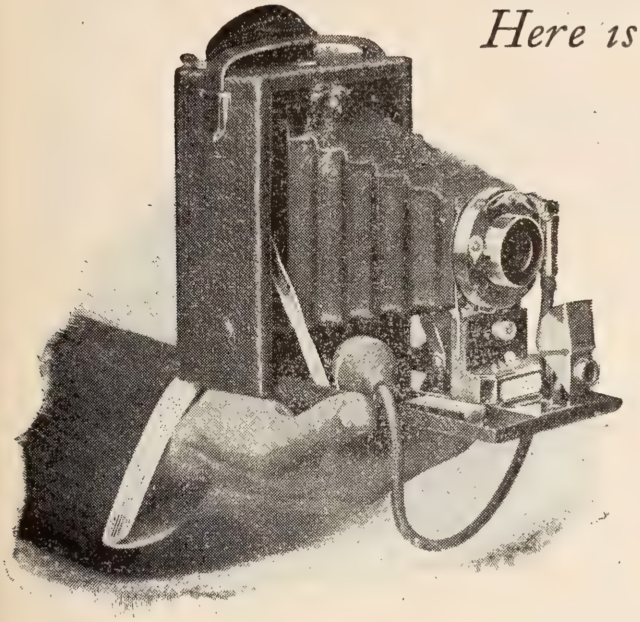
Five by 7 prints can be enlarged to any size you wish.

The formula published by the manufacturers is generally the best one for their products. Every package of Velox contains such formulae.—Editor.

Mother—Harold, darling, where is my string of pearls?

Harold—You mean the million-dollar ones, mamma? I lent them to the poor little girl next door to skip rope with.—Collier's.

Up-to-date Pastor—The collection will now be taken, and those who contribute 10 cents or more will receive trading stamps from the ushers.—Woman's Home Companion.



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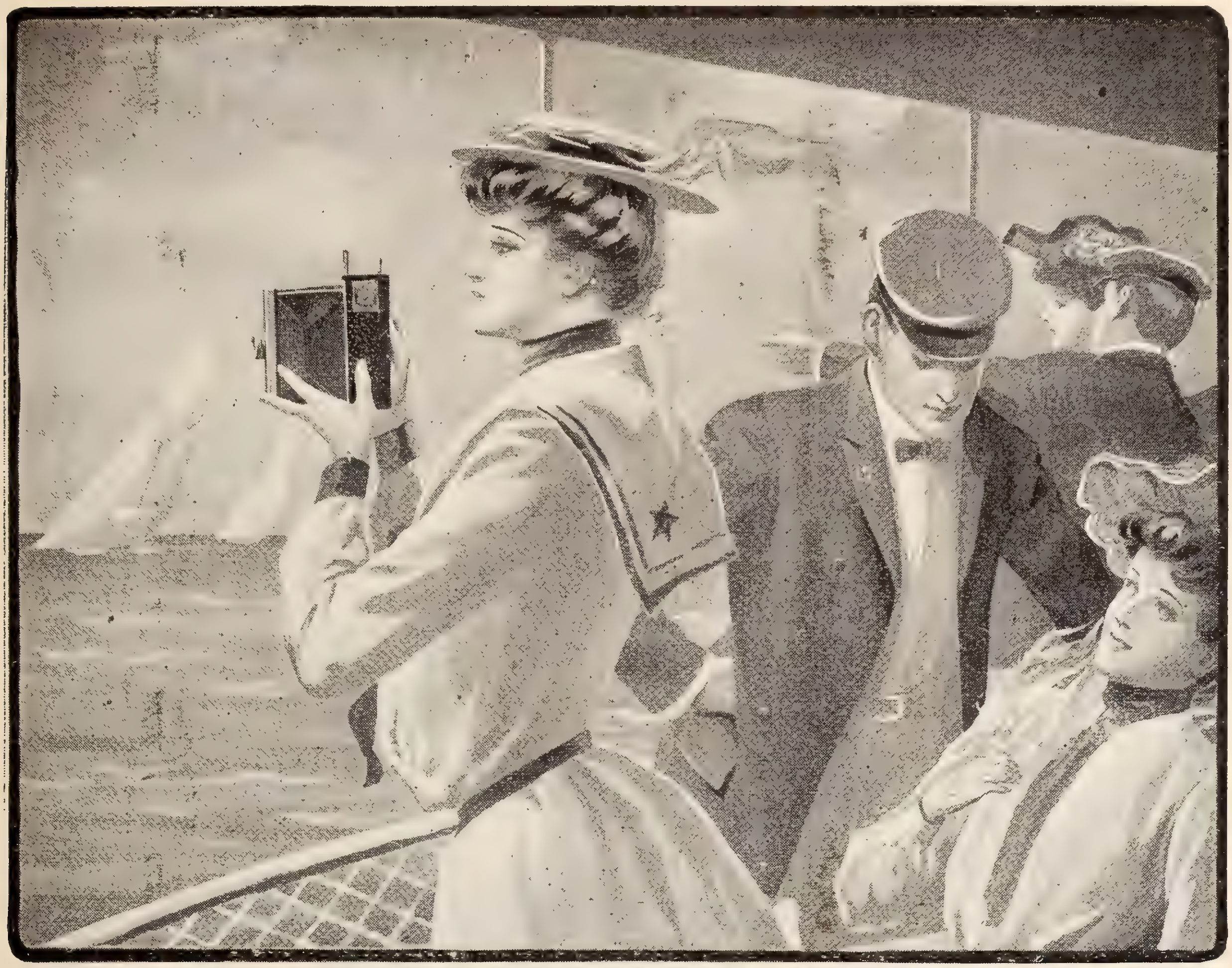

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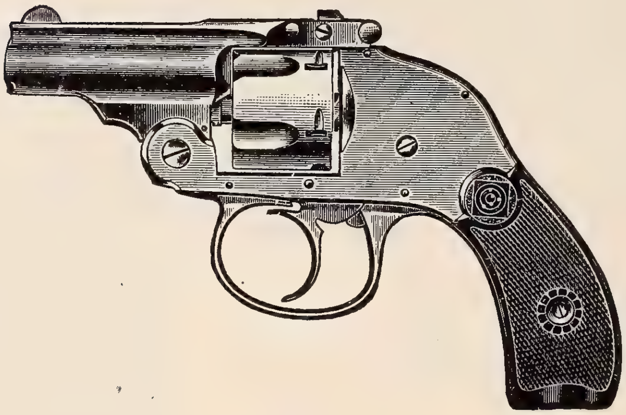

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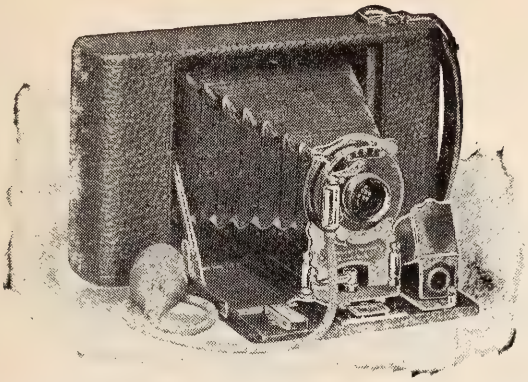

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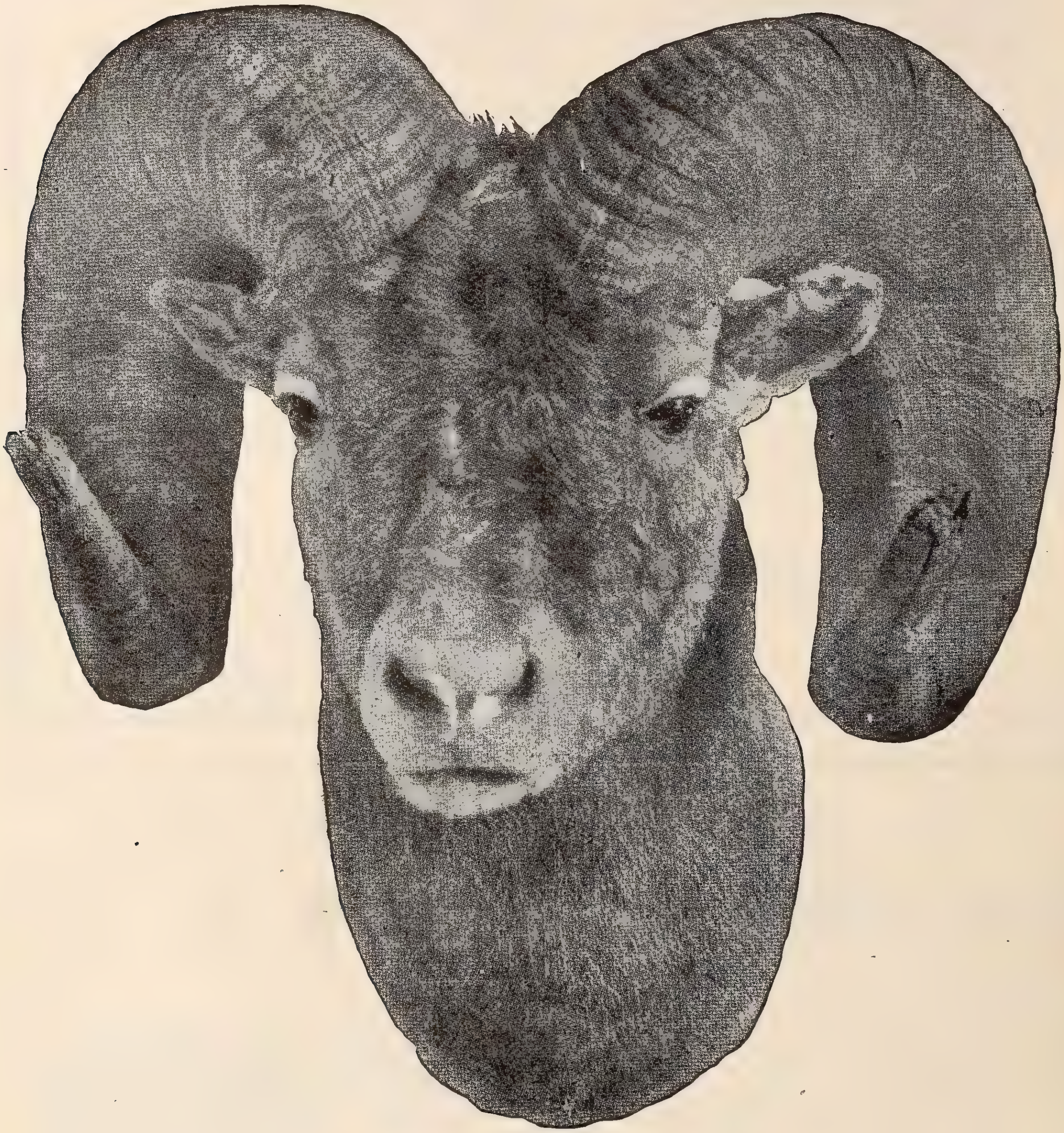
Mention Recreation.

A Great Head



Here is a reproduction of a photograph of one of the largest and best Rocky mountain sheep heads in existence. The horns measure 16½ inches in circumference at the base, and 16 inches out from the skull they still measure 16 inches, having tapered only ½ inch in that distance. The length of each horn is 39 inches and the spread at the tips is 17 inches. The horns make nearly a complete turn, and if they had not been broken in fighting, would undoubtedly have passed the starting point. Most naturalists and collectors place an additional value on horns that are broken more or less, as such damage indicates the natural courage and pugnacity of the animal. This ram had evidently spent much of his life looking for trouble, at least 6 inches having been broken from the point of each horn.

The horns and skull weighed, before mounting, 39 pounds. The head was mounted by John Murgatroyd, 16 North William street, New York city, who, as the picture shows, has done an admirable piece of work. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, pronounces this one of the best pieces of taxidermy he has ever seen done on a sheep head. Many taxidermists fail to get the natural shape and expression about the nose, but Mr. Murgatroyd has reproduced this feature accurately, as well as all the others.

This sheep was killed by an Indian in the Rocky mountains, North of Laggon, B. C.

The head is for sale, address G. O. Shields, 23 West 24th street, N. Y. Price, $300.

TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

In a district school, in a little town in Maine, the teacher asked recently for a composition from her 6-year-old children on the theme of "Mother." This was the effort of one little boy:

MOTHER.

My mother can wash.
My mother is good.
I help her wipe the dishes.
My mother can iern.
My mother can wash her hands.
My mother can wash my hands.
My mother can go to bangor.
My mother can go to oltown.
My mother can go to boastn.
My mother isant crazy.
My mother can eat supper.
My mother can eat bread.
My mother can woke.
My mother cant run.
My mother cant slide down hill.
My mother cant do tricks.
My mother cant build a house.
My mother cant sit in the rode.
My mother cant wock in the cartrack.
My mother cant sit in a mudpuddel.
My mother cant wock a rulear.
My mother cant make wood.
My mother cant stand on her head.—Boston Transcript.

Man probably sprang from a monkey and woman from a mouse.—Scissors.

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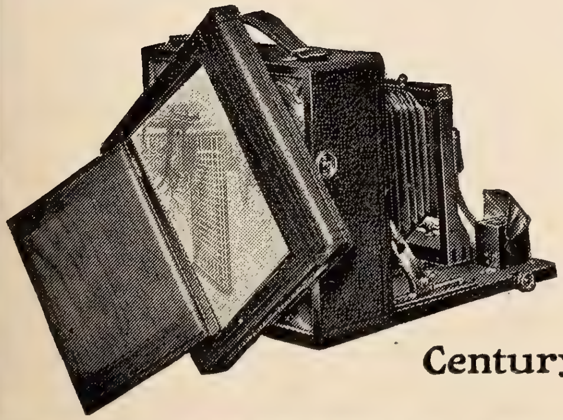


—*one of our many exclusive features.* Not necessary to detach the back to change from a horizontal to a vertical picture. Press a catch and revolve the back to the right or left. Adds nothing to size or weight.

Ask your dealer, or write us for new Catalogue describing complete line of "Centurys," from the dainty "Petite" to the king of all Cameras, the *Century Grand*—varying in price from $10.50 to $100.00.

Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y.

ONE WEEK IN BUCKTAIL CAMP.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear, with the grass blades tipped with ice. The bay mare had been hitched to the light buckboard, the pack basket tightly strapped on behind, loaded with good things to eat, and we were away for a week's hunt. We drove 12 miles and left the horse at Young's logging camp, then walked on over a good trail. About a mile in, we overtook Bill, smoking and whistling softly to himself. In less than an hour we came in sight of Bucktail, a warm log camp, that had taken us 4 weeks to build. It stands on a dry knoll in the edge of heavy green timber, close to a cold spring; has 2 good bunks, a stove, a table and 2 benches.

Bill had the camp in good shape, and we immediately unpacked the basket, had a dinner and a smoke, a few stories and then to bed. During the night the wind shifted into the South and with it came a fine rain. Long before daylight Bill was up. We dressed warmly, had a hearty breakfast and started out. The rain had softened the leaves, so we made little noise in walking. On the edge of Shanty Beaver meadow, a well known feeding ground for deer, we sat watching until nearly 8 o'clock, then started toward Moose river. We had hunted but a short distance when we jumped 2 deer. I circled to cut them off, and had gone but a few rods when I heard Bill's rifle crack. He called to me that he fired at both the buck and the doe and had put the buck to its knees. We saw where the old fellow had been down, but no sign of blood. All day we followed those 2 deer, and at night we left them on the edge of Twin Sister lake.

It froze hard during the night and the burnt grounds were white with frost. The next day, when we found where a deer had crossed, we followed that old buck until our legs ached, but did not get a shot.

That night something awoke me, and I heard the crack of brush in front of the door. I awoke Bill, and held a blanket over the window while he lighted a bull's-eye lantern. We then got down the old smooth bore rifle and I loaded it with buckshot. We opened the door, a ray of light was thrown on the brush, and I saw a pair of bright eyes looking at the light. I took the best aim possible and pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a roar, and I picked myself up off the floor. We lighted the lamp and lantern, put on our sweaters, boots and trousers and started out to see the effect of my shot. We followed the tracks and Bill found a bunch of hair, clotted with blood, so we knew the buckshot had hit something. In the morning, after long search, I saw a leg sticking out of a clump of bushes, and I knew that the old smooth bore had done its work well. He was a spike horn buck weighing about 110 pounds.

We jumped a doe one morning and had a running shot without success. Bill then said I should go out to the lake and he would drive through to me. Later I heard the old .44 speak, and Bill called that he was coming. The noise came nearer and in a moment I saw a good sized cub tearing through the underbrush. I at once fired my 30-30, and the second shot stopped him with a ball under the right eye. Bill had run on to him, climbing a burnt stub, and succeeded in getting a good shot. The first ball had gone through the cub, knocking him off the stub, another had struck him on the left shoulder, and Bill's third shot caught him just above the tail.

We had hunted an hour Saturday, when we heard firing across the river. We turned that way, thinking perhaps the hunters would drive the deer toward us, and they did. Bill saw a splendid buck making his way across a swale. I tried a shot, which fell short, so I raised my sight 3 notches and tried again. I was still short and immediately put it up to the last notch. The buck was running directly to our right, and we had a lively time for a minute, but our buck kept straight on until out of range. That afternoon I returned home.

L. W. Secoy, Utica, N. Y.

The customer was looking at the stock of canary birds.

"This one is your best singer, is it?" she said.

"Yes'm," replied the proprietor of the birds.

"Has it an amiable disposition? Does it ever get the sulks?"

"No oftener, ma'am," he said, "than you would naturally expect in the prima donna of the establishment."—Chicago Tribune.

The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he, weakly, "about willing my property—"

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I might as well," said he, turning on his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."—Judge.

Dot's mother said to her, "My dear, you
should not say, 'I guess,'
But say 'presume.'" That very day Dot
wore a nice, new dress;
"I'd like a pattern," said a friend, and then
the child to whom
She spoke replied: "We haven't one; we
cut it by presume."

—Philadelphia Post.

Speaker—I defy any one in this audience to mention an action I can perform with my right hand that I cannot do equally well with my left.

Voice from the Gallery—Put your left hand in yer right hand trousers pocket!—Chicago News.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE NEXT TO NATURE READ RECREATION.

PRETTY CHEEKS

A Food that Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon.

THE right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. You may be absolutely certain thin, sallow girls don't get the right food. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, etc. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well, I began to improve, and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, etc., etc. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get emough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts.', Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Grape-Nuts

STILL ANOTHER GREAT OFFER

Send me 30 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and I will send you a

No. 1 Double Barrel Breech Loading Hammerless Gun

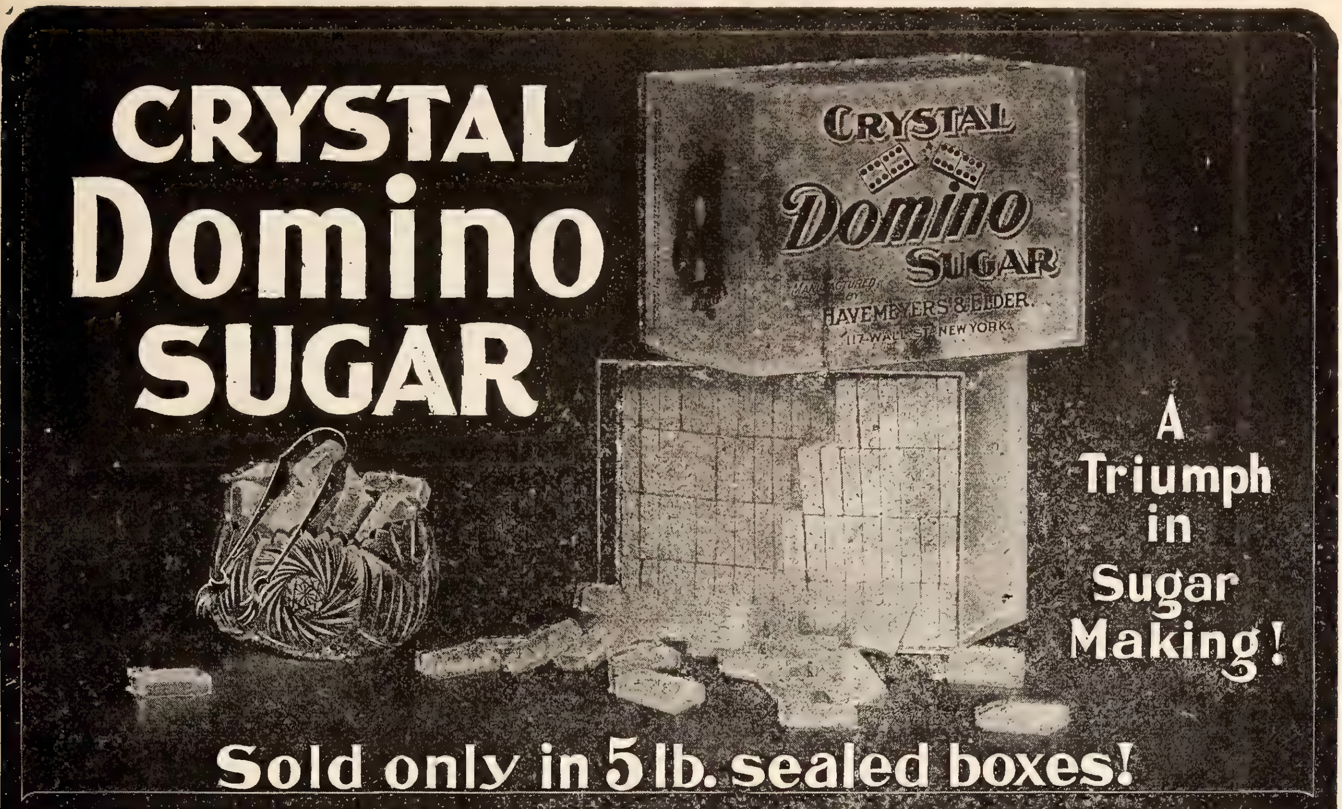
Made by the Ithaca Gun Co. and Listed at $40

I have contracted for 20 of these guns at a price which enables me to offer them as above, and they will doubtless all be taken within the next 3 months.

If You Want One Get Busy at Once

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application

RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York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SUGAR
CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR
MANUFACTURED BY HAVEMEYERS & ELDER. 117 WALL ST. NEW YORK.
A Triumph in Sugar Making!
Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. Every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. YOU WILL BE BETTER PLEASED WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED IT IN YOUR TEA, COFFEE, ETC.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Remember that each package bears the design of a "DOMINO" MASK, "DOMINO" STONES and the names of the manufacturers (HAVEMEYERS & ELDER, New York). INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE.

I have read in RECREATION much about the new automatic gun and am pleased at the stand you have taken regarding it. You have voiced my sentiments to a dot in regard to this game hogs' weapon. The first chance I had to inspect one of these guns was when a local dealer told me he had one of the new automatic guns, and would like to have me call to see it. I did so, and when I got through with him and the gun he knew what I thought of the engine of death and of a man who would use or sell such a thing. One of my best friends came to see me a day or 2 ago, a man with whom I have hunted ever since I began to shoot. He told me about the automatic gun and that he was going to have one. I listened until he had his say. Then it was up to me, and when I finished he was on my side of the question.

C. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"What d'ye want?" asked the coachman at the kitchen door.

"De boss o' de house sent me 'round here," replied the tramp, "an' said you was to gimme anything I needed."

"All roight. Come out to the stable an' Oi'll turn the hose on ye."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

"Oh! Ouch! Stop that!" yelled Tommy.

"Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed?" exclaimed his mother. "I wouldn't cry like that if it were my hair that was being combed."

"I'll bet you would if I wuz doin' the combin'," replied Tommy.—Catholic Standard and Times.

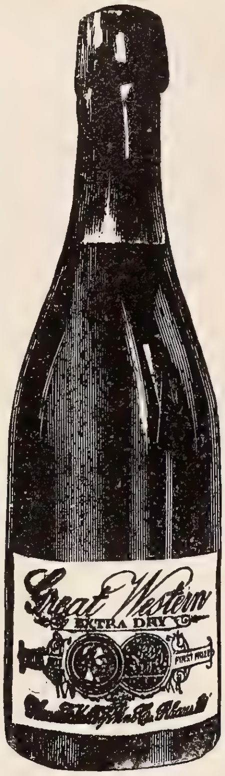
Did you ever see 5 straight or circular rows of Pansies side by side, each a different color? If so, you know that the effect is charming. Did you ever see Childs' Giant Pansies, marvels in beauty and true to color? If not, you have not seen the best.

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cts. mail 5 Pkts. Giant **Pansies, Snow White, Coal Black, Cardinal Red, Pure Yellow, Azure Blue;** also Five Pkts. **New Giant Sweet Peas** for **10 cts.,** White, Pink, Scarlet, Blue, Yellow; also Five Pkts. new early flowering **Carnation Pinks** for **10 cts.,** Scarlet, White, Pink, Red and Striped—

or All 15 Pkts. for 25 cts.

Our Catalogue for 1905—Greatest Book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. 148 pages, 500 illustrations, many plates —will be **mailed Free.** Scores of Great Novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N.Y.



The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

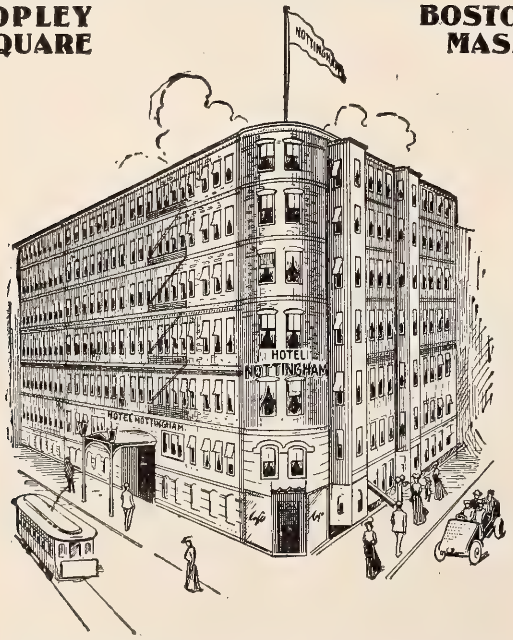
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

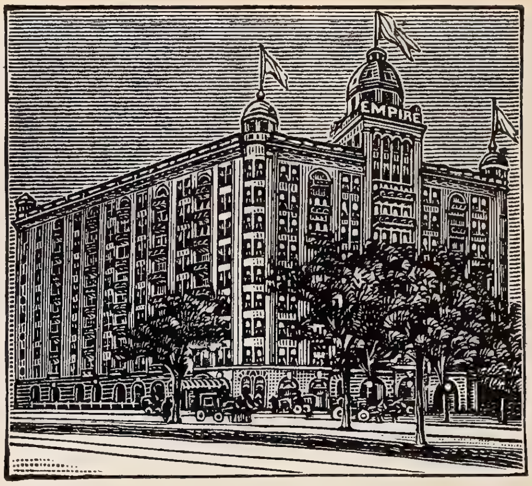
Hotel Nottingham

COPLEY SQUARE **BOSTON MASS.**



Elegant High Class family and **Transient Hotel.** Luxurious rooms, single or en suite. **European Plan Exclusively.** Excellent cuisine and fine orchestra. Centrally located and convenient to theatres and shopping districts, at the same time being in the most refined part of the city. **Two minutes from Back Bay station of N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and Huntington Avenue Station of N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and B. & A. R. R. Rates from $1.00 per day and up.**

E. W. BOYCE, Manager.



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Broadway & 63d St.
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NEW YORK CITY.

over **$250,000** in Improvements

JUST COMPLETED

ELECTRIC CLOCKS, TELEPHONES AND AUTOMATIC LIGHTING DEVICES IN EVERY ROOM

Completely Remodeled, Redecorated and Refurnished throughout

One minute to Elevated and Subway Stations

Take nearest car at any Railroad or Steamboat Terminal, They all pass or Transfer to the Empire

Rooms (with use of bath) $1.50 per day up
" " private " 2.00 " "
Suites " " " 3.50 " "

W. JOHNSON QUINN

Messrs. W. H. Van Horn, J. N. Bowen, James Snell, and Wm. Tidd, of Lead, S. D., have sent me within the last few months 200 subscriptions, and I have shipped them a beautiful Wing piano as a premium. It reached them in good condition and they express themselves as well pleased with it.

These young men have shown remarkable energy and thrift in stirring up their neighbors in this lively way, and they now have a means of spending many a pleasant hour together. There are more pianos where that one came from.

She—I wonder why the baby doesn't begin to talk, John?

He—I guess because you don't give him a chance.—Yonkers Statesman.

HOTEL TOURAINE

Delaware Ave. & Johnson Pk.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

A modern, high-class and convenient stopping place, offering every accommodation for the comfort and pleasure of transient guests. Moderate prices.

Harry C. Griswold, Proprietor.

YOU DON'T NEED A GUN IF YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed, against every form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing—if you would possess that physical strength and power of endurance which characterizes the Japanese soldier—you must learn Jiu-Jitsu.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The science of Jiu-Jitsu includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

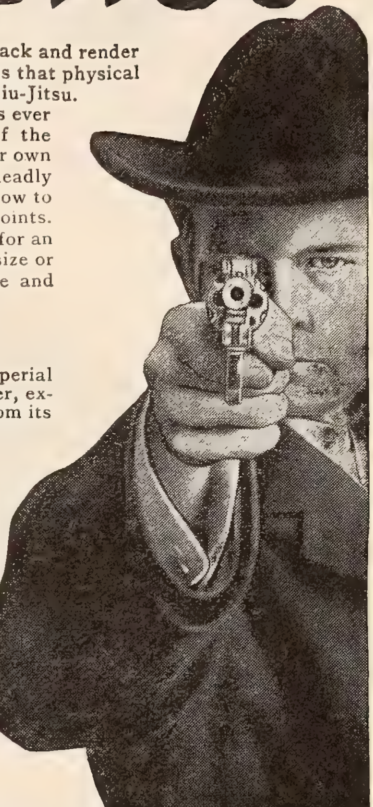
JIU-JITSU SUCCESSFULLY TAUGHT BY MAIL

For over 2,000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an Imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the **Yabe School of Jiu-Jitsu**, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan, has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitsu has just been written by Mr. Yabe. As long as the edition lasts, this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full-page half-tone engravings, and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to know more about the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, you should write today for this free book and specimen lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address

THE YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU
104 S. Realty Building Rochester, N. Y.



I read your magazine with pleasure, and am surprised at the wonderful influence it is exerting with many who formerly killed large bags of game and creels of fish.

The pump and the automatic shot guns are used by the greedy fellows, many of whom would not willingly leave one bird for seed.

G. H. Birdsall, Scranton, Pa.

Dyer—So Higbee has become bankrupt!

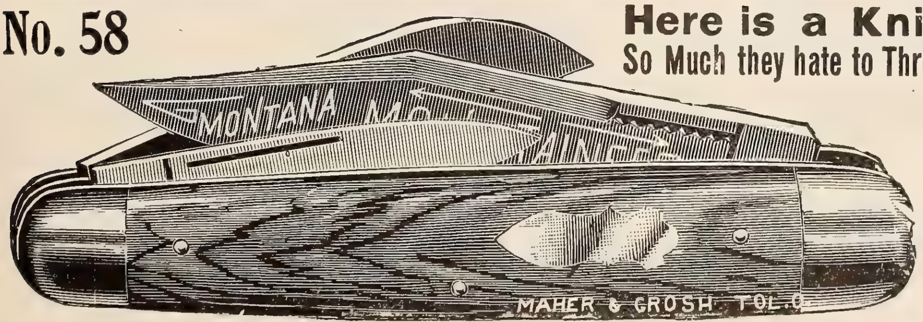
Wyld—Yes. He tried to run a 40 horse power auto on a 5 horse power salary.—Exchange.

Col. E. S. Cobb enjoyed a moonlight fox hunt one night last September. His pack of dogs raced an hour and three-quarters for a fox and finally killed him. That was the first hunt of the season, and Col. Cobb said it was one of the best he had ever had in St. Tammany. The weather was all that could have been desired, and the dogs did not run out, but showed ability to follow the trail. Col. Cobb intends to add several hounds to his already large pack.

B. D. T., New Orleans, La.

No. 58

Here is a Knife Men Love
So Much they hate to Throw an old Handle away



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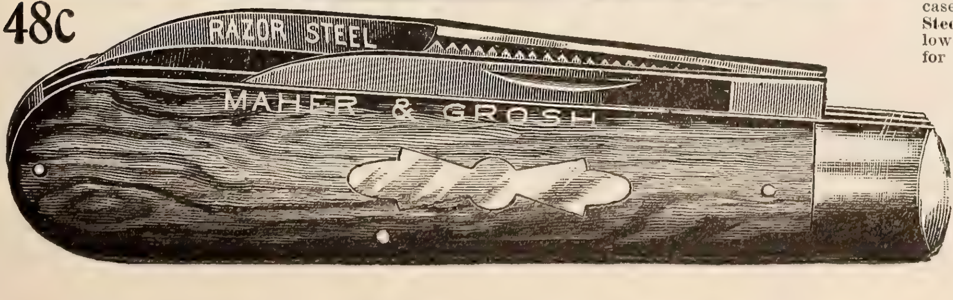


THIS IS TEDDY'S CAMP KNIFE.

No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid, $1.00.

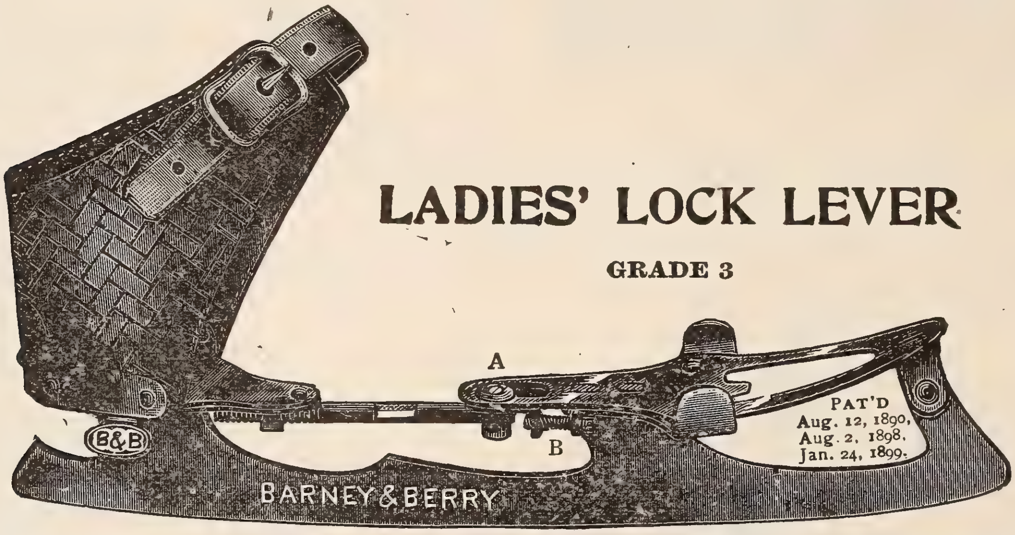
We call our finest penknife **"Chauncey Depew's Pet,"** has 3 blades. Handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price in chamois case, $1.50, postpaid. **Razor Steel jack-knife,** 2 blades, see lower cut, price 75c., but 48c for a while; 5 for $2.00. This knife and 60c. Shears for $1.00. Hollow ground razor and strop to suit, $1.33. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to use a Razor."

Maher & Grosh Co.
74 A Street
Toledo, - Ohio

WINTER IS HERE

GET A PAIR OF SKATES

For yourself, your best girl or your brother, or for some other girl's brother, or for anyone you love, and who is fond of skating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BARNEY & BERRY
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
Jan. 24, 1899.

LADIES' LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3

For 5 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I WILL SEND YOU

A Pair of Lock Lever Skates

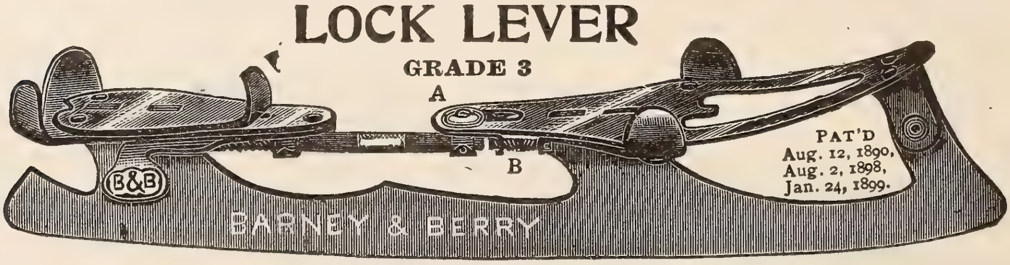
OR

A Pair of Ladies' Lock Lever Skates

Grade 3, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass.

LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3


A
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B&B
BARNEY & BERRY
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
Jan. 24, 1899.

As every skater knows, these are the best skates in the world.

The Holiday season is here, and you could scarcely select a more appropriate present.

FOR A MAN, OR A WOMAN, A BOY OR A GIRL

than a pair of these high-grade skates. Only a limited stock on hand, and when these are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address 23 West 24th St., New York

Bad soaps bite and sting. Use only Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. Free trial sample for 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for booklet, "How to Shave."

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

After Exposure

to freezing weather, rub chapped hands and face, chilblains and frost-bitten fingers and toes with *Pond's Extract.*

Takes out the smart and brings speedy relief. Just one example of a hundred virtues of

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Old Family Doctor"

When fatigued, refreshes like sleep.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

Accept No Substitute.

A yellow stain over the negative often appears when pyro is used as a developer. A pyro developer can be so mixed that the negatives will be gray, even to a positive black and white. Some operators like negatives of a warm yellowish tone, believing that brighter and pluckier prints result from them. The Seed formulæ are compounded with this idea, and if such a developer is used over and over, the negatives come out more yellow than was intended. Also in case of under exposure, where the development has to be kept up a long time to bring out the details, this staining occurs.

A formula for a clearing solution that has been tried and found excellent is:

Alum	1 ounce
Hydrochloric acid	1 fluid ounce
Boracic acid	½ ounce
Water	16 ounces

The hydrochloric acid may be the commercial muriatic acid. It may take considerable shaking to dissolve the boracic or boric acid, which is a crystalline powder, and if a little remains undissolved it will do no harm.

The solution can be used over and over for a year. It will do its full work in half a minute, and in that time will do all that any clearing solution will do. Lay the negative in tray containing enough of the solution to cover the plate or film and the tray. In warm weather when the gelatine is soft and tender, the treatment should not be longer than a minute, but in cold weather or with gelatine that will stand this or any other acid solution, the negative can be left in half an hour, if desired, without danger of producing reduction or thinning the image, as other clearing solutions do. A thorough washing should follow.—The Camera.

I have just received the Laughlin fountain pen, and am well pleased with it. I thank you much, and will get you some more subscriptions in a few days.

Roy S. Williams, Del Rio, Tex.

NERVOUSNESS EXHAUSTED OR DEBILITATED NERVE FORCE from ANY CAUSE

Cured by . . . WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

It contains no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, or any injurious ingredient whatever.

This Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proved to be the best, safest, and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally impaired, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, by Sealed Mail. No Humbug, C. O. D. or Treatment Scheme

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaint in my own person and received much benefit; so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation.

Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. West.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free Treatise, securely sealed.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 717 Beekman Building, New York

FOR WEAK LUNGS USE WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES. EST. 1858.

The Acme of Sport in Rifle Shooting

can only be attained by the use of a telescope With a high power instrument of this kind attached to your rifle you can do much better work at any distance than with ordinary sights. Furthermore, you can see your bullet hole in the target, after each shot up to 200 yards and thus know just what you are doing.

Send me 10 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

and I will send you a Rough Rider Telescope to fit your rifle. Or you can ship your rifle to the factory and have the tube attached. Any other telescope made by the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Syracuse, N. Y., will be furnished on the basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

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23 West 24th St. **New York**

"At the foot of Pikes Peak."

COLORADO SPRINGS

Like a child at play, Colorado Springs sits basking in the sunshine at the foot of Pikes Peak, amid the most enjoyable surroundings. No location could be more delightful. This region is best reached from the East by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their connections, with but one change of cars from New York or Boston.

For particulars inquire of any New York Central ticket agent.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, on receipt of a two cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

Whether I am hunting ruffed grouse and foxes in old Vermont or shooting quails, jack rabbits or deer in California, the first of every month I must have RECREATION, which I think superior to any other magazine. I like the way you treat the true sportsman; also the way you roast your pork.

H. L. Moore, Redlands, Cal.

First Poker Player—I say we quit the game, now we're even.

Second Poker Player—Even! How do you make that out?

First Poker Player—Why, you had all of my money a while ago, and now I've got all of yours!—Detroit Free Press.

Parson—Isn't the Lord good, boys, to send this snow so you can have sport snowballing?

Boy—Yes, parson; and what is better, He has sent you this way in a silk hat.—Puck.

"For goodness' sake, Dorothy," exclaimed mamma impatiently, "why do you talk so much?"

"I guess," replied the little girl, "it's because I've got so much to say."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Nowhere in all the world is there a country which offers you the inducements of this new territory of Uncle Sam's. To home-maker or to traveler Nature extends her welcome of a perfect climate for work or play. Soft, balmy, semi-tropical days and cool nights, marvelously beautiful scenery, a progressive people, warm-hearted and hospitable—that is Hawaii to-day. No other country has such present interest or such future promise.

Only five days from San Francisco over the tranquil Pacific on luxurious, modern steamships.

Full information from all railroads. Send for souvenir booklet of photographs.

HAWAII PROMOTION COMMITTEE
Honolulu, T. H.
New York, 874 Broadway. Los Angeles, 207 W. Third St.

Brotherhood Wines

Are Made in America
By Americans
And for Americans

They are pure, wholesome wines, and all good physicians prescribe them readily for their patients.

Many experts pronounce **Brotherhood Wines** equal to those produced in the best French vineyards.

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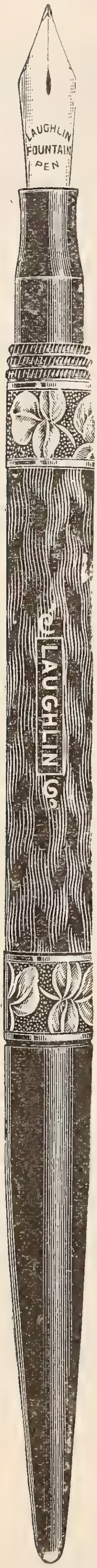
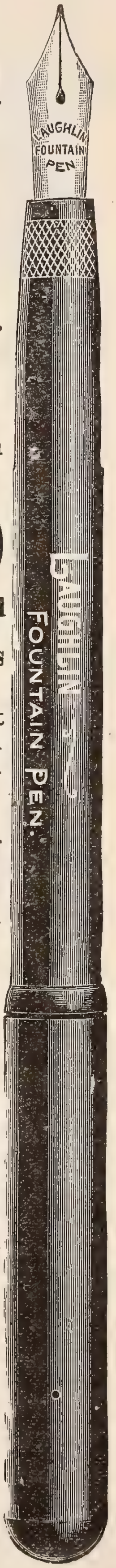
TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

Laughlin

FOUNTAIN PEN





Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k. SOLID GOLD PEN.

To test the merits of
RECREATION
as an advertising medium we offer your choice of

These Two Popular Styles For Only $1.00 Postpaid to any Address

(By registered mail, 8c. extra

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired—in feeding device perfect.

Either Style—**RICHLY GOLD MOUNTED** for presentation purposes, $1.00 extra.

Grand Special Offer

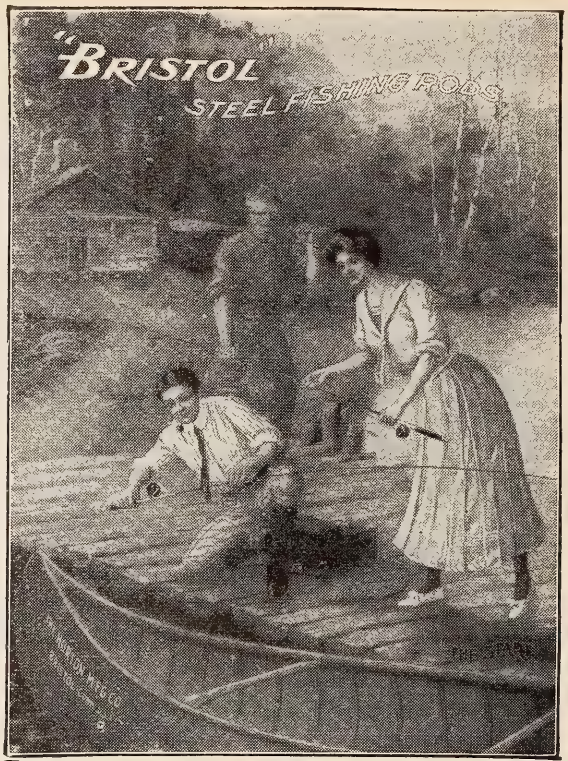
You may try the pen a week; if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other make, if not etirely satisfactory in evey respect, return it and *we will send you $1.10 for it the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen*—(Not one customer in 5,000 has asked for his money back.)

Lay this RECRFATION Down and Write NOW.

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen

ADDRESS ;

Laughlin Mfg. Co.
424 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH



"BRISTOL" CALENDAR for 1905

This beautiful calendar is lithographed in ten colors and will be much admired wherever seen, as it is full of interest for all who enjoy out-door sports.

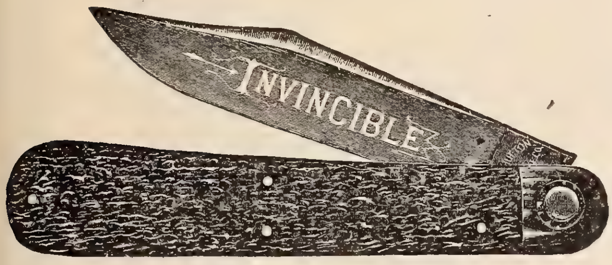
We will send this calendar to any address on receipt of ten cents (in silver) to cover cost of mailing.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
86 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.

For HUNTERS, ANGLERS, PROSPECTORS, RANCHMEN

and all others who go
into the Woods or Hills

The Press Button Knife is the thing



One-half actual size

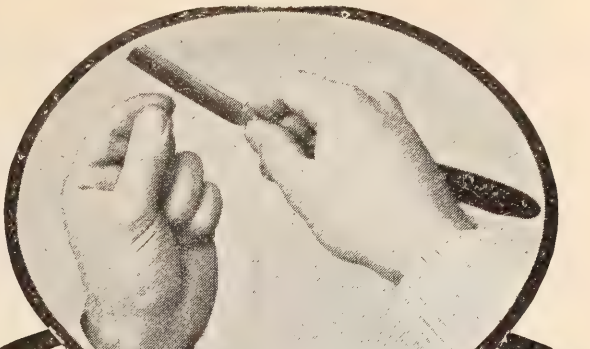
Our 5-inch Press Button Hunting Knife can not be excelled. Can be opened with one hand, and will not open or close accidentally

Send for Catalogue for description and prices of other styles

Mention RECREATION.

Handsome Stag Handle, Price 90c.

National Cutlery Company
WALDEN, NEW YORK



Will Your Razor Do This?

A well-sharpened razor should cut a hair held between finger and thumb and do it *at a touch*. Will yours? If not you need a Torrey Strop. No other strop has the wonderful sharpening qualities of the Torrey. They are made of the finest materials and by a process known only to the Torrey makers.

Torrey Strops

are made in all styles. Popular prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue of Torrey Strops, containing valuable information for those who shave, sent free.

J. R. TORREY & CO., P. O. Box 44, Worcester, Mass.

WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS OF RECREATION.

I acknowledge receipt of the Royal anastigmat lens, made by the Rochester Lens Co., that you offered as a premium for new subscribers. The Rochester Lens Co. was kind enough to fit the lens to my shutter free of charge. The lens is all its makers claim. Its work is a revelation to one who is accustomed to the old fashioned photographic lenses, and it is satisfactory in every respect.

I secured practically all the subscriptions in one evening. Canvassing for RECREATION is a cinch. The magazine sells on sight.

One of the men whose names I sent you had been a subscriber several years ago, and when I inquired why he let his subscription lapse he said: "The trouble was that every time RECREATION came to the house I read it and at once felt a longing for the woods, fields and streams, so strong as to unfit me for business. Hence, I stopped RECREATION in self-defence. Since then I have learned to control my feelings better, and am willing to read RECREATION again.

The man I quote is a prominent doctor.

J. A. Grening, Scranton, Pa.

One day as a schoolmaster, with aspect fierce and cane upraised, was about to punish one of his pupils, the little fellow said, doubtless with some recollection of a visit to the dentist, "Please, sir, may—may I have gas?"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"I think," declared the little daughter of the widow to the millionaire who was calling, "that you are a charming and delightful man."

"How nice. What makes you say so?"

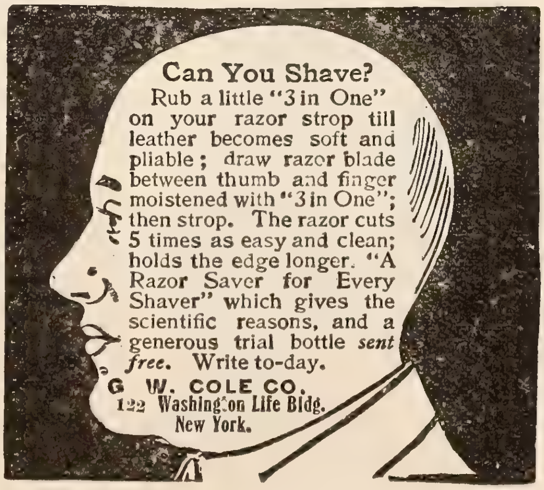
"Mamma told me to."—Detroit Free Press.

Just received my Bristol rod in good shape. Many thanks to you for this beautiful premium.

J. B. Stephenson, Wyandotte, W. Va.

Clara—Did he propose to you before or after he kissed you?

Maud—I can't tell. During the excitement I forgot all the details.—Life.

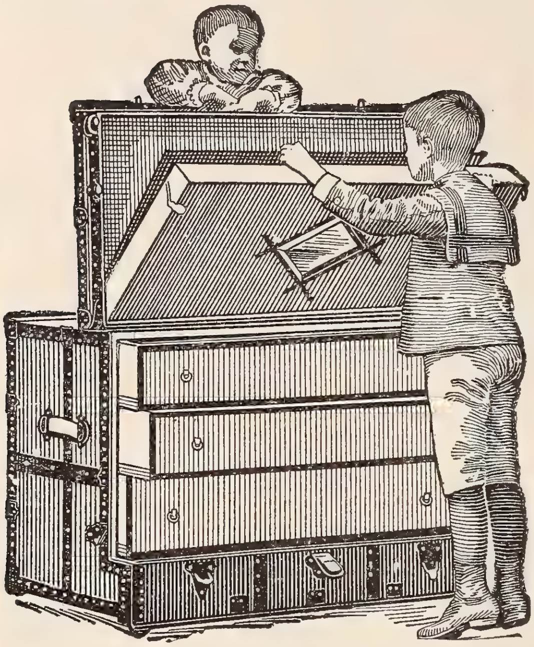


Can You Shave?

Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle *sent free*. Write to-day.

G. W. COLE CO.
122 Washington Life Bldg.
New York.

When Fitting out your Yacht



please remember that I make a line of steamer trunks especially adapted to the use of yachtsmen.

When going to the seashore or to the mountains, or abroad, provide yourself and your family with

Stallman Dresser Trunks

The most practical, useful and luxurious traveling trunk ever invented.

Illustrated catalogue on request.

Mention RECREATION.

Frank A. Stallman, 87 West Spring Street **Columbus, O.**

I received the Blauvelt hunting coat as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION and am more than pleased with it. Please accept my thanks. It was far beyond my expectations. I will try for another premium soon.

Warren Miles, Ansilina, Pa.

Tommy was at the museum. He was backing away from a lion, when grandma said to him: "Don't be afraid of the lion. He is stuffed."

Little Tommy answered: "Well, he may not be stuffed so full but what he could make room for a little boy like me!"—London Chronicle.

Mrs. Henpeck—This paper says that married women live longer than single ones.

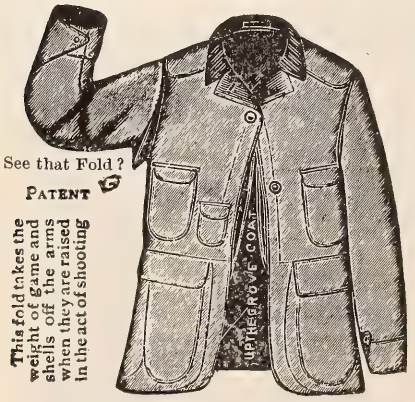
Mr. Henpeck—Heavens, woman! Can't you think of something pleasant to talk about?—Borrowed.

I received the Bristol rod as a premium for 5 subscriptions I sent you some time ago. It is a beauty and I thank you sincerely.

Geo. S. Kleckner, East Bangor, Pa.

Mistress—Bridget, these are ewers. I hope you'll not call them jugs any more.

Bridget—Thank you, mum. Sure, an' is these cups mine, too?—Scissors.



See that Fold?
PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
UPTHEGROVE COAT

THE UPTHEGROVE SPORTING GOODS CO.
Makers of High Grade Clothing
VALPARAISO. IND

UPTHEGROVE

Waterproof Hunting Cloths

English Corduroy—Moleskin—Rainproof Mackinaw and Waterproof Duck.

Strictly Hand tailored to measure.

10 oz Waterproof Hunting Coat, $5. Extra Quality Rainproof Hunting Coat, (finest coat made) $8; 5 per cent. discount if cash accompanies order. All our Coats have silk button holes and hand made silk pocket stays. In ordering give—breast, waist, length of sleeve and coat measurements, also height and weight.

Write for free catalogue—If you want the best made—Try us.

The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Company
Dept. C, Post Office Place, Valparaiso, Ind.
Mention RECREATION.

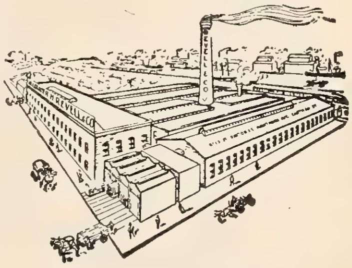
Revell Mission Furniture

$9.75

The illustration shows an artistic and serviceable library table with shelf for magazines or books and an invisible drawer, designed and made in our own workshop. Simplicity and character are the distinguishing features of this table. Extraordinary care is used in its construction to give it the highest possible value. It is made of solid oak in handsome weathered finish. Send draft or money order for amount and we will send table at once. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Write us your wants and we will send illustrations and information free.

Library	Table,	size	28x42	$ 9.75
"	"	"	30x48	11.25
"	"	"	32x60	12.75

Alexander H. Revell & Company,
194 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.



Our Factory

"I don't care if the meat strike never ends," said Mrs. Shooter. "We are sure to have all the meat we want."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Nibbsby.

"My husband has gone deer hunting, and he's sure to kill a few cows."—Cleveland Leader.

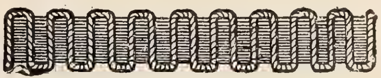
"Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?"

"A bucket shop, my son," said the father feelingly, "a bucket shop is a modern cooperage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung hole."—Town Topics.

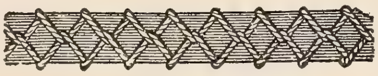
I am in hearty sympathy with you in your war on the game hog and the market hunter. They should be suppressed at once and for all time. The penalty should be so great that no one would dare break the law. In case of convictions half the fine should go to the man who secures the conviction. The bag should be limited, and a sportsman should not be allowed to sell or give away game that he has killed. He should be allowed to kill only for his own use. We all have different opinions. I shall always do all I can to protect our game and prosecute such criminals as game hogs and market hunters.

Wm. A. LaLaurin, Dallas, Tex.

The Reason the LUTHER HAND-MADE GLOVE will not rip



Machine sewing cuts itself.



Hand sewing cannot.

A Practical Hunting and Driving Glove

Made for practical, comfortable, durability. No oil. No Odor. No Animal Glue. Practically seamless. Cannot Rip. Unaffected by moisture of any kind. If soiled, may be washed with soap and hot water, without injury. The Luther Fastener is adjustable, fits any wrist and cannot get out of order. Illustrated booklet, samples and self-measurement rule on application

No. 308 DRIVING GLOVE, postpaid anywhere $1.50, Made to measure, $2.
No. 320 GAUNTLET, " " 2.50, " " 3.

If you prefer to buy through your dealer send us his name.

J. P. LUTHER GLOVE CO., 536 Pearl St., BERLIN, WIS.

A Duxbak Hunting Coat

is the proper thing for

A Shooter,
An Angler,
A Prospector,
A Farmer
or even a plain
ordinary man.

I will give you one of these coats

For 10 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

These coats are made by Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Utica, N. Y., and are listed at $5. Thoroughly waterproof, and yet soft, pliable, practically noiseless and pleasant to the touch.

Sample copies of Recreation for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **Recreation**

23 W. 24th St. New York

CHOCOLATE AND OTHER COCOA PRODUCTS.

A recent publication of the Connecticut State Experiment Station has an interesting summary of data regarding the cocoa bean and the products made from it. Chocolate and cocoa are made from the beans or seeds of several small trees, natives of tropical America, of which *Theobroma cacao* is by far the most important. Cocoa beans were highly esteemed by the aborigines, especially the Aztecs of Mexico and Peru, who prepared from them beverages and foods. They were brought to the notice of Europeans by Cortez and other explorers, but were not extensively imported into Europe until the 17th century, about the time tea and coffee were introduced from the East. At present the world's supply comes chiefly from Venezuela, Guiana, Ecuador, Brazil, Trinidad, Cuba, Mexico and other regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, being gathered in those regions from trees both wild and cultivated; and to some extent from Java, Ceylon, Africa and other parts of the Old World, where the tree has been successfully cultivated.

The yellow or brown cocoa fruit is 4 to 6 inches long, 2 to 3 inches wide and has 10 ridges passing from the base to the apex, giving the surface a melonlike appearance. It contains 35 to 75 seeds in 5 rows, embedded in a mucilaginous substance. The seeds, after being removed from the fruit and freed from the adhering pulp, are dried at once in some localities, but the better grades are first subjected to a fermentation process, which destroys certain bitter and acrid constituents.

Cocoa beans as they come into the market are reddish brown in color, and somewhat resemble Lima beans in shape and size, but are not so strongly flattened, nor are they kidney shaped. Like Lima beans, they consist of 2 thickened cotyledons, or seed leaves, connected with a small rootlet and enclosed within a hull, or shell. The dark brown cotyledons are irregularly folded and readily break into angular pieces.

The first stages in the manufacture of both chocolate and cocoa are the same. After removing stones, chips and other impurities, the beans are roasted, thus developing a desirable flavor and facilitating the processes of separation from the shell and grinding. The roasted beans are crushed by machinery and separated from the shells. In some factories the rootlets are also removed. The broken cotyledons, free of shells, known as "cocoa nibs," are next ground in the chocolate mill. The heat of grinding melts the fat, which makes up about half the weight of the nibs, and the ground product runs out of the mill as a thin paste. This paste, after cooling in moulds, is chocolate, also known as plain or bitter chocolate to distinguish it from the sweetened product. In the factory it is often known as chocolate liquor. Sweet chocolate is prepared by mixing pulverized sugar, vanilla or other flavor, and usually cocoa butter with the warm chocolate paste before moulding.

Cocoa is prepared by removing a portion of the fat from the warm mass by pressure and reducing the residue to a powder, with or without the addition of vanilla flavor. "Dutch process" cocoa is treated with an alkali, usually soda or ammonia, to hinder the fat from collecting on the surface of the beverage prepared from it. This is sometimes called "soluble cocoa." Cocoa butter is the express fat obtained as a by-product in the manufacture of cocoa. Cocoa shells are used to some extent for the preparation of a beverage, but are usually regarded as a waste product and are often ground with cocoa products, spices, etc., as an adulterant.

The State experiment station at New Haven has made analyses to learn the extent of the adulteration of cocoa products sold in Connecticut. Of 40 samples examined in 1903 less than half, that is, 18, were not found to be adulterated; 11 were adulterated; 7 were labeled "compound" goods; and 4 were chocolate and cocoa containing milk or casein.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT.

Z. A. SPACE.

Of all the men
In all the world
Who serve us to a dot;
None else can claim
One-half the fame
Of "Johnny on the spot."

Of all the teachers
He's the man
To tell us what is what;
And guide our ways
In searching days
To get what we have not.

He's run the mines
And felled the trees
And learned the forest ways;
He's caught the moose,
Why, what's the use
Denying what he says?

At every point
Where work is done
He holds the key of knowledge;
And breaks the rule
Of every fool
From district school to college.

He owns the rank
Of every class
Who honor their profession;
Who never shirk
To make their work
Instructive and a blessing.

Nor don't decry
The use of books
What they contain or not;
But knowledge gained
Must be sustained
By Johnny on the spot.

Willie—Say, why did the bronze bust?

Tim—Let it go.

Willie—'Cause the statuette.—London Sketch.

A Fountain Pen

has become a necessity with every business man. You can get a

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Made by the Laughlin Manufacturing Co.
Detroit, Michigan

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

And you can get these 2 subscriptions in 20 minutes, any day.

The Laughlin is one of the best pens in the market, and thousands of them are in daily use.

There is no reason why you should be without one.

Sample Copies of RECREATION for use in Canvassing Furnished on Application

Duxbak
TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing
Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Absolutely waterproof in rain; light and cool in pleasant weather. Coat, trousers and hat made of fine soft duck, treated by a patent process that resists a dreary drizzle or driving storm. Lined with same material and double stitched throughout. Always easy and pliable in rain or shine. No rubber—no rustle. Perfect ventilation at all times.

Coat has reinforced gun cap at shoulder; patent ventilated gusset under arm. Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

In ordering, give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Give waist and leg for trousers. Light tan or dead grass color. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Price coat, $5.00; trousers, $3.00; hat, $1.00. Express prepaid. Sample of material and booklet free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

PARENTHETICAL REMARKS.

A well known Indiana man
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shot gun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)
—San Francisco Bulletin.

I am a reformed game hog. Give it to 'em. I have quit using ammunition made by the Winchester people on account of the automatic, and by Peters because it is no good.

Wm. Glaze, Watewate, Colo.

FOR
Solid Comfort
SUMMER or WINTER

The
Best
is
the
Cheapest

Get a pair of
Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE

240 Halsey St. NEWARK, N. J.

The Colorado Onyx Co.

236-237 Equitable Bldg.
Denver, Colo.

QUARRIES
Steamboat Springs, Routt Co., Colo.

Capital - - 300,000 shares
Treasury Stock - 50,000 shares
Par value *One Dollar* each, fully paid and Non-Assessable.

No Stockholders Liability.

Write for particulars as to price of stock to

The Equitable Finance and Development Co., ***Fiscal Agt.***
Equitable Bldg., DENVER, COLO.

James D. Husted, *President.*
John H. Morse, *Vice-President.* Raymond S. Husted, *Sec'y & Treas.*

I am in receipt of the gloves from J. P. Luther which you ordered sent me as pre-for them. I do not see how you can give mium. They are beauties and I thank you. such excellent premiums for so few subscriptions. I wish Recreation the success it deserves.

W. A. Harvey, Sherman, Tex.

Husband (reading)—I see that old Dr. Saintly, who went off as a missionary, has been devoured by the cannibals.

Wife—Too bad! He deserved a better fate.

"Yes; and the cannibals a better meal."—Exchange.

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which is the largest Press Clipping Bureau in the world will send you daily, everything printed in every newspaper, magazine or trade journal in the country, on any particular subject.

This Bureau reads and clips 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and can furnish anyone everything printed in the country on business, financial, political, social, theatrical, scientific, sporting, agricultural, mining, or, in fact, any subject whatever that is mentioned in the columns of any newspaper or publication. Write and state the subject you want clippings on and we will quote you a

SPECIAL BARGAIN RATE

for a trial month, that you may understand the great advantages to be derived from press clippings. Address,

International Press Clipping Bureau,
112-114 Dearborn Street, Chicago, U. S. A.
Mention Recreation.

The Buffalo Is Well Nigh Extinct

And every nature lover wants a relief of him. Here is a chance to get it.

I have in stock a limited number of buffalo horns, highly polished and fitted with nickel plated flanges at the base, so that they can be screwed on the wall, thus forming

A Novel and Effective Gun Rack

So long as the supply lasts I will give a pair of these horns for

3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnshed on request. Addresss

Recreation, **23 West 24th Street,**
AEW YORK

The L. and L. Hunting and Fishing Club, of Newport, has been organized, with the following officers: Morrison Weber, president; Thomas Jones, secretary; William Lampe, treasurer; Peter Kilmer, sergeant-at-arms. The following are members: Thomas Evans, Fred Koustomer, Jacob Schilling, George King, Ed. Leahy, Lawrence Donavan, Joe Wallace, M. F. Donelan, James Thornton, Charlie Donelan, Fritz Zuber and Harry Parks.

W. L., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Grocer—Do you want apples to cook or to eat?

Small Boy—Both. That's what we cook 'em for.—Baltimore American.

PATENTS

promptly obtained OR NO FEE. Trade-Marks, Caveats, Copyrights and Labels registered. TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE. Highest references. Send model, sketch or photo. for free report on patentability. All business confidential. HAND-BOOK FREE. Explains everything. Tells How to Obtain and Sell Patents, What Inventions Will Pay, How to Get a Partner, explains best mechanical movements, and contains 300 other subjects of importance to inventors. *Address,*

H. B. WILLSON & CO. **Patent Attorneys**
786 F Street, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Find Your Portrait on

THE ROCK OF FACES

Lake George, New York

This rock bears innumerable faces, carved by time. While undoubtedly a product of the Glacier Period yet strangely the faces are modern. Uncle Sam is there (left base), George Washington (right top), Sitting Bull (right edge), Dickens, Gladstone, Walt Whitman, Gen. Grant and scores of others which you will be interested to study out. It is most peculiar, and has caused much comment, that a modern product, the

Ostermoor Mattress $15.

has also set its mark upon this rock and stamped it with the **Ostermoor Face.** With study you can find it; there is rest and repose on the features. If you cannot find the face on the rock, go out on the street—you will find it there. In the office, in the pulpit; mix with men of toil, or mount the steps of the Executive Mansion, the OSTERMOOR face is everywhere.

If YOU wish a Face Refreshed with Sound Slumber, send for Our FREE 136-Page Book

This book, "The Test of Time," has cost us $15,000 to issue. It is not a dry, uninteresting catalogue—it was prepared for us by Mr. Willard Moyer (well-known as author of "The Witchery of Sleep") and treats on "Insomnia—Its Cause," famous historical beds and their story, and on mattress-making materials of all kinds. It contains over two hundred pictures by well-known artists, is printed in two colors on heavy plate paper. It describes our **30 Nights' Free Trial**—money returned on demand. It treats exhaustively the mattress question, and gives letters of praise from prominent persons. It also illustrates OSTERMOOR Cushions and Pillows for Window Seats, Cozy Corners and Easy Chairs; Boat Cushions, Church Cushions. May we send it? Your name on a postal will do.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:

2 feet 6 inches wide,	**25 lbs.,**	**$ 8.35**
3 feet wide,	**30 lbs.,**	**10.00**
3 feet 6 inches wide,	**35 lbs.,**	**11.70**
4 feet wide,	**40 lbs.,**	**13.35**
4 feet 6 inches wide,	**45 lbs.,**	**15.00**

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

In two parts, 50c. extra. Special sizes, special prices.

Express charges prepaid to any place.

COMPRESSING THE OSTERMOOR SHEETS BY HAND
TRADE MARK

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just-as-good" kind. Ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. "*It must be Ostermoor.*" Mattresses expressed, prepaid by us, same day check is received. Estimates on cushions and samples of coverings by return mail.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 114 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent,

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

These offers are subject to change without notice.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer listed at $1; or a pair of Chrome Tanned Horsehide Hunting and Driving Gloves, listed at $1, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1; or a pair of Gauntlets for Hunting and Driving, ladies' size, listed at $2.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5; or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $15; or a Reel, made by the Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., listed at $6 to $9; or a Duxbak Hunting Coat, made by Bird, Jones & Kenyon, and listed at $5; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 4, 4 x 5, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $22.50.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20.

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THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

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A Savings Help. With every Diamond or Watch, we will, when requested to do so, furnish you with one of the **LOFTIS STEEL SAFES** for **HOME SAVINGS.** Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes into the little safe as you can spare them, and your Diamond will soon be paid for, and you will never miss the money. We make no charge for the safe, and when desired furnish a key with it.

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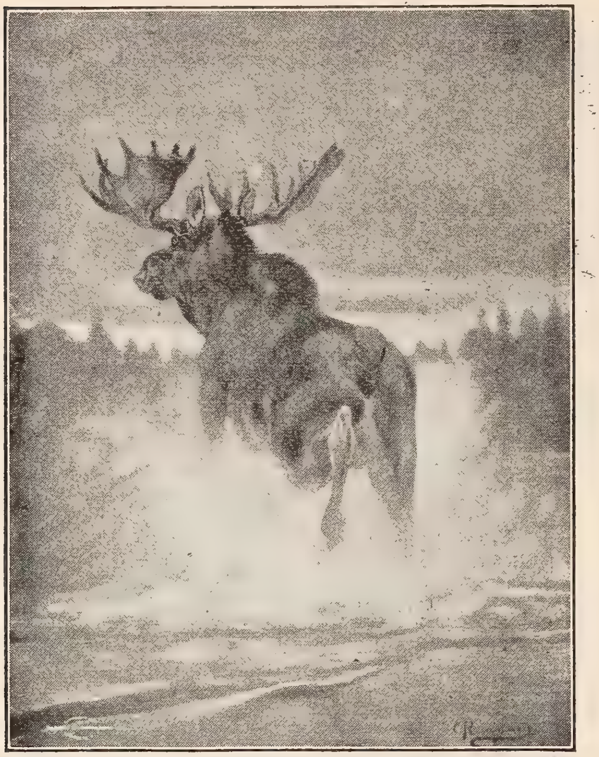
Save a Diamond

Diamonds Win Hearts

Happy New Year



DANGER IN SIGHT, by Carl Rungius
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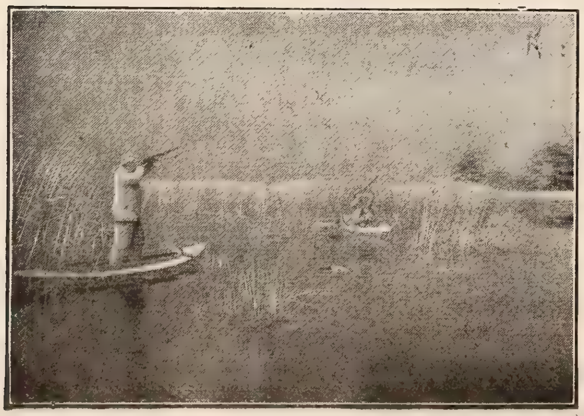

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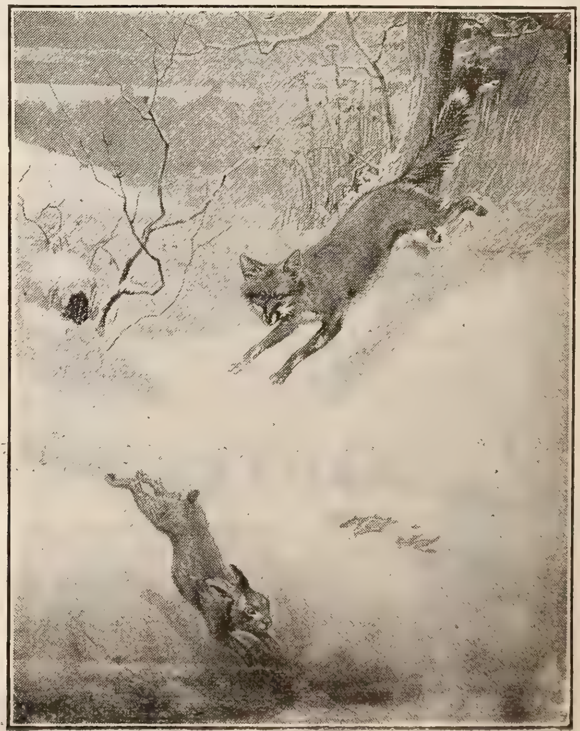

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192 pages of information of inestimable value to every sportsman and vacationist. Magnificently illustrated in half-tones and colors. Copy mailed anywhere upon receipt of **10 cents** in stamps to pay postage.

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Season Opens about May 10th——Don't Forget

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Rev. Mr. Spouter—Let me warn you, young man, against leading this frivolous life. What have you put away for a rainy day?

Happy Jack—A mackintosh.—Exchange.

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa!

Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say?

Bride (reading)—Do not come home, and all will be forgiven.—Collier's.

Tired Mother (to restless child): Now, you set still! I've druv you 10 miles to enjoy this entertainment, and you shall enjoy it, if I have to pull every hair out of your head!—Life.

Customer—There was a chicken in one of the eggs you sold me yesterday.

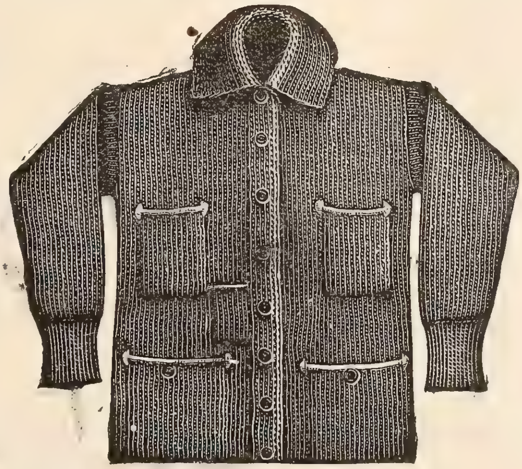
Storekeeper—Well, you haven't got any kick coming. Eggs are only 2 cents apiece, and chicken is 18 cents a pound.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hoax—They say the sultan of Turkey scares his wives nearly to death.

Joax—Yes; I've always heard that he was a harem-scarem sort of fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

"Hostetter and his wife spent all their honeymoon riding horseback."

"That's what they call a bridle tour, I suppose."—Boston Globe.



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GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all out-door purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in two colors—dead grass and Oxford gray.

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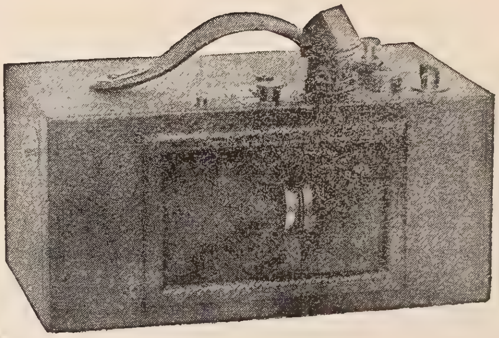

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Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT

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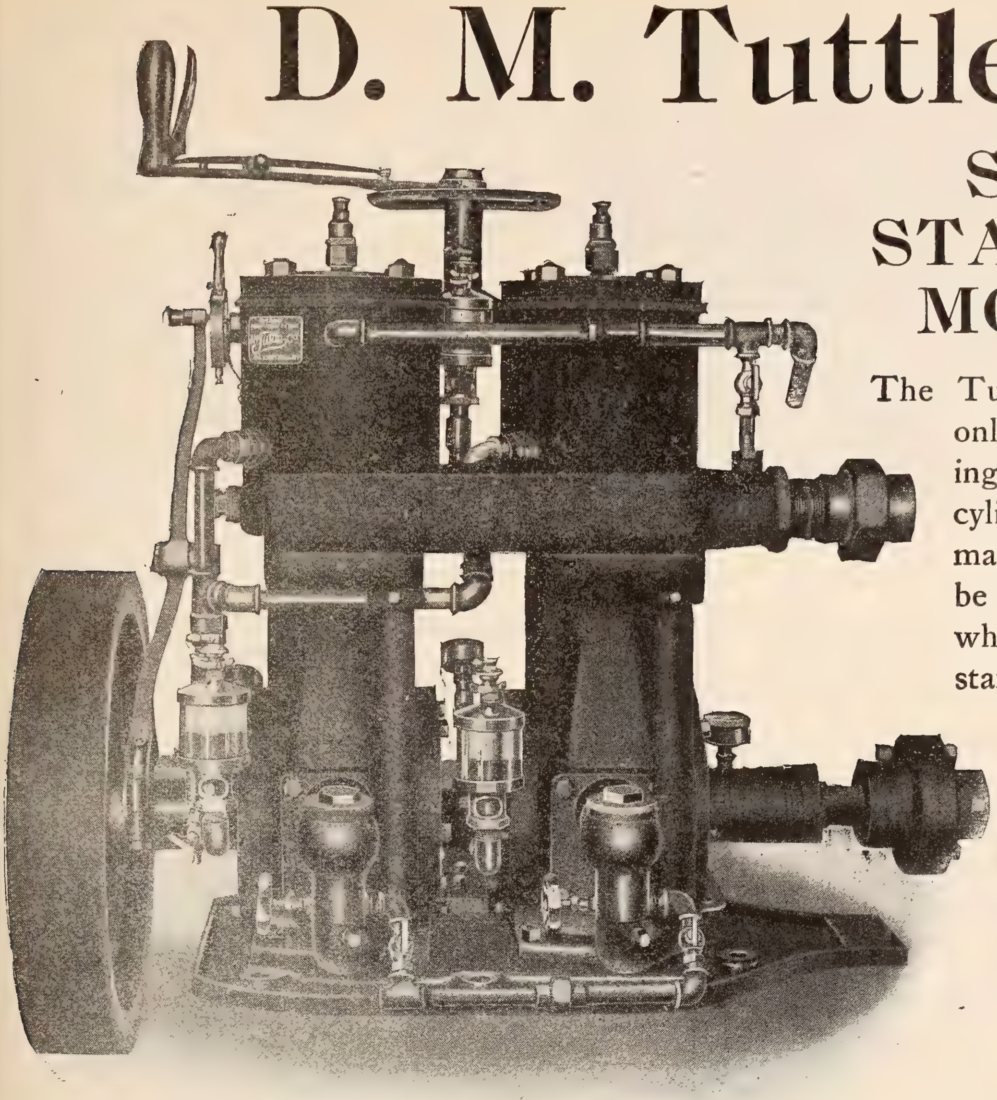
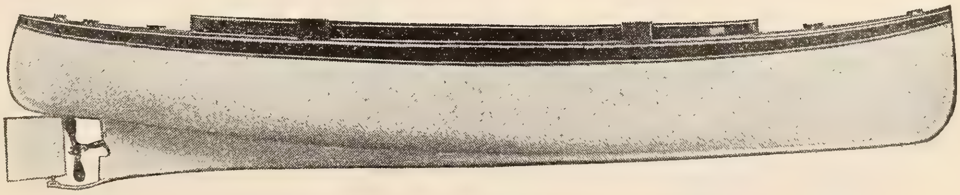


SELF-STARTING MOTORS

The Tuttle Motor is the only reliable self-starting and reversing two-cylinder motor on the market. They may be left for hours, after which they may be started in either direction by simply moving lever attached to commutator at top of front cylinder in the direction desired. This result can not be accomplished by any two-cylinder motor with break spark ignition, as compression would be lost through leakage around the electrode arms. Our single-cylinder motors can also be started in either direction without the use of a crank by simply rocking the balance wheel by hand in the direction required. In all motors with multiple cylinders, each cylinder is independent of the others, having a separate spark coil, vaporizer and switch, so that one or more of them can be thrown out of action by its switch without disturbing the others, or the motor can be slowed down to its minimum speed by the lever on commutator.

Launches



We also build a complete line of high-grade launches in all styles of model, ranging from 16 feet to 60 feet. *Send for Illustrated Catalogue.*

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11-foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats were not satisfactory until the **KING** was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof*, wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

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Interested Father: Did you tell her how sorry you were to leave her?

Son: No, but I brought considerable pressure to bear on the subject—I think she understood.—Detroit Free Press.

"Hope ye've got some variety about yer

"He is considered a clever financier, is he not?"

"Where did you get that idea? He never beat anybody out of anything in his life!"

"Miss Passay hasn't any beau, has she?"

"No, her past discourages suitors."

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her past, is there?"

"Nothing, except that it's too long."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Your trouble, madam," said the physician, "seems to be due to an excess of adipose tissue."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, "I wonder if that isn't what makes me so awfully fat?"—Chicago News.

"How's yer husband the day," asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon.

"Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in."—Detroit Free Press.

"How many bottles o' this will I have to take?" asked Farmer Corntossel.

"Before you're cured?" said the medicine man.

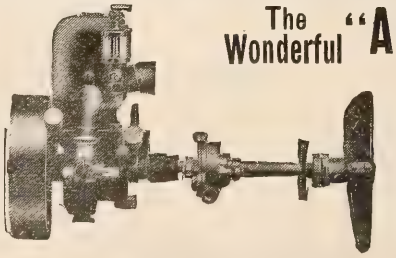
"No. Before I get my picture in the paper."—Washington Star.

"Why," asked the fat policeman, "do you say the prisoner is a married man?"

"Because," replied the great detective, "he is wearing safety pins instead of suspender buttons."—Chicago News.

"The Neuriches entertain a lot, don't they?"

"Indeed they do. I was at their last doings, and the people I saw there were a job lot."—Cleveland Leader.



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Weight 37 1-2 lbs. Height 11 1-4 in.

CONVERT YOUR ROW BOAT INTO A LAUNCH

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15 new yearly Subscriptions to Recreation

and I will send you a Cabinet listed at $15.

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"Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpernickle, "what's a double chin?"

"A conversation between your mother and grandmother, my son," replied the old man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Why is Judkin's wife so jealous of his stenographer?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Judkins was his stenographer before he married her, and she doesn't believe any woman can resist Judkins."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mabel—I wish I knew some way to make George forget me, for I can never marry him.

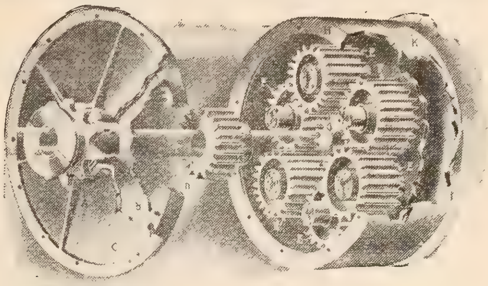
Henry—Have you tried lending him money?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

She had a stall at the bazaar
And mused, "What will the pastor buy?"
With eyes that seemed to gaze afar
The cashless pastor passed her by.
—Judge.

Sunday School Teacher: What commandment did Adam break when he ate the apple?

Please sir, there weren't any commandments at that time.—Argonaut.

Chickens Free: Will give a pair of early hatched thoroughbred buff Plymouth Rocks for 4 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, or a trio for 6. Ira D. Goodhue, Norfolk, Ohio.



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is built with care, thoroughness, and precision. The result is extreme durability and absence of annoyance to the operator. The speed range of the Cadillac is from four to thirty miles an hour, the maximum speed being easily maintained with four passengers. Let us send you Booklet K, and give you the name of the nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, $750 to $900.

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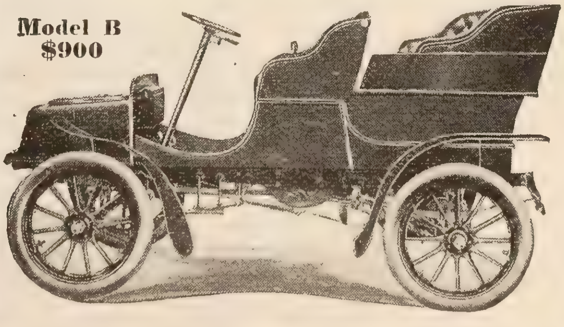

Model B
$900

Canvas Covered Paddling Canoes

New Canoe catalogue for 1905
ready about January 15th.

High Speed Launches

12 to 30 miles per hour

THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR & BOAT COMPANY

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J. G. FRASER, *General Manager*

The Fraser Hollow Spruce Spars

New Spar booklet and price list
ready January 15th.

Famous St. Lawrence River Skiffs

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I enclose photograph of a freak set of deer horns that are as pretty as any I ever saw. Each horn has its separate burr, and in pairs they are remarkably symmetrical. The deer was killed in this country by George Lucas, an old homesteader, and the mounted head is owned by Colonel Dickinson, our county clerk.

Wade B. Smith, Petoskey, Mich.

Some one asks what is tact. It is that feeling which prompts a woman to dig up the photograph of a friend who is coming to visit, from the bottom bureau drawer, and put it on the parlor mantel.—Atchison Globe.

The Matthews Torpedo Launches

21 ft., $435 to $530; 18 ft., $360 to $475, Complete

Not the lowest in price, but as low as consistent with quality and equipment. 15 different makes of Marine Engines in operation at our factory, from ¾ to 60 H. P. Motor Boats 16 to 75 ft., equipped with any power.

The Matthews Boat Co.

(Members National Ass'n Eng. and Boat Mfrs.)

Catalog 10c BASCOM, OHIO, U. S. A.

I received the Blair camera sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION and am well pleased with it. Shall try to get more subscriptions to RECREATION.

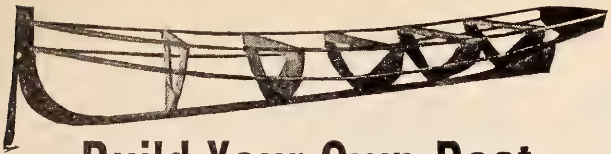
C. B. Moore, Jr., Macon, Ga.

Eminent Surgeon—I operated on Mr. Bullion for appendicitis to-day.

His Wife—Dear me! I wonder who will have it next!

Eminent Surgeon (absentmindedly)—I don't know. I haven't decided yet.—Life.

Indian Baskets: I have a few rare and beautiful baskets made by Alabama Indians living near me, which I will exchange for yearly subscriptions to Recreation at the rate of one basket for 4 subscriptions. Many dealers in Indian curios sell these baskets for several dollars each. Here is a chance to get one free. Nothing finer for a Christmas present. Full description and photo for 5 cents. These Indians also make from the inner fiber of Spanish moss, the best saddle blankets in the world. These blankets are cool to a horse's back, do not become hard and stiff and will last for years, as they are well made and positively will not rot, the inner fiber of Spanish moss being absolutely impervious to moisture. Will give one blanket for 3 subscriptions to Recreation. The above articles are guaranteed to give satisfaction. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.



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$12 covers the cost of a $50 Boat. Cheaper boats cost less in proportion. Write us—we'll tell you how.

The Brooks System consists of exact size **Printed Patterns** of every piece, with **Detailed Instructions**, a complete set of **Working Illustrations**, showing each step of the work, an itemized bill of **Material** required and how to secure it.

Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the Boat manufacturing business.

Patterns of all kinds and sizes from 12 to 55 feet. Prices from $2.50 up—Catalog and particulars FREE. For 25c. 100 page catalog containing valuable information from the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line of knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered—Patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D. to allow examination.

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Originators of the Pattern System
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502 Ship St., Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.

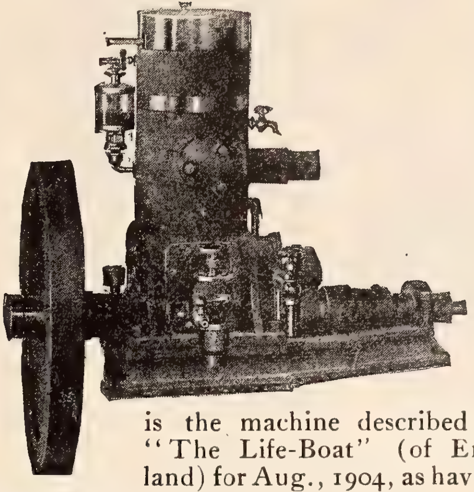
Effective sepia prints can be made with Willis & Clements' black platinum paper by adding one ounce of Di Nougio's sepia solution to 24 ounces of developer, the same as is used for black prints. The solution is used cold or lukewarm. Fix in 2 or 3 baths of acetic acid ½ ounce to 32 ounces of water. Then wash thoroughly.

Printing should not be carried quite so far as with black and white prints.

The easiest way to straighten platinum prints so they will be flat is by ironing them on the back with an ordinary flatiron. It should not be hot enough to scratch the paper.

R. L. Wadhams, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Fay & Bowen Motor



is the machine described in "The Life-Boat" (of England) for Aug., 1904, as having successfully stood the severest tests.

It is the machine that made the best record of any American motor in the English Reliability Trials last summer.

No crank nor handle used for starting.
Made in single or multi-cylinder patterns.
A *reliable* and *controllable* motor.

Send to us for copy of Life-Boat test and illustrated catalogue of motors and elegant motor-boats.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake St., Geneva, N. Y., U. S. A.

Is there any way of removing paste from the face of a mounted photograph and mount?

I. K. Bull, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

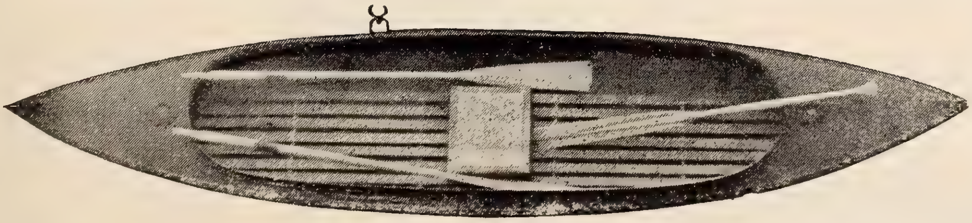
ANSWER.

Yes, it can be removed with a damp cloth. Collodion papers will stand considerable water. On gelatine papers use only enough water to dampen the paste. Platinum prints are exceedingly tender and must not be rubbed. Powdered pumice stone rubbed on with the finger will remove paste or dirt from mounts.—EDITOR.

Fishing in Rattlesnake and other creeks round here was excellent last summer.

E. Heberlein, Apex, Mont.

MULLINS' STEEL BOATS FOR SPORTSMEN



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Cannot Sink
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Always Ready
Very Durable
Low in Price

"GET THERE" Duck Boat. 14 feet long, 36 inch beam. Price, $20.
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Complete illustrated Catalogue. Free on application.

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We will send you practical formula for the best Smokeless Powder for **$2.** Perfectly safe to make. No apparatus required. Pound costs **30c.** or less. Makes **200** charges. Free sample of powder by express or one pound for **$1,** Ask for testimonials and information.

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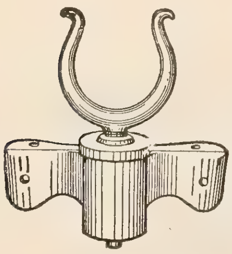
Mfg. Chemists, Wellsboro, Pa.

B. L. McKay is the Izaak Walton of the South Side and there is no one in Hannibal who goes fishing oftener than he.

N. A., Hannibal, Mo.

A writer finds to write is might,
In short, he sees, ere long,
'Tis right to write to write what's right,
Yet right to right the wrong.
—London Globe.



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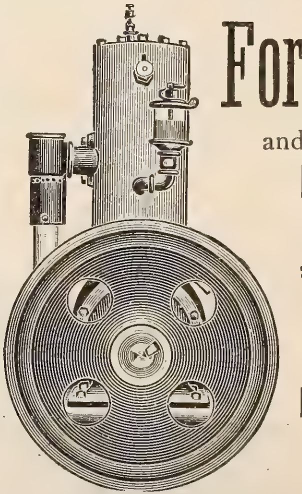
A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN N. Y.

The L.A.S. furnishes cloth posters in any number desired, free of charge, offering a reward of $10 for each conviction for a violation of a game law. These posters have done great good wherever placed in deterring would-be law breakers from committing offences against the game, fish, and forest laws. Are you not willing to put up some of these posters? If so, how many?



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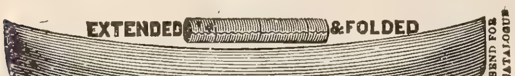

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Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

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Standard of the World

A delicious beautifier, preserver and cleanser of the teeth; makes the breath sweet and the gums less tender. **The Metal Box** is a handy package for the toilet table and traveling; no powder to litter, no liquid to spill or stain. *25 Cents, at all Druggists.*

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ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

The Watertown, N. Y., Standard, of November 4, in reporting a squirrel hunt in which 16 men participated, led by Harold Barnes and Mr. McPhee, says the affair was a great success and that it should be repeated every year.

One can scarcely expect anything else than that ignorant men will make swine of themselves when the local press commends them for so doing at every opportunity. There are many men who would kill their mother's canary in order to get their names in the local newspapers. If a crowd can go out and kill gray squirrels, red squirrels, blue jays, robins and such like, and then get a free supper for killing more than the other fellows do, and a big puff in the local newspaper besides, they would stay up all night to get in the butchering match.

When a customer, a friend of mine, asked a Toronto firm about the automatic, they told him they wouldn't handle it, because there was a bill going through to prohibit its use. Somebody's doing something here in Canada.

Arthur L. Phelps, Lindsay, Ontario.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send ten cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address **C. F. Clarke, Agent, Le Roy, N.Y., Dept. 3.**

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Shakespeare reel and rod received yesterday. They are the finest goods on the market and you certainly make good with your premiums. Accept my sincere thanks and I wish you continued success.

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FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices.
Send 10 cents for photos.
JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When your automobile's in trim,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he has to go home on a rim.
—Exchange.

Do You Ever Shoot Ducks?
If so, you should have a copy of the group of
Duck Shooting Pictures
shown on pages 370, 371 and 372 of the December issue of RECREATION. I had **300 Artist's Proofs** made from these plates before running them in the magazine.

These are printed on one sheet of heavy enameled paper, placed end to end, so that they may be framed as one picture, and together they make **a beautiful panel decoration,** and a delightful reminder of happy days on the marsh or in the blinds. **The set sells at $1. each.**

Address Recreation 23 W. 24th St., N.Y.

For Sale—Colts New Navy Revolver blued, 38 caliber, jointless frame, simultaneous, ejector, 4½ inch barrels, 6 shots, also Ideal reloading tools, belt and holster; all in perfect condition, $11. Martin Epler, Otter Tail, Otter Tail Co., Minn.

Wanted—Position on sheep or cattle ranch by a young man who has served a long term in the army in the Philippines and China. G. C. Shumaker, U. S. Arsenal, Pittsburg, Pa.

Date,______________________190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St. New York.
Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year
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Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.
DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN

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FOR SALE BY

Van Allen Lyman, 256 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.

The following are all in absolutely perfect condition in every way, unless otherwise stated.

Smith & Wesson 32-44 target revolver, 6½ inch barrel, blue finish, weight 2 lbs., 12 oz. Finish worn off in places, inside of barrel nearly like new.

Holster and belt and Ideal reloading tools, cartridges, empty shells, primers—to go with the revolver. Price for the lot $10.

Stevens' "Favorite" rifle .22 caliber, almost like new, Winchester sights. Price $4.35.

H. & R. single barrel, 12 gauge, automatic ejector shot gun. Absolutely perfect, with canvas shell belt. Price $3.75.

Colt .31 caliber powder and ball revolver, in serviceable shooting condition. Sear has been removed and cylinder has to be turned by hand. Price $1.75.

Hopkins & Allen .38 caliber revolver, 5-shot, double action, nickle finish, perfect inside, good condition outside, 2½ inch barrel. Price $1.25.

Hopkins & Allen .22 caliber revolver, double action, nickel finish, 7-shot, perfect in every way, 4½ in. barrel. Price $1.25.

Winchester bullet mould, .38 long caliber, new and perfect. Cost $1 50—will sell for 75c.

Want S. & W. .38 military revolver.

Terms are cash in advance. Money returned immediately if goods prove unsatisfactory. Goods will be sent on approval C.O.D. if desired, on recept of money to cover express charges both ways. Detailed information about any of the foregoing for stamp.

I am more than pleased with RECREATION. It is the best sportsmen's periodical I ever saw. I like the way you score the game hogs. They are not decent men; give it to them.

A. L. Belch, Mannington, W. Va.

I enjoy the way you roast the game hogs. We have a few here, but they are getting ashamed of themselves. I have been a reader of RECREATION over 2 years and wait anxiously for it every month.

W. H. Adams, Sharpsville, Pa.

You are doing a splendid work, and one all decent sportsmen appreciate highly. Keep it up. Good luck to you.

C. L. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.

I enjoy reading RECREATION more than any other magazine I take, especially the gun and natural history departments. May you live long to continue your good work.

Henry Radcliffe, Saypo, Mont.

Your magazine is the leading sportsmen's periodical, and I am highly in favor of your position in relation to the game hog. The camera is a great agent in promoting a healthy spirit toward game protection.

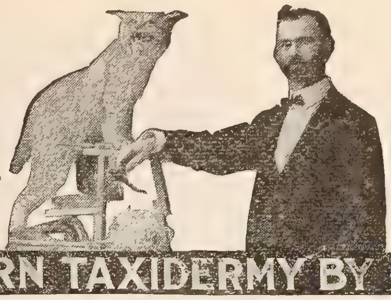
D. E. Heywood, Rangeley, Me.

My brother and I take RECREATION, and it is the magazine for real sportsmen. I admire your stand against game hogs and repeating shot guns.

C. M. Brown, Ocotlan, Oaxaca, Mexico.

I have been a reader of RECREATION some time. Am much interested in the guns and ammunition department; also in the roasting of game hogs and the stand you take against the automatic gun. I sincerely hope you will be successful in the death of both.

Guy Bingham, Janvesville, Wis.



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IT PAYS. Hundreds of leading sportsmen have taken our course, and are paying all gun and sporting expenses by selling their mounted specimens and doing work for others. You can do as well. If you want the most profitable of all "side lines," **learn Taxidermy.** We can teach you **by mail.** Our rates are reasonable and we **positively guarantee success.** Endorsed by all sporting magazines in America. If you are a hunter, angler, or nature-lover, you will be interested in our **new catalogue.** It's yours for the asking. **Write for one to-day.** Mention RECREATION

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The only School of Taxidermy in the World.

Mongolian pheasant shooting has not been a success this year. Birds are scarce. Sportsmen blame the farmers for hunting out of season, but I think it is a case of 6 of one and half a dozen of the other. Most of our sportsmen go out and kill 75 to 100 ducks each, from Saturday till Sunday night, and then sell them in the market; so I have little sympathy for these men if they don't get good pheasant shooting.

F. A. Stuhr, Portland, Ore.

Blauvelt Knitting Co., Newark, N. J.,

Dear Sirs, A number of members of our gun club saw me use my coat at several shoots last spring and were much pleased with it. They said it was the best coat they had ever seen, combining warmth, comfort and neatness. They want me to get a price on 22 coats same color and the same in every detail. Yours truly,

Chas. Smith, Newark, N. J.

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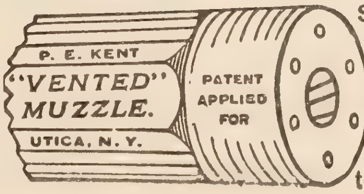
L. W. STILWELL,
DEADWOOD . . . , SO. DAKOTA

DOES YOUR RIFLE SHOOT O K?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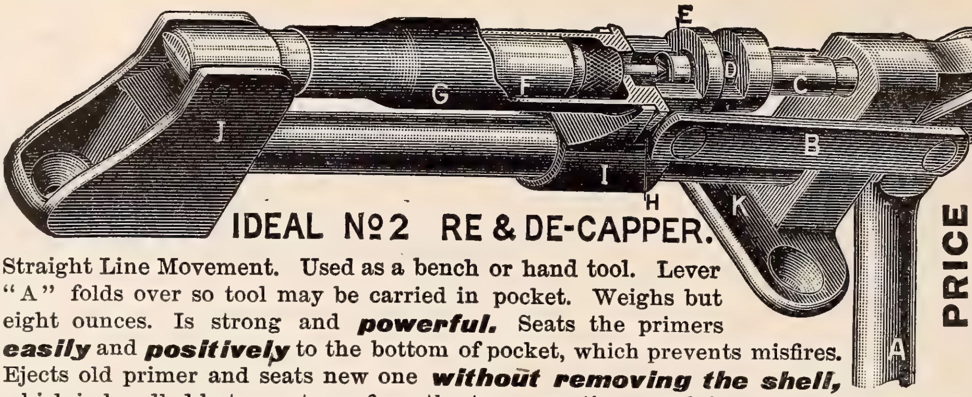
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Surprising Results are secured by using this new Improvement! It will please you, and improve the accuracy of your rifle. A stamp brings guarantee, circulars, terms, etc A trial will convince you!



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PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

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First Physician: So the operation was just in the nick of time?

Second Physician: Yes, in another 24 hours the patient would have recovered without it.—Harper's Bazar.

"Well," said the commander of the Japanese force, "I can see your finish."

"Wrong!" gleefully cried the simple minded Russian commander, "not one of us is Finnish. We're all Siberian Cossacks."—The Philadelphia Press.

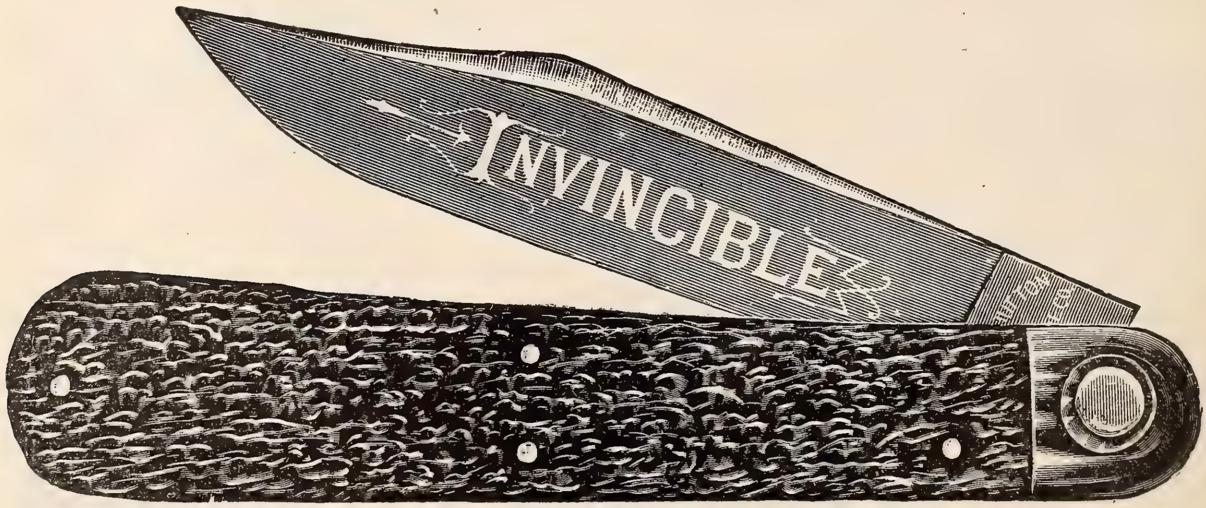
Ways of big men oft remind us
We might be as dumb as they;
And, departing, leave behind us
Wise things that we didn't say.
—Life.

She—Suppose when you're out with a bunch of joke writers you put down all the funny things they say, and try to sell them afterward.

He—No, indeed. They have all been sold before.—Boston Globe.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

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We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs**; How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog, and A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10 cents, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address

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Living Wild Animals & Game Birds

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Buyer and Exporter of

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Write for price list.

E. V. Rogers, Deputy State Fish and Game Warden and Local Warden of this League, who lives at Cadiz, Ohio offers a reward of $10 for evidence that will convict any person of a violation of the game or fish laws of that State. Mr. Rogers is a zealous worker in the cause of game and fish protection, and every sportsman in his county should co-operate with him without pecuniary reward. It is, however, very geenrous of Mr. Rogers to make this offer, and it is hoped it may inspire many people to give such information as will aid in bringing the guilty persons to justice.

Dr. Cutts—I made an awful mistake when I diagnosed that man's case as appendicitis.

Dr. Slash—What did the operation disclose?

Dr. Cutts—That he didn't have a cent.—Cleveland Ledger.

"Now," said the professor, "what is your idea of 'a nervous force'?"

"The police when they are being investigated," replied the bright student.—Philadelphia Press.

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Every Description of Work in our Line done to Order.

We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, and will be pleased to send you anything you may wish in this line C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Give us a trial on making up your Furs. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with anything we may do for you.

A mounted Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep head, Bear, Lion, Wolf or Fox head, or a Fur lap-robe, the warmest and best robe one can get, or a handsome Lion, Bear, Wolf, Wild Cat, or Fox Rug, or a nice Fur Muff, Boa, or Scarf, makes a beautiful and always welcome Christmas present, or a pair of Indian moccasins, the most comfortable and durable house slipper possible. We have them.

All work guaranteed moth proof. We have our own tannery
All kinds of tanning done to order.
Highest prices paid for raw furs. Taxidermists' supplies
Please mention RECREATION

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F 1632 Champa St. - Denver, Colo.

"I can't imagine anything harder than to tell a girl you love her. It takes courage."

"Yes, but think of the courage it takes to tell a girl you don't love her after you've once told her you did."—Philadelphia Press.

Briggs—I wonder why a dentist calls his office a dental parlor?

Diggs—I don't know. Drawing room would be more appropriate.—Chicago News.

"So Silas was charged with havin' 7 wives! Was th' judge severe on him?"

"Awful! He discharged him, with all 7 of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."—Judge.

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COLLAN
OIL
Waterproof
LEATHER
DRESSING
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PREVENTER

"Collan-Oil"

preserves leather and renders shoes and harness positively

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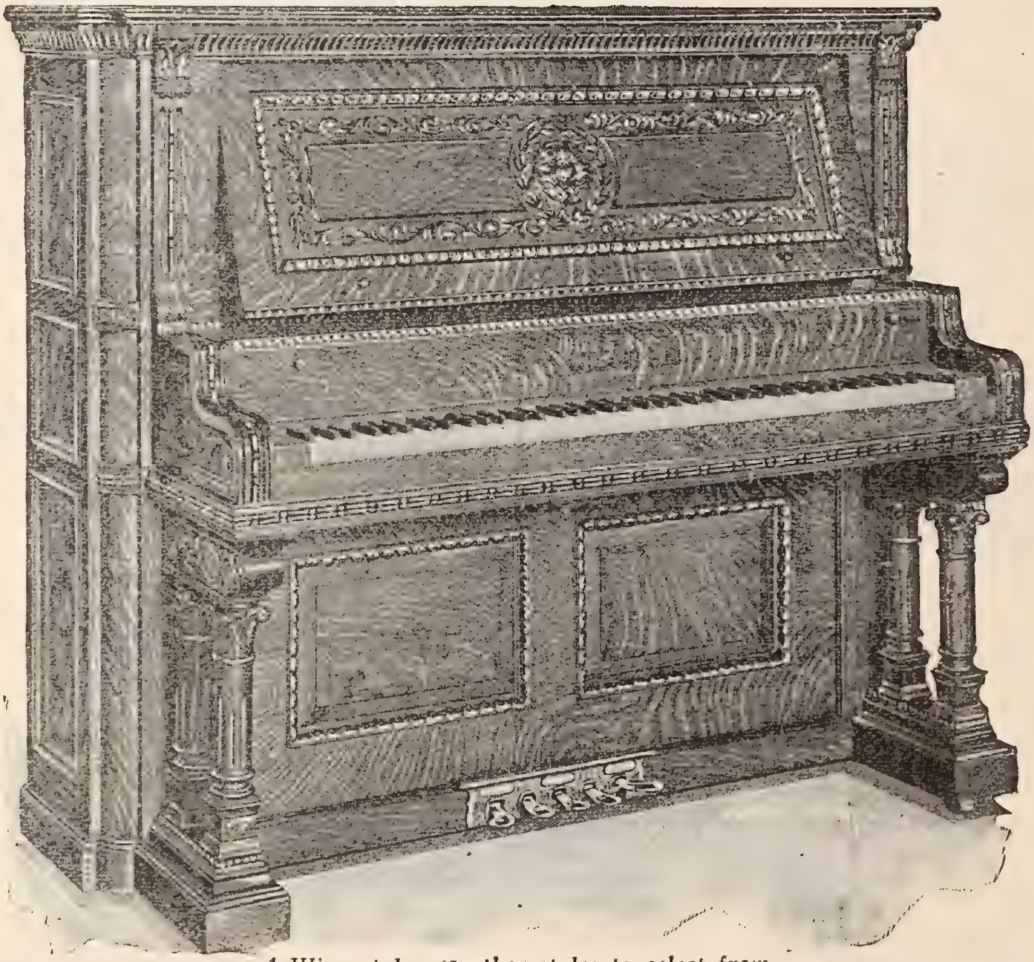
YOU NEED THIS BOOK IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A PIANO. A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship, and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 large pages, and is named "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos." We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

SAVE FROM $100 TO $200 We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. They can't help it.



A Wing style—45 other styles to select from.

SENT ON TRIAL WE PAY FREIGHT. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory *after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense.* You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you. Old instruments taken in exchange. **EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS**

INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT A special feature of the Wing Piano; it imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo.

IN 37 YEARS 36,000 PIANOS We refer to over 36,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship, or material.

WING ORGANS Are just as carefully made as Wing Pianos. They have a sweet, powerful, lasting tone, easy action, very handsome appearance, need no tuning. Wing Organs are sold direct from the factory, sent on trial; are sold on easy monthly payments. For catalogue and prices write to

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1868—37th Year—1905.

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Do you know the **Newhouse Trap Spring?** It has a world-wide reputation and is absolutely guaranteed. The Newhouse Trap is made in all the regular numbers and several special sizes.

Every genuine Newhouse Trap is stamped

S. NEWHOUSE
ONEIDA COMMUNITY
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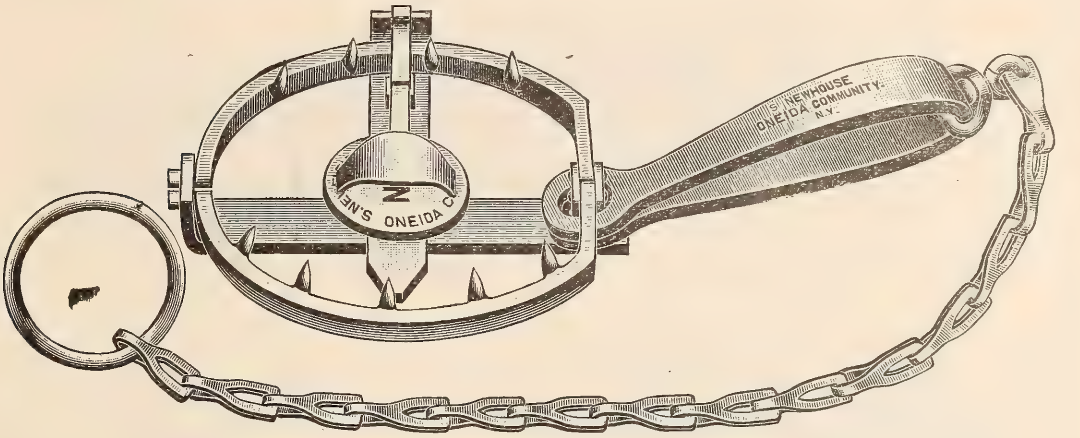
S. NEWHOUSE ONEIDA COMMUNITY N.Y.
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No. 3½ Otter Trap. For those who wish a large single spring trap.

Write for illustrated catalogue. Mention RECREATION.

Oneida Community (Ltd.) - Oneida, N. Y.

Send 25 cents for "Trapper's Guide," which describes habits of animals and best ways to catch them.

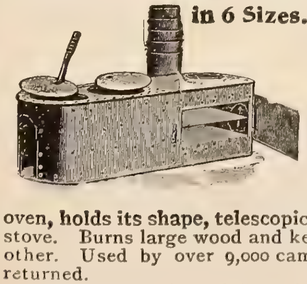
About the only vacation I get is reading in RECREATION about some other fellow's trip to the Canadian Rockies or elsewhere. That is almost as much pleasure as the actual trip and it only costs $1 a year for several trips each month. Please keep RECREATION coming 2 years more, for which payment is enclosed.

Howard E. Adt, New Haven, Conn.

"Hockey as a Game for Women" is the title of a book recently issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 91 Fifth Ave., New York. It contains full and complete instructions which it would seem should enable any woman to know the game after a careful reading of this book and a few days of study and practice.

The book will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 80 cents.

Practical Common Sense CAMP STOVE in 6 Sizes.



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, **holds its shape, telescopic** pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

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Employer—H'h; and whose funeral would you like to go to?

O. B.—Yours!—Judy.

Aunt Jane—Edith, didn't I see Mr. Sweetser kissing you in the hall last night?

Edith—Yes, but it was only in remembrance of former days.

A sort of souvenir spoon, I presume you mean.—Boston Transcript.

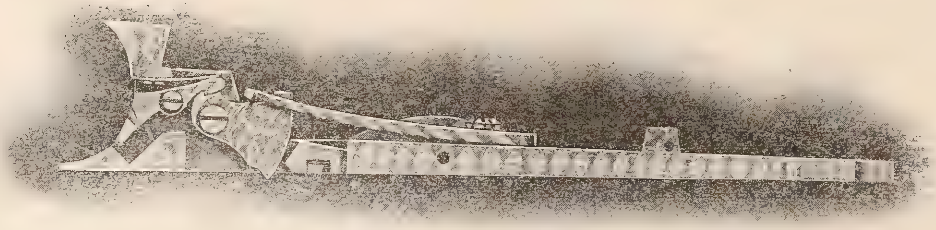
I know of no surer way to please my friends than to present each with a subscription to RECREATION, the most valuable sporting magazine I have yet seen.

C. I. Parker, Los Angeles, Cal.

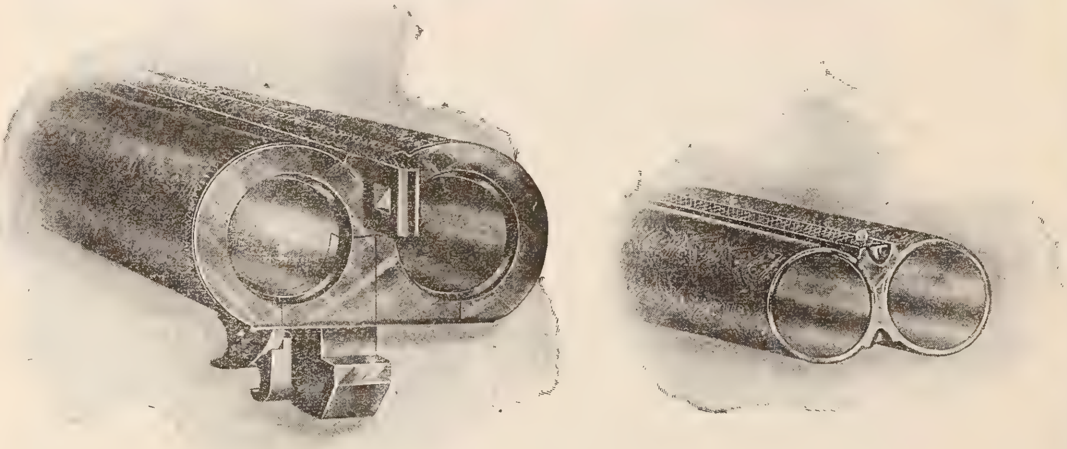
Your face has a right to health and comfort. Insist on Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

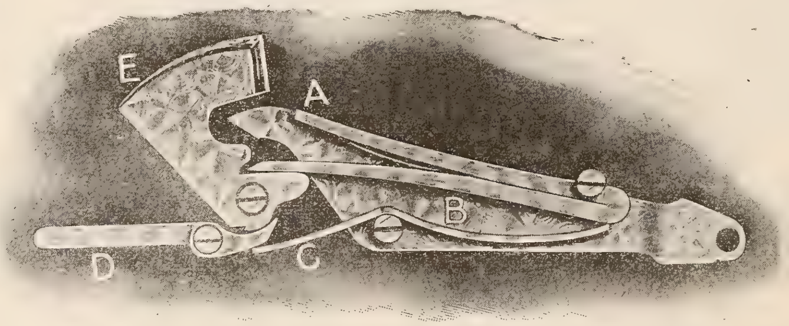
ITHACA GUNS



This cut shows Forend Ejector, Simplest on earth, only three parts, Always works.



Above cuts show the double thick nitro breech with cross bolt and under fastening, the narrow skeleton rib, 6 ounces lighter than any other, tapering gracefully from breech to muzzle.



The simplest, most durable and fastest lock in the world.

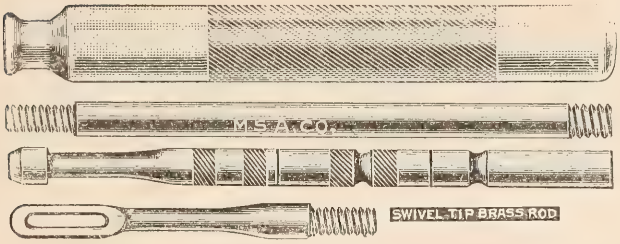
If you don't know what gun to buy order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. **N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.**

Send for Art Catalog and Special prices on 16 Grade Guns, $17.75 to $300.

Mention RECREATION.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
ITHACA NEW YORK

Marble's Revolver Rod

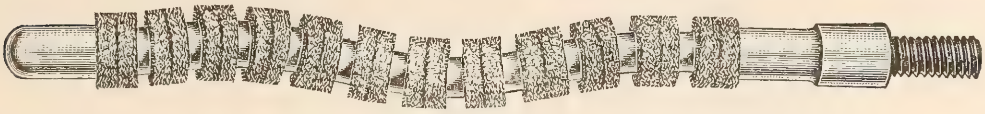


This is a handy and handsome little tool for men who take pride in their arms. The rod proper is made of solid brass with our patented steel swivel. The hollow nickeled handle will hold a Marble cleaner.

For 7½ inch, or 5½ inch barrel and under, choice of ends, price postpaid, $1.00. Mention caliber. Joints are 4 inches long. Extra joints, 15c; ends, 15c.

Marble's Brass Rifle Rod with strong steel joints, postpaid, $1.00.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner



(Garrison's Patent) - Brass gauze washers on a spiral spring steel wire.

We knew after the first time we tried this cleaner that it was a wonderful implement and that we would have a large sale for it. But we did not guess big enough, for it is selling faster than any new specialty we ever put out. Why? Because it takes out every particle of burned smokeless powder and lead. Because it does the work faster and easier than any other cleaner. Because it is cheaper, for one will last a man a lifetime. We have one we have used over 200 times in cleaning rifles. It is still in just as good condition for service as ever. It is kept this way by occasional scraping and turning of the washers. We guarantee that it will not harm your rifle.

Price postpaid, 50c. Mention Caliber.

Send for catalogue of extra quality specialties. Mention RECREATION.

Marble Safety Axe Co., Dept. A, Gladstone, Mich.

I received the Yawman & Erbe automatic reel O.K. and am much pleased with it. It is worth 20 times the trouble or work it takes to get up a club.

M. P. Keefe, Columbus, Ohio.

I received my Bristol rod which you sent me for a premium. It is satisfactory in every way and I feel well repaid for my work in getting up the club.

Edwin F. Fowler, Patten, Me.

The J. C. hand trap received. Accept my thanks. Gave it a trial to-day and it works very satisfactorily.

W. J. Baldwin, Onley, Va.

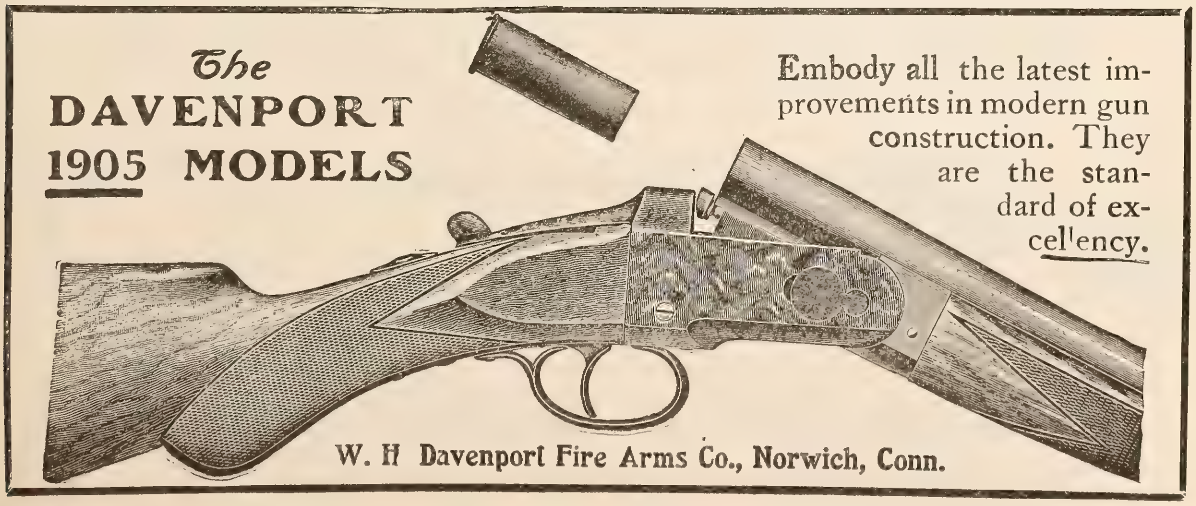
Mary had a little oil
To help the fire to mount,
And everywhere that Mary went
Would be quite hard to count.
—New York Times.

Replying to the inquiry of R. Dewing, San Francisco, in December RECREATION, beg to state that I use a Hotchkiss 6 shot carbine, bolt action.

T. J. Jochim, Brooklyn, L. I.

Mr. John Watkins and his son, of this place, spent 2 months of last summer camping and fishing, and caught a reasonable number of fish.

C. S. N., Ilion, N. Y.



The
DAVENPORT
1905 MODELS

Embody all the latest improvements in modern gun construction. They are the standard of excellency.

W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn.

SAUER GUNS

It was unfortunate that we were not able to deliver all the SAUER guns last year to those sportsmen who ordered them.

We wish to thank them for their orders and patience in waiting.

In 1905 we shall carry a generous stock and hope to deliver guns of all weights and sizes PROMPTLY

NO BETTER GUNS IN THE WORLD
FOR THE MONEY

Booklet on application Mention RECREATION

Schoverling, Daly & Gales

302-304 Broadway, New York

Herewith I enclose check to renew my subscription to RECREATION, the best magazine in the world. It contains more information than all the other sportsmen's journals published in America.

Charles H. Otis, Ann Arbor, Mich.

You are made of the right stuff, and I am glad there is at least one man who is not afraid to roast the fish and game hogs as they deserve. You do not give it to them any too hard.

M. R. Randall, Waupaca, Wis.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

I am well pleased with RECREATION, and consider it one of the best sportsmen's periodicals published. All parts of it are good and the subjects are treated in an able manner. I especially approve the thorough discussion allowed in the gun and ammunition department. Much valuable information comes to sportsmen thereby.

Frank J. Blackburn, Azusa, Cal.

Wife—If I should die what would you do?

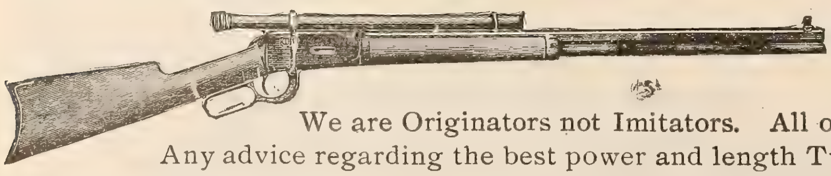
Husband—I'd be almost crazy.

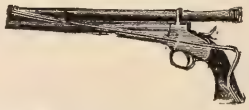
Wife—Would you marry again?

Husband—No, I shouldn't be so crazy as that.—Ex.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST PLACED ON THE MARKET





We are Originators not Imitators. All of our Outfits are first class

Any advice regarding the best power and length Tube for Hunting or Target purposes given when requested. *SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE.*

Mention RECREATION.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO.

F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.

Established 1857 **SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.**

One of the 9

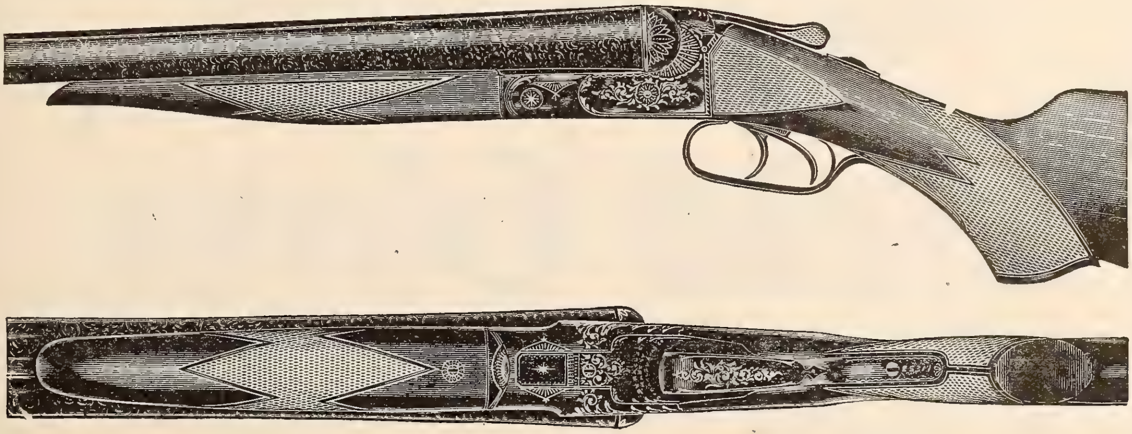
Built for Business

"A" GRADE $80 LIST

In offering this gun to the public, we have combined

ALL OF THE DISTINCTIVE IMPROVEMENTS

which have gained for the "Syracuse" its present prominent position among American Arms.



"A" GRADE

Condensed Description.

BARRELS—Fine quality of Damascus Steel, or if desired, we will furnish Krupp Fluid Pressed Steel Barrels, made at the Krupp Works, Essen, Germany, and imported to our order.

STOCK—Imported Italian Walnut, finely figured and dark rich color. Full pistol or Straight Grip as desired.

AUTOMATIC EJECTOR—With our Patent Non-Ejector device which allows the gun to be instantly changed from an Automatic to a Non-Automatic Ejector.

This model gun is handsomely engraved and cleanly finished, and will compare favorably with any gun on the market listing at $100.00.

All "Syracuse" guns for 1905 will be built with our New Compensating Double Cross Bolt; and Frames Inletted into Stock, thus preventing the spreading or splitting of same.

Catalogue yours for the asking. Mention "Recreation."

SYRACUSE ARMS CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Here Is Another !

If you will send me 15 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

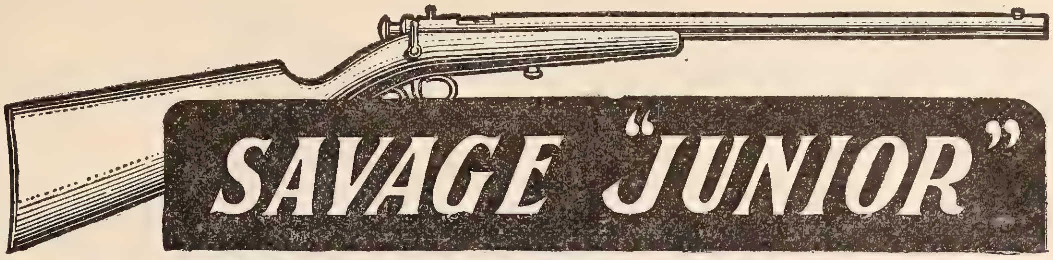
I will send you a high-grade, powerful

Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y.**



SAVAGE "JUNIOR" Price $4.

It is "Savage Quality" all Through

While the Savage "Junior" is a bolt action rifle, it is radically different than any other rifle of this type on the market. Like all other Savage rifles it is distinctly ingenious and workmanship the best. Shoots short long and long rifle cartridges. Perfect accuracy guaranteed. *If your dealer can not supply you*, send us $4. and we will deliver to any address in U. S.

Savage Arms Co.

Catalogue No. G, Free **Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.**

I wish to lend my name and influence to the protest against the manufacture or use of automatic guns. I am surprised to learn that patents have been granted for such a wicked device. All bird lovers realize how murderous are the guns at present in use. I would not have believed that wholesale murder could be patented.

Mrs. S. W. Powell, W. Becket, Mass.

I will not trade with any dealer who sells automatic or repeating shot guns. I will not associate with any person who uses either of those arms. If every reader of RECREATION would say the same, and live up to it, it would effectually kill the market for automatic and repeating shot guns.

P. A. Henrickson, Racine, Wis.

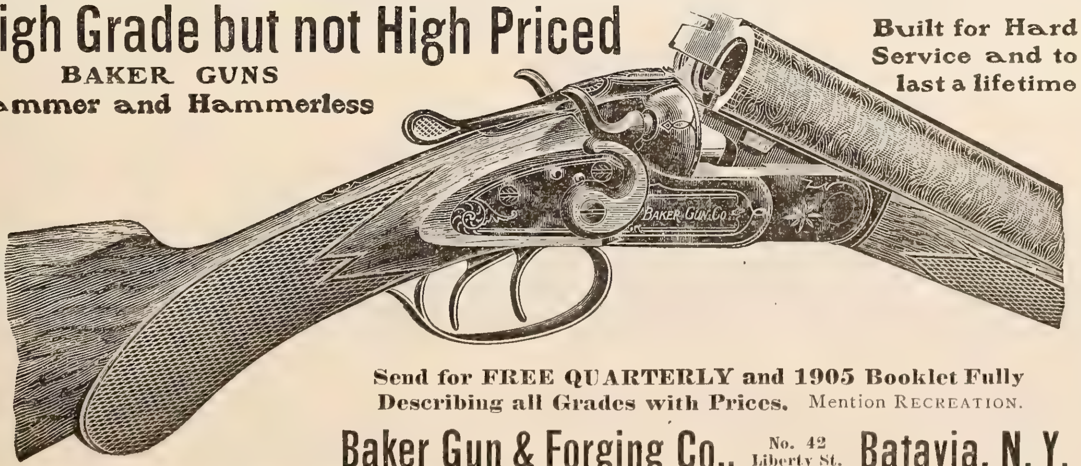
The shades of night were falling fast
As down the cafe aisle there passed
A girl who bore what looked like rice,
Yet called she it by this device—
"Excelsior!"

"'Tis not 'Sawdusto,'" she explained,
"Nor 'Mat in Middlings,' hulled and grained,
Nor yet 'Near-Fodder,' nor 'Chew-Chew'—
This breakfast food is something new—
"Excelsior!"

—Boston Post.

I thank you for the J. C. hand trap. It arrived O. K. and it is entirely satisfactory.

E. H. Lee, Camden, N. J.



High Grade but not High Priced

BAKER GUNS
Hammer and Hammerless

Built for Hard Service and to last a lifetime

Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1905 Booklet Fully Describing all Grades with Prices. Mention RECREATION.

Baker Gun & Forging Co., No. 42 Liberty St. Batavia, N. Y.

Where are you going

NEXT SUMMER?

No matter where, you will need some things to complete your camping, fishing or hunting outfit.

Fishing Tackle
Guns, Ammunition
Boats, Sleeping Bags

or something of the kind. And this is the time to buy.

The wise man takes time by the forelock. The other man never buys anything until he gets ready to use it. Then he is liable to have to wait a week, or a month, before he can get it.

Get Our Catalogue "R" NOW

Make up your orders, send them in and we will do the rest. Then, when you get ready to go to the woods or to the mountains you can go, while the other fellows stay at home, wait for their outfits and swear.

Address

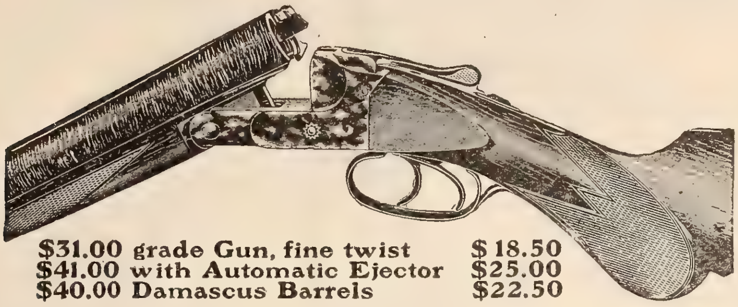
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

314 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Mention RECREATION

Special Bargains in Hammerless Guns

We offer at these SPECIAL PRICES a small lot of a Standard American make Breech Loading Double Guns



$31.00 grade Gun, fine twist	**$18.50**
$41.00 with Automatic Ejector	**$25.00**
$40.00 Damascus Barrels	**$22.50**

Entirely new. Made on Interchangeable System. Top Lever Action. Greener style Cross Bolt-Pistol stock. 26, 28 and 30 inch. 12 and 16 bores, at the followir **Exceptional Prices:**

Send $5 with order, and if the Gun is not satisfactory upon receipt it may be returned and money refunded less cost of expressage. Or if the whole amount of money is sent with order a Victoria Canvas Case is included.

Always in stock a full line of high-grade GUNS

W. & C. SCOTT, JOS. LANG & SON, London

and others, in addition to Parker, Remington and all the American makes.

JUST NOW ON HAND Also large lot **"Hammer Double Guns,"** ten and twelve bores, many of them second-hand, taken in trade. Prices **$8 to $15**

Also lot of **Lee Straight-Pull Magazine Rifles,** small bore, made by the Winchester Arms Company and cost over $25 each, long range and very accurate, in nice refinished brown, condition same as new. Suitable for target or hunting. Price, each **$7.50**

Send Six Cents in stamps for Catalogue of New, also of Second-hand Guns

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Patent No. 764804 has been issued to Frank H. Frissell, of Middletown, Conn., on a cartridge belt.

Patent No. 764803 has been issued to W. C. Fisher, Middletown, Conn., on another form of cartridge belt. This latter is a novelty, in that the cartridges are placed in groups of 10 each and enclosed in pockets attached to the belt.

Patent No. 765554 has been issued to William Carter, of Louisville, Ky., on a fishing reel.

Copies of these patents can be had by addressing the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patent No. 753,384 has been issued to Perry Frazier, of Dubois, Nebr., on a breech loading rifle.

Patent No. 753,425 has been issued to to S. D. Noel, of Indianapolis, Ind., on a metal boat.

Patent No. 750,143 has been issued to T. B. Wilson, Epes, Ala., on a new device for a minnow pail.

Patent No. 750,054 has been issued to R. L. Hunter, Minneapolis, Minn., on a fishing reel.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

You Burn Too Much Money

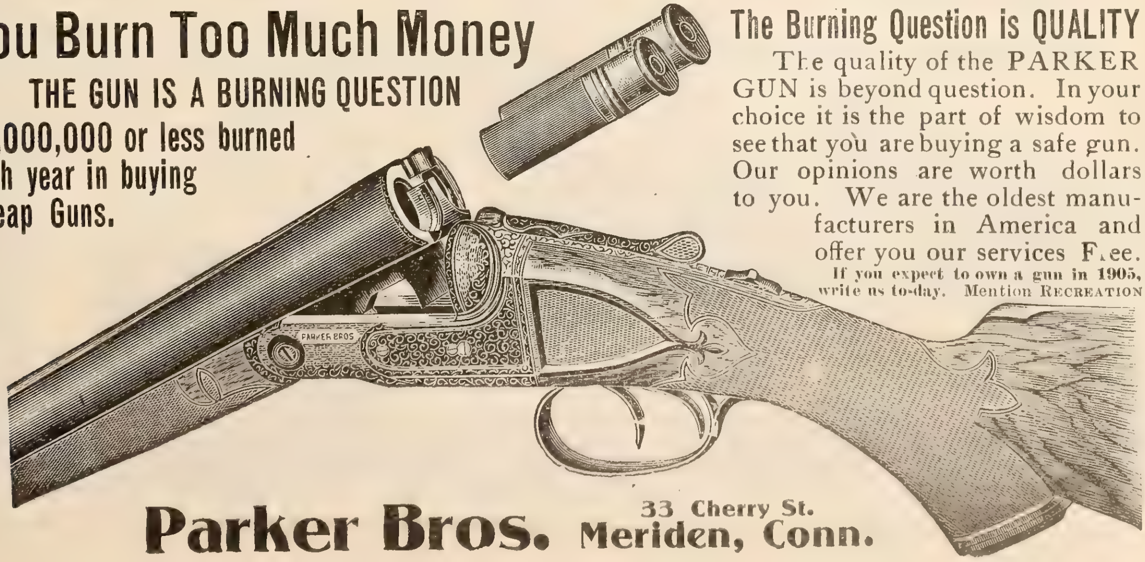
THE GUN IS A BURNING QUESTION

$1,000,000 or less burned each year in buying Cheap Guns.

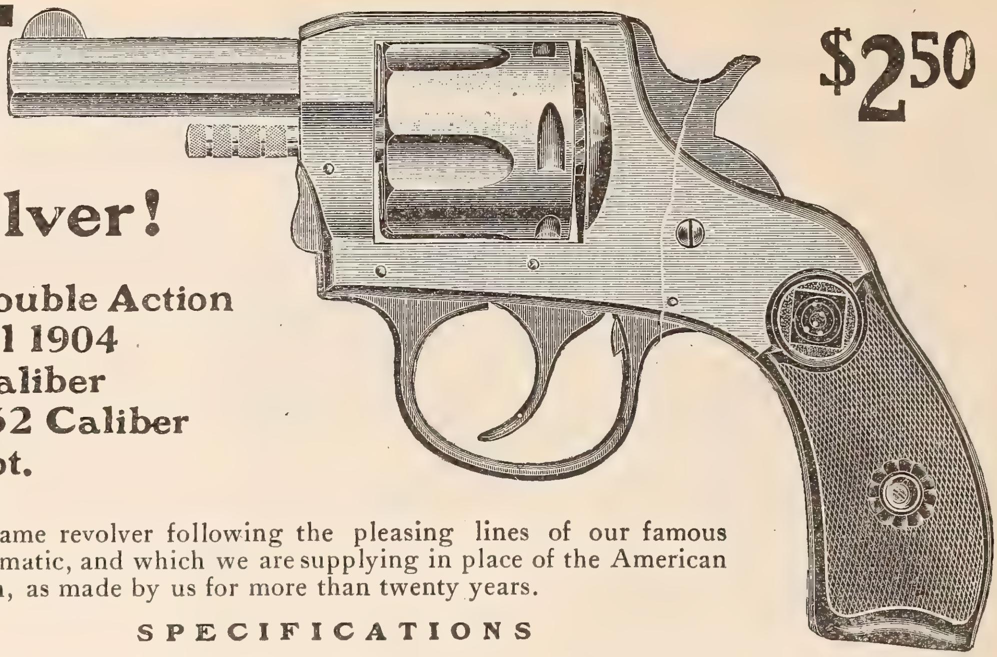
The Burning Question is QUALITY

The quality of the PARKER GUN is beyond question. In your choice it is the part of wisdom to see that you are buying a safe gun. Our opinions are worth dollars to you. We are the oldest manufacturers in America and offer you our services Free.

If you expect to own a gun in 1905, write us to-day. Mention RECREATION



Parker Bros. 33 Cherry St. Meriden, Conn.



$2.50

A New Revolver!

H. & R. Double Action
Model 1904
38 Caliber
also 32 Caliber
6 Shot.

A solid frame revolver following the pleasing lines of our famous H. & R. Automatic, and which we are supplying in place of the American Double Action, as made by us for more than twenty years.

SPECIFICATIONS

32 caliber; 6 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 16 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge; also S. & W. Long and Colt New Police Cartridges.

38 caliber; 5 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 15 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge.

FINISH—Nickel. We can furnish with 4½ and 6 inch barrels and in blue finish at additional cost.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
Makers of H. & R. Single Guns
Catalog for postal. Dept. R. **Worcester, Mass.**

John A. Hobbes and James F. Smith, of Utica, E. J. Smith, Edward Nevin, William F. Smith and E. J. Smith, Jr., of Lowville, while hunting near Beaver river, October 16th, found a man unconscious in some brush beside the trail. When revived he said he was Charles Castlon, of Boston. He had been wandering in the woods 2 or 3 days trying to find the way back to his camp.

A. E. S., Johnstown, N. Y.

Mortimer—I've saved a great deal this month by not smoking.
Margaret—Where is it now?
Mortimer—I don't know; it's just saved.
—Chicago News.

I received the Blauvelt knit hunting coat sent as premium and it more than meets my expectations. Recreation is A No. 1.

J. E. Ferris, Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.

The Mitchell hand trap reached me promptly and works perfectly.

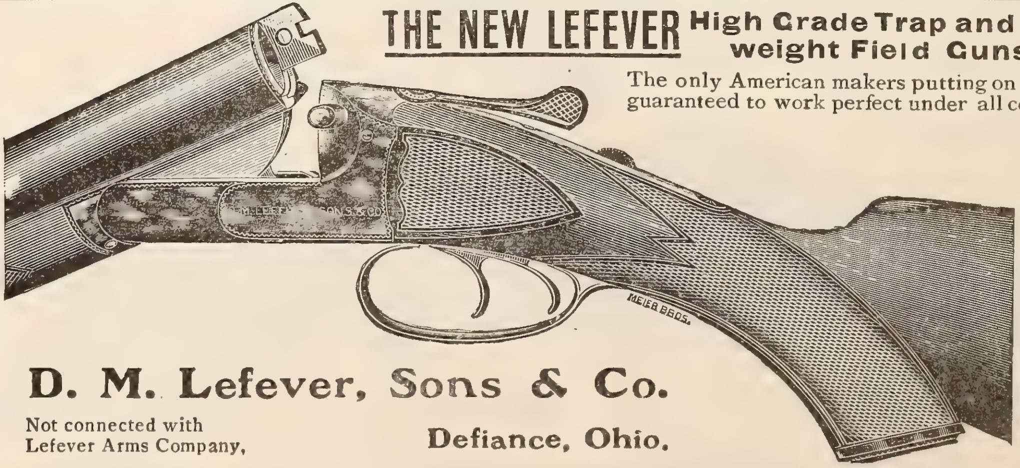
Thos. N. Ryan, Lilly, Pa.

The Bristol steel rod and Y. & E. automatic reel you sent me for premiums were received in good condition. They are first class in every respect. I am much pleased with them. Accept many thanks.

E. A. Vernal, Leadville, Colo.

THE NEW LEFEVER **High Grade Trap and Featherweight Field Guns**

The only American makers putting on single trigger guaranteed to work perfect under all conditions.


D. M. LEFEVER SONS & CO.
MEIER BROS.

PRICE $60 TO $400

Send for 1904 Catalogue

Mention RECREATION

D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co.

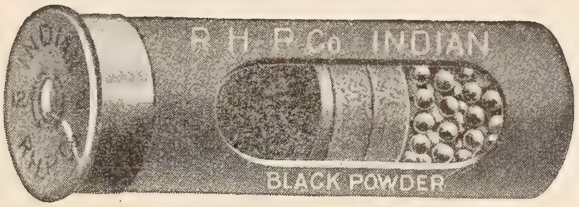
Not connected with
Lefever Arms Company,

Defiance, Ohio.

A New Shell

The Indian

For Sportsmen who still prefer the Black Powder Load. These are loaded with the best grade of Black Powder



The Robin Hood Smokeless POWDER

in the Robin Hood Short Brass and the Comet Long Brass still sets the pace for

Pattern, Penetration & Light Recoil

"Keep watch of our page"

The Robin Hood Powder Co.

SWANTON, VT.

WRITE FOR POWDER FACTS

Mention RECREATION.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Here is a Chance to Get a FINE CAMERA EASILY

A Petite Century, No. 2, 4x5, listed at $15, for 15 new yearly subscriptions to Recreation.

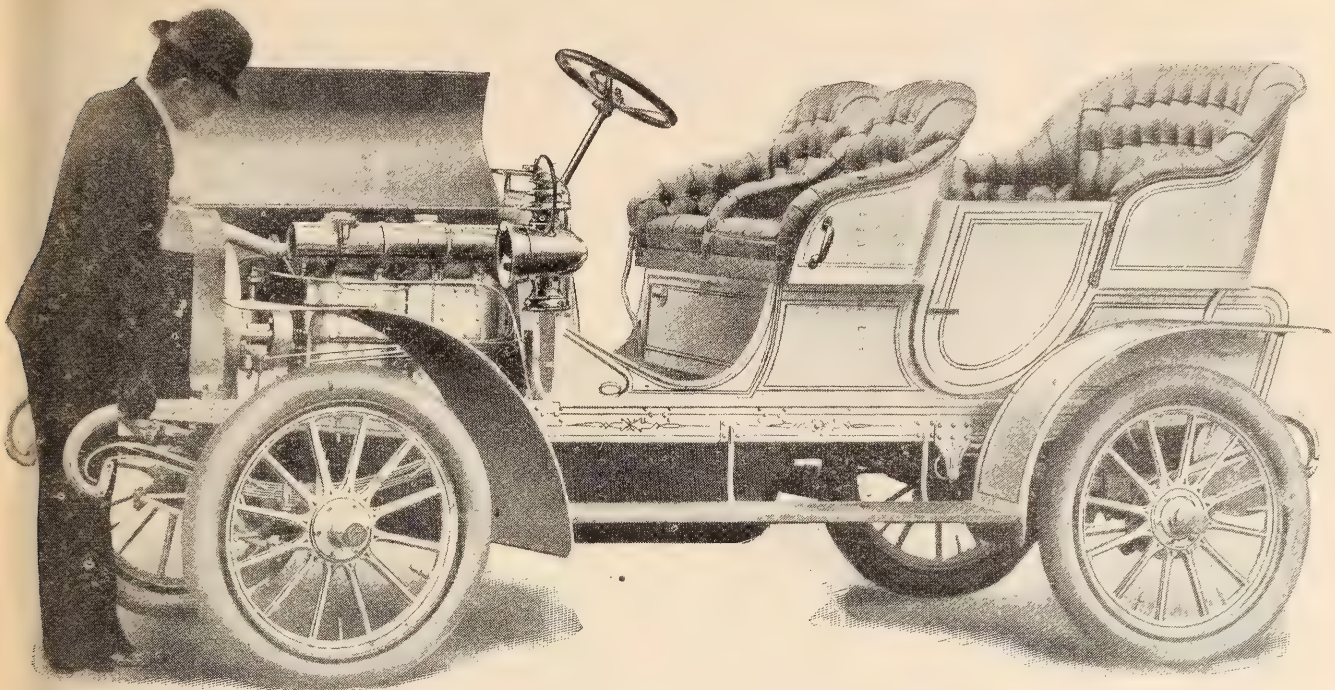
A Century Camera, model 42, 4x5, listed at $24, for 24 new yearly subscriptions to Recreation.

These are both neat, compact, well-made and handsomely finished cameras, capable of doing high-class work.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

Address RECREATION

23 West 24th St. New York.



Model C	**16—20 Horse-power**	**$1800**
Model B	**24—30 Horse-power**	**$2500**
Model B, Limousine	**24—30 Horse-power**	**$3500**
Model A	**40—50 Horse-power**	**$3500**
Model A, Limousine	**40—50 Horse-power**	**$4500**

The Accessible WINTON *of* 1905.

SEE the new Vertical, Four-Cylinder Motor,—with its hat off.

Every working part may thus be promptly uncovered, except the Transmission Gear.

That's just beneath the foot board, forward of front seat.

You raise that board, turn a handle, and lift off top section of the Aluminum Gear Case.

Thus you have it all under your eye, in five seconds.

Now,—you may take out this whole Transmission Gear of the 1905 Winton *from above*, without removing the seat, or getting under the car.

Convenient, isn't it?

Note the new Twin-Springs. These adjust instantly to light, or heavy, loads.

They make easy-riding, on very rough roads. They take the hard work off the Tires. They protect the Motor from vibration, and jolts in going over Car Tracks, and "Thank-ye-mums."

Then, there's the Winton absolute Speed-Control. It works by Air-pressure, from the Motor.

Your foot, on the pedal, releases the air-pressure gradually. That pedal alone thus gives you a speed of from 4 miles an hour, up to 40 miles an hour, just according to how much you press it.

The new Steering Gear on the 1905 Winton can't wear in any *one* place more than in another.

It thus makes "lost motion" and "wedging" on short turns impossible, as a result of uneven wear.

In this the Winton Steering Gear differs from all others now in use.

The Four Vertical Cylinders of the new Winton Motor are fed by one single Carburetor, and sparked by one single Magneto.

No Multiple Vibrator,—no Dry Battery, and no Storage Battery, (Accumulator) needed.

No Springs, Valves, nor Air-pressure on the Oil feed, which is Gear driven, and cannot siphon, nor flood the Motor.

The New Model "1905 Winton" Car is graceful as a Greyhound, but as strong as steel can make it.

Model C, shown above, has as much power as the $2500 Winton of last year, but has 800 lbs. less weight to carry.

Get the new Winton book on "*How to Choose an Automobile.*"

Address The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. J, Cleveland, Ohio.

One $ Free-Just To Prove

I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. The very sick, the slightly ill, invalids of years, and men and women whose only trouble is an occasional "dull day"—to one and all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you, free, the full dollar package.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere to test my remedy.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why.

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles which I apply. And for six solid years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "If it fails it is free"—and it has never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

Inside Nerves!

one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up and strengthens it and makes it well.

Many Ailments, One Cause

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "Sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads to another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

This offer is open to everyone, every where. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggist do not grant the test. I will then direc you to one that does. He will pass i down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar lay before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 5214, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
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WHAT GAME PROTECTION HAS COST ONE MAN.

An Appeal to Sportsmen.

By G. O. Shields.

WHAT GAME PROTECTION HAS COST ONE MAN.

G. O. Shields.

Judge Holt, of the United States District Court, has appointed Walter C. Low of 346 Broadway, receiver in bankruptcy, for the assets of G. O. Shields, publisher of "Recreation," at 23 West Twenty-fourth street.—*New York Times*, January 5th, 1905.

This crisis is not due to any improper management of my business, nor to any lack of attention, nor to any extravagance in my private or business affairs. It is purely the result of my work in the interest of game protection.

Ever since the League of American Sportsman was organized I have been going into my own pocket to meet the demands of that organization for money to carry on its work. I have repeatedly appealed to the sportsmen and nature lovers for financial aid in this work, and have received some help in that way, but not 10 per cent. of the amount that was necessary to meet the demands.

Some one had to supply the deficiency or the work must stop, and so I have constantly drawn on my own resources. I have believed the friends of game protection would eventually rally to the support of the cause, but comparatively few of them have done so.

True, the League has a large membership, but the fee is only $1 a year, and 60 per cent. of that must go back to the States whence the memberships originate. The other 40 per cent. is not sufficient to pay postage on the printed matter it is necessary to send out each month. Then there are heavy printing bills, stenographers' salaries, rewards for the conviction of law breakers, traveling expenses, lawyers' fees, etc., all of which I have been paying.

I have records showing personal payments of more than $15,000 on these accounts.

Yet in the face of all this I am forced into bankruptcy and am locked out of my office. And this is only a part of what game protection has cost me.

As stated in December Recreation, this magazine has never paid expenses throughout a year. I have done everything possible to build up the advertising end of the business and to extend the circulation sufficiently to put the property on a paying basis. I have lived as economically as a man could live and retain his self respect. I have denied myself every luxury and many of the necessities of life.

For instance: No man loves music more than I do; yet I have not heard an opera in all these years. Neither have I heard a high class concert except when invited by some friend.

I have made but 2 hunting trips since RECREATION was established, and those only when the doctor told me I must choose between the woods and the hospital.

Within the past few years I have had 2 opportunities to sell this magazine for $100,000 cash; and 3 times I have been offered $50,000 for a controlling interest in it. In each instance my answer has been, substantially,

"I am not ready to sell RECREATION. I have not yet accomplished the work I set out to do. Before parting with RECREATION I mean to complete the work of securing good game laws in all the States.

"I mean to educate the sportsmen of this country to quit when they get enough.

"I want to build the membership of the L. A. S. to 100,000.

"If I can accomplish these things then I shall be ready to sell RECREATION to some good friend for a few thousand dollars, barely enough to enable me to live in a cabin in the woods the remainder of my days."

Certain schemers have been hovering about my printer for years past, trying to buy his claim against me, to thus get control of RECREATION and force me out of it. He has finally assigned a part of his claim to the man who has now petitioned to have me adjudicated a bankrupt. I have paid this same printer $225,000 in the years he has been printing RECREATION, but that counts for nothing now that I owe him a small fraction of that amount.

Since I was turned out of my office a number of men have had access to it, for one purpose or another, and it is possible that in the course of this coming and going a copy of my mailing list may have been carried away. This may have fallen into the hands of some other publication, and it is possible an offer may be made to my subscribers to fill out their subscriptions with some other periodical in this line.

The Real RECREATION will, however, be continued under my editorial management and my name will appear on the cover as heretofore.

I now appeal to all readers of RECREATION, to all true sportsmen, to all nature lovers and, in short, to all who approve my work in the past, to rally to my support in this emergency.

A few friends are financing The Real RECREATION temporarily, and it is up to the sportsmen of this country to provide the funds for carrying it on permanently, if they wish it to stay in the fight.

Few other men have worked for game protection as I have, and few ever will work so hard. No one else has put so much money into the cause, though thousands of League members have many times the amount at their command. Not only have I bankrupted myself, but I have put my heart's blood into the cause. Will you fail now, in the day of trial, to stand by me and by the cause in which so many of you have urged me on with your words of approval?

My readers will readily understand how thoroughly humiliating it is for me to have to go before the world with such an appeal as this. I have put 10 years of the best of my life into this work of game protection and I am not willing to quit now. The work is only half done. The question for the sportsmen of America to answer is, whether I shall be allowed to finish my work, or whether I must give it up for lack of financial support?

I have at least 10 years more of hard, vigorous work in me. I have recently been offered 3 positions in other lines, with good salaries, but have declined them all. I mean to work for the wild animals and the birds as long as I work for anything or anybody. I mean to keep after the game butchers until the last one of them is reformed or put out of business.

Now, brethren, I want at least 10,000 of you to send me checks of $5 each, for 4 years' subscription to The Real Recreation.

Or, you may pay $10 in advance, for 8 years' subscription if you wish.

Persons who are already subscribers may renew or extend their subscriptions on this basis.

Now let us have a landslide of $5 and $10 checks.

And while you are about it, put in another dollar for membership in the L. A. S.

If this appeal is thus met, a fund will be created which will put this magazine on a sound financial basis for all time to come. Meantime, it, in connection with the other forces at work, will have secured ideal game laws everywhere, and it will have created a public opinion that will sustain such laws and that will eventually render game wardens unnecessary everywhere.

The only kind of sympathy that counts now is that which brings with it the sinews of war.

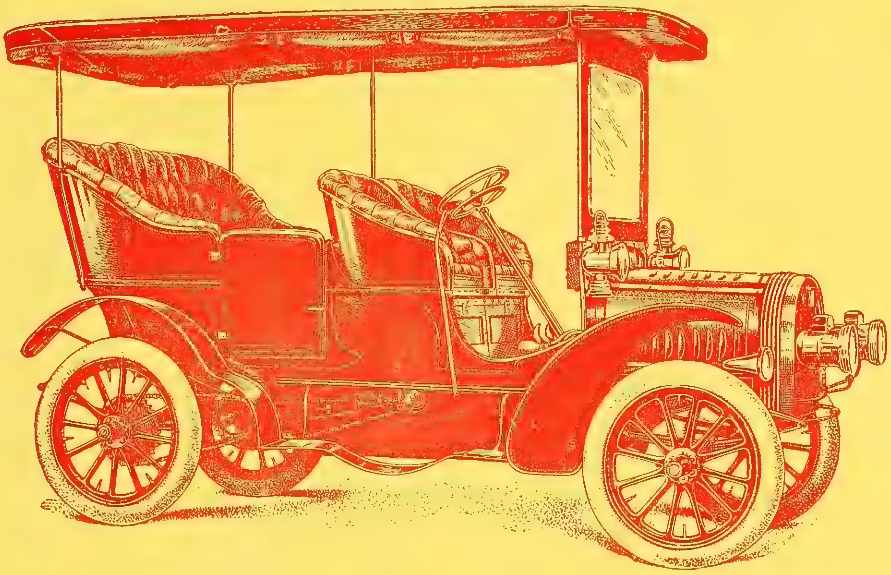
The responses to this appeal should be such as would enable me to put out a March number better than any I have ever published. Shall it be so?

I am now compelled to put the price of The Real Recreation at $1.50 a year, and 15 cents a copy. If I had done this years ago, when the cost of production increased to such an extent as to render an advance in price necessary, I should to-day be clear of debt; but I chose to keep the price down to a figure that would enable every man, woman and boy to have it. I trust the small advance which is now rendered inevitable may not put this magazine out of the reach of any human being. The advance in cost is trifling to the individual, but on an issue of 65,000 a month the difference is great.

At present I am not allowed to own property or to have a bank account. Checks should, therefore, be made payable to The H. L. Suydam Co., and sent to 1269 Broadway, Room 601. All funds thus received will be properly placed and due credit given the subscribers.

Letters addressed to me as above, and marked *personal*, will have prompt attention.

Rambler



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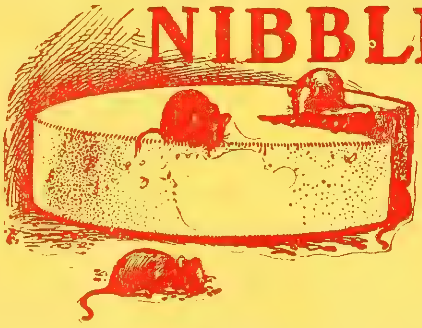

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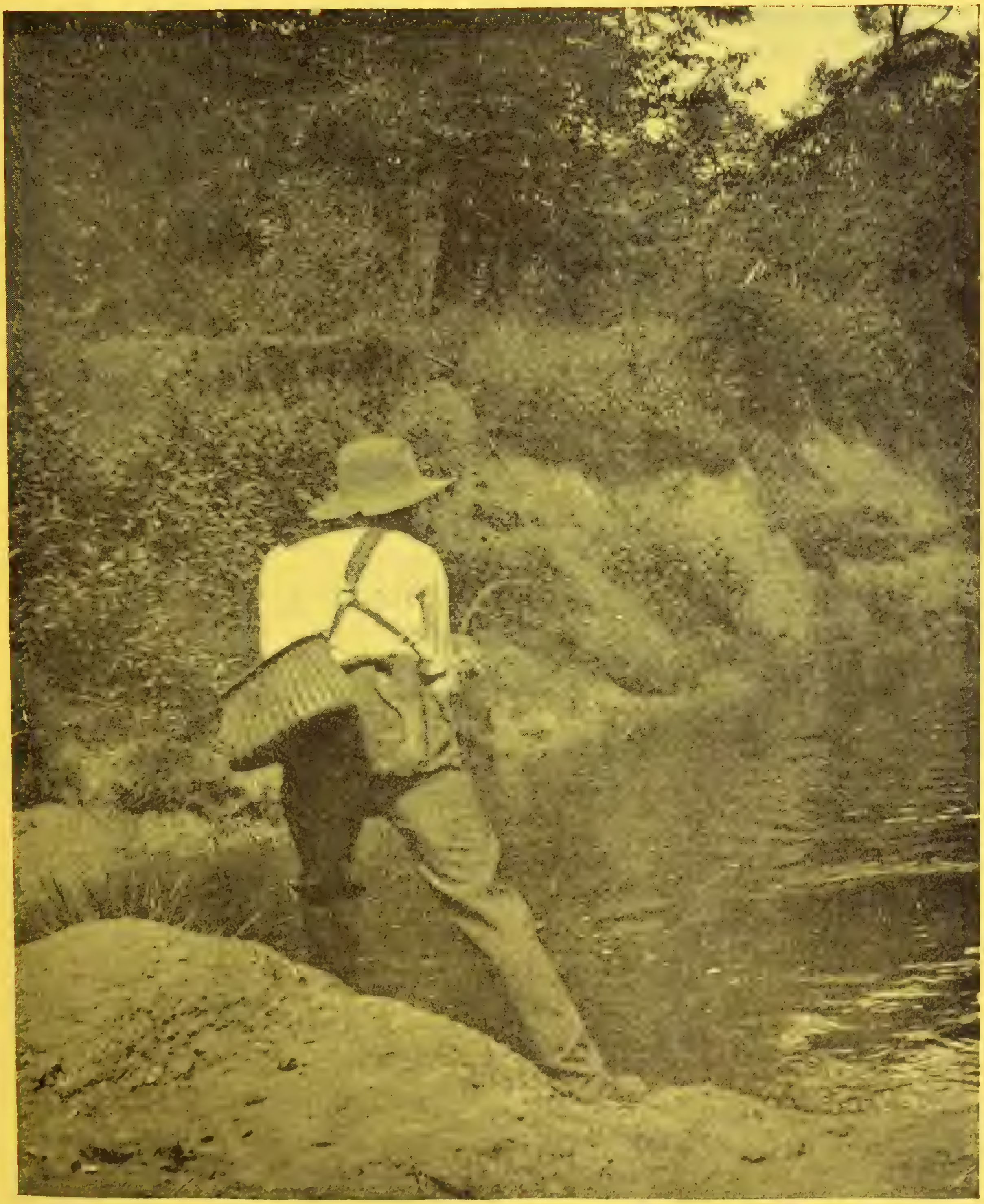

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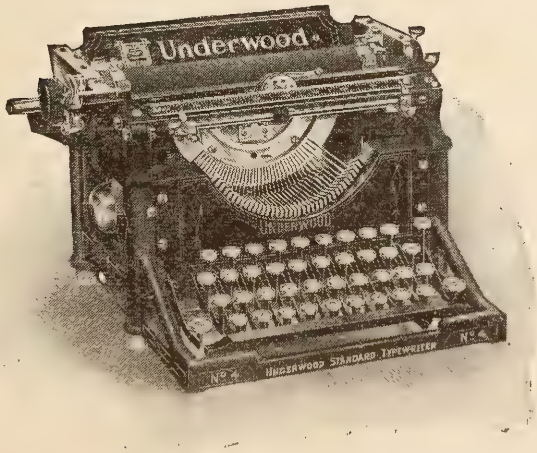

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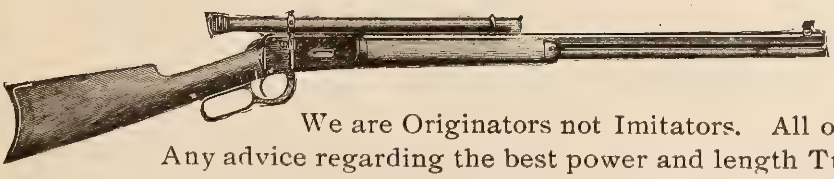

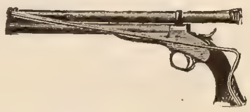

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The fishing season is almost here and with a few hours devoted to subscription work for a week, you can get a new rod, a reel, a fly book, a creel, a camera or practically any one of the things that make the Sportsman's heart glad. There will be premiums for the dear ladies, too, and for the boys we have treasures in store.

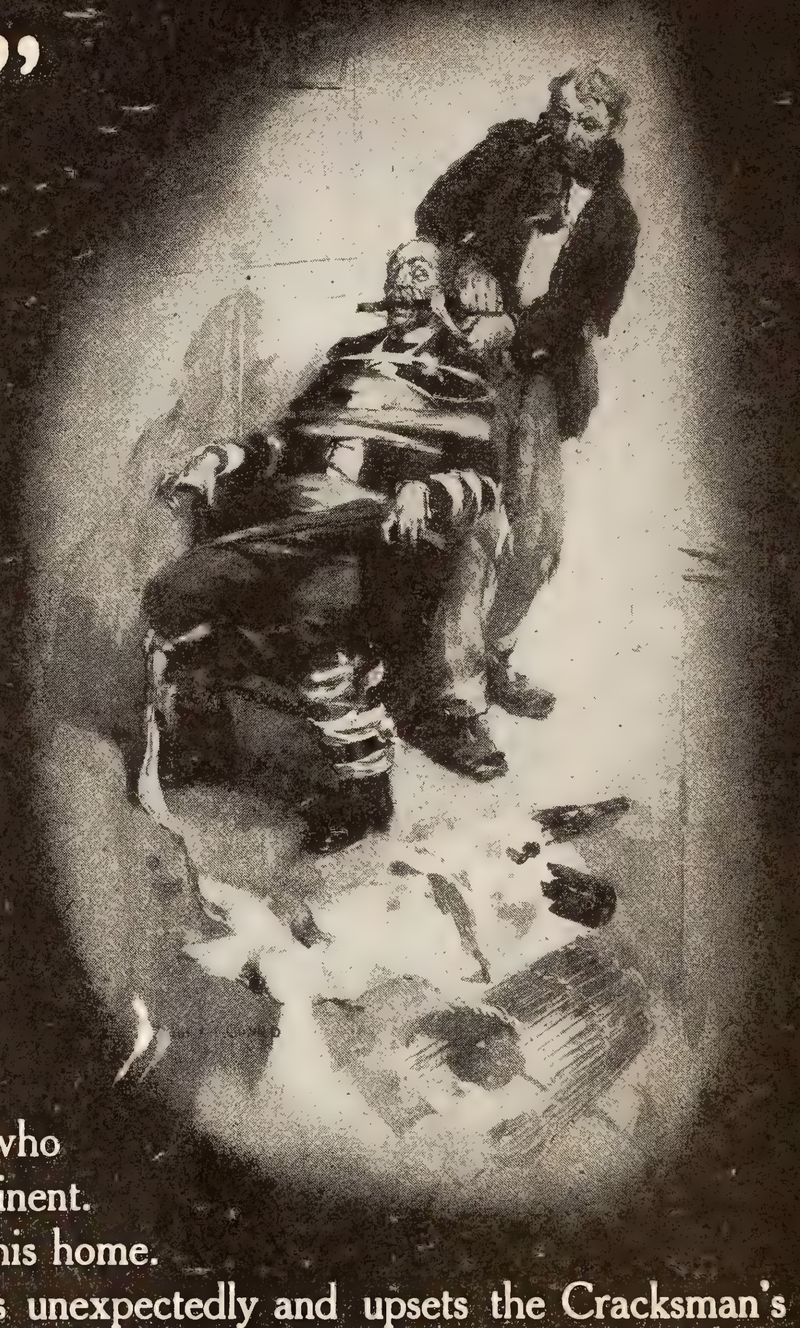
While we are preparing the catalog, it might be well for you to suggest to us what you wish in the way of a premium. While our list will be complete, yet there is always some one thing lacking, and this one thing may be the thing you have been wanting for months. We will get it for you.

Do not wait for the catalog to arrive before starting in for the Spring work. Send in your subscribers now and we will credit your account with the names, so that by the time the catalog reaches you, all you will have to do is to select your premium.

RECREATION.

"Raffles"

Gentleman Burglar



The activity of the Scotland Yard detectives forces "Raffles," gentleman burglar, to temporary retirement—"a rest cure," he calls it.

He breaks into the house of the Inspector of Prisons, who is traveling on the Continent. Here "Raffles" makes his home.

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MARCH HOUSEHOLD NUMBER

Vol. XXII **Number 3**

RECREATION

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Dan Beard, Editor

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1905

Our New Editor, Dan Beard . . . . **Frontispiece**
Publishers' Announcement **145**
Roping Wild Hogs in Texas . . . . . . **A. McCampbell** **147**
The Call of Spring. A series of eight photographs . . **149**
The Camp Fire . . . . **W. C. Ludlow** **158**
Striped Bass in the Susquehanna . . . . . **Hobart Clarkson** **159**
The Tragedy of Tiger . . . . . . **William J. Lampton** **164**
Solid Comfort in Old Washington . . . . . **Stanley H. Hopper** **166**
An Antelope's Battle for Her Fawn . . . . **Howard Eaton** **167**
After Duck on Pamlico Sound . . . . . **Alexander Hunter** **169**
Where Joy Returns . . . . **Irene Pomeroy Shields** **174**
Kindly Reminiscence . . . . **Dudley Rushon** **175**
Drawing by Roy Martell Mason
Raindrops . . . . **Agnes L. Hughes** **176**
A Midsummer Misadventure . . . . . **Mrs. Jos. S. Gibbs** **177**
Walks Afield . . . . **Chas. Francis Saunders** **184**
The Cruise of the "Hobo" . . . . . . **E. C. Hamilton** **187**
With photographs by the writer
Pure and Impure Foods . . . . **C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.** **195**
Death of Bud Moose—His Story . . . . . **H. B. Brown** **196**

An Animated Sandhill and an Albino Deer W. H. Stevens 200
Little Dwellers Behind the Fence 202
The Birds of the City. Illustrated. C. M. Story 203
The American Merganser 205
With drawing by Allan Brooks
A Saddle Song . . . . H. P. Dickinson 206
Automobile Notes Edited by Willard Nixon 207
Illustrated
Sun Gunshots for the Sportsman-Photographer . 211
Illustrated
And you wonder why your dog has rheumatism 217
The Thief who came in the Night . . S. I. 219
With drawing by W. H. Shindler
A Novel Trip Down the Mountains Celestine Cummings 219
Can the Eye Follow a Bullet's Flight? . . . 200
The Comedians of the Woods 221
Drawing by Ernest Thompson-Seton
An Uncomfortable Situation 222
Drawing by Roy Martell Mason
Letters from Our Readers 223
The Amateur Trappers. . Charley Apopka 230
Editorial Wanderings . . . Dan Beard 234

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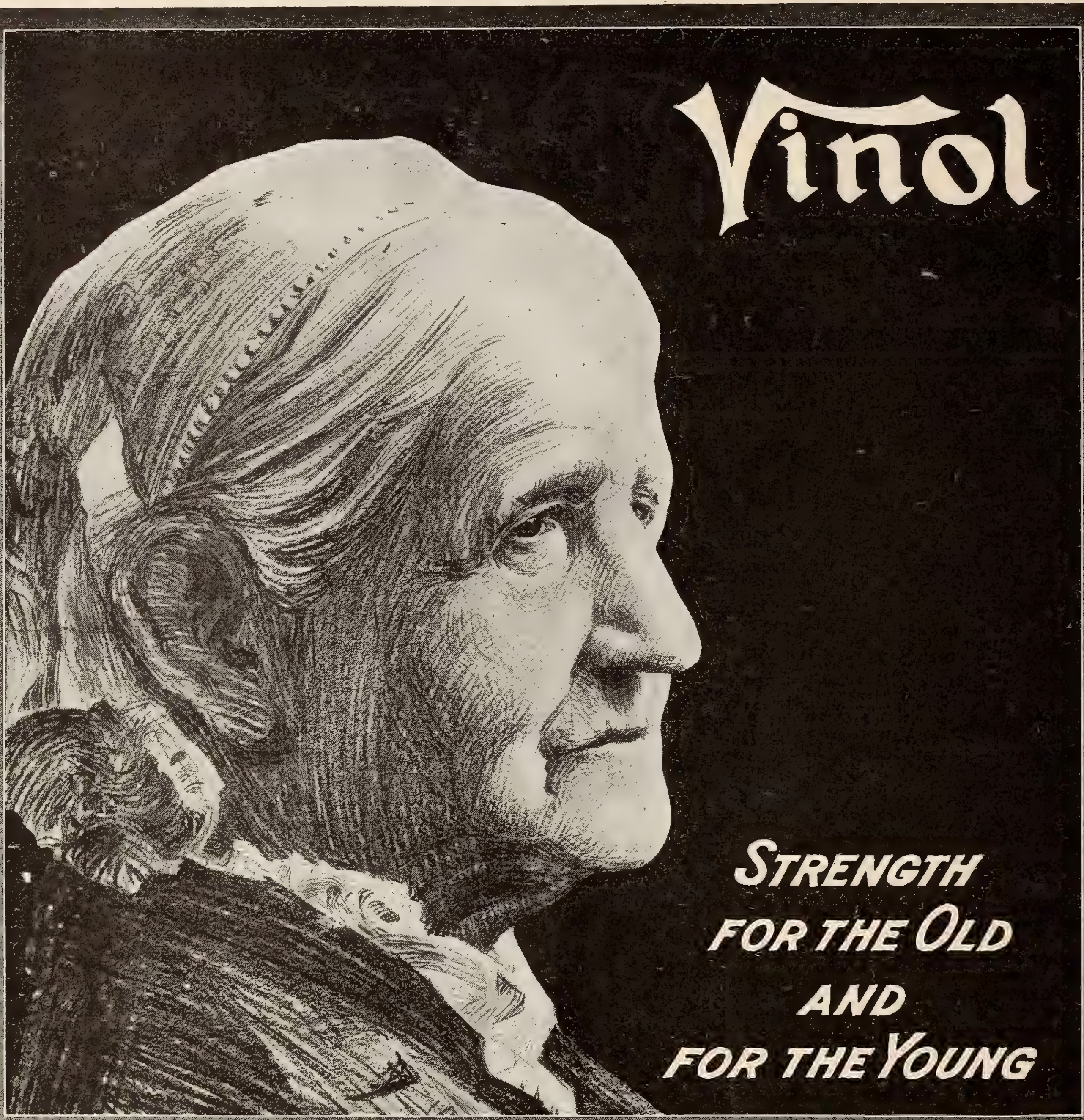

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Our New Editor,
Dan Beard.

Life member League of American Sportsmen, Canadian Camp, Camp Fire Club, author of the "American Boy's Handy Book" and other books; five years a member of the Board of Education.

RECREATION

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Published by Wm. E. Annis

Vol. XXII MARCH 1905 No. 3

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. G. O. Shields is no longer connected with RECREATION.

In the future the magazine will be issued under the editorship of Dan Beard.

We shall continue to wage an uncompromising fight for the protection and conservation of all game.

We shall advocate such legal action as will place the bag or catch limit upon a sane basis all over the country.

OUR FUTURE POLICY

We shall assist in the formation and passage of laws prohibiting the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then *only when accompanied by the party or parties who killed it.*

We shall advocate the prohibition of the *sale of game.*

We shall further assist in every possible way, clubs and associations, in perfecting the existing game laws, in effecting their wise and just administration.

We shall also ask for the extension of appropriations for the proper and economic restocking of wood and stream with game and fish, and to this end will use our influence with state and government officials for more forest preserves, with better plans for the propagating of game and a wider field of usefulness for our National and State commissions.

EXIT THE "GAME HOG"

We hope to leave the game hog to wallow in his own mire with good officials to watch him so that his snout may be kept from appearing in this magazine. We think that the valuable space heretofore occupied by him, can be put to better purpose.

We shall not attempt to say that our way is the only way to protect and preserve the interest of the true sportsman, but we shall co-operate with all who have the cause of true fish and game protection at heart.

We cannot hope to reach this practical, common-sense view of the situation by reason alone.

At night the camp-fires twinkle in ever increasing numbers on the plains, in the forest, among the mountains, and each little fire is a star of hope to the wise men of the East, for the Magi know that the campers are unconsciously learning their first lesson of love and reverence for Nature in the Kindergarten of the Wilderness.

WE BELIEVE THAT "RECREATION" HAS AN ESPECIAL MESSAGE FOR YOUNG AMERICA, and it is to Young America that America must look for her future greatness.

TO YOUNG AMERICA

True it is "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," but in connection with this queenly control we believe that RECREATION has a continued interest.

Take away from American life the freedom of the great out doors, the play without which all life's lessons are lost, and the era of true commercialism, the dream of the business kings will be realized.

In its efforts to present the never failing beauties of the forests, the fields and the waters, RECREATION WILL CALL UPON ALL YOUNG AMERICA FOR ASSISTANCE.

The high lights of literature, when they shine true, will find a place in our pages, but literature for literature's sake, has little charm for us. We want the truth, told in simple English words, understandable to all alike.

Our new Editor, Dan Beard, is a man of simple habits and studious nature.

OUR NEW EDITOR

His associations in life have not led him to the fountains of commercialism. Ever an enthusiastic admirer of the leaders of the "strenuous life," his own fancy has led him rather toward to the untrodden paths and unbeaten trails of the wilderness. *He is a man in the prime of life, but with a heart as young and a mind as free as a youth turned loose for the first time in that great world where chimney pots and fine linen are things apart.* He knows the East, the West, the North, the South.

With his broad vision we hope to see and solve the many problems confronting the seeker after light, and to solve them *aright.*

Our Editor believes that the modern inventions, *the automobile and motor boat, are a part and parcel of the great movement toward the open air,* so we will give the owners of these wonderful craft of the roads and waters many a useful hint, and suggest to them many a splendid outing.

TO OUR OLD FRIENDS

Our old and tried friends, the hunters and fishermen of America, will continue to hold the choicest seats at our camp-fire and the warmest place in our hearts.

In the search for truth and light the old teachers will be given due accord, but it is rather to the young and unknown writer, artist and photographer that we shall look for the life of the magazine. *We like to see the axe marks on the stories and pictures* that are sent to us by members of our family, and we believe that our readers do too.

In future years, when pipes are lit, and the camp-fire spreads its glow, we hope to look back upon this preliminary announcement and say to ourselves and to all of the members of our great family, "the trail was long, and the pack heavy, but at the end of the journey there were crystal springs bubbling with life for the tired and yearworn traveler."

You, gentle reader, can help us in this campaign of ours in many ways, and we hope that you are already one of the family. If not, accept this cordial invitation to join us. YOU WILL NOT REGRET THE STEP.

Wm. E. Annis, *Publisher.*

ROPING WILD HOGS IN TEXAS.

BY A. McCAMPBELL.

On a bright sunny morning in December Jack, Tom and I saddled our horses at a ranch 25 miles from Corpus Christi, Texas, and, armed with shot guns, started for a water tank in the pasture where geese collected by thousands. Five miles out we came to a small *motte,* or cluster of trees, in the great pasture. As we entered the *motte* from the North we saw 6 wild hogs leaving it from the South side, a large boar, 4 sows and a shoat. They were game hogs, too, but not the kind you are so fond of roasting.

Someone suggested roping these wild swine, and, of course, the idea took; so, leaning our guns against a tree, we struck off in pursuit of the drove.

Tom being an experienced hog hunter, we obeyed his instructions, which were to run them down, and then rope and tie them. By the way, wild hogs captured and fed a short time make the best bacon, affording the proverbial "streak of lean and streak of fat."

We put spurs to our cayuses and kept the hogs bunched, riding hard on their heels. Presently the shoat began to lag. Tom threw his rope over its head and without stopping began to haul away, intending to lay it across his pommel, tie its legs securely, and then drop it to be picked up by the wagon the next day; it being the custom at the ranch to send out a wagon every year and bring in about 20 hogs caught in this way.

When the hoisting had gone on till the pig came within reach of the horse the pig grabbed a mouthful of neck and held on like a bulldog. The bronc was none of the gentlest and began a cancan, waltzing, kicking, rearing, and pitching. Tom swore to beat the British army in Flanders, and pounded the hog with fist and quirt to make it let go.

The horse's desperate leaps shook the hanging hog from one side of his neck to the other, and at last he dropped to the ground, taking with him a mouthful of horse beef.

Tom had taken the rope from the shoat's neck and the prisoner of a moment ago was then free to roam the plains again. Tom made no effort to recover it, consoling himself with the remark that "it was too small to eat, anyway."

I, having had no experience, was told to rope a hog, then put my horse to the gallop till the hog was nearly choked to death, when I could easily and safely dismount and catch him by the legs. They said the horse would keep the rope taut till I could tie my prisoner.

I caught a good sized sow, dragged her, dismounted, caught her by the hind legs, and held her on her back, well stretched. She came to in a short time and tried to regain her feet, but I could manage her easily enough until I undertook to tie her. Then I had a whole circus on my hands. The only rope I had was around her neck at one end and fast to the saddle at the other. To loosen that would be to free the sow.

In my quandary I looked around to see what the other fellows were doing. Tom had caught a sow, dragged her a mile or so, and was in the act of taking her by the hind legs. She, also, came to, and kicked. She got up and went at him with a "woof-woof." Tom managed to get beyond the length of her rope and was safe, but the poor horse fared worse. Turning suddenly the sow struck his forelegs and stampeded him so that he started for the ranch, 8 miles away, on a run. His course lay across a bald prairie, dotted with hog wallows. At the first jump the sow was jerked clear of the ground, and, I think, over 3 wallows, before she touched the earth again. From that point she seemed to hit the top of one and bounce over 2. Tom was disgusted at being left afoot 8 miles from home. He ran up to Jack, who had caught the boar and was holding it, 150 yards from me. They were both destitute of string with which to tie the pig and did not dare let go for a minute.

Tom asked Jack to lend him his horse with which to catch his own; but Jack preferred to go after the horse himself. So he turned the boar over to Tom to hold, loosed the rope from his saddle, threw it on the ground, and lit out.

Meantime I stood watching Jack with one eye and my sow with the other. Then I was startled by a yell and saw Tom coming toward me at top speed with the boar at his heels, reaching for him with tusks 4 inches long.

I tried to tell Tom to run in some other direction, but he was deaf to all admonition and came on like a stampeded steer. Finally he reached a big mesquite bush round which he and his friend the enemy played hide and seek for a time.

Presently Tom ran to me and said the boar had gone off with his rope. He wanted to borrow my horse with which to recover it, but I said if he would take a kindly interest in caring for my sow I would get his rope.

He agreed, and, throwing my rope on the ground, I mounted my bronc and went after the boar, which had almost reached a cluster of black chapparal. He was following a cow trail in which the rope was dragging. I made several attempts to pick up the trailing rope without dismounting, but the path in which it dragged was too deep and I failed. At last, spurring my horse up alongside, I caught the rope and was just straightening up when the boar, turning sideways, hit my horse a lick which knocked his forefeet from under him.

I was thrown through the air in a beautiful parabola, landing on my back in the chapparal, whose thorns were so thick that I lay there a foot above ground and helpless. Had my friend the boar seen fit to hunt me then, he would have had a picnic; but much to my relief he didn't.

When I got out, my horse was still standing where he had been overthrown. Concluding I had had enough pork, I mounted and went to where I had left Tom holding the sow. I found him: not as I expected, with his prisoner tied, but standing on one side the same old mesquite tree, with the sow on the other, glaring at each other. Both looked tired. I caught the rope and together we tied and left her for the wagon to pick up. She was our only capture out of the whole bunch. The biggest one got away.

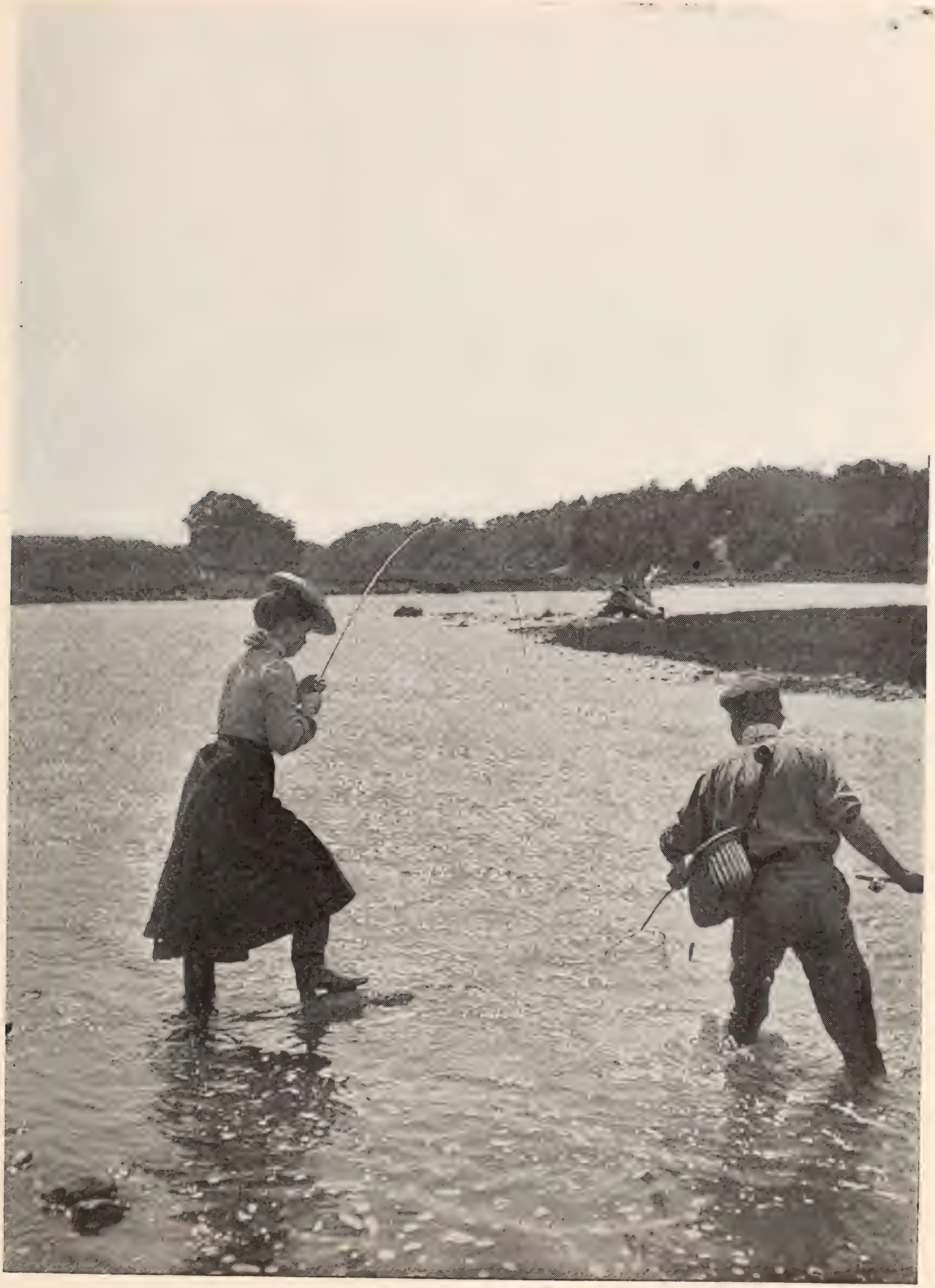
The Call of Spring

A SERIES OF EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS
MADE BY "RECREATION" READERS
WHILE THE SPIRIT MOVED

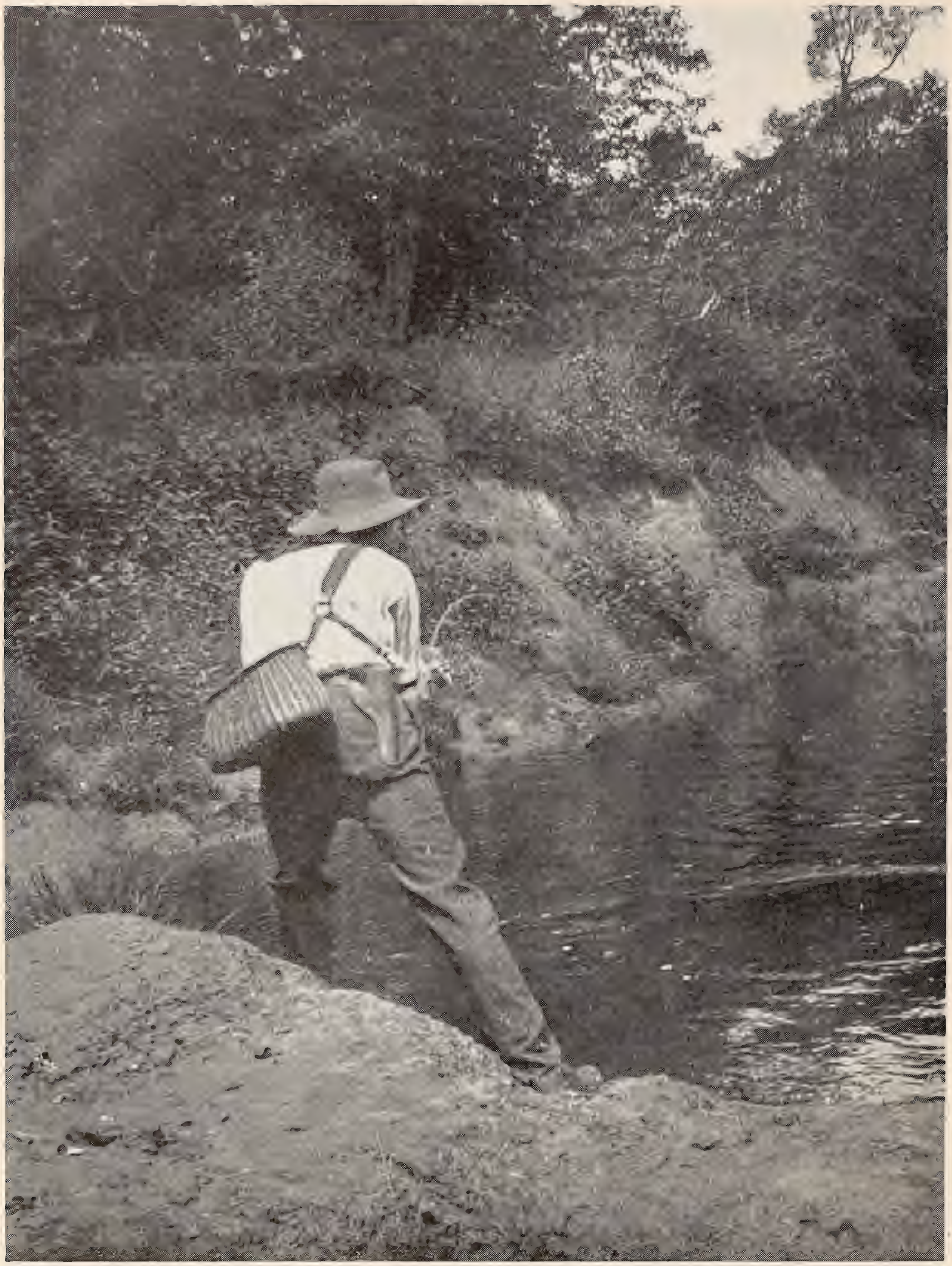
BY G. R. DAYTON

ON THE COLUMBIA	D. D. Wilder
SCRAPPY STILL	A. S. Goss
STEADY THERE!	Harry L. Dillaway
SIXTEEN OUNCES	Kepler
HOOKED	Wm. Gibson
THE LONG RIFFLE	W. J. Street
AS THE BOATS COME IN	Wm. S. Rice
ONE MORE KICK	T. R. Raife

On the Columbia.
By D. D. Wilder.



Scrappy Still.
By A. S. Goss.



Steady There!
By Harry L. Dillaway.

Sixteen Ounces?
By Kepler.

Hooked.
By Wm. Gibson.

The Long Riffle.
By W. J. Street.

As the Boats Come In.
By Wm. S. Rice.

One More Kick.
By F. R. Raife.

quehanna trailed out after him. The writer made the next exit. Thus three men went on the trail of their tackle.

. . . . .

They met at the ticket office. "Two tickets to Perryville. Can we catch that jerk water train down to Octoraro Junction on good connections?"

"Sure," mumbled the agent, pounding the date machine mechanically. "Just about time enough to get breakfast at Perryville and get the first milk train on the Wilmington line."

The pair wandered out in the great arched depot shed while the uninvited guest behind them transacted some more Perryville transportation business at the ticket window. It was a trinity of anglers that snored in the Pullman that night and a trinity that got off at Perryville at six o'clock on the following morning.

We lit into the breakfast table in a body. An angler may disguise his intentions only for a short time. The freemasonry of the art discloses one's innermost thoughts and by the time the hot coffee of the obliging farmer's wife came unto us it became evident that the uninvited guest was welcome to "butt in" and reap all the benefits that might accrue.

From Perryville to Octoraro Junction is a short trip, half an hour perhaps. We arrived before seven and swung off like old timers returning once again to the scenes of our youth.

A short, gray, rather pleasant looking old fellow was leaning against the little red depot in a field of milk cans. The greeting he offered the best billiard player in our party was cordial indeed.

"The river's clear all right, all right," he shouted, reaching for the proffered hand, and then drawing his former patron in a closer caucus, sort of whispered: "They're takin' the bait to beat the band."

Through the shrubbery of wild blackberry vines and oaks I saw gleams of the river, swirling here and there against a wooded background stretching away toward the Chesapeake bay. Visions of a battle royal leapt into every vista within the range of my eyesight.

"Shake hands with Mr. Irwin." A friendly slap on the back awakened me. I turned to feel the outstretched palm of the farmer. The florid man broke into hilarious laughter at the suggestion that we walk over to Irwin's house. "Walk? What's the matter with riding? Great guns, men, I didn't come down here to walk."

We left him fuming among the milk cans and broke through the wild hedge on the heels of Irwin. Presently the underbrush cleared and we saw across the dew spangled field that lay like a blanket of green flannel before us, a snug cottage tucked away in the trees along the river bank.

The billiard player, no longer able to restrain himself, made a rush for it and went loping across the field like a maverick hunting a salt lick. I followed a close second for the money and place. Irwin, with some of the instincts of the Maryland Boniface, lingered until the florid one hove in view. A billow of profanity came spilling across the landscape and splashed up on the porch where the former visitor and the writer were busy with rods and tackle.

"Slap on a spinner," chirped the cheerful one, "any old spinner will do. A kidney spoon, a double or single bass twirler; even a squid on a swivel. I use a pickerel bait as a rule. Throw the three line hook out. Isn't worth a whoop. Rig a braided or four strand loop leadered hook about six inches from the spoon. See, like that." He made a deft movement and held up the killing center of his effort. "Now get out a six foot double leader and link it firmly to the upper loop of the spoon rig. So. No sinkers; the weight of the spoon and swivel will take her down. Besides some of the eddies snake the layout under water like a steel head hitting a brown hackle. There you have it. Death and disaster to the striped boys. That line of yours won't do, Bill. Here's a reel with the right stuff all loaded. Two hundred yards of it."

From his kit he dragged forth a sturdy multiplier that was keyed up to G-flat and sang like De Reszke. It was literally forced upon me. I couldn't refuse. "That'll hold 'em for a while anyhow," he continued while he pieced out a ten ounce split bamboo with top and bottom line guides. "Sure to get a big one to-day, Sport; and there'll be a fight sure. Do you know—" he dropped the tip of his pole on the porch and with a look of mysterious intelligence in his eye concluded, "not over a dozen men on earth have fished for the striped bass in this river since they were discovered here. Why even the lobsters on the other side of the stream don't know what we're doing when we get out in the pools. Sure. It's virgin water and the best of the kind within a hundred miles of New York."

"Then it's to be kept a secret," I ventured, fixing my borrowed reel in the socket.

"Not in a million years. Can't be kept a secret. Be all over the country before the season's over. And it ought to be. I don't take much stock in the lone fisherman. Spread it, old man. Spread it."

At that moment the florid person, having exhausted his wrath on Irwin and being altogether sore at the prospect of walking back over the same route, came up and sank, puffed out and tired on the grass near by .

"Every fisherman on earth is a d—d fool. I want to get down on the record right now as dead against any and all kinds of angling that involve walking. I can stand trains and buckboards and even flat bed farm wagons, but this galloping over plowed fields is poor sport."

Irwin snorted with glee and "the man who knew" made some observations about "chumps from town."

Heavy footfalls sounded from within the Irwin house and presently three strapping youths came lumbering out of as many doors. Heirs to the old man's estate. Guides on the river. Boatmen who knew where the striped bass lurk in the shadow of the river boulders. These were the men to conduct us to the conquest.

"Well, boys," put in the sire, extracting a cud of long cut from a tin foil package and tucking it into the off side of his face, "git out them boats and git in motion. These gentlemen want some sport and this is the place to git it. How 'bout that bait? Guess it's fresh all right. I got in six hundred yesterday from New York. Git it up."

After all is said and done so far as angling is concerned, bait is a matter of no little importance. I hadn't given the subject much thought in the present instance. Somehow or other I had figured out in a vague sort of way that the bait would turn up at the proper time. Had I been alone on the banks of the Susquehanna far away I might have tried every kind of lure but the right one and remained fishless to this day.

And this brings me, gentle angler, to the pith and heart of the Susquehanna secret. It's the greatest in the world. Without it there is no hope of a strike, no, not the remotest chance that the great black and gold eyed prizes will ever so much as sniff the hook. Come nearer, angler folk, and the Sphinx will speak:

Use blood worms. The secret is out.

Get them from the salt, salt sea. Keep them alive in the fresh kelp that comes and goes with the tide. Never go to the Susquehanna with less than 200. Strip from six to ten on your hook; leaving a few squirming tails waving off the main line. Bunch 'em up and with a prayer for good luck cast your tackle overboard and put yourself in the hands of the boatman.

A thin mist of sun-rise vapor is rising across the overflow through which one must row to reach the pools.

How clear the river is! The boatman splashes a rhythm through the eel grass. We are coming to the rocks around which the black water rushes, foams, and curls into deep eddies, melting and remelting into its own boiling embraces.

"Throw it out." The boatman bends to his oars and the flat bottom craft shoots into the rapturous flood.

The reel whirs as the fingers of the tide snatch the bait and carry it afar. What's that? It has come and gone, sending a tremor along the silk.

"It's the eddy. When they strike you'll know it. Give 'em a hundred yards. The water is deep here. I'm off to the big rock in mid stream. We'll have a strike in a minute." The boatman is both wise and confident. Swiftly the water glides away from our port as the line vibrates under the influence of the spoon. It runs like an electric fan. Even the feel of the line is soothing. There is comfort in the very thought of what is to come. Two hundred yards up the river, lord of a separate pool, my friend, whose reel I nursed, was feeling the same emotions. In the midst of my reveries I got a message from the deep. The boatman saw the sign that came to the tip of my rod.

"Give it to him." I struck him in the thick of the mouth, and felt the certain tug that means so much to he who holds the rod. Zing. The reel purred a long note and I gave him line. The battle was on in earnest and the game tugged like a bull pup. Once he turned to back rush, but I took in all the line he gave me and fought back. The lesson angered him and with a plunge he fled across tide into shoal and quieter water. Once, twice, three times I brought him to gunwale and then passed him into the net. Three and a half pounds. Game enough, but not large enough. I took my cue from the boatman, who sneered in disgust.

"Small fish," I commented.

"Throw him back," remarked the native. Surely there was something worth while to come, if this fish was frowned upon. Again we returned to the pool, crossing and recrossing in all twelve times. On each trip we found our quarry, taking some and losing some. These latter rushed for the rocks and three of them took souvenirs in the shape of spoons and leaders. There is some wild water in the Susquehanna, and some nasty rocks jut from its turbulent bosom. The sixth fish pulled my scales out to the six-pound notch, while the others fell under four. My boatman was getting irritated.

"Rotten fishing to-day. We get 'em here between fifteen and twenty. Old Flynn, of New York, took one last week that went nearly twenty-four and there's more here like him. Haul in; we'll shoot the cataract and try the lower pool." I would have gone anywhere with that guide. He seemed to want fish as bad as did his passenger. I reeled in the squirming bait and trimmed ship. The next instant, with three or four powerful strokes we swung into mid stream and went leaping down the channel between jagged rocks, bobbing on the crest of froth mottled riffles and gliding between oily currents that came swelling up under our very keel. The bank of the river hurried past us like a panorama. Behind us, up stream, I caught a glimpse of the billiard player standing up and fighting a battle that from its very activities must have been worth repeating in after years.

"Throw it out again." The boatman rested on his oars an instant and wiped his perspiring brow. "If we don't take a whale out of here it's because we're in the wrong river. It's deep in this hole and there's a sandy bottom. Use plenty of line."

Mechanically, I was obeying his instructions. I must have nearly emptied the reel, when he swung the boat around and began pulling slowly up stream.

"Jig her a bit," said he, making an

involuntary movement with his hand. It's so deep here and so hard to pull that the spoon don't do stunts about half the time."

I "jigged her a bit" and then something struck the full length of my pole. The line twanged like a banjo string. The tip of the rod flipped into the stream and out again with a hiss.

"You're on this time. Give him more line." The boatman in his zeal began to swear in a most immoderate manner; introducing a brand of profanity that would have put my florid friend to shame. But I forgave him everything. "Keep it tight. I'll back down stream, and you can nurse him. Holy herring, but it's a walrus. You'll skin the bunch to-day."

I glanced at my reel and observed to my horror that there wasn't twenty feet of line left on the reel. "Follow him down," I exclaimed, in the hope that I could get some fighting tackle on the spool. If he decided to rush me I was gone. Fortune was with me, however, and I coaxed him in slowly recovering a hundred feet of line. Then he took it with a plunge and went straight for the bottom, where he did a five minute sulk. I was getting discouraged.

"Keep the string on him," advised the boatman. "He'll be kicking hard in a minute." As if in response to the prophesy the lord of the depths shook his nose and started in to break records again. I felt the line rising as the direction of the pull swept upward and to the left. Soon it was straight away from the tip of my steel rod. Then, about 100 feet away a gleam of striped silver rose from the pool and a shimmering spray of crystal clouded the center of a commotion that will ever live in mine eye. In another second he arched his thick black spine and plunged into the stream like a maddened porpoise, shaking his head in a frenzy born of despair.

"He's hooked hard. Fight him to a finish." How well that boatman knew. Another rush to the surface, but this time the water only boiled. I took him in a bit that trip and once again caught a glimpse of his wide spread dorsal fin. Another five minutes went by and the borrowed reel continued to gather its victim. Finally I got him along side and we slid the net under him silently. But he sidestepped it and rushed again. Not so far that trip and it was easier to get him back. Another play with the net and the boatman lifted him clear of the tide into the bottom of the craft. I relaxed a weary arm and planted both feet on his body while he thrashed himself into exhaustion.

Look at the index finger on the scales. Eighteen and one-half pounds. The Susquehanna had treated me with Southern hospitality.

The sun had reached high in the heavens and the hunger that is born in all men began to declare itself. Remember we missed breakfast.

"Lunch?" I looked at my companion inquisitively.

"Sure," was his laconic response, and we pulled back to Irwin's; pulled back with a heart full of pride and a mouth full of boastings.

Half an hour later the billiard player returned with his fish. Two went into the eight pound column and one hung limp at seven and a half. But what's the use of describing small fry. The big victory was mine.

Yes, we fished some more after lunch. And the florid man went along. He got the fever, too, bringing five good ones back about sunset. After dinner and dark we took the jerk water train back to Perryville, caught a night train and returned to New York.

We three gather once in a while at the Nassau street billiard room and get reports from the Susquehanna devotees. On these occasions the florid man usually has something to say; something that would lead a stranger to believe that Isaac Walton was his common ancestor.

THE TRAGEDY OF TIGER

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

The sparrows residing in City Hall Park,
With no sort of rent to pay,
Cavorted and tore,
And chattered and swore,
And scrapped in a desperate way.

They grafted the Park in a manner complete,
From Beersheba clean to Dan;
They laughed at the cops
As they loaded their crops,
And they feared neither God nor man.

They were monarchs of all they surveyed, except
Old Tiger, the City Hall cat.
Whose greatest delight
Was his big appetite
For sparrows from feathers to fat.

Old Tiger was out for the birds every day
And never was quite satisfied
Till he went fast asleep,
Curled up in a heap,
With a fat little sparrow inside.

For years and for years the sparrows essayed
To do up their feline foe;
But the Tiger kept on
In the way he had gone
And the sparrows had no sort of show.

Till at last by a stroke of straight sparrow luck
There entered upon the scene,
One Rags, a bull pup,
With his visage turned up,
And he went for the cat on the green.

The birds were delighted and so was the pup,
But Tiger could find no delight
In fighting to get
The birds that he eat
To solace his appetite.

He wasn't a fighter except in defence,
But the pup was a gusher galore,
And Tiger soon found
That his bird hunting ground
Was scarcely the same as before.

The pup and the cat had many a round,
And the sparrows all stood for the pup,
Till not long ago
The pup had the show
And the jig of old Tiger went up.

One morning the sparrows descried him dead,
And they raised such a din of delight
That the cop on the beat
Ran off of his feet
To bring the Reserves to the fight.

Every sparrow swooped down on Tiger's remains
And they pecked and they clawed at the same
So savagely glad
That the bull pup grew sad
And rebuked them, remarking, "For shame."

But little they recked o'er the ruin he'd wrought,
While ripping the dead Tiger up.
And sad to relate
They propose to create
A saint of their friend the bull pup.

Solid Comfort in Old Washington.
By Stanley H. Hopper.

AN ANTELOPE'S BATTLE FOR HER FAWN

Reminiscences of an old Plainsman

BY HOWARD EATON.

The Bad Lands of North Dakota were famous hunting and trapping grounds for many years.

When Sitting Bull laid down his arms he asked that he be given a separate reservation for his warriors, pups and pappooses, and that the Bad Lands should be the center of his stamping ground. Up to the time of the ghost dance excitement, the old chief and a number of bucks, with their families and other live stock, hunted along the Little Missouri river every fall. Nothing escaped when they surrounded a wood or thicket. Anything inch high, or minute old, went in those hunts.

Game was plentiful. Buffalo, elk, mule and Virginia deer, mountain sheep, antelope, silvertip and cinnamon grizzlies, wolves, coyotes, badgers, lynxes and cats, otters, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, sage and pintail grouse, golden and bald eagles, ducks, geese, sandhill cranes, jack rabbits and cottontails, with a few cougars, made up the game list. Now it is composed mostly of stud, draw poker and sevenup.

Indians, coyotes, wolves, rattlers and prairie dogs are always in season; but most of the other game is gone forever. In '84 a wolverine was killed on the river, but it is the only one I have ever heard of here. The buffalo were wiped out in '83, although one cow was killed in '84. The elk lasted until '90. Some mule deer are still in the hills, and more Virginia deer in the bottoms. A few sheep and antelope and still fewer bear are left.

In 1899 the Legislature protected sheep and antelope for 5 years, and in 1901 put sheep on the retired list and protected antelope until 1911. If that law had been enforced, we should have some game to show in a few years; but between permits to visit the Crows, Cheyennes or Gros Ventres, and hunting permits, the Sioux make a clean-up yearly. In '98 Indians, mostly Standing Rock Sioux, killed 21 wagon loads of antelope in 3 weeks' hunting. In '99 they made a big killing, while in 1900 one party of bucks had 65 antelope in their camp.

The region is nearly 200 miles long and 60 wide, so one game warden can not cover the ground, and as the Indians hunt in bands, it is tough on a lone Christian who tries to stop the deal.

After the buffalo were wiped out, antelope in herds of 1,000 to 5,000 covered the range. At Stoneville the price for an antelope saddle with skin attached was 90 cents.

In the winter of '84 and '85 a Russian count visited the Marquis de Mores. The marquis furnished a hunting outfit complete, and the Russian hired Vic Smith to hunt with him. Vic got the meat to sell and the count got the heads. In a few weeks they killed over 400 antelope.

Along in June, '94, I was out with the men gathering a bunch of horses near Rainy Buttes. Antelope were still plenty, and we saw many does and fawns daily.

One evening, shortly before sunset, I saw a sight never to be forgotten. Just from habit I had counted the antelope we had seen that day, and up to about 6 p. m had tallied 28. I was riding with one cowboy, and as we swung over the shoulder of a flat butte we rode into a saucer shaped hollow about 80 yards in diameter. I saw antelope number 29 across the valley, and a little higher up on the butte stood number 30. Just then the latter spread its wings and sailed off—a big old golden eagle. Number 29 was a sure enough antelope. She stood gazing at us until the eagle sailed near her. Then, to my surprise, she ran at him, jumped high and struck viciously with her foreleg. I had never seen such a sight before, so rode toward the spot and watched her chase the eagle as he circled, striking at him whenever he came low. When she struck, the bird sailed higher and circled, never going far away.

It flashed on me that the eagle wanted fawn for supper. I ran my horse toward the fight, and when 200 yards away a fawn raised his head above the grass. When he saw me he tried to jump up, but floundered so I knew his back was hurt. I was within 50 yards when the eagle made a last swoop at the fawn, but the brave doe got there first, jumped at him and chased him away.

The poor little fawn tried hard to get up and run, but his back was hurt too badly. When I picked him up he cried like a baby, the most piteous bleat, and the doe ran to within 20 yards of us. The eagle heard the fawn cry and sailed within easy shot gun range, but the brave little mother chased him again.

An antelope fawn has eyes so soft and pitiful that they and that appealing bleat will make a man go hungry a long time before killing one of those prairie babies.

I found the claws of the eagle had lacerated the little fellow's back so wickedly, and especially just over the kidneys, that it would be well nigh impossible to save his life. It was during the hot weather, and the kid being so young and having so little vitality, inflammation would be sure to set in. I therefore adopted the only human remedy and put him out of his misery as quickly as possible.

As we rode away the poor old doe followed us nearly to the ranch. Then she stood on a hill until we entered the corral. I would gladly have restored her young to her, safe and sound if possible, and would have saved her from any such contest with possible enemies in the future if she could have trusted me; but her fear of her ancient enemy, man, was too great to permit her to go home with us.

If some of the 2 legged brutes who are so fond of slaughtering wild animals could have seen that timid, gentle mother battle with the eagle in defense of her young as we saw it, their hearts would certainly have been softened even though inured to acts of butchery, and thus they might be more temperate in their use of lead when next they started a bunch of antelope.

TO PAMLICO SOUND FOR DUCK

A Hard Luck Story

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER

The five great Sounds of North Carolina were apparently at one time a part of the ocean, and it needs but a small tidal wave to overflow and overwhelm the sand bank that for a hundred miles, separates the sea beach from the shore of the Sounds, to make old ocean regain her lost territory. The Currituck, Albemarle, Chowan, and Pamlico Sounds are themselves barred by two swamps from each other, and continuous navigation is only by canals that give access into each, and make uninterrupted, inland navigation for nearly 200 miles.

There are many fresh water rivers pouring into these sounds, and scores of small villages and hamlets crown their banks, which, were it not for the outlet to Norfolk, Newberne, and Wilmington, would perish from simple inanition; for there is no back-country to support, with its garnered grain, any organized community. All merchandise is either the product of ocean or river and such as can be transported by water. Roads, turnpikes or railways are impracticable, for the whole section is but a vast swamp, alternated by soggy bottoms and miry woodland. The chief exports are pine and cypress timber, rafts of which are hauled by steam tugs through the narrow canal and broad sounds to market. Fish is the great staple of trade, as well as oysters and wild fowl; and every native is a fisherman and gunner combined. They work in the spring and summer with the net, and in the fall and winter with the gun. They are all splendid shots by inheritance as well as practice, and although the North Carolinians living along the eastern coast are wretchedly poor, their wants are simple and they have no trouble in keeping the household pot boiling all the year round. The women are very industrious, but the men are constitutionally lazy, and like the Indians, look down upon labor, and permit the squaws to do all the drudgery. Higher up on the rivers, where the larger farms are, the condition of the people is different; there can be found men of means, who live liberally, and whose hospitality has become widespread.

The water of these Sounds is slightly brackish; for in the Chowan and Pamlico Sounds there is an inlet through which the saline water of the ocean mingles, making a mixture that is neither one thing nor the other; and where the wild fowl which haunt either the brine or the fresh water, can find suitable food, though the quantity and quality of wild fowl is markedly different from that of the sounds, for farther South, the water deepens, and the wild celery grows less. Then, again, where the ocean flavor is strong, this esculent, that the Canvas-back and Redhead are so fond of, is killed by the saline properties.

Several years ago I learned that the Pamlico lighthouse, situated on a large marsh just where the Pamlico river empties into the Sound, was about to be abandoned by the Government, on account of the rapidly increasing shoals in its vicinity. Inquiry at the Treasury Department confirmed the truth of the rumor, and I immediately wrote down to the natives of that vicinity, asking if the place afforded any sport in the way of wild fowl. In answer, supported by the statement of the lighthouse keeper, they assured me the gunning was excellent. So I appeared before the lighthouse board, and made application to have the property turned over to me for a shooting resort; and backed by strong naval friends of rank this was done.

Making a visit in the summer, I found the buildings were built of brick, solid and substantial, the tower large and commodious. I was much pleased with the spot especially as it was almost inaccessible, for gunners could not get within miles of it.

I returned to the city and formed a club of enthusiastic sportsmen, who anticipated royal sport in the coming winter.

Never was a party so completely fooled. Four of us opened the campaign as soon as the cold weather set in, by starting off with enough ammunition and supplies to run a garrison.

We had to leave Norfolk in the Newberne steamer and travel 150 miles through the canals and sounds. It was a most tiresome journey. The novelty soon wore off. The boat proceeded at a snail's pace, often getting aground in the canals, and frequently waited hours for the long rafts of cypress and pine logs, pulled by the sputtering tug, to get by without fouling the wheels.

It took all day and night, and then the steamer hove to within several miles of the spot, and we were rowed ashore. We came near being swamped a dozen times.

The next day was spent in getting our traps ready and stringing our decoys, and before day the next morning, we were off.

About 9 o'clock that night we reached the lighthouse, tired, mad, broken down, and as utterly disgusted a set of men as 'twere possible to find. A dozen ducks constituted our spoils, and each told the same story: No canvas-back, redhead, mallard, spoonbill, nor anything except a few brant and a straggling black duck.

We had a plain talk with the keeper and learned the reason.

Right across the Sound some fifteen or twenty miles was a great inlet, called Orinoke, where twice every twenty-four hours the ocean billows swept in and salted the water brought into the Sound by the Pamlico river, so that it was alternately brackish and saline. Not a mild mixture, but decidedly strong. As there were no flats nor banks, of course the brant did not congregate there, and there was nothing for other varieties of wild fowl to feed upon.

Another day in the blinds brought forth no better results, and two of our party determined to start for home, and not wait for the steamer Manteo, which passed, outgoing, once a week.

The only way to strike civilization again was to get the keeper to take them in a sail boat to Newberne, some sixty miles distant, from whence they could take the cars for the North.

It was a long and uncertain trip, and if the wind should change, or a nor'-easter set in, there was no telling when they would arrive; but go, they would, and for a $20 bill the keeper said he would try it.

My comrade, Geo. Randall, after consultation, determined to remain with me; a conclusion we both bitterly regretted when too late.

The following morning dawned clear and fair, with a most favorable breeze, and they started, leaving at the lighthouse, Randall, myself, the keeper's wife, a boy about twelve, and Nancy, a buxom damsel from the mainland, who had come over to cook and wait upon us, and run the house.

The nearest settlement to the lighthouse was Goose Creek Island, some ten miles away; a swampy, piney place that boasted of several hundred natives, who lived almost as isolated from the world as the inhabitants of the lone isles scattered about the Pacific ocean.

They are a sociable set, as we found to our cost, and with about as much delicacy as a Piute Indian. We had come well prepared for the trip. One large box held the ammunition, which we had fondly hoped to use knocking over the wild fowl that imagination pictured in immense flocks. Another hamper contained provisions: meats, canned goods, and groceries, while a ten-gallon keg contained as fine a grade of Malaga wine as was ever fermented in the tropics, besides a demijohn of the ardent.

Our intention was to stay a month, and we all thought our supplies would be amply sufficient. Had we known the character of the Goose Creek Islanders, we would have chartered a steamer, armed her with carronades, hoisted the American flag, and treated them as pirates.

About two hours after our friends left, we descried a small flotilla of sailing boats making for the island, and Nancy informed us that the natives were paying us a sociable visit. We welcomed them at the landing, and Shades of Laveter! what a set. Fully a dozen, each having the same characteristics: tall, slab-sided, and bony. There was not enough fat among the whole crowd to make a single rotund man. Their faces were sallow from countless attacks of ague fever, their eyes dull, their noses long, their mouths wide with a gutter on either side, worn by the dripping tobacco juice. Their hands were horny and knuckled, and their feet enormous. They were men of few words, and after a grunt and a nod, sank into an impassive silence. An invitation to drink started the whole crowd as if touched by an electric battery. No bar-room hanger-on could advance with such alacrity on an invitation to "walk up and take something." They literally charged on the house, and each man filled his glass to the brim. Then they coolly hauled in their boats, took down the sails, made themselves at home, and actually remained at the lighthouse two days, eating and drinking, in a way I never believed possible for mortal man to do. Camels, it is said, have three stomachs, but these Goose Creek Islanders can stow away more in one stomach; and when it came to filling twelve, our provisions soon melted away. I doubt whether any of them ever had such a long continued feast before. They gulped down oysters by the can, potted meats, sweetmeats, sauces, condensed extracts of beef and mutton, washing it down with copious libations, and in forty-eight hours they had cleaned us out of everything, and only a pile of empty cans and drained kegs were left, which they looked at sullenly, wiped their mouths on the back of their hands, slouched out and silently hoisted sail and departed for their homes, where we devoutly hoped every mother's son of them might have an attack of cramp colic.

George Randall had been a gallant soldier in his teens, in the Black Horse cavalry, and later, a miner in the far West for thirty years; after he had made a fortune he returned to his native State, Virginia, to spend it. He had that wild Western hospitality, which shares his ranch and bottle with his guest. But even he was outraged.

George was not a temperance man, and when he examined the keg and the demijohn and thought of the future, his composure was greatly ruffled, and he denounced the gang in terms both loud and eloquent.

For several days thereafter, the weather being fine, the boy Gus hoisted the sail of his boat and we headed for some prominent point where we would place our decoys and sit in weary vigil over them until night, occasionally bringing down a stray black duck or a brant. Only once did I have any kind of sport. Gus and I went off, leaving George at the lighthouse, where, he said, he preferred to brood alone; but in reality, attracted by Nancy's black eyes and queer vernacular, albeit her ideas were few, and but illy expressed. But, oh, horrors! Nancy played the accordion and sang! The instrument was an old, battered family heirloom, half of the stops refused to sound, and the balance wheezed, shrieked and groaned, whistling in such a way as to give a timid man a congestive chill, or a nervous woman convulsions.

Nancy had naturally a sweet voice, but her repertoire was limited to a few camp meeting hymns. The worst of it was, the voice was only heard at intervals, for the erratic instrument went off by fits and starts, and howled like a demon undergoing torture. As the keeper expressed it, "like it was a goin' to bust its wind."

George hinted to Nancy that it gave him the nightmare, but Nancy knew nothing of hints, and had often been complimented on her playing, by her rustic beaux, so every evening, after her day's work was done, and we drew near the fire, out would come that infernal accordion, drowning even the noise of the beating billows outside.

As I was saying: Gus and I rowed out in the Sound about ten miles to Porpoise Island, and took position on the extreme end, and surely Nature intended this very spot for a blind, for the island tapered off to an acute point which ran far into the Sound. On the end was a clump of grass that served perfectly to conceal the gunner. Our decoys, some 200 in number, made a gallant show. Out in the Sound were scattered duck, but no flocks. Taking position, I directed Gus to conceal the large boat higher up, and to take the light skiff that we had brought in tow, and make a wide detour and slowly drive them toward the point. Gus begged me to loan him one of my guns, as he said, "to get shut of the cripples." I promptly declined, knowing that if Gus had anything that could shoot, he would chase every duck away, within twenty miles of the Sound.

His face fell, but he departed on his errand, and soon a light breeze sprung up, and I sat and watched the decoys. They were beauties, made at Havre de Grace, Md., and most of them were new. I had placed them to ride freely without coming in contact with each other, and each duck breasted the ripples like a veritable thing of life.

Half an hour passed and I was getting tired of doing nothing, when two pintails came paddling up to the decoys. I knocked them both over, but as the water was five feet deep I could do nothing but wait for Gus with the skiff. I could see him about a mile distant, lying flat in the boat, and using the creeping paddles as I had instructed him. There were many scattered ducks heading for the point; they came up fearlessly, and I scored two more. I could see that they had never been shot at, for they had advanced straight as an arrow, when disturbed in their feeding.

Again and again, little groups of two to a half dozen swam fearlessly up to the decoys, and in all my experience, I never saw the like, or had such poor sport in wild fowl shooting.

After a dozen shots the sporting fever left me entirely, for in no instance did the ducks fly; they simply swam up and were shot down. There was about as much exhilaration in it as in sitting on the granary steps and knocking over farm yard fowls as they scratched for food in the ground. I soon wearied of it, and amused myself with trying the distance at which I could kill them with double BB.

I made some long distance shots, and only wished that I had brought my Winchester along, for it would have been splendid practice.

It was now well past noon, and the shooting was over for the day, and probably for some time; for these Pamlico Sound ducks seemed to have an invincible dislike to flying, and most likely few remained in one locality.

I signaled Gus to return, and getting into the skiff, we picked up the game. The birds were nearly all in the same spot where they were when shot, for there are no tides in the Sound, and no perceptible current.

Gus was made happy by my placing him in the front seat and giving him my light No. 10 to shoot the cripples, of which there were several, and he was so excited that he fired standing several times, and came within an ace of overturning the boat. It reminded me of a tale Charles Hallock used to tell, of old man Beasley, who lived on the Rappahannock near Port Royal, Va. He was over seventy, but still handled his gun well. Whenever the ducks arrived, he would take to his boat and get an old darkey to push him. He had a singular trick of throwing his body forward just as he pulled the trigger, so as to neutralize the shock of the gun, for he was exceedingly thin and spare.

One day he saw a big flock of mallards feeding. He put an extra heavy load in his muzzle loader, and taking his seat in the bow of the boat was silently propelled toward them. When within about sixty yards, the old man rose to his feet, cocked both barrels, took aim at the ducks and just as he pulled the trigger, remembering the heavy load, he gave his body an extra heavy lurch forward to meet the rebound of the gun. Now the old man was in such haste that he forgot to put caps on his gun; as he pulled the trigger both hammers clicked, and there being no recoil to counterbalance the impetus, he went head over heels into the freezing water and was nearly drowned before he could be hauled out.

The fine weather which had greeted our approach now changed, and old Boreas awakening in his cave, let loose all the winds that blow. A veritable tempest raged, and the booming of the billows as they struck the ocean shore, though several miles distant, were distinctly audible when the careening winds sank in momentary silence. At times, such was the fury of the blast that came sweeping unchecked over thousands of miles of open water, that we dared not open the door for fear of being blown bodily away. Great billows from the Atlantic, overlapping each other, came on in serried lines like a great cavalry charge, and the waves soon covered our low-lying island. The salt rollers swept and swirled around our dwelling, and every now and then the froth and spume would be driven through the cracks of the door and casements.

We did not feel alarmed, for the dwelling was of brick with unusually thick walls, which we felt sure could withstand any force from the wind and waves. Had the dwelling been of wood, it would have been a different matter; but as the house would shake from the buffets of the wind surges, it was no sedative to the nerves to know that we were cooped up in a building surrounded by raging waters. It is true there were two or three boats riding at anchor, but to have attempted to get off in them in such a howling storm, would have been suicide. So we sat glum and silent. Nancy grew frightened, then hysterical, and brought forth her accordion, and after a prelude, she commenced to sing a hymn; and sang it in such a way, and sent forth such blood-curdling sounds from her musical utensil, as to chill us to the marrow of our bones. As Nancy became more impassioned and unearthly, the wife of our host who was in the next room began to wail. Gus, as brave a boy as ever lived, snivelled in sympathy, and his dog (Gus called him dawg) came out from a dark corner, gave a yelp or two, showing that he was rising to the occasion, then returned and relieved his feelings by growling to himself. The fiercer the storm roared without, the higher the din waxed within; Nancy seemed inspired, and was a Sunday school, choir and camp meeting all in one; with her eyes set in an ecstatic stare, as if she already beheld the portals of the blest, she sang those hymns in a way little dreamed of by the author, and the accordion, never since it was glued together, had it been put to such a strain; it seemed to have caught the contagion and become possessed. It was a fair fight: the chrieking winds and the thundering billows on the one side, with Nancy and the accordion on the other—the blare, the clatter, the uproar, was something appalling. George, who had learned profanity in the mining camps of the far West, put his mouth close to my ear and yelled: "General Sherman said war was hell, what would he have said if he was here?" Amidst all the tumult of the elements, it is but fair to say that the accordion took the sweepstakes. From the inner bowels of that wonderful instrument there came such discordant tones as rarely ever split the circumambient air. The thing by turns bellowed, screamed, howled and groaned, and when Nancy put on extra power, it combined all the sounds at once; and then there was an infernal discord indeed. But even this was preferable to the tremolo that ran from a cavernous grumble to a paralyzing shriek which would end in a wail so startling that even Gus lost his nerve and dived under the bed, while the dog scratched frantically at the door in his efforts to get outside. George looked as if he longed for death. Nancy's arms were working like a wood sawyer's, and the wrapt look in her eyes showed that she was under the divine spirit and saw visions.

If this thing had kept up much longer we would all have been either raving maniacs or gibbering idiots, when all at once with an awful roar, it bursted its insides, and the only answer to Nancy's convulsive workings was a swish of wind. Nancy stopped suddenly in the midst of her hymns. The woman inside ceased her moaning, the dawg wagged his tail once more, Gus crawled from under the bed, the wind outside slackened, the waters subsided, and George and I shook hands solemnly. There was a doubt in both our minds as to which emotion was stronger: joy, because the long drawn-out agony of that infernal accordion was hushed forever, or relief, from having been delivered from sudden death. There was no doubt as to the state of Nancy's feelings; she might have felt grateful because she was not drowned, but grief, genuine unadulterated grief, over the wrecking of the family heirloom was all absorbing; she gave way to a fresh burst of tears every time her eyes fell on the nurtured, bursted instrument. "What will the folks at home say," she moaned. "We can't sing hymns without the 'cordion."

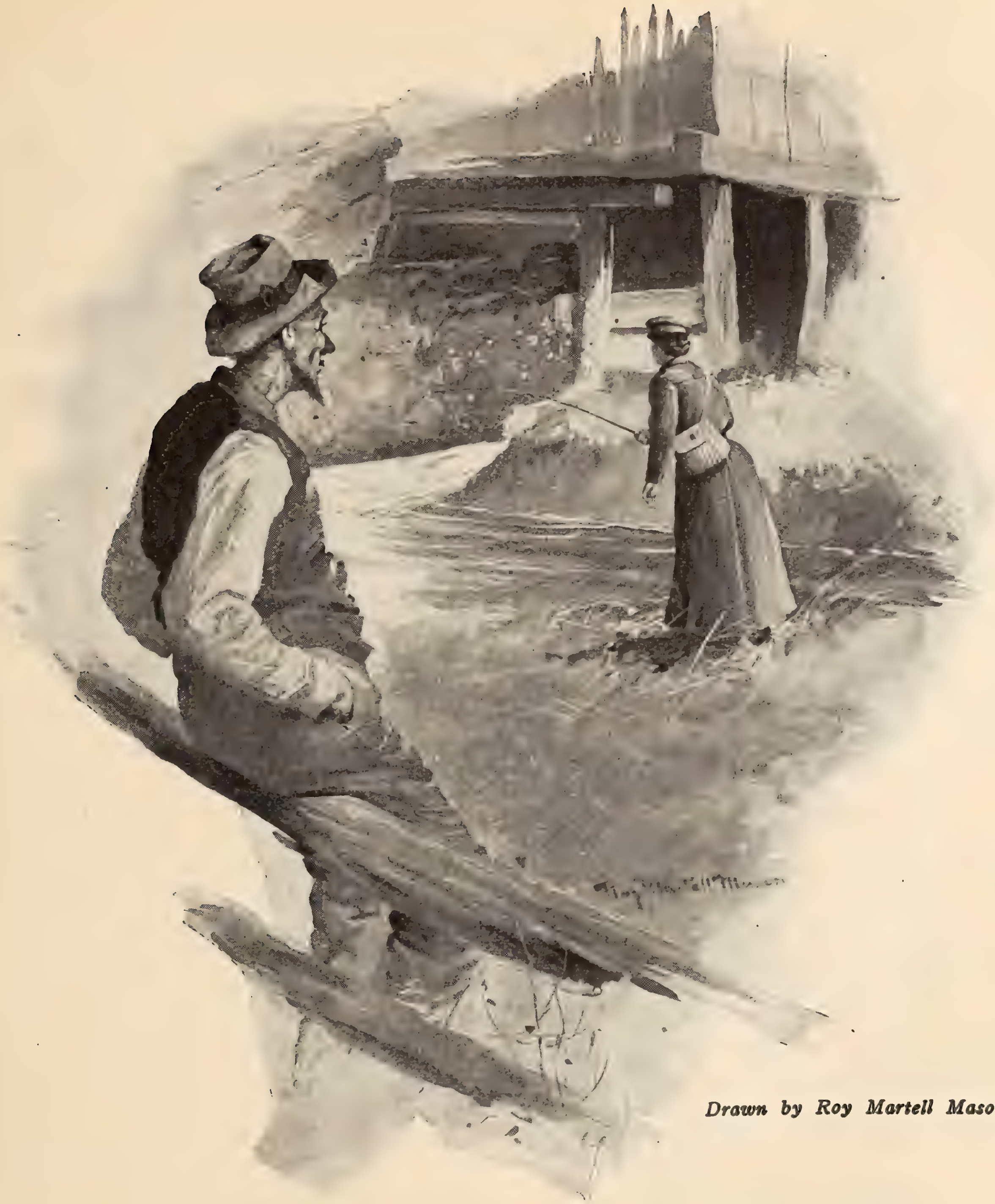
Gus cheered her a little by remarking that he knew a blacksmith who could patch up her innards.

The next day a revenue cutter steamed up to the island and we were courteously invited by the captain to take pasage to Norfolk—we jumped at the chance, and as we steamed away the last sight we beheld was Nancy on the top of the tower, like Black-eyed Susan, waving her handkerchief to the vanishing craft.

WHERE JOY RETURNS

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS.

Just under the white birch trees,
  Close to a sentinel pine;
On the bank of a lake my tent is set
  And the joy of life is mine.
Morning dew and evening breeze,
  Starlight, shade and shine;
Song of bird and hum of bees,
  Tangle of shrub and vine;
Wandering wind and washing wave,
  Whisper of birch and pine;
Rustling leaf and flashing wing,
  And Nature's hand in mine.



Drawn by Roy Martell Mason.

A KINDLY REMINISCENCE

BY DUDLEY RUSHTON.

I kin recollect the time
When the brook wuz chuckling low,
The casts I made, the fish I caught,
With a gal of long ago.

RAINDROPS

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Knocking against my window pane—
Fell the drip-drip of the silver rain—
Like tears by an angel wept.
When a teasing wind came rollicking by—
And the raindrops fled with a farewell sigh—
But one in a rosebud crept.
It lay like a gem on her heart of gold,
And hearkened the tales that her lover bold—
Breathed to this blushing flower.
Then a sunbeam sped from his home on high—
And carried the raindrop up to the sky—
Where he wooed her for one short hour.
Silent—queen night, came creeping down,
In search of a pearl for her jeweled crown,
And she leaned o'er the sunset's bar.
There in a sea of amethyst,
She found the tear that the sunbeam kissed
And fashioned it into a star,
A glittering silver star.

A MIDSUMMER MISADVENTURE

BY MRS. JOS. S. GIBBS.

We went for our summer outing, my husband and I. We wanted to "rough it." We "roughed it." We wanted a new experience. We got it. Some one whispered "Canada, Muskoka Lakes district." We wouldn't let them finish the whisper. That sounded so easy, so "rough," so experimental. Besides we were too superior to listen to advice, or need it.

On our knowledge we decided not to carry any camping outfit, for in the wilds of Canada we could surely find all the necessities, nay, even the luxuries of life.

As the hunting season does not happen to begin the latter part of July, and we were taking our outing at that time, we foolishly, but as it afterwards turned out, fortunately, selected five guns from my husband's rack, and secured enough ammunition to blow up the entire Russian fleet. We really did have sense enough to take fishing tackle, particularly fancy bait, although we afterwards found that Canadian fish are not epicures, but, like the woodsman, prefer the daintier diet of salt pork. I mustn't forget the soap. We took enough to start a laundry for the woodchopper and Indian guide to appear in fine linen all the year round. To add to our excess baggage, my husband insisted on taking a flatiron, weight nine pounds. What for? To help with the laundry, I imagine. All this, and no camping outfit? Such is the conceit of superior minds.

So the three of us—please remember that Mac, our English setter, is one of the family and always goes with us—started for our destination; just where that was we didn't know.

Nothing of importance happened until we found ourselves at the end of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and on the Muskoka wharf. It was then we decided to board the boat and go to the most northern point of the most northern lake, to the end of the route, in fact.

I cannot describe that trip on the lakes. You'll have to go there yourself to see, to dream, to drink it all in. Islands, water, richest foliage, blue sky and beauty everywhere. Poetry seemed all around us; the peace and quiet was only broken by the songs of the water and the music of the trees.

But I was destined to take one fall from the sublime to the ridiculous, which so often happens in our little lives, for a sailor disturbed my content with, "Please, Mum, and your dorg have set in the red paint." Sure enough, poor Mac, in the desolation of the "hold" had transformed himself from English to Irish setter, from the waist down, if a dog can be said to possess such a proportion.

Gradually twilight stole upon us and the sun dropped to sleep as the great summer moon arose about us. Little by little as the merry, noisy vacation-seekers left the boat at the different landings, the glory and peace of the night increased and intensified.

But the journey had to come to an end, and at half after nine we landed. There is only one hotel at Port Cockburn, and we were indeed fortunate to find a vacant room, the last in the house. And how we slept!

The next morning we began energetically to look for a guide and a camping outfit. Neither were forthcoming. We begged, implored, grovelled. We were answered by a question, "Why hadn't we brought an outfit?" Answer, "Because, having a complete one, we had, with the wisdom of thoughtfulness, carefully packed it away in storage." Still another embarrassing question, "Why hadn't we written and engaged a guide?" We refused to answer questions.

But the proprietor of the hotel had a tender heart and, finally, pitying us in our childishness as "from the States," kindly offered to lend a tent. It eventually proved to be spacious and leaky. We had progressed so far and sat down to patiently await the coming of a guide.

It was not hard to wait. With boating, walking, and fishing, the time can't hang very heavily on one.

About the third morning there, four of us started to walk to Clear Lake, a distance of about a mile through the dense woods; great ferns growing as high as your waist and above; raspberries, juicy and luscious, just begging to be picked and eaten.

We followed what we took to be merely a trail—it turned out to be a government road. On we walked. Mile after mile with no break in the woods. No Clear Lake. At last we realized that we had lost our way. Midday was a thing of the past. Mac looked hollow. We felt as he looked.

Still we walked on. Good nature and a sense of experience kept us going. At last, about three in the afternoon, we saw a clearing ahead of us. Columbus never felt more thankful. Our spirits revived and we hurried on to sink down, thirsty, worn out and hungry, in the soft grass before the door of a simple, humble cabin. But the beauty and the pathos in that little home!

A quaint old woman greeted us. She was bent with years and work, but the spirit of the old-time courtesy remained, and there was a kind word for each of us and a hearty welcome. As she afterwards told us, they seldom saw "folks" more than four or five times a year. She and her aged husband had lived there for thirty-five years and had seldom been out of the clearing. One room downstairs and a half room above, it reminded one of a doll's house; no plaster, no laths; just the plain board walls covered with newspapers and hung with a few colored prints, cut from ancient magazines that had found their way to the little old couple after months of various travel. Everything was immaculately clean and we were graciously welcomed in that one little room where we ate, as for one, have never eaten before or since, good old-fashioned bread and milk.

When we had finished we wandered out of doors again and laid on the grass, surrounded by cultivated wild flowers and currant bushes. Everything was ours while we'd stay. Our host sat before us and told us of his life. He didn't fish and he hadn't a gun. Oh! no! he couldn't bear to see the poor happy wild things die. The fish owned his lake at the foot of the garden and the deer were his friends and companions, and the only living things they saw during the winter, when many times they were snowed in for months at a time. Besides, had we forgotten? They were God's creatures.

As if in answer to his plea, out of the woods at that moment there darted a fawn, with absolute confidence as to its reception. It stopped short at sight of the strangers, however, and viewed us with great, pleading eyes, and then as quickly turned and, quivering with fright, hurried back to the kindly shelter of the trees.

We were silent for some time: it seemed as if Nature was asserting herself in this simple old man and his wild friends.

But we couldn't stay there always, we must be going; but how could we ever leave? We felt we could never walk back over all those miles.

My husband stretched himself and left us with the assurance that he would hunt up a four-in-hand at least. He must have walked some three additional miles in so doing, but his efforts were at last rewarded and, late in the afternoon, we, who were patiently waiting, heard a rumbling, a fearful racket, and then his shout. Another moment and we beheld our chariot.

Description fails me. The four wheels were fairly well matched, though all the spokes were more or less distant cousins. On top of the four wheels there swayed what had once been a wagon box; its own mother wouldn't have recognized it now. A two-year-old colt and an old brown mare were tied to the front. I can't say harnessed, as the original leather work was lost in a maze of buckles, ropes and strings. One thing our coach sadly lacked—springs. There was a bit of hay in the fore of the rigging, and we of the female persuasion were packed carefully in. Mac, ever a ladies' man, crowded in between us. The masculine portion sat as best they might on the beams behind, the remains of the one-time floor of the box, and let their feet dangle none too gracefully through the openings.

We said good-bye to our old friends, taking as a parting gift, a small bouquet of flowers tied with a bit of red worsted.

We started. Have you ever driven over a "corduroy road?" Have you felt each log independently as you struck it—felt it intimately and personally? Have you been driven by a genuine native—one of the kind with whiskers before and behind, so you couldn't tell whether he was coming or going? But I want to say right here that the native could drive. Over ditches and down rocks, around corners and through ruts. I doubt if an expert driver of civilization would attempt, or even dare attempt, that road back to the hotel.

Within a couple of days a guide turned up and then began an experience I would not have missed, so full was it of amusement, happiness and danger. My one regret is that we had broken our camera on the way up and so lost many, to us at least, valuable pictures.

We drove to a place called "Partridge Point." An ideal spot.

It was a bit of peninsula, with one wagon road, a narrow river before us and a beautiful lake on either side. We were eight miles by road from our nearest neighbor, and three miles across the lakes with a mile to walk on landing. Beautiful trees grew all around us, young saplings, ferns and berries on all sides. There were no snakes and I could wander about in comfort. Here we pitched camp and while my husband and George, our guide, were busy building our domicile, and trimming the grass around us, Sandy, our coachman, Mac and I drove sixteen more miles for provisions.

We came at last to a general store. After ordering a wagon-load of eatables, the storekeeper refused to sell, the day being Sunday; but he'd fill our order and I could send the money over any time it was convenient. Oh! no! 'twas not that he trusted us, but he knew we had no way to escape without paying.

It was dusk when we returned and I found two very hungry men. Our big tent was up and George's smaller one in progress of erection. On one side was our stove and stone fireplace, a clothesline and table, our dining-room and kitchen combined, under the great pines. Inside the tent stood four posts, forked like sling-shots, through the forks of which were laid poles, and across the poles were green boards, split on the spot by our guide. They constituted our springs. Great armfuls of hay made a mattress, heavy blankets were the bedding, and boat cushions the pillows. It was now my turn to add my part and while the supper was cooking, I spread a pink mosquito netting over the four posts, hung a mirror on a tent pole, covered the pillows with unbleached muslin, turned a box sideways, the top to serve as a dresser and the inside as a medicine chest. On our steamer trunk I placed books, magazines, a case of ammunition and—a box of candy. In the corner I stacked our guns and hung coats, hats and raincoats on scattered nails. Then we sat down in our wooded dining-room and ate salt pork, brown bread and weak coffee with a gusto. Then to bed. And how we slept that night, regardless of a rainstorm and a leaky tent! My poor bones did ache in the morning, though, for I'm not accustomed to board springs.

What a merry two weeks! Delicious fish from the lakeside river, fresh berries every meal, a dip in the cool water at twilight, on a sanded bottom that didn't hurt one's feet.

It was in this retreat that I learned to shoot—at target or pieces of wood which our guide spent hours tossing into the air for me, my imagination turning them into real game. Then I grew bolder and aimed at a few sparrows, a chipmunk or a squirrel. Mac is so partial to a broiled squirrel.

Such covies of birds as we saw! Would that it had been the season! We were always coming upon them during our strolls through the woods.

But we also had our adventures.

It was a cloudy night and I was restless at the sultriness of the weather. I just couldn't sleep. So without disturbing my better half, I crept out of the tent and wandered about in the sweet-smelling fern. I had no fear. We were so far from civilization.

As I looked towards George's tent, where our supplies were kept, I saw what appeared to be two small lights. I sat on the rock near the tent and fell to wondering why George was sleeping outside, and if he was, why had he lit his lantern and left it there among the ferns, for so it looked. The lights fascinated me and I found my vision held fast. Presently the lights began to move. Why didn't George speak if he was awake, for he could surely see me? It was all too uncanny. Then silently and slowly the lights moved forward! I could stand it no longer and hurriedly slipped in beside my husband. Directly I heard footsteps about the tent. I felt I must scream. Instead I did the next best thing; I called out, "George!" No answer. Again; still silence. My husband awoke. He listened and he heard. Seizing the rifle that lay at hand at the head of the bed, he called to Mac, but Mac is a bird dog, and only whined and slunk nearer to the bed. So my husband stepped out alone. A moment of suspense and terror! Then bang! bang! bang! from the rifle! George was with him in an instant. I heard the breaking of the tall underbrush and the word "bear." I was alive at once and frantically called to them not to go needlessly into the thicket, where they would be at a disadvantage; a few more shots and then they listened to me and returned. We listened but silence had fallen once more. In the morning they beat the underbrush and followed the footprints. Some hundred rods away from camp they found my lantern and a huge, gaunt black bear.

There hangs his skin now. Need I say that I took no more nocturnal strolls?

Our vacation was at an end, On Monday we were to break camp. Sunday night one of George's heirs brought word that his "Missis" was very ill. Willingly we supplied them with whiskey, quinine and Jamaica ginger, and sent father and son home, a distance of six or eight miles. George gave us his word to be in camp by five the next morning to pack us up and off, as our chariot would arrive at nine. We were satisfied, and so he left us.

We anticipated a night alone in camp, just my husband, Mac and myself.

It was a perfect night. The moonlight reflected every fern on the walls of our tent with exquisite tracery. We retired at about ten, happy in our quaint loneliness.

I've always vowed that although I am the only daughter of an only daughter, there must have been a mistake and that I was intended really to be the seventh son of a seventh son.

My protector was asleep almost as soon as his head struck the pillow, but

I laid awake with that awful feeling of impending danger, growing more and more intense every moment. Finally the suspense overcame me. My voice was gone and in a strangled whisper I awoke my husband. "Something is moving outside, maybe another bear." He was very sleepy but to relieve my fears he crawled out, took up the gun and stepped to the door. I saw his figure straighten up on the instant and his voice rang out in the night: "Go away and don't come back or you may get hurt." The gun was cocked and ready for use, for there in the moonlight, not twenty yards away, stood two Indians. Stolidly, without a word, they turned and left us, as we too well knew, only temporarily.

There was no more sleep for us that night. We were dressed in short order and waiting. For what? Why had they come? Not to scalp us, that was sure, for the days of the tomahawk and Indian warfare are over. Then the truth flashed through our minds. They had learned in some way that our guide had left us; likewise they knew that we had guns and ammunition; they had come to steal. That was their object. It would be easy to overpower one man and frighten one poor woman. No one would ever know who had done it, and by morning their canoes would have taken them far away.

A thousand other thoughts flashed through my mind. I watched the walls of our tent and thanked my Creator that it was moonlight and all objects were as shadow pictures on the canvas. For in my mind I had visions of those two Indians crawling, one on either side of the tent, and as one would surprise my husband, who would turn to the attack, the other would seize him from behind.

Silently we sat in the doorway and watched. My husband with his shotgun loaded, and I directly behind him with the rifle ready for him on the instant, the box of ammunition beside me for reloading, and the three other guns all ready for active duty.

An hour or so passed. The dreadful quiet continued. And then directly before us, peering from the thicket, I saw that hideous face and those two eyes. I bit my tongue to keep from hysterically screaming and touched my husband's arm and pointed. He raised the gun and fired, above that evil face. The head disappeared. He took the rifle and fired three times into the air. I reloaded. And again we waited.

Again, silence. I began to hate the moonlight and its tedious monotony. In the distance a loon cried out and a lonely hoot owl wailed in reply near by. Every moment seemed an hour.

Finally I stood upon a chair and peered out into the fern around us. Thank God I did. For there in the deep brush—oh! blessed moonlight!—crawled two human fiends. Between the teeth of the foremost one I saw the glitter of a knife. On they came; silently, stealthily, sneaking in the grass. I was frozen, paralyzed with fright. But with a mighty effort I pointed. My husband jumped to the chair beside me. He, too, saw. Like a bugle his voice rang out: "I don't want to kill you, but I'm going to hurt you." He had the shotgun. Report after report rang out from the Winchester. I saw the leader drop his knife and quickly turn and drop on his stomach. It seemed as if I was in the midst of battle. There we stood alone, my husband firing into space. Our enemy had disappeared. Then of a sudden we heard the soft paddle of an oar as a boat left the shore. Softer grew the sound, and we looked at each other for the first time. Had they left? The question went unanswered. We were afraid to stop watching.

I lit a match and looked at my watch. Three o'clock only. Would the night never end?

Then through the silent air came a sound that to my dying day I'll never forget. To-night I can hear it as it echoed across those lakes. Instinctively I reached up and kissed my husband.

The days of Indian warfare are over indeed, but the savage still remembers his battle-cry; so shrill, piercing, uncanny. I can never get it out of my mind. We felt that they had gone only to return with their friends. We knew now we were powerless. They had been angered. They could kill us in that lonely spot and no one be the wiser as to the murderers. Another awful yell! Then the silence of the grave. And I knew no more.

When I came to, after what seemed to my poor husband an endless unconsciousness, the moon was setting and the sun was rising; and earlier much than we expected him, George was coming towards us.

The night was over and we were alive.

When it was sufficiently light and I was sufficiently strong, we began our hunt.

Here at hand is a common hunting knife which the Indian had dropped. It lies on our desk. We tracked them to the landing. There we found blood. Some of our ammunition had done the work, and we had indeed hurt one at least.

We hastily broke camp and as soon as our chariot arrived, loaded and hurried to the Port.

There we learned that two Indians and their squaws were camping on a small island in one of the lakes, but that so far only chickens and vegetables had been missed. A party started for the island at once. They found the remains of a hastily broken camp, an Indian fire, and every token of a hurried departure. That was why they had not returned. One had evidently been wounded and they preferred not to take chances by returning, but to escape and put considerable water between themselves, the law, and us before morning.

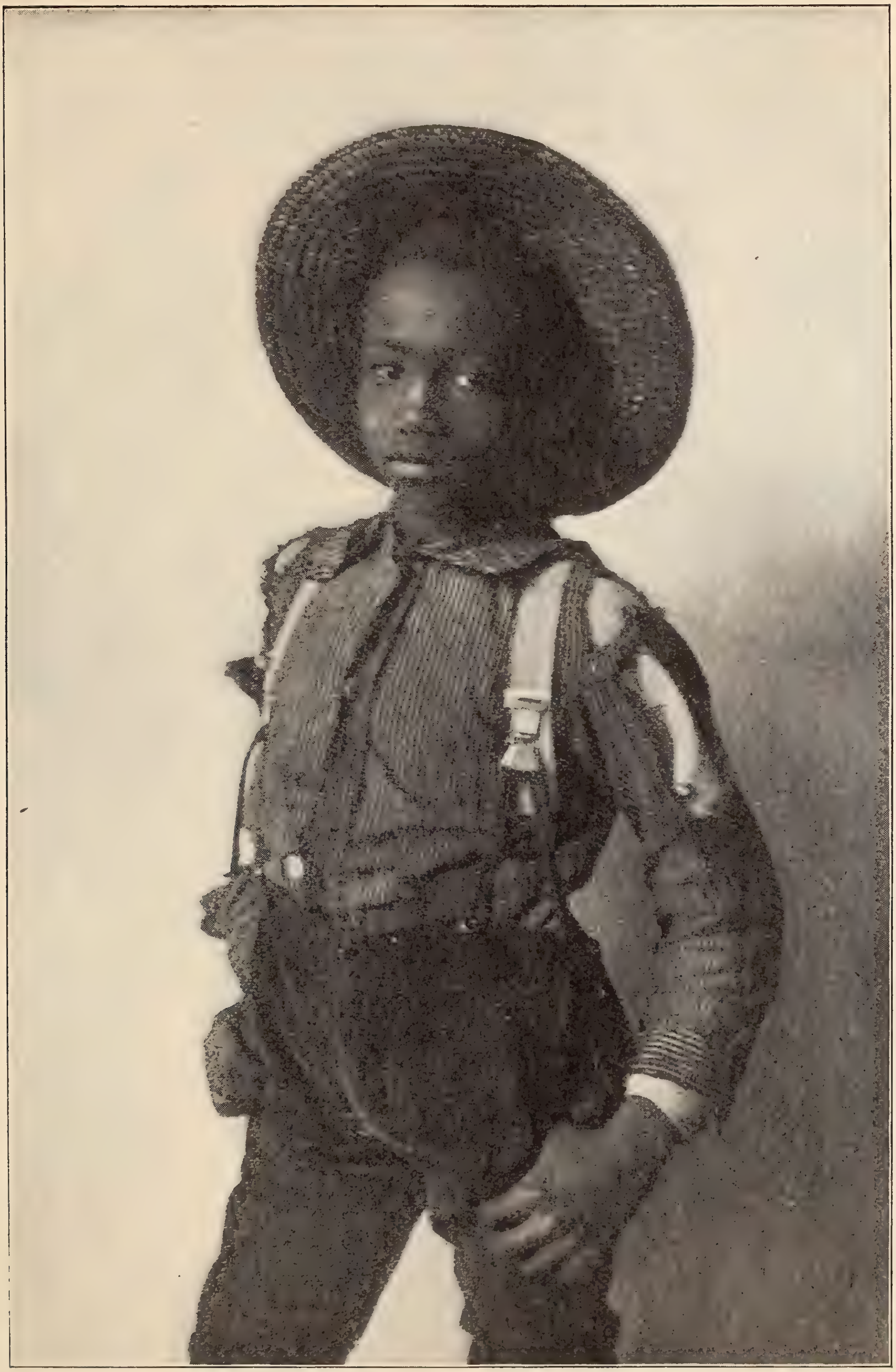
That was the last we heard of them, for we left by the afternoon boat, to the land of electric lights, crowded thoroughfares and policemen.

It was a most adventuresome vacation. Of pleasures manifold, of experiences—thank you, enough. Yet, now that it is over and we are alive to tell the tale, I wouldn't have missed it for all the Newports or Bar Harbors of the world, even if they are replete with safety and comforts.

A LESSON

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS.

I have drank of Marah's draft
Plucked the Dead Sea fruit for food,
Now the wine of life is at my lips,
I find it exceeding good.
Sleepless nights and toilsome days,
Strifes that sear and burn,
Ceaseless cares and endless fret,
Worries at every turn.
Gone like mist or morning dew,
While I from Nature learn,
Lessons deep and grandly true,
The simplest may discern.



One of the "Inky Boys."
By Emma L. Williams.

SHORT VACATIONS AFOOT

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

In spite of the inventions of the age, walking still remains, on the whole, the best means of transportation to Nature's heart. There is no forest glen so remote, no mountain top so rugged, but the human foot may persist in the quest of it long after steam or electricity, the bicycle or the horse, has had to succumb. Furthermore, to the foot traveler, many a cottage door opens that is shut to those who go more pretentiously, and so he has an advantage in the opportunity to learn at humble firesides and at rustic doorsteps, many a bit of local plant lore that the writers of books have never recorded. Indeed, so wholesome a recreation is walking and so close does it bring one to the soil and its tillers, that we of America might advantageously imitate the *wanderjahr* of the old time German youth, who, his schooling done, was sent out from the home roof to travel afoot for a twelve-month for the educational profit to be so reaped. Better still, if we were to devote a week or two every year to such a return to Nature, walking each day along ways before untrodden by us, and lying each night under a different roof, learning directly from Nature's lips lessons which books can never teach us.

To be sure, the degree of instructiveness and enjoyment of such an outing depends much upon one's personal temperament. To gain the most from walking, one needs to be a lover of "the quiet life," for, like fishing, it is, after all, a recreation for the contemplative. It calls emphatically for that simplicity of mind which includes the ability to enjoy the day of small things. Its devotee finds a keen zest in the quaint talk of the roadside chance acquaintance, in every little happening by the way, in all natural sights and sounds and smells. He loves the fragrance of the new-mown hay, and the shuttle-like music of the mowing machine at work; the melody of the rippling runs, and the feel of the wind blowing upon his cheek. He delights in the sight of the sunlight as it sifts downward through the layered branches of the hemlocks, and in the shadows as they rest for a moment in the lap of the hills or drift across some upland meadow where the red lilies dot the tall grass. Such things have the power to lift him for the time out of a world where the almighty dollar reigns, into God's world where the coin of the spirit is current.

Such knowledge as the present writer has of plant life, has largely been obtained from devoting for a series of years his annual summer vacation of two weeks to rural pedestrian trips, proceeding by rail to a suitable starting point and returning by rail from the walk's end. No one who has not tried it, can imagine the rare delight of day after day devoted without hurry to the study of the wild flowers as they grow — of exploring ravine or wood, bog or meadow, as fancy dictates, renewing old acquaintances year after year and ever making new ones.

The observation of plants with respect to their environment is an especially charming branch of nature study, and these vacations afoot offer peculiar opportunities for its pursuit. From even the commonest plants there is much to be learned; for instance, the sort of insect company they keep and the way in which they receive their guests; their behavior under varying atmospheric conditions, as sunlight and shadow, or at the different times of the day, as in the early morning and at nightfall; their methods of bearing seed and how these are distributed. Many a bit of knowledge under these and kindred heads is revealed to the watchful observer as he passes among the flowers in their native haunts, or sits among them while he rests or eats his luncheon.

Indeed, it is a frequent fault with novices in plant study to ignore the commoner plants and continually hunt after rarities, but the veteran comes increasingly to respect even the weeds of his yard, for he realizes as did the poet of the familiar "flower in the crannied wall," that they may hold secrets never yet guessed by science. Then, too, the knowledge of the popular names applied to plants in our country is still very meagre. The collection of these names with their reasons for being is a fascinating branch of folk-lore, and can be most conveniently done by the man afoot, as he chats across the fence with some rustic herbalist, or is given a lift by some old-fashioned country doctor on his leisurely round in his gig.

The best season for these trips in the Eastern States is, perhaps, early summer. Then the weather is apt to be settled, the verdure is still unaffected by the heat and drought that come with midsummer, and the days are the longest of the year. As for the region to walk in, one can scarcely do better than the mountains. There the air has a certain bracing quality that enables one to walk much further without fatigue than in the lowlands; and the flora, including as it generally does denizens of woodlands, bogs and glades, is varied and likely to be rich not only in everyday plants, but in unusual forms also. In selecting your mountains, however, you will do well to avoid as much as possible mining regions and those which the lumbermen have stripped. Such places are usually bare of interesting vegetation and their desolation cannot but affect your spirits, though a glimpse of them may be of value in the lessons which are so conveyed.

Having decided upon the scene of your outing, you will find it an advantage to buy a pocket map covering the region chosen, and from it plan the route for each day of your vacation. This will provide your walk with system, which will save you perhaps much aimless wandering. It is advisable to plan the route in such a way that each night finds you at a village or town where you can lodge at a public house. Putting up at farm houses wherever night may overtake you, sounds well in theory, but is open to the disadvantage that not every farmer wants to care for travelers and some that entertain you are disinclined to take payment for the accommodation. Either of these cases is uncomfortable. Of course, one may not be able to reach a hotel every night in sparsely settled regions, as in the Southern Alleghanies, where one may travel a hundred miles and never see a tavern. In such districts, however, there are always people who make a practice of entertaining travelers for a small charge.

A prime factor in your enjoyment will be a minimum of baggage. Therefore, it is well to carry with you nothing heavier than a light gripsack. In this may be packed necessary toilet articles, slippers, a pair of socks (in case of wet feet) and a gossamer waterproof for rain. Your manual of botany may be put in there, too, if it does not fit your coat pocket. A larger satchel containing such other articles as you may desire, can be sent a day or two ahead of you by express, and re-expressed from point to point, unless your walk is entirely remote from railroads, in which case the country stage will perform the service. As these hints are not for the professional collector of plants, your plant press may be left at home; but a small tin box that may be carried in the pocket will be useful for the temporary storing of specimens that have baffled your first efforts to identify, and which you wish to work out later.

The expense of foot travel in the mountains is never high, unless you follow fashionable routes in the summer hotel districts of such regions as the White Mountains or the Catskills. Even there, however, modest stopping places at reasonable rates are to be found. The cheapest country I ever visited, was at the same time the richest in floral interest, namely, Western North Carolina. There, from thirty to fifty cents will pay for a supper, lodging and breakfast, and as much buttermilk as one can drink at noon may be had for the asking at almost any cabin. That low rate, however, is exceptional. A dollar a day is the rule in unpretentious mountain districts, but as your lodging will sometimes be in the small towns where there are better houses, it is well to count on a daily average of at least a dollar and a half. It will save you some annoyance if you will carry plenty of small change, as it is possible to embarrass a whole township by tendering a five dollar note to be broken.

Conspicuous styles of dress, such as golf suits and pedestrian outfits evolved from the fertile brain of some city tailor, are best avoided in backwoods rambles, if you want the people to receive you on equal terms. That they shall so receive you is to contribute no small part to the value of these outings; for so do we gain in sympathy and respect for our fellow countrymen the lines of whose lives are cast in out of the way corners of the land and whose loyalty and patience and thrift are sinews in the nation's greatness.

A Little More Time?

THE CRUISE OF THE "HOBO"

The story of two Americans who made a seven hundred mile cruise in a sixteen foot canoe on the St. Lawrence. Two months of sight-seeing and pleasure at a cost of $50 apiece. First of a series of educational articles for RECREATION readers

BY E. C. HAMILTON.

With photographs by the writer

All through the spring and early summer, Brooks and I had been planning this trip, and now, every obstacle surmounted, we were actually at our starting point, Burlington, Vermont.

On our arrival, August 2d, from New York, we found the canoe, dunnage, and box of provisions awaiting us in the freight house. After transferring our supplies to the club house of the "Lake Champlain Club," where the manager made us welcome and extended to us the freedom of the club, we repaired to the hotel for our last night of civilization for many weeks to come.

In preparing for a previous trip, I had been greatly helped in making up my outfit by reading various accounts of experienced campers. While not agreeing wholly with any one of them, in almost every case I got new ideas. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I give a list of our general outfit and personal belongings:

A sixteen-foot canvas-covered canoe.
Two maple paddles, 5-3 and 5-6.
Lateen sail, area 23 feet.
A tent 7¼ x 7¼, with heavy rope ridge. This tent could be stretched between two trees, making poles unnecessary.
Two folding camp cots—weight, 12 lbs.
Two blankets each.
Two dunnage bags.
One nest cooking utensils, as follows:
Two kettles.
One frying-pan.
One coffee-pot.
Two plates.
Two soup bowls.
Two knives.
Two forks.
Two dessert spoons.
Two teaspoons.
Two cups.

These all fitted into the larger kettle and this into a neat canvas bag.

One dozen small food bags, for meal, flour, pork, etc.

One large bag to contain the smaller ones.

One axe.
Gun.
Fishing tackle.
One large rubber blanket.

CLOTHING.

Two sets of medium-weight woolen underwear.
Three pairs woolen socks.
One pair sneakers.
One pair karki trousers.
One paddling shirt.
One heavy woolen sweater.
One slouch hat.
Two bath towels
One waterproof coat, extending below the knees.
Two silk handkerchiefs for neck.
Two cotton handkerchiefs for pocket.
One roll toilet articles.
One small medicine chest.
Tobacco, etc., according to taste.

The cots may be considered a luxury, but anyone who has ever camped on Lake Champlain knows that much time and labor are saved by carrying a light cot. This also proved true on the St. Lawrence. In this region, balsam boughs do not grow on every bush, and the choice frequently lies between sleeping on the rocky shore or gathering boughs from a distance. The canoe was guaranteed to carry 750 pounds; we carried something over 350 pounds.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and after making a few additional purchases we proceeded to pack the entire outfit between the thwarts, covering the whole with the rubber blanket. We then dipped our paddles for the first stroke of our 700-mile cruise.

Port Kent, ten miles away across the lake, was reached in two and one-half hours, against a slight wind. Here we left our canoe in charge of the dock master and visited Ausable Chasm, which well repaid us for the time spent. The chasm is only three miles from the lake, but the short railroad which connects it with the Delaware and Hudson saves the walk. Upon getting back to the lake at two o'clock, we paddled three miles north and made camp on Ausable Point, where the river enters the lake, forming a large marsh.

We started early the next morning with a moderate wind which steadily increased, until by the time we reached the southern end of Valcour Island it was blowing half a gale and had kicked up an ugly sea. We should have stopped here, as this is one of the historic points on the lake. Off the southern end of this island the first naval engagement of the Revolution occurred on October 11, 1776, and on clear days the wreck of the "Royal Savage," one of the English fleet, may still be seen resting on the bottom. But the traveling spirit was on us and we hoisted sail. The breaking waves frequently came in over both gunwales as we tore along, there being only about five inches of freeboard. On reaching Crab Island, just outside of Plattsburg, we ran in under its lee and debated as to whether we had better try to cross to Cumberland Head, a mile and one-half away. This meant paddling directly across the wind, but as we did not relish the idea of spending a day in camp, we decided to make the attempt.

This run proved to be the most exciting open-water canoeing I have ever experienced. The waves were running four and five feet high and continually breaking before the strong wind. By careful paddling we avoided the combers until we were about half-way across, when we ran into waves which had an unbroken sweep from Split Rock Point, thirty-five miles to the south. Even here we shipped little water until we saw bearing down upon us an immense wave, which from my position in the stern I saw would break just as it reached us. I tried frantically to turn stern on, but too late. The wave caught us on the quarter, and picking us up, rushed us forward on its crest, then broke, filling the canoe half-full, the water pouring in over both gunwales. The probability of shipping another wave was greatly increased by the water that weighed us down and robbed the canoe of its buoyancy, and we were still a half-mile from shore. Balancing the canoe as much as possible with our own weight, we now gave little attention to the sea, but put all our strength into efforts to reach the beach. The overloaded boat made but slow progress, however, and we were still a hundred yards off when another large wave broke completely over us and I felt my seat sink from under me. Over we both went, but after taking a few strokes were agreeably surprised to find that we could just touch bottom. We rushed the canoe, which was full of water, in through the breakers, and when she grounded set to work to unload as quickly as possible. After getting the outfit all out and spread over the rocks, we found to our satisfaction that the canvas bags had made good and that nothing had been lost through our mishap. The canoe covering had been cut in several places from pounding on the rocks. After repairing these we spent the rest of the day in drying out that part of our dunnage which had not been protected from the water.

Dipped Our Paddles for the Other Shore

Lake Champlain can, I find, kick up as ugly a sea in as short a space of time as any body of water I have ever been on. Mr. Benjamin, ex-Minister to Persia, at whose camp we stopped on our return, told me that though he had traveled long distances on sailing vessels in different parts of the world, he had never seen as wicked-looking waves as he saw coming over the breakwater at Burlington one day in the late fall.

An early start the next morning enabled us to cover some thirty miles, reaching Rouse's Point, where we made camp north of the town with one foot in the States and one in Canada. Here we heard the first French, for though the town is three miles this side of the line, fully half of the inhabitants speak that language.

Early the next morning we paddled up

under the walls of Fort Montgomery, and after landing and going over the old ramparts, continued on up the Richelieu River to St. Johns. The river proved to be beautiful in a way, but the shores were too marshy to make good camping ground. St. Johns being twenty-four miles from Rouse's Point, this made a good day's work, especially as the wind had been against us all day. We pitched our tent in a little strip of woods about a mile below the town.

Here at St. Johns we found a fine canoe club. Much interest is taken in the sport, two race meets being held every year. In fact, this was the only town we stopped at where much is made of canoeing, and our canvas-covered canoe was, much to my surprise, quite a novelty. As we sat by our cheery campfire after supper, pleasure parties were constantly passing up and down the river, some in launches and many in canoes. All seemed to be having a fine time, and we heard their merry voices long after turning in.

As we did not know what might be before us the next day, we got an early start, and after procuring a "clearance" started through the canal. This clearance cost us 25 cents, and was a very elaborate affair, giving our tonnage as one ton, name of ship, name of master, destination and cargo; but with it went the right to be locked through, while without it we should have been compelled to carry around the locks, of which there were seven—one at St. Johns and six at Chambly, at the other end. There are twelve miles of rapids here, but they are too shallow to take a loaded canoe down, except in the early spring, so we were forced, much to our regret, to go through the canal.

After a paddle of half a mile, we reached the first lock. There were seven boats ahead of us, and as we did not care to run the risk of entering the lock with one of the unwieldy canal boats, we carried around it, and as the wind was blowing steadily from the south, hoisted sail and reached the first lock at Chambly in a little over two hours.

As we wished to see Montreal and the Lachine Rapids, we made inquiries as to the distance and the possibility of getting a wagon to carry us and our canoe overland. The Richelieu and the St. Lawrence here run almost parallel, so that it is only fifteen miles across country at Montreal, while the water route by way of the Richelieu to Sorel and then up the St. Lawrence is about ninety.

The lock-keeper agreed to carry us the fifteen miles for $3, so we struck a bargain and sat down to eat our lunch of bread, butter and apple sauce, while he went to harness his horse. When he finally appeared I doubted whether we should see Montreal that day. The wagon-box was exactly six feet six inches long by measurement, and into this we had to load our sixteen-foot canoe, camp dunnage and three men. We got there, but it is a fine advertisement for the Maine builders that there was anything left of the canoe. The roads were awful, but between my wrestlings with the canoe, to keep it in the wagon, I had opportunities to note the country and people.

Lake Champlain Can Kick Up an Ugly Sea

It is a marvel to me how England was able to take Canada, and after taking it to keep possession. The people, in this district at least, speak French entirely, and seem wholly French in their sympathies and customs. There were many French flags flying, the launches and boats carrying them and many of the boat-houses along the Richelieu.

We arrived at Longueuil, opposite Montreal, at three o'clock and launched our canoe on the famous St. Lawrence. As rain was threatening, we cast about for a camping spot, but the outlook was dismal indeed. Nothing in sight but houses and farms on our side and the city on the other. Finally, after paddling down about a mile below the town, we applied to and obtained permission from a farmer to camp in his orchard. After supper, the tent was invaded by about a dozen young Canadians, who kept up a continual jabber in French, while we did our best to entertain them; though I was not in the best of humor at the sight of five of them reposing on my light cot. However, as there was no way of warning them off with my limited stock of French, I had to trust the cot and guarantee which gave 500 pounds as its capacity. After a somewhat warm and animated debate as to whether our tent would leak in a heavy rain, they finally departed. Then Brooks, who had been giving an occasional groan ever since we reached the river, confided to me that on the way over the driver had persuaded him to fill his pipe with some Canadian tobacco, and he was now taking the consequences.

However, he was all right the next morning, and leaving our camp in charge of the farmer, we walked to Longueuil and took the ferry across to Montreal. After spending about two hours wandering about the city, we took "The Seeing-Montreal Car," fare 50 cents, and spent two hours in visiting the noted landmarks. This trip includes the ride around the famous mountain for which the city is named. From its summit a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. When one has but one day in the city this trip affords the best means of seeing the principal places of interest.

After dinner, a half-hour's ride by trolley brought us to Lachine, where we took steamer for the nine-miles' run through the rapids. The "Sovereign" was making the trip, and on account of her size the rapids were not so impressive. On Sunday, when the smaller steamers run, the effect is much finer. After supper in the city we returned to Longueuil in the evening.

Started away on our 180-mile run to Quebec the next morning with a hearty send-off from the farmer and his family. The son, a graduate of the Montreal Veterinary College, insisted upon our taking a glass of wine with him before leaving. Courtesy is a marked characteristic of the people, and in this they remind me of the mountaineers of North Carolina, among whom I have spent some time and whose hospitality is entirely unselfish.

Our camping-ground that night was five miles from Sorel. We had covered forty miles, due mainly to the strong current which whirled us along at such a speed that there was little resistance to the dipping paddles. Neither of us had ever been on the river before, and enthusiastic friends had prepared us for some fine scenery; but that first day's travel proved very disappointing. The shores were low and flat and lined with the houses of the poorer class, not even having the redeeming feature of being picturesque; while the islands with which this portion of the river is dotted and which we had looked forward to as promising camping sites, proved to be mere mud flats. It was with difficulty that we at last found a camping-place which did not form a part of somebody's front yard.

We awoke to hear the sound of wind-driven rain on the tent the next morning, but as there were no inducements to linger in our present dreary camp, we took a hasty breakfast, packed our dunnage and started for Sorel. Here we stopped long enough to get our mail and allow the custem's official to charge Brooks $1.50 on a suit of under-clothes worth about $2, and then started on.

After paddling about three miles, we reached the western end of Lake St. Peter. Here the river broadens out into a shallow lake, ten miles wide by twenty-one long. Camping time found us about four miles down the lake on the southern side, with the rain coming down in sheets and nothing in sight but marsh. It was certainly a dismal outlook, but after making a cold supper we decided the only thing to do was to push our boat through the rushes in search of a firm bit of ground with two trees for the tent. Paddling in as far as possible, we got out into water and mud up to our knees and pulled the canoe about two hundred yards farther to a small hillock of firm ground. Leaving the canoe here, after covering up the provisions, we shouldered the cots, blankets and tent and floundered on a quarter of a mile through tall marsh grass to a strip of woods. It had been pouring all day and everything was saturated, while the ground under us was little more than a bog; so a fire was out of the question. How we longed for the dry birch bark of the north woods! But, making the best of a bad job, we pitched the tent and after setting up the cots, crawled into our blankets. And it was a case of keep well covered up or die of the mosquitoes. I have yet to camp in the Barren Grounds, where they tell wonderful and awe-inspiring tales of the insect pests, but if they are any worse than the hordes we encountered in that swamp I shall take sheet armor when I do go. However, the man who can not make the best of such a situation had better not go camping, for if ill-nature be added to his other troubles at such a time there is little hope for him. Here our cots were not so much a luxury as a necessity.

The next morning dawned beautifully, and we pulled out in the wee small hours and waded out to the canoe, which we found half-full of water. Unable to have the consolation of even a cup of hot coffee, we filled up on the remainder of our cold beans and started, determined to get out of the lake as soon as possible. The scenery proved to be very uninteresting in every way. The southern shore, which we followed, was low and fringed with rushes for a quarter of a mile out into the lake, while the water, except in the steamship channel, which follows the north shore, is very shallow. We saw many ducks, but being good sportsmen, refrained from shooting. Made the outlet about twelve, after a paddle of sixteen miles. Here we took a bath from an old dock and then proceeded to cook a good hot meal of cornbread, flap-jacks and coffee, and even went the length of opening our one precious can of soup which we had saved for an emergency.

The current runs with great swiftness as it leaves the lake, so we had no trouble in passing the city of Three Rivers about four. Camped a mile below the city in a fine grove and spent a comfortable night in strong contrast to the discomforts of the night before. A large passenger steamer came to anchor just off our camp, and we could distinctly hear the music from her cabin. Three Rivers is half-way between Montreal and Quebec. The ninety miles we had covered in just three days, very good work considering our load; but the current had carried us along, so that paddling was easy.

The following day had a very pleasant surprise in store for us. We started at eight and after paddling three hours came suddenly on the most beautiful view we had seen since leaving Lake Champlain. In place of the low shores the banks were high and wooded, with several small villages in sight on high points, while off to the northeast appeared a low range of hills. Even the water seemed to take on a deeper blue. Here we stopped for lunch.

On returning from our bath we found the canoe high and dry and knew that we had reached tidewater at last. During the afternoon the canoe was carried along by the current and outgoing tide combined, and as we kept to the channel where the water ran the swiftest, made fine time. Some of the large iron buoys which mark the curves of the channel were carried almost under as the water rushed against them. Upon camping at five we found that we were sixty miles from Quebec.

The next day the shores continued beautiful, and were dotted every mile or so with pretty little towns. No matter how small the town in this country, there is sure to be a large church with a tall spire, and I became used to the remark from Brooks in the bow, "Another cathedral in sight." At noon I climbed the bank to a farmhouse and asked to buy a loaf of bread. The family could not speak a word of English, and I visited four houses before I finally found a woman who seemed to understand me. She disappeared, returning shortly with a large slice of buttered bread. This was too much. I knew the two weeks of roughing it had not tended to improve my appearance, but I did not expect to be taken for a tramp. Finally I secured what I wanted, but the loaf proved to be about two by four feet, and as it was out of the question to slice it, we had to cut it off in chunks. I found I must learn the French or rather the Canadian jargon for "How much?", and that quickly, or go broke. I offered a handful of change from which to select, but the woman attempted to take it all, and upon being repulsed satisfied herself with the largest coin in sight. Though both Brooks and I had a smattering of French, we could never make the people understand it any better than our English, and we learned later in Quebec that a Frenchman stood little more chance of being understood.

After paddling an hour against a strong head wind, with the tide also against us, we decided to land and wait for the ebb. Upon discovering a drove of cows, we so far forgot ourselves as to attempt to appropriate some milk without going through the very discouraging formality of a visit to the farmhouse. Taking a little salt and a pail, we tried to make friends with the bossies, but the menagerie would not stand and the champion of the herd showing unmistakable signs of fight, we retired in haste.

We started on the turn of the tide at two and made excellent time until five, when we camped. During the afternoon we stopped at a small village to lay in provisions, but could obtain nothing but a loaf of bread, the principal store being stocked mainly with candy and crockery. The town consisted of about twenty houses, each one having the appearance of just being taken from a bandbox. Then there was the ever-present cathedral, of a size to rival St. Patrick's, in New York. No one, with the exception of the storekeeper, could speak a word of English and would only stare when asked a question. Instinctively, I found myself looking around for the good Père and tailor of Chandere, the whole village seemed so like the one described in Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way."

During the afternoon we paddled along under rock walls seventy or eighty feet sheer from the water's edge. The river here resembles the Hudson, the bright and rugged shores corresponding to the Palisades. Our camp that night was just above the town of St. Augustine, thirty miles from Quebec. The tide had receded until the only water in sight was in the channel on the opposite side of the river. While I was cooking supper Brooks called my attention to several objects out on the mud flats; they resembled gigantic cranes as they ran along in a crouching position, stopping frequently and bending over. We were about to organize an expedition for the capture of one of these strange birds, when one of them straightened up and turned out to be a man. They were natives from the near-by village tending their eel-pots, of which they had about 500 set in long rows, and a native who visited our camp in the evening gave us to understand that they drove quite a successful trade.

It began to rain just as we finished our meal, and we were forced to turn in. As I lay on my cot writing, I could hear the rain coming down in torrents; but the tent was well pitched and with a good supper inside of me, and the cheerful light of several candles dispersing the shadows, we were content.

In the Old Primitive Way

What sensation can compare with that which steals over the camper as he sits by his campfire with the knowledge of a good day's work completed? He is taking care of himself in the old primitive way, paying no rent, being his own master, moving when he wishes and living a life perfectly carefree.

We had to wait for the tide next morning and did not get off until after eleven, but when we finally started the wind was in our favor and blowing strong. After five hours' sailing, with nothing to do but steer and enjoy the view, we rounded a curve and came in sight of the famous City of Quebec. It had taken us six days to cover the one hundred and eighty miles from Montreal.

As we paddled down the river we obtained the finest possible view of the town and citadel. Our canoe certainly looked out of place as we drifted under the sides of two British battleships anchored off the city. Below the town, we could find no suitable camping-place, as the outgoing tide had left a strip of mud several hundred feet wide along the shore. We were in a quandary, but finally hit upon the idea of applying to a canal-boat owner. This we did, and were fortunate in finding an obliging fellow who hailed from New Jersey. He had come up with a boatload of iron girders for the new bridge, and was to return in a few days with pulp wood for one of the mills on Lake Champlain. We hoisted our canoe and dunnage on board, and after borrowing a looking-glass removed with much labor the accumulated hair from our faces, then started out to find a restaurant. After wandering all around the town, we were forced to choose between a grog shop and a hotel. We chose the latter with many doubts as to our reception, as our camping clothes were not all that might be desired; but our fears were ill-founded and we obtained a very good meal. We then took to the board-walk in front of the Hotel Frontenac, and were the observed of all observers, as we were in our camping rig of blue shirt, karki trousers tucked into high moccasins, and slouch hat, while many of the gentlemen were in full dress. Finding a secluded spot, we spent the evening in watching the crowds, returning to the canal-boat at ten, where we set up our cots in the hold and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

For surprises and unforeseen events, give me a canoe cruise. It should surely teach one self-reliance, as you are continually encountering new and strange situations.

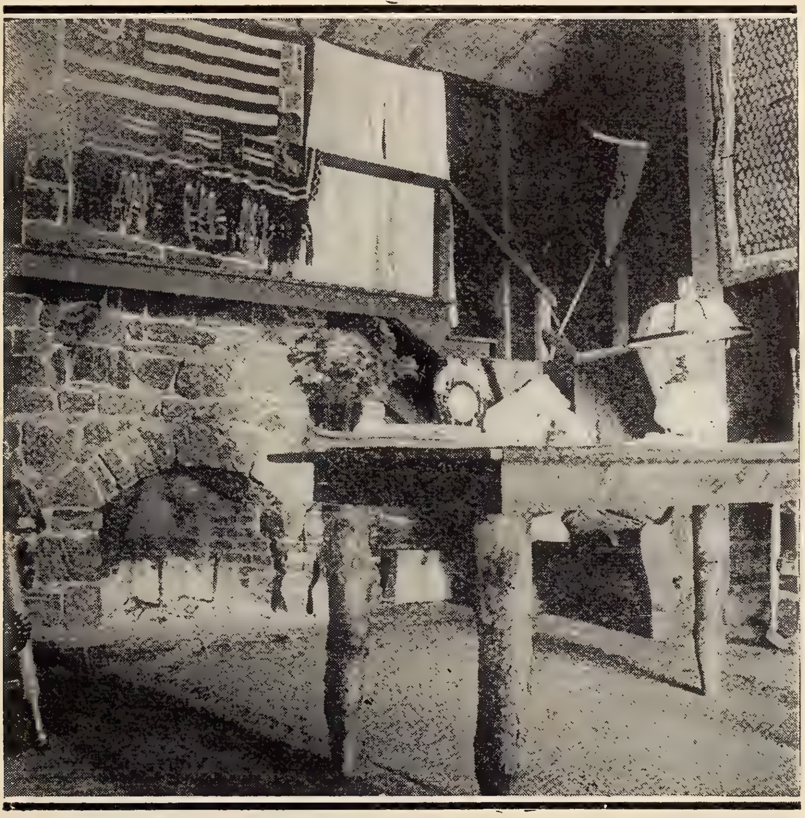
The next day we spent in visiting the points of interest, going first to the citadel, where, from the battlements, you obtain a fine view of the surrounding country. We next walked out to the "Plains of Abraham," and after seeing the monument which marks the spot where General Wolfe fell, came back through the Old Town, situated on the river front, directly under the citadel. It was the quaintest and the dirtiest place I have ever seen.

In the afternoon we visited Montmorency Falls, and walked up the river about a mile to the Natural Steps. Holt & Renfew, the furriers, keep quite a collection of animals here, which are well worth a visit, as are the falls about which I had heard very conflicting reports, some people going so far as to say they were as fine as Niagara. Though they can not for a moment compare with that cataract, they are very fine, and the visitor to Quebec who fails to see them misses a great deal.

We decided to take the steamer back to Sorel, as paddling over the same ground against the current would have been hard and uninteresting work.

Sorel is a quaint old town, and as we happened to arrive on Saturday, early in the morning, we had the pleasure of seeing the country people come in to market with their produce. Everything I saw here —the people and their customs—reminded strongly of Europe, and I could easily fancy myself in some small market town of France. Brooks here purchased some tobacco, which the farmers cure themselves, with the intention of trying it on some of his unsuspecting college mates. Judging from my own experience with the stuff, I pity them; but Brooks will be a sophomore next year and with this mild and fragrant weed in his possession should soon bring the freshmen to a realization of their total insignificance.

The trip of seventy-five miles down the Richelieu, we made in four days. The only place on the river that is worthy of note is St. Hiliare, where there is a mountain rising out of the flat country to a height of eight hundred feet. There are several beautiful country places along the banks, with some of the most beautiful elms I have ever seen.



All of the Comforts of Civilization

On reaching Chambly, at three o'clock on the third day, we obtained our clearance and determined to do the twelve miles of canal to St. Johns before night, if possible. There were no canal-boats ahead of us, so we got through the six locks located here in about fifty minutes. For an exciting experience one ought to be locked in a canoe. In this case, Brooks stayed out to assist the lockman with the gates, while I remained in the boat. Instead of opening the gates half-way, the lock-keeper let in the full head of water, and I thought our trip was at an end. The water came in with a rush and, sweeping down one side of the lock, dashed against the gate and swirled up the other side. I was caught in this rush, and using all my strength, barely saved the canoe from being dashed against the mason-work as the water whirled it round and round. Slowly—very slowly—it seemed to dawn upon the lock-keeper that he was not dealing with a canal-boat, and he closed the flood-gates half-way, after which I had no further trouble in keeping the canoe in position. After passing through the remaining locks, we covered the eleven miles to St. Johns in two and one-half hours, towing most of the way. This we did by the aid of our pack-rope, taking turns on the tow-path and in steering.

We reached Rouse's Point on the 26th of August, and after a short stop made for Isle Le Motte, where we camped. We had been rushing matters pretty well, and now decided to take the remaining month more leisurely, devoting more time to hunting, fishing and picture-taking.

On leaving Isle Le Motte, we worked down through the "Great Back Bay" across the "Sand-Bar Bridge," and after spending several very enjoyable days on "The Four Brother Islands," started for "Fort Ticonderoga," which we reached on the 20th of September. From here we crossed to "Lake George" and spent our last week on that beautiful and historic lake, enjoying immensely the beauties of the autumn foliage. As we sat by our last campfire, we fell to discussing the trip, agreeing that it had been both interesting and instructive. But we had not gotten away from civilization and had missed the trout, the fragrant boughs and the seclusion of the wilderness camp.

After disposing of our canoe and tent for a good price, we found the total expenses for two months to be fifty dollars apiece.

Pleasure Parties Constantly Passing

GO

BY R. L. FORTT.

When the voice of Spring comes calling
softly, silently, to you,
Don't try to think of other things for there's
only one to do;
So pack up all belongings, 'long with rod
and fly and creel
And enter into Nature—just see how you
will feel.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

DIGESTIBILITY OF VEGETABLES.

The object of a number of experiments recently reported by A. P. Bryant and R. D. Milner was to study the digestibility of some important classes of vegetables, but the results also throw light on the effect of the different vegetables on the digestibility of other materials in the diet of which they form a part. The potato was taken as representative of the most important class of vegetables in a large section of the country; the cabbage was selected as typical of succulent vegetables; and the beet as a type of roots. Apple sauce was also studied, because it is not infrequently used as a substitute for some vegetable, and because apples are one of the cheaper and common fruits; and one experiment was made with green corn, to learn whether it is as indigestible as commonly supposed.

The subjects in these experiments were 3 young, healthy men, with good appetites and normal digestive functions. Each of the articles enumerated above was eaten with a simple basal ration and the digestibility of the foods under consideration was calculated from the digestibility of the ration as a whole.

Of the vegetables studied the results with cabbage were the lowest. According to the estimates for vegetables alone, the digestibility of protein, 47.0 per cent., was particularly low. Considering that cabbage contains so little protein, and that at least half of it is nonproteid, the results for protein in cabbage are of little importance. The other extract of cabbage, designated fat, probably consists of chlorophyll and other matters soluble in ether with little or no food value. On the average for the 3 subjects, 82 per cent. of the carbohydrates was digested and utilized by the body. Of the total energy of the cabbage only 60 per cent. was contained in the digested material, and when allowance is made for the energy of the incompletely oxidized portion excreted in the urine, not much over 57 per cent. of the energy of the cabbage was actually available to the body.

Considering the average of the 3 experiments with potatoes, about 73 per cent. of the protein and 99 per cent. of the carbohydrates appeared to be digested, while the energy of the digested material was 94 per cent. of the total quality in the potatoes consumed.

Although the beets were not particularly relished, their digestibility was high in the experiments with all 3, the average being: for protein, 72 per cent., and for carbohydrates, 97 per cent.; while 90 per cent. of the total energy of the beets was contained in the digested material.

The factors of the digestibility of protein in the apple sauce were low; but the quantity of protein present was too small to be considered. Some fat, however, was present, as the sauce was made of baked apples to which butter had been added, and the digestibility of the fat, as estimated for the apple sauce alone, averaged 98 per cent. for the 2 experiments.

On the whole, the results for the digestibility for crude fiber were higher than might have been expected, though the materials were all eaten before they had fully ripened, consequently the cellulose may have been in a more tender condition and more readily acted on by the digestive juices. The highest factor was that for apple sauce, 95 per cent., and the lowest that for green corn, 60 per cent.

The conclusions which were drawn from the investigation follow: As far as sources of protein or fat are concerned, the vegetables included in these studies may be considered of little value. They do, however, contain carbohydrates, which the results of these and other experiments indicate to be quite well digested and absorbed; and they may, therefore, be considered as of value as sources of energy, a large proportion of which appears to be available to the body. The chief value of many vegetables, however, is perhaps aside from the nutrients or energy they furnish; they add a pleasing variety and palatability to the diet, supply organic acids and mineral salts, and give the food a bulkiness that seems to be of importance in its mechanical action in maintaining a healthy activity of the alimentary tract. Possibly the result of these conditions is a favorable influence on the digestion of other food eaten with the vegetable; at least such an effect was suggested by the results of some of these experiments. For instance, in the studies with potatoes and with apple sauce added to the basal ration, the digestibility of the total ration, including such material, was noticeably higher than that of the basal ration alone.

DEATH OF BUD MOOSE: HIS STORY

BY H. B. BROWN.

To capture a moose by the long chase, or to walk him down, requires, even with the best of tracking, more endurance and skill in woodcraft than the majority of sportsmen possess. The chase lasts at least 5 days, usually more. It is necessary to camp with only what one can carry; and on a trail lasting from early dawn until dark, day after day, this must include only necessities, each additional pound, even ounce, being noticed. The pursued does not stop to select the easiest route, but makes a direct course, which leads his hunter through swamp after swamp, and over steep ridge to still steeper. A mile of such traveling is more wearing than many times the distance under ordinary conditions. A fresh fall of snow while the moose is still far in advance may obliterate the trail, and the chase will end in fatigue and disappointment only. Still, it is a supreme test of endurance and skill in trailing, and, if one cares to make a hound of oneself, it is a legitimate sort of sport, though never destined to become popular.

On the other hand, to hire professional woodsmen to bring the quarry to bay, while one sits cosily in camp, or in a far away office, awaiting the message that the moose has given up his attempt to escape, and then to go where the victim waits and place a bullet through a vital part, at short range, is not sport. It is mere butchery. In former times, the mercenaries often crippled the victim, so it could not escape and they lose their promised reward. This, of course, caused the moose many hours and sometimes days of agony.

However, public sentiment has caused this method of securing moose to become rare. If, at times, a hunter appears who is so degraded as to wish to resort to this plan, he usually learns, by no uncertain words, in what opinion such as he are held. This change in sentiment is not the least of the good which has accrued from the agitation for more humane practices in sports afield. To those by whose efforts this result has been brought about, the congratulations and thanks of all true sportsmen are due. Such is the view of the long chase as commonly entertained by man. The animal pursued, and struggling to escape, also has convictions on the subject.

THE STORY AS TOLD BY BUD MOOSE.

It is 4 days since this flight of mine was begun; days full of activity and doing, yet how long and tedious! What a pleasant morning that was when, following the accustomed paths, I comfortably nibbled at the browse and bark of the tender, small growth with no thought that such a desperate struggle was in store for me. The November sun shone in warmly between the leafless trees, the fresh snow lay like a white mantle over the ground as far as eye could reach, a soft breeze whispered through the bare branches, and all was calm as only the heart of the forest can be. We had sojourned at the old resort on Spotted Spruce mountain for many weeks, and during that time nothing had occurred to mar the quiet of our *rendezvous*. My companions were of the male sex, like myself, but the season for rivalries and strife had long since passed, and we lived in harmony. To be sure, I surpassed the others in age, size and strength, and was easily the master of any of them in combat; but it is not my disposition to display my abilities for the mere sake of calling attention to them, nor to seek quarrels unless there be ample cause.

We had worked in our loitering way well up the mountain without hearing or seeing anything to arouse suspicion, when a whiff of the breeze brought to my nostrils the dread, smoky taint of man. This hateful odor has reached me many times during my life and always with the same effect. It sends a thrill of fear through me, hard to describe, yet different from that caused by the taint from any other being, and it is so repulsive that I always blow it from my nostrils as quickly as possible. The scent, by a caprice of the breeze, had failed to reach any of my comrades, but my blowings and snortings warned them of the approaching danger, and we all started to desert the threatened locality.

According to custom we left the yard in different directions and each selected a course for himself. I started around the side of the mountain, planning to continue on the high ground until reaching the Northeast slope, but had gone only a part of the way when the barking of dogs reached my ears and caused me to alter my course abruptly. Were the men whom I had scented accompanied by hounds, there could be no doubt that they had visited the locality, not by chance, but with preparations carefully made for capturing one or more of us. I immediately shaped my course down into the valley, and struck for a thick swamp, through which several brooks ran. If there were dogs on our trail, to cross this water would bother them; from the other side it would be possible to determine which track was being followed, and, if it were not mine, I could take my time to leave the vicinity.

The growth in the swamp was thick, and my wide antlers kept striking trees and limbs as I plunged along. When I reached higher ground, I paused to listen for some clew to the progress and direction of the chase. I was surprised to hear no baying of dogs, for, even had I been so fortunate as not to be the object of their cries, yet from my position I should have heard them, had they been following any of my former companions. No sound came to me, however; nor have I since heard or seen anything which would point to there being dogs with my pursuers. I was positive, though, that when I first started I plainly heard the baying of dogs; and the fear that they might be coming on my trail, stealthily and silently close behind, has not been the least of my worries during the past days.

I kept on toward the top of the ridge, pausing at times to listen for some sign of being followed. This came to me all too soon. A limb snapped sharply as it was brushed aside in the swamp, and I realized that it was I who was pursued and that my only safety lay in immediate flight. Still up the slope I went, at full speed, over the summit, and took a direct course for Tumbledown mountain. A small pond intervened at one point, and this I attempted to cross on the ice. Its covering of snow deceived me, and I was but a short distance from shore when the ice broke beneath me and I was plunged into the chilling water. The ice would almost hold me to climb out on, then suddenly would give way and again I would be soused; but, with never a thought of turning back, I fought my way desperately across and gained the opposite shore after a hard struggle.

I continued at my highest speed, up hill and down, fording and swimming streams, crashing through entangling blowdowns, and forcing a passage in obstinate thickets, until darkness caused me to go more slowly. I was tired, and many times I lay down to rest, only to jump to my feet, startled and trembling at some sound which reached me out of the night.

The next day I was beginning to get over my fright and to congratulate myself on out-distancing those behind me, when I was warned that they were still on my trail and not far away. I soon reached the first moose yard on Tumbledown mountain, and my warnings sent its inmates fleeing in all directions. I followed one of the fresh trails a way and diverged from it slowly, hoping that my pursuers might mistake my track and follow that of the other animal. He would be fresh and in better condition to escape them than I. This I did in every yard on the mountain, and have repeated in other resorts of my kind, but all to no avail.

To-night, after 4 days of effort to escape by every plan which has suggested itself to me, I can plainly see the glow of the fire around which my enemies are camped, near a little brook I crossed when the sun was less than an hour from setting. Many times to-day I have caught sight of the men who are so relentlessly following my trail. There are 2, and they are coming eagerly forward as if the journey of the past 4 days was but a pleasant jaunt. How weary the miles have been to me to-day! It has been only with a supreme effort that I have been able to travel faster than at a walk, and then only at long intervals and for short spurts. Were it not that perhaps they will attempt to steal on me in the darkness, I could obtain some much needed rest; but I must keep constantly on the alert. The days have been long and weary, but how much more tiring have been the almost endless nights of watching!

It is growing light in the East and soon my foes will be on me. Yes, I can hear them now, and must resume the weary march. I hoped to delude them into changing from my trail to that of another, and for this purpose have sought out yard after yard where my kind were congregated. Failing on Tumbledown mountain, I visited the Moose River range and went through many feeding places; but my followers have come steadily on and my subterfuge has availed nothing. The exertions which I have put forth have caused some of the heavy winter hair to drop from my coat, little by little, and, possibly, it has been this obscure sign on the snow which has aided them in keeping to the right track. Again, my foot has an unusually wide spread, and there may be some peculiarity in its construction which their keen eyes have detected. The dogs which have caused me so much worriment, have not put in an appearance, and I am inclined to the belief that their presence was an hallucination caused by the excitement of the start. Or was it that the men imitated dogs' cries to bother me, just as they have?

My pursuers are gaining on me, in spite of my best efforts, and I doubt being able to surmount this ridge before they reach that last one. I made a costly mistake in seeking the burned lands where only the contours of the country offer any cover. I wished to take advantage of the easier traveling which they afford, but I realize my error, and to correct it will follow down the next valley until I reach a growth which gives more protection.

Almost to the top, but they are in sight; they stop, a puff of smoke, a report, and something zipped viciously through the bushes at my heels. It is the death-dealing tube which they are employing, but for some reason it caused me no harm. Another missile strikes close behind me; now I am over the ridge, and, for the moment, safe. How thankful I am to see that growth of cedars and spruces only a little way below! Can I reach its protecting shade while my pursuers are mounting this hill?

I struggle toward it. If only I had the fleetness which until now I have always possessed, how easily it could be done. Oh! another report, and a streak of fire passed through one of my hind legs. It is useless; it refuses to perform its duties! What excruciating pain it causes when I try to bear my weight on it!

The green woods are reached, but the end is near! I will face my tormentors, and, whatever fate has in store for me, will strive to give a good account of myself, notwithstanding how unequal I know the contest to be. They draw near and see that I await them. What causes them to separate and come on me from different directions? Horrors! another shot, and both hind legs are now hopelessly crippled! I can only move with the greatest agony by dragging them behind. What do they say? One is to watch me, while the other goes back and sends a telegram for their employer to come? Will return with him in 4 or 5 days? Merciful heavens! am I to be kept in this torture during that period! Have they no hearts! Have they no comprehension of the suffering I endure! Did any animal other than man ever exist that could be guilty of such damnable conduct!

I am alone. My watcher, soon after the departure of his partner, built for himself not far away a brush leanto, and has occupied it while his fellow conspirator is gone. It has snowed almost steadily a day and a night; snow which would have saved me had it fallen before I was so completely disabled. Now, alas, it comes too late! My pain is constant, but a plan for speedy liberation has come to me, and I shall put it into execution when the night becomes a little darker. 'Tis hard to leave this world which has been usually so replete with pleasures and happy pursuits, but I am doomed, and now I can only hope to shorten this awful agony.

Never again shall I welcome the sun above the Eastern hills, never again enjoy the companionship of my dear comrades! Never again shall I send out ringing challenge that the lists are open and a champion awaits! To-morrow, if all goes well, this form will be stiffening in the snow, its life and energies departed, of interest only to the scavengers of the woods.

What shafts of pain cut me when I drag myself forward; but I must repress all moans and make no sound lest my plan miscarry. I can see the dastard's form recumbent near his fire, but he hears me not. I draw near and am almost on him, when my challenge, given for the last time, brings him to his knees, quaking with sudden fear. One more effort, his rifle leaps to his shoulder, a stream of fire spurts forth. Through my heart! Thank God!

The next night when the stage deposited its load of passengers and mail at Eustis, one of the former greeted a bystander on the steps of the hotel with:

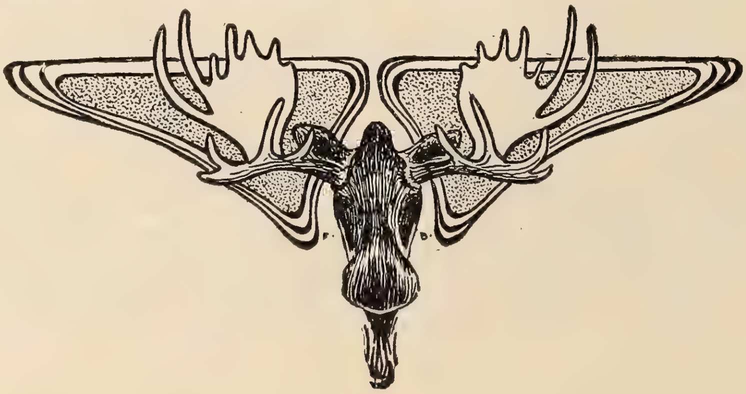
"Well, I received your telegram, Will, that the moose was cornered, and took the first train. Where is he, and what kind of a head has he?"

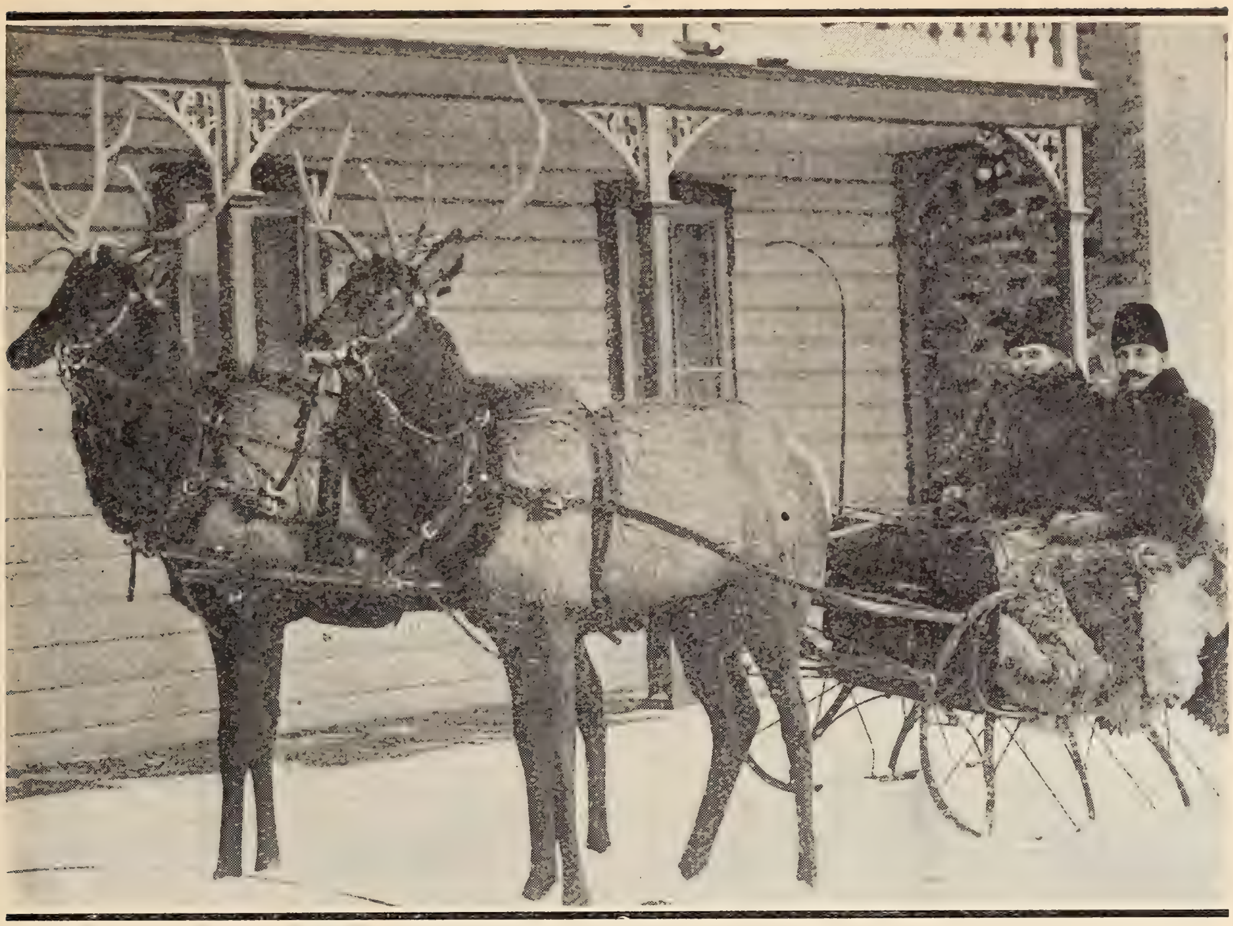
"He's an old fellow," Will explained, "with a handsome head. One good enough for any body. He's over near Rock pond, and Dave is watching him. I can get to him in a day's tramp, but you'll probably want to rest a night on the way."

So talking they passed into the cheer of the office, and were busily disposing of the traveler's outer wraps and baggage, when the door was flung back and a newcomer stood inside the threshold, blinking in the sudden glare of the lamps.

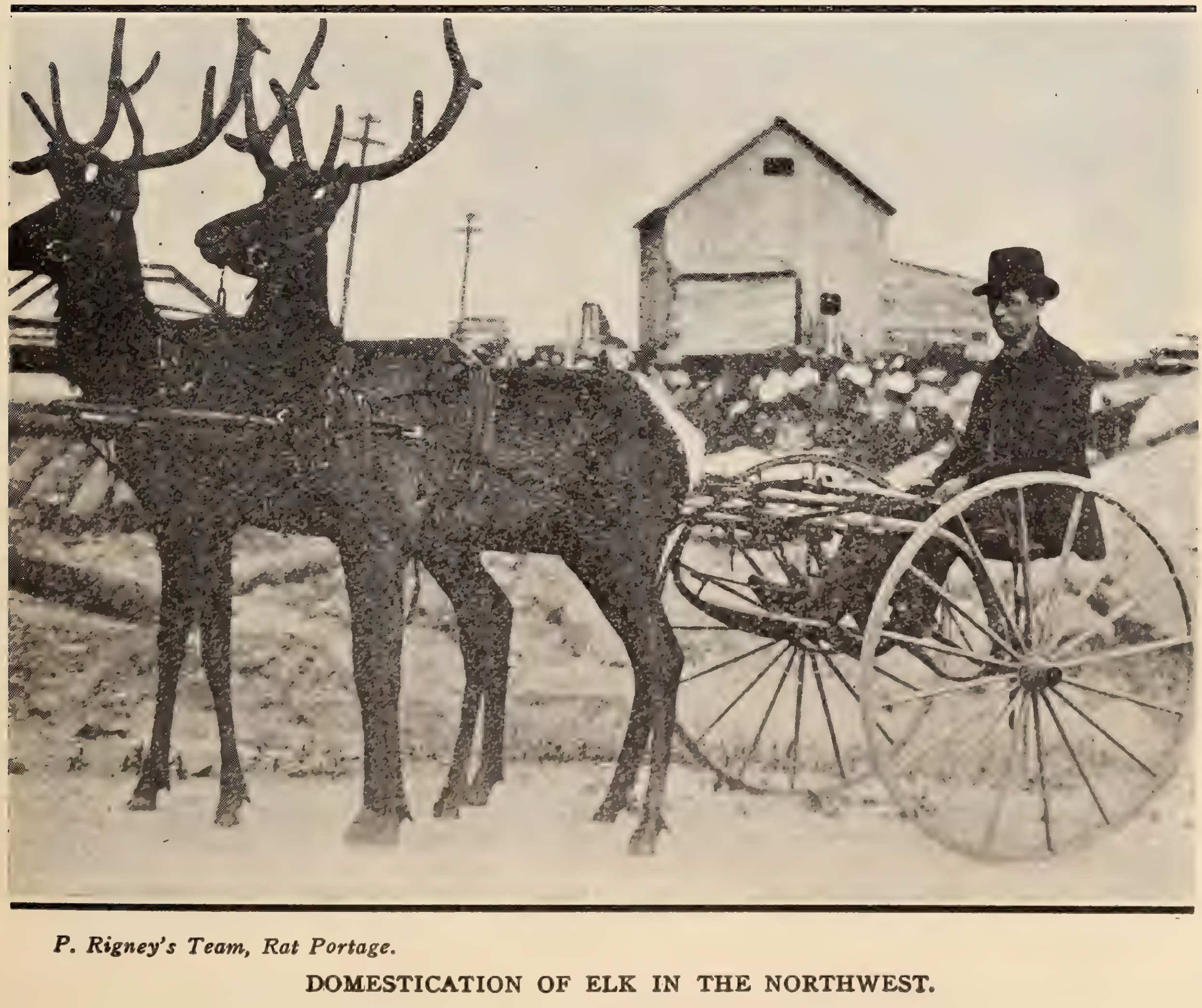
"Hello, Dave," Will exclaimed. "What brings you out here?"

"Well," Dave answered, "that blank bull moose came for me while I was asleep, and when I got through stopping him, he didn't need any watching, so I lit out. Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Sport, but your game is dead."





A Winnipeg Pair of High-steppers.



P. Rigney's Team, Rat Portage.

DOMESTICATION OF ELK IN THE NORTHWEST.

AN ANIMATED SANDHILL AND AN ALBINO DEER

BY W. H. STEVENS

"Better come with me this year, Fred," said I to my old chum one August afternoon as we sat talking over camping experiences.

"Nothing would suit me better if I could only get away from business, old man, but this year I am afraid it's impossible," he replied.

We had planned fall trips together many seasons, but never were able to get away at the same time. It looked as if this year would be no exception to the rule, but the gods favored us, and finally, one pleasant October afternoon found us on the train bound for Dead river. Changing from the Maine Central at Farmington into the fussy little narrow gauge, we reached our first stopping place just in time to enjoy a good supper. There we were met by 2 friends, Will and Arthur, who were to go into the woods with us.

Next morning, early, we started for a drive of 30 miles to the river, which we reached early in the evening, having stopped for dinner at Carrabassett station. The scenery from Kingfield to Carrabassett is beautiful. The road winds through the valley of Carrabassett stream for some distance, high up on the hillside, with a clear drop to the river on one side and an almost perpendicular ledge on the other; then through broad fields where it is not unusual to see deer feeding along the edges of the clearings. We saw no deer, but were fortunate enough to pick up a few grouse, shooting them from the wagon.

At Carrabassett, Dr. Paine, proprietor of the hotel, has a game park with a variety of wild animals. They have a large range, including low and high wooded land, open, and running brooks. There we saw good specimens of bull and cow buffalo, and they brought to our minds another animal, not rare, unfortunately, but soon, we hope, thanks to the untiring efforts of Coquina, to become extinct—the game hog.

At the station we heard rumors of a 6-mile log jam in Dead river, extending to Long falls, the very place we had started for. As events proved afterward, however, that log jam was no Jonah.

From Carrabassett the road ascends a small mountain and is poor, and in places too narrow for teams to pass. Six or 8 miles on are the "Ledges," well named; the camps being placed on the ledge 20 feet above the road and back about 100 feet. There is good hunting all through that section. Two miles beyond is Parson's, a large house and well located. Deer are frequently seen from the house and moose can be successfully hunted on the sides of Mt. Bigelow, close at hand. Just beyond Parson's we turned down to the river and transferred our luggage to the boat in which we were to finish our trip. Learning that the log jam was a certainty, we started up river instead of down, having no particular place in mind. There was a bright moon and objects on the bank were almost as clearly defined as in daylight. Two deer were frightened from the bank; ducks took flight; and muskrats splashed at intervals. At half-past 11 we reached the foot of Hurricane falls and decided to finish the night there. Up went the tent, a fire was built, and after a lunch we rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep.

When Arthur and I awoke it was daylight and Billy and Fred were missing. They soon returned, dragging in a deer, and said we were well located and need go no farther up the river. Most of the day was passed in exploring the country in the vicinity, making permanent camp and building a fireplace. A good spring was found near camp, and a well satisfied quartet sat down for an hour's rest, as we had been hard at it all day. Just before sunset we started out, each taking a different direction, and 8 o'clock saw 2 more deer hanging in front of camp. The next day we got 2 and the third day another.

One of our party got near enough to a moose to hear him in the thick woods, but could not get a shot. The following day a 4-year-old bull was killed a mile below camp by a visiting sportsman, one 30-30 soft point doing the work thoroughly. We met several hunters and natives during our trip who were prejudiced against the 30, and in each case found the cause the same. They had seen the effect of full patched bullets only and the soft points were a revelation to them. Our experience was certainly favorable to the small bore, and showed that the bullet will mushroom even if it does not strike a bone.

It was the next to the last day in camp that we had most cause to remember. The night before, we sat in camp discussing the best place to strike for in the morning. Billy and I had become well acquainted with the country down river, and we advised Fred to go down to a large clearing at the farther end of which was a sand knoll. There we had found fresh tracks every day and some big ones, too. On his way down he would cross a smaller clearing separated from the other by a narrow stretch of woods. We gave him explicit directions.

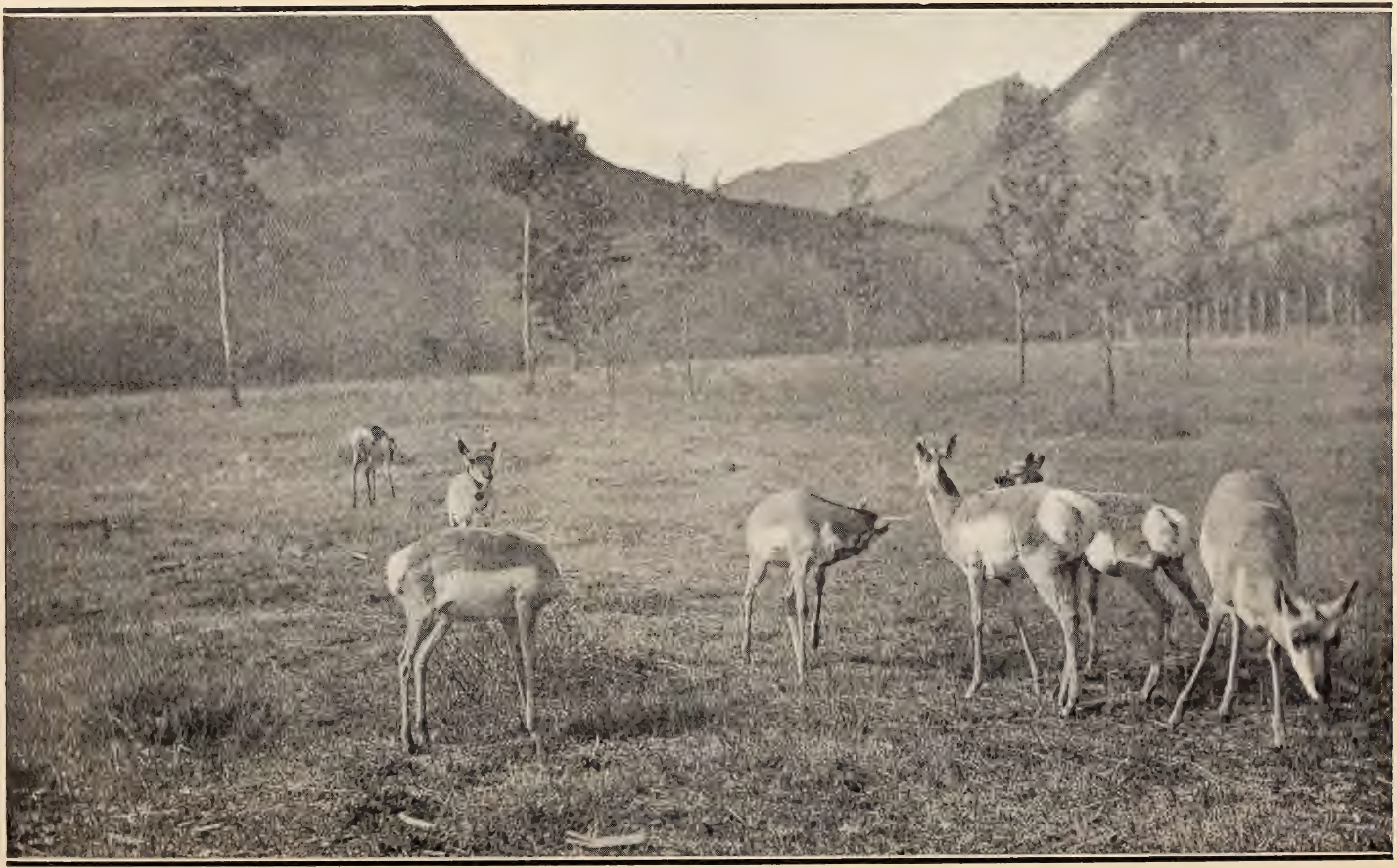
Next morning he started by the light of the moon, so as to be at the knoll by daylight. Billy went up river, while Arthur and I decided to be lazy and sleep. The sun was not yet up when Fred returned and woke us with the remark, "I've got one." "Where is he?" we asked. "Hid him in the woods," was the answer. Then while we laughed he told us how he got a white deer.

After leaving camp he had hurriedly made his way to the first clearing and then moved with more caution. The moon was still shining and daylight scarcely in evidence. This first clearing was about half a mile long and he had traveled but a short distance when he caught sight of a sand knoll at the farther end. Slowly he moved ahead, watching in all directions, and, at length, saw the deer coming from the edge of the woods toward the sand knoll. Silently he crept along and was about 300 yards away when the deer raised its head and looked uneasily in his direction. Fearing he could do no better, he took as careful aim as possible on the shoulder, holding a trifle high. The bullet sped true to its mark, a really wonderful shot in such uncertain light. The deer staggered a few feet and fell. But right here occurred a most remarkable thing. As Fred expressed it, "When the deer dropped, the sand knoll jumped up and ran like the devil."

His deer was a fat sheep, and the sand knoll a large flock lying down. He remembered later that he could not have been within a mile of the sand knoll he had started for. Can you wonder we laughed? We sympathized with him and told him we were sorry the deer was not standing on the knoll, for then he might have made a double. He could not help but see the funny side and then he felt better. The question was, what to do with the game. We decided to take it to camp, so after it we went and were soon back to find Billy waiting. As he noticed we were dragging something, he started to help, but when he got near enough to see the white wool he stopped short. "What in——" he began, but his expression was too much for us, and we dropped our load and roared. The sheep was skinned, dressed and hidden under a thick fir a short distance from camp, much ingenuity being used meantime to get a camera focussed on Fred and the sheep collectively, but to no purpose. He didn't need anything to look at, he said, to make him remember that morning's hunt.

After breakfast we all started down river to watch Fred break the news to the farmer who owned the sheep. He was found and the news broken, and the fact that he had several men at work with him at the time, who of course gathered round to listen, assured us that the news would spread all right. It did. Fred paid only about twice what the sheep was worth, but said it was worth the money to know he could make such a shot.

A Freak of the Forest.



Little Dwellers Behind the Fence

By Thompson

THE BIRDS OF THE CITY

BY C. M. STORY.

There are thousands of men and women in our great American cities who are truly lovers of birds, some few even going so far as to declare their regard for that saucy little chatterbox, the English sparrow. Many of these city bird lovers are writers whose notes on bird lore are recognized as authoritative and hailed with the greatest pleasure by the others. Then why is it that these people, in order to get notes which are true to nature, must pack up, and, so to speak, "strike for the tall timber"? To be sure there are birds in our city parks, but only the few hardy specimens that dare take up their domestic cares amidst the steadily encroaching buildings of our cities.

It seems almost time to make a plea for bird life now, before all the truly sylvan friends have abandoned their migrations in our direction. Of course in a city like New York there is no way of remedying matters, and bird lovers must of necessity go to the parks; but what I desire to emphasize is simply that in building up our new towns, as we are constantly doing, as the nation develops and expands, we should give more space to bird life in general.

If a good liberal margin was allowed in our city streets and good sturdy trees planted, as is being done now in so many towns, bird life would receive a very decided impetus rather than a check. Suppose, even at the sacrifice of some of your garden land, you should have several good strong bushes and trees in your yard. The pleasure one would get from communion with the myriad birds which would become his neighbors would be such that the loss would be counted as a decided gain.

I remember a beautiful street in a little Connecticut town which ran along a wooded embankment overlooking a river. The street was shaded by graceful elms, and the trees were alive with birds. Baltimore orioles built their nests on the tender, swaying twigs at the ends of the pliant branches, almost within reach of your hand from the second-floor windows of the houses. One year the trees were literally alive with rose-breasted grosbeaks. Their clear, sweet, whistling warble gave good cheer to the weary pedestrian and made this street, to me at least, one of the most delightful in the town.

Some people may say that it is all very well for the country, but a commercial center can not become a paradise. Of course, this is in a measure true, but every town has its days of infancy and every citizen can get his property cheap enough then and thereafter do as he likes with it, unless his greed for gold leads him to part with it before he can enjoy its benefits from the standpoint of nature.

The common varieties of bird life are likely to become more and more domestic as their natural surroundings vanish before civilization. There are also many varieties which, although rather inclined to solitude, have been driven of late to stringent measures in raising their broods.

Take, for instance, that very much beloved little bird, the house wren; a type of confiding faith in man, as the name suggests. Formerly the little nest of sticks and down was placed in a hole in some tree in the woods, then in the apple orchards about the farms as the forests disappeared, and now in hollow fence-rails, and even in cubby-holes among the rafters in old barns. Could there be a more pointed illustration of the way our bird life is being crowded for its very existence?

Bird life has many evils to contend with, even under the most auspicious and natural conditions, and it seems almost criminal to augment the difficulty birds experience in raising their young, by so limiting their natural breeding places that they are obliged to resort to dangerous nesting sites.

Along this line we can point an example in the cases of several of our most useful and attractive bird neighbors.

Take, for instance, that confiding little member of the fly-catcher family, the phœbe. Formerly the bird's most common nesting site was the upturned root of some fallen tree near a rippling woodland brook. The concealment was perfect and the nesting material blended perfectly with the surroundings. The danger from human intruders was minimized. The bird's very confidence in man, however, proves its great hindrance to its increase. Now we find it frequently nesting in culverts and bridges near our homes and as often on the rafters of our barns and out-houses. Very often mice and rats destroy the eggs, and if the young are fortunate enough to leave the egg and eventually the nest, the cats and other animals kill them before maturity. A peculiarity of the bird lies in its persistent use of the identical locality, and sometimes the same nest, year after year.

It certainly seems as if our songsters will eventually fare like the American Indian

Will They Disappear? *By W. C. Webster.*

unless we, as a people, make efforts to keep them about our homes.

Our common bird friend, the chimney swift, formerly nested in hollow trees, well within the woods; but nowadays our chimneys are overrun with them and, as is always the case when unnatural conditions of any kind exist, they prove so much of a nuisance that the good they do is almost lost sight of. People are placing wire nets on their chimney tops, and now the question arises: What will the chimney swift do? I quote from an extract from one of Dr. W. L. Ralph's letters: "One of my men brought me the eggs of a chimney swift that he said he took from a nest attached to the sides of a well, four feet below the surface of the ground. He says they often nest in such places in this vicinity" (San Mateo, Florida).

Mr. Charles Bendire says of it:

"Formerly it nested exclusively in hollow tree trunks. Now it generally uses chimneys for such purposes, and less often the interior of barns.

"If birds are given their natural surroundings and their nesting sites are permitted, to a reasonable extent, about our dwellings, there would always be plenty of bird life in the immediate vicinity, and people would know more about these 'little brothers of the air.'

"There are several birds which, when deprived of their natural surroundings, cause damage to property and bring down upon their heads the unjust wrath of the suffering property-holders, who in reality have none but themselves to thank."

The beautiful and graceful woodpecker, commonly called the flicker, is an excellent illustration of the foregoing facts. The flicker, in selecting a nesting site, generally bores out two or three holes in a tree before it finally makes one large enough to excavate to the desired depth.

Now, I have in mind a certain farmer who cleared his fields, changed his woodland into pasture lots and erected, upon the banks of a beautiful little lake, several large ice-houses. The flickers, finding the trees were removed, bored out several neat holes in the farmer's ice-houses and built their nests between the double partitions, which were packed with sawdust and afforded very comfortable beds for the young birds. Consequently, the farmer waged warfare on the birds and declared them a pest and a nuisance of the same magnitude as the much-abused American crow.

Thus one can realize how essential it is that sufficient space be allowed our bird neighbors as our towns take the dimensions of cities and our commercial interests tend to eclipse our better natures.

An intelligent people as we Americans are, can not fail to be uplifted and bettered mentally and morally by the unconscious effects received from a quiet and restful hour among our feathered songsters.

THE AMERICAN MERGANSER

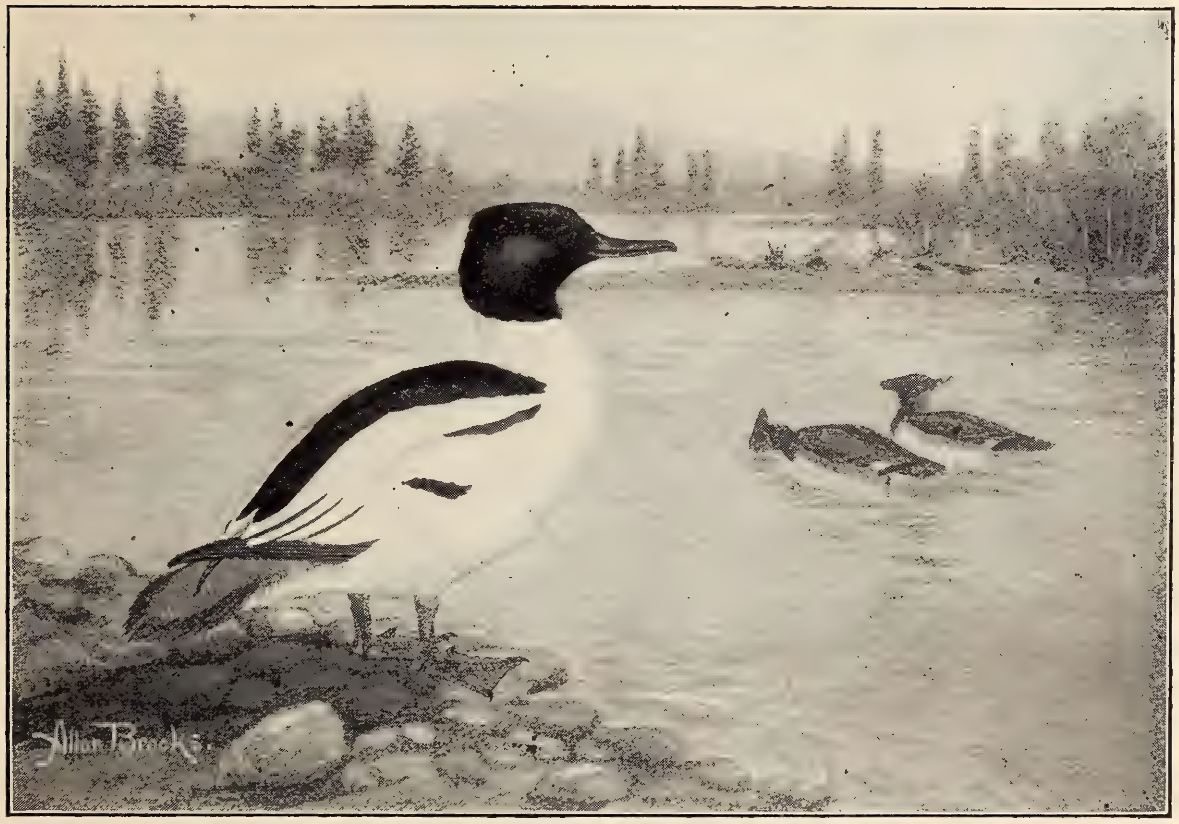
Merganser Americanus.

BY ALLAN BROOKS.

This, the largest of all the sawbill family, is also the best known, as it is generally distributed from coast to coast, on both fresh and salt water, wherever there are fish to catch. In Europe and Asia it is replaced by closely allied species, the goosander, which lacks the black bar across the wing coverts so conspicuous in the American species.

Though the American merganser is of fairly common occurrence along the sea coasts, it is more essentially an inland bird, and delights in rapid rivers and rocky lakes in preference to reedy marshes and stagnant water. As long as fish are plentiful no stream is too small nor lake too remote for the big sawbill, and it works tremendous havoc among the fry of salmon and trout. The reason these fishes are the chief victims is that the water must be clear to enable the merganser to secure its prey. The fry of most coarse fish frequent shallow water with a muddy bottom. The frantic rushes of the school of fish, together with the commotion made by the pursuing sawbill, soon roll the water so that pursuit is no longer successful; but in the shallow, gravelly reaches where the little trout lie, there is no escape for the doomed fish, once the voracious destroyer has discovered it. Even fish of half a pound are taken, as the merganser's gullet is very elastic.

Considering that a sawbill can easily digest 5 pounds of fish in a day some idea can be formed of their destructiveness. Although they are handsome and interesting birds all laws protecting them should be repealed, and where they frequent protected waters a bounty should be put on their heads.



The American Merganser. *Drawn by Allan Brooks.*

The red breasted merganser, which mostly frequents salt water, does little damage, and the hooded merganser still less, as its food is principally small shellfish, larvæ of dragon flies and beetles, etc.

The American merganser is an early breeder, laying its eggs in a hollow tree as a rule, but where there are no suitable trees, it makes its nest among large rocks or rank herbage. The brood of 10 to 14 are active almost as soon as hatched. For a few days they feed on insects, etc., picked up from the surface of the water, but long before the feathers have started to push through the down, they are able to catch small fish.

With the mother they carefully work the shallow water along the margins of large lakes and rivers, diving all together, spreading out under the water and driving the schools of tiny fish before them until all are satiated. They then repair to some sheltering rock or floating log, and all cluster on it, pruning their plumage and basking in the sun, until their voracious appetites compel them once more to forage. They feed entirely by day, and in rough and stormy weather the broods keep to sheltered bays.

When these ducks have to change their location the tiny little chaps can make headway against a considerable sea, the mother breasting the waves, the rest streaming out behind in her wake.

The male abandons his mate as soon as the young are hatched and betakes himself with others of his sex to the largest lakes, or the sea coast, until after his autumn moult.

Unlike the other mergansers the female has a much longer crest than the male. The iris of the male is dark brown; of the female yellow, to yellowish brown. The bill is carmine with culmen blackish; feet, red in both sexes. In my article on Red breasted merganser in April RECREATION I wrongly gave the iris of the male as brown. In fully adult males it is dark brownish red to wine red.

A SADDLE SONG.

BY H. P. DICKINSON.

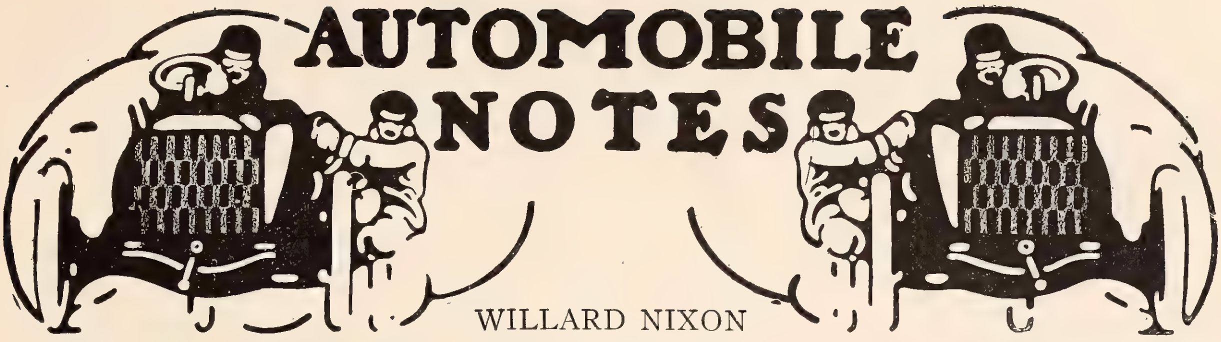
I'll sing you a song of th' saddle
An' a sinewy, swift little horse—
Oh! th' desert waste is a grewsome place
An' th' sharp sand stings as it hits your face
An' th' whirlwinds block your course!

From here to th' far off mountains
Th' road is long an' dry—
There's a brassy glare to th' hell-like air
That makes you dizzy an' hurts for fair
An' th' buzzards reel through th' sky!

Th' little horse lopes with a steady gait
But he shakes his head an' snorts—
Th' sand an' th' glare are blinding you
An' you wonder if ever he'll take you through
To th' water your fierce thirst courts!

You take a drink from your canteen
But th' water is flat an' hot—
Oh! the laughing, rippling cool, clear stream
Where th' shadows float an' you sit an' dream,
Can't you ever forget th' spot!

"Here's How!" to th' far off desert!
"Here's Luck!" to th' swift little horse!
May his bones never bleach in th' sun's fierce glare,
May he stay by what water there is out there,
'Till his life has spent its force!



AUTOMOBILE NOTES

WILLARD NIXON

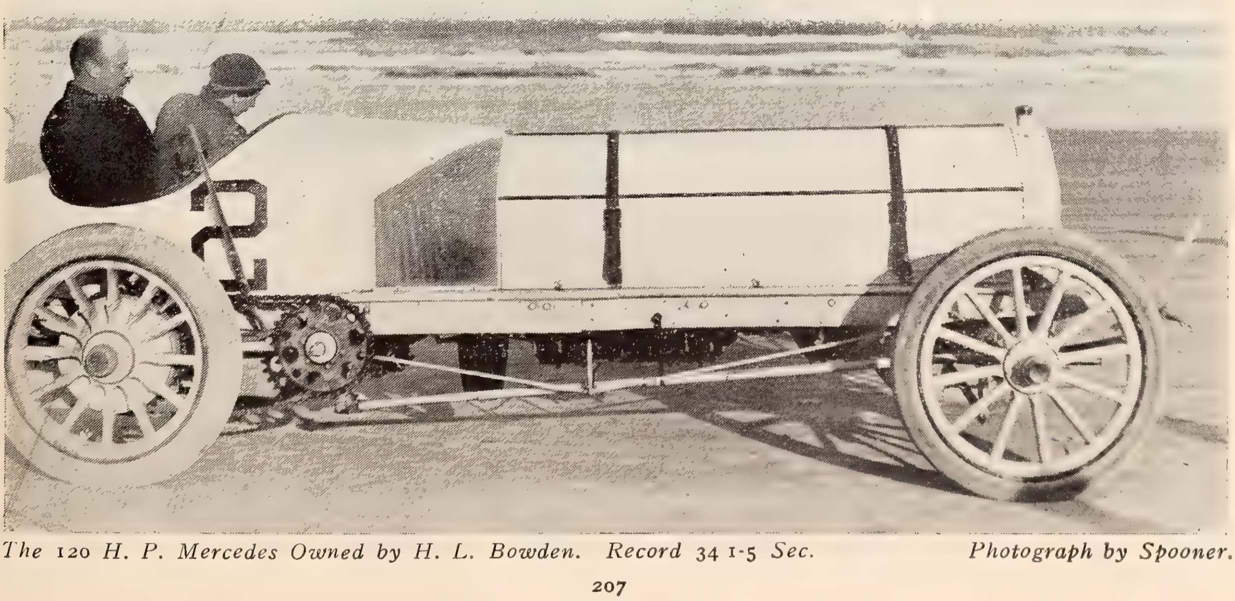
Subscribers who desire to obtain either general or detailed information about automobiles, are invited to correspond with the editor of this department of RECREATION. Letters will be answered promptly, the reply going direct to the writer, and correspondence will be published later in these columns for the interest of other readers whenever the character of the material warrants it and the correspondent offers no objection. Communications must be received by the first of the month to be available for use in the next issue.

RECORD SMASHING

Talk about the notable race meet at Ormond Beach has scarcely subsided. That the 1905 struggle on the Florida sands was a notable one is on account of the unexpected success of the attack on the mile record.

Doubtless to many of the knowing ones the results were not surprising, but when it is considered that the record breaking mile in 39 seconds registered by Mr. Vanderbilt last year in a 90 H. P. car was beaten by a car of equal rated horse power this year, an idea of the satisfactory outcome of the meet is obtained.

Mr. Macdonald, of England, in his 90 H. P. Napier smashed the mile record to smithereens, his best time being 34 2-5 seconds, a cut of 4 3-5 seconds from the record. Mr. Bowden, of Boston, brought a wonderful leviathan to the beach, a Mercedes containing two standard 60 H. P. motors, all the work of reconstructing the car being carried out under the owner's supervision, it is said. This monster racing machine fled along the beach in the fastest time ever officially credited to an automobile—32 4-5 seconds for the mile, or nearly 110 miles an hour. Mr. Bowden's marvelous mile, however, cannot be rated as an official world's record, and for this reason: the racing rules of the Automobile Clubs in 1900 limited the weight of racing cars to 1,000 kilograms—equivalent to 2,204.6 pounds. But the Bowden machine weighed 2,600 pounds, considerably over weight, and so Mr. Mac-



The 120 H. P. Mercedes Owned by H. L. Bowden. Record 34 1-5 Sec. *Photograph by Spooner.*

donald's mile of 34 2-5 seconds becomes the new official world's record.

If we consider actual records, and not official ones, the summary of the performances of the racers looms up pretty big:

9 New World's Records.
4 New Competition Records.
1 New American Record.
1 New Middle Weight Car Record.
2 New Steam Vehicle Records,
or in all
17 New Records.

Who shall say, then, that the outcome of the 1905 Daytona-Ormond tournament was not a surprising success.

A great deal has been said and much more printed about the mismanagement of the meet. It is claimed that the week of the races was selected without taking the tides into consideration; that the officials were incompetent; that there was no real head; that the participants were poorly cared for—in short, that the success of the meet was not due to the management and that the only part of the programme properly attended to was the timing, which was carried out strictly according to Hoyle.

Probably most of this is true, and it is certain that the execrable weather and other adverse conditions resulted in a pretty badly balled up situation, not the least important of which was a row in the ranks of the A. A. A., which is the American Automobile Association, the governing body of racing. However, the difficulties of conducting a big international event of this character in an out of the way locality must be remembered, and as long as the meet was a success and all the records fell, the rest of it is unimportant.

The death of Frank Croker threw a chill over the meet—the first few days, at all events. This tragedy happened before the commencement of the racing, while Mr. Croker was driving his car in practice at a high rate of speed—seventy miles an hour, some say. In swerving his car suddenly in order to avoid running over a bicyclist, it overturned, and both he and his mechanic succumbed to injuries.

Had this disaster occurred during the meet, when the programme was run off, undoubtedly the affair would have been suspended. Mr. Croker was a fine, popular fellow, a splendid sportsman. His death is a distinct loss to automobilism in this country.

It was most unfortunate that the management did not bestir themselves after the fatal accident to Mr. Croker. The A. A. A. missed an excellent opportunity to show, not only what good sportsmen they are, but what men. A mass meeting should have been held and suitable resolutions passed embodying the deep regret which all felt. It would have been well for every participant in the racing to have worn a mourning badge on the arm—something to show that a craving for sensational speed was not the only thing to be thought about at Ormond. But nothing was done.

American drivers and American cars showed up splendidly on the sand course. Louis Ross, in his steam freak, "The Tea Kettle," scored a big success and was one of the stars of the meet. Driving his own car, he broke the world's record on the second day—time, 38 seconds for the mile. He also covered the kilometer (about 5/8 of a mile) in 28 seconds and altogether won six prizes. The Columbia, Pope-Toledo, and White cars did well, all winning prizes and demonstrating the marked advance of the American product and the American driver. As to the last, it is interesting to note that six out of the nine world's records were made by American drivers, and a number of the American owners of high-powered cars proved themselves the equals of their professional chauffeurs in driving at speed over the famous beach course.

The conditions on the Ormond-Daytona course are exceptional, and quite unequalled anywhere else in the world. It is a place for sensational speed, and those who attended the meet went there to see it, or to make it a pretext to go to Florida, balmy Florida, which turned out pretty frosty. But there was no frost about the record breaking.

A number of the participants at the Ormond meet went to Cuba for the Havana race, held the middle of last month. E. R. Thomas was the favorite in this contest, but did not compete owing to an accident while going over the course prior to the race.

The winner was a Cuban named Carricaburno, driving a 60 H. P. Stripped Mercedes, so the victory was a popular one. Excellent time was made over the 100-mile course from Havana to San Cristobal and return, 1 hour 50 min. 53 3/8 seconds. Joseph Tracy, driving a 30 H. P. Renault, was second,, only 1 minute 32 2-5 seconds behind.

1905 GORDON BENNETT RACE.

In 1899, James Gordon Bennett founded a cup to be raced for annually and internationally by entries from the motor car producing countries. This event has come to be the "Derby" in automobile-dom, and is witnessed yearly by thousands.

This year the race is to be held in France, where it originated. Thery, on a Richard-

The Homestretch. *By N. Lazarnick.*

Brasier car, won the cup back for France last summer in Germany, after a fierce duel with Jenatzy, driving a Mercedes.*

Recently the French club instituted a new contest, "The Grand Prix," and decided that this and the Gordon Bennett be run at the same time. This action aroused the other clubs and protests were filed by England, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and America, the principal objections being these: a double race would subordinate the now famous Gordon Bennett; a large number of cars competing at the same time would be too dangerous; the conditions of the double race would give France more competing cars than any other country.

In some respects the French club was right, and Charles Jarrott, one of the best racing men in England, could see many advantages and no objection to the double race. At all events good judgment has prevailed and the Automobile Club of France has recently yielded to pressure and announced that the two races will not be held over the same course at the same time and the Gordon Bennett event will run under the usual conditions.

Last year no American car competed in the Gordon Bennett race in Germany. This year three entries have been made, two Pope-Toledos and a Locomobile, and it is to be hoped that these cars prove acceptable to the Automobile Club of America and give a good account of themselves in France. It is high time that America won the coveted trophy; that we will secure it eventually is a foregone conclusion, but it is not pleasant to have to wait. American touring cars has been demonstrated and substantial proof of the excellence of the American racing car is just as necessary as it is possible.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE CALENDAR FOR 1905.

March 3-11—Motor Cycle Show, Liverpool, England.

March 5-11—Buffalo Automobile Show. Buffalo Auto Trade Association.

March 13-18—Boston Automobile Show. Boston Auto Dealers' Association. Chester I. Campbell, Manager, 5 Park Square.

March 13-18—Importers' Show, Boston. Symphony Hall.

March 15-April 9—Copenhagen (Denmark) Cycle Show. Cycle Manufacturers' Syndicate.

March 18-25—Agricultural Hall Motor Car Exhibition, London, England.

March 27-April 5—Washington Automobile Show. Washington Auto Dealers' Association. B. C. Washington, Manager.

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*In 1899 and 1900 the Cup was won by France. In 1902 England won it, and the race the year following was held in Ireland and won by Germany.

April 1—Light Van Trials. A. C. of G. B. & I.
April 2-16—Monaco Motor Boat Fortnight.
April 18—Meyan Cup and Auto Boat Races at Nice.
April 20—Burton Cup Race at Cannes, France.
April 30—Preliminary races for Motor-Cycle Club of France Cup.
May 1-15—Mediterranean Motor Boat Cup Race.
May 14—Motor-Cycle Club of France Cup Race.
May 7-31—Buda Pesth (Austria) Auto Show. Hungarian Auto Club.
May 15—Autoboat Races at Juvisy, on Seine, near Paris.
June 1-15—Automobile Club of Rhone District Meeting.
June 1-7—The Liedekerke Cup Race.
June 11-18—Meeting of the Automobile Club of the North of France.
June 20-30—Gordon Bennett Race.
June 22-30—Auto Boat Races at Kiel.
July 2-10—Exhibition and Boat Races at Rouen, France.
July 8-9—Mont Ventoux (France) Hill Climbing Contest.
July 11-16—Mont Cenis (France) Hill Climbing Contest.
July 15—Motorboat Contest from Calais to London.
July 15-25—Auto Races at Ostend, Belgium.
July—Ardennes Circuit. Herkimer Cup.
August 1-7—Rouen to Trouville Autoboat Races. Trouville Cup. Vichy Meeting.
August 6-8—Paris to the Sea Motorboat Race.
August 11—Drexel Trophy Race, Trouville (France).
September 3-10—Royan Meeting (Boats and Motor Cars).
September 11—Harmsworth Motorboat Cup Race.
October—Chateau-Thierry Hill Climb (France).
October—Gaillon Hill Test (France).

HUNTING BEARS WITH A MOTOR CAR.

One of the first people in this country to use the automobile for hunting purposes is John B. Condon, proprietor of the Hotel Savoy, at Williamsport, Pa., says the *Motor Car,* and that he will not be the last to employ the automobile on such expeditions was demonstrated by the fact that many other persons throughout the state of Pennsylvania at once followed the example set by the Williamsporter and used their motor cars on such trips. As Mr. Condon puts it, "automobile hunting has all other kinds of hunting trips 'skinned to death.'" Frequently owners of automobiles living in the northern part of Pennsylvania employ their machines on such trips. It has been observed that they have been more successful than hunters who have used the trains to carry them to their hunting grounds, and their outings have not taxed the physical strength of the hunter so much as the man who walks from morning till night.

In a letter from Mr. Condon, he states "that the idea of using the automobile came to me while I was out enjoying a pleasure ride in the machine with Charles Gibson, one of the city's greatest 'auto' enthusiasts, and I at once proposed to Mr. Gibson that we spend the following day in the woods in search of bears. I knew of a place where bears were numerous, and the reason that they were plentiful was due to the fact that the railroad did not get within ten miles of the place, and, consequently, few hunters from the city visited the particular section. Mr. Gibson agreed with me that the automobile idea was the proper one, and bright and early the next morning we started out on the trip. Within a comparatively short time we had reached our destination, and within the next two hours, while climbing one of the mountain roads, it was my good fortune to discover a bear just ahead of us. Without getting out of the machine I sent three bullets into the body of a 250-pound bruin. It was just as easy as if the bear had walked into my hotel in Williamsport. We simply ran the machine up to where the dead bear lay, and without the slightest trouble loaded the animal into the machine, and proceeded after other game. You see, the automobile saved us the trouble of walking six or eight miles to get a horse and wagon, and it also saved us the work of lugging the animal ten miles to the railway station.

"Through the aid of the machine we were able to cover more ground than we could have done otherwise. Several times we placed the automobile in a safe place and hunted through the woods. When we found that we could not get any game there we returned to the machine, and in a short time were many miles away from the unfavorable spot.

"Without going into every little detail, I will state that, when we returned to Williamsport on the night of our first hunting trip in an automobile, we had fifteen pheasants, eight squirrels, and two bears. The second bear was killed by Mr. Gibson just at dusk.

Not a Pebble in Sight.

SUN GUNSHOTS

For the Sportsman-Photographer and the Photographer-Sportsman. Little bits of advice and suggestion gathered from many sources by an old Sportsman.

Nearly every sportsman, and certainly the majority of the readers of RECREATION, are photographers in one sense or the other. They either carry a kodak with them to gather evidences of their skill with the gun or they use the camera entirely in their raids against Nature's creatures. Taking for granted, then, that picture-making in one form or another appeals to every one, there is some reason for making this department of photography of real practical use. It has, therefore, been placed in the hands of an expert photographer and photographic teacher, who will make this department both interesting and instructive, and who will endeavor to be of real assistance to those who are in difficulties with their cameras or their developers or the many things that crop up from time to time. We invite our amateur friends to make liberal use, then, of the advantages offered them here.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF 1905 COMPETITION

In the April issue of RECREATION, we shall make announcement of an unusually liberal competition. There will be a large number of prizes, and the conditions will not be many or hard to fulfill. We realize that in all competition there is a certain number of amateurs who invariably win prizes. We do not intend to exclude these perennial winners by any means, but we shall offer a series of prizes in what might be termed a "maiden class," for those who never yet have had any luck or who are only beginners. More about this, however, in our next issue. Therefore get busy, but

A Group of Dude Game Wardens. *By H. T. Muzzy.*

Sunday Dinner. *By L. F. Marbury.*

All of the Comforts of Home. *By H. S. Fay.*

remember that *all pictures* must have been taken since January 1, 1905.

SOME HINTS ON THE CHOICE OF A CAMERA

First of all, thoroughly figure out to what uses you are going to put your instrument before deciding what to buy. The naturalist-photographer will certainly need a very different kind of camera to the man who only wishes to have records of his day's shooting. The landscape photographer can use almost any kind of a camera or kodak, but the man who is going to take pictures of animals or birds in their native haunts will require a camera just suited to such purposes. And so on. My space is too limited here to go into the various kinds of instruments and their special uses. Later on I will devote more attention to that. At present let it suffice to say that, once you have chosen your camera, you should *study* it; study the construction and purpose of every part and movement until it is thoroughly understood. Then you begin to test it, making careful observations, under all sorts of conditions. Go through the various motions until the handling of the shutter, the putting in of the plate-holder, and the withdrawing of the dark-slide or the winding up of the film become mechanical motions performed almost unthinkingly. Practice the gauging of distances, so that you can set your lens to the focusing scale correctly each time, without looking through a ground-glass or first measuring out the distance. There is nothing so important in snapshot work as this correct gauging of distance; it means all the difference between sharp and blurred images. See that your focusing scale marks correctly. This you can do yourself by placing the camera at a fixed position and then focusing on objects at set distances, 10 feet, 25 feet, and so on up to 100 feet. Having secured a good camera, it *should be taken care of.* Damp is a deadly foe, therefore keep the camera in its case when not in use, and protect it if possible in a rubber cloth covering. Keep the inside well dusted. Dust plays all kinds of mischief with your plates or film. The shutter is a delicate piece of mechanism, and must be treated as such. The lens must be kept clean. Amateurs are apt to think that their lenses will look after themselves and leave them to accumulate dust and dirt and moisture, which seriously interferes with their capacity to take good sharp pictures. Clean them with soft Japan tissue paper, or an *old* soft silk handkerchief. With proper precautions your camera will last indefinitely, will always do good work, and will fetch you a better price when you want to sell it or exchange it for a better one.

GASLIGHT PAPERS.

As the most valuable of all printing methods in these days of little sun and heavy snowstorms, we can count the gaslight printing papers, of which the velox brand is probably the best known and certainly the best advertised. These gaslight papers, which were introduced to the public some ten years ago, have pretty nearly displaced all other kinds in the favor of the amateur; for they place him independent of the sun and enable him to do his work when he has the most leisure, and that is in the evenings. All gaslight papers are manipulated in identically the same way. Some will print a little faster than others, and each particular brand calls for a particular developer to yield the *best* results; but generally speaking, the amateur will find that one developer will do for any brand of paper. I think the maufacturers make a mistake when they say in their instructions that gaslight papers can be worked in the full light of a gas-flame or other artificial light. This leads the amateur to think that he can place his trays and paper openly in the light, and he wonders why his prints are not clear. As a matter of fact the prints should be kept at some distance from the light or in the shade of a screen interposed between the light and the trays. A large sheet of stiff cardboard bent at right angles and placed on end on the table will form a sufficient screen. The paper itself should never be taken out of its package except a sheet at a time as it is required for use.

If the reader doubts my assertion that the paper will fog even at a distance from the light, let him take a sheet and, placing it where he proposes to do his developing, cover over one-half so that the light will not get to it. Then, at the end of, say, three or four minutes, let him develop the whole sheet, and he will notice distinct traces of fogging or darkening of the uncovered piece. And just so much of brilliancy does he lose in his pictures if they are not properly protected from the light. Many amateurs complain that it is so hard to know how far to print on gaslight papers, as there is, of course, no visible image, as with solio. Now this is a very easy matter to regulate, and should be learned at the very start. Look over your stock of negatives and examine them against the light, taking out one that is full of brilliancy and with good strength in the dense part of the film, but not so black that you can not see through it at all, and with one or two parts of clear glass, with a nice range of half-tones between these two extremes. If you yourself are not sufficiently expert to tell a good negative from a poor one, take a bunch of your negatives to some more expert friend and let him pick out the best one of the lot. Now call that your standard negative. Next, take a sheet of the gaslight paper and tear it up into strips, say of an inch wide. Then with a strip of this paper placed diagonally across your negative, make your first exposure. Let it be, say, at a distance of six inches from the light for a 4 x 5 negative, and give an exposure of about ten seconds. Develop the strip and fix it, marking the time of exposure on the back of the strip; then take the next strip and do the same thing over again with the same negative, giving an exposure of fifteen seconds and so on, increasing five seconds at a time. When all the pieces are exposed and developed, examine them carefully and see which piece gives the best and clearest image with good pure high lights and strong shadows, but not clogged up. Then, as you have marked the time of exposure on each strip, you have a standard by which to go. For instance, we will say that twenty seconds was the exposure required with your standard negative at a distance of six inches from the light. Now if you have another negative and if it is thinner, you can roughly figure out how much less time it will take, but if the negative is much denser you will know that it will require so much more time than the original negative. This way you will be apt to get many more pictures out of a dozen sheets of paper than if you go at it in a haphazard fashion. Of course, if you change your source of light, all exposures will differ, and, again, if you change your particular brand of paper you will have to make a fresh trial. Next month I propose to give you the plans for a simple exposure-box which will protect the light and allow of proper exposure.

INTENSIFICATION WITHOUT METALLIC SALTS.

The image may be chlorized or bromized. the following formulæ have given satisfactory results:

To Chlorize.

Bichromate potassium...........	5 grains
Chloride potassium	10 grains
Hydrochloric acid	4 minims
Water	1 ounce

To Bromize.

Bichromate potassium...........	5 grains
Bromide potassium	10 grains
Hydrochloric acid	4 minims
Water	1 ounce

The bichromate may be kept ready by dissolving ½ ounce in 5 ounces of water. Take 50 minims of this to each ounce of

Under Winter's Mantle.
By P. F. Farquharson.

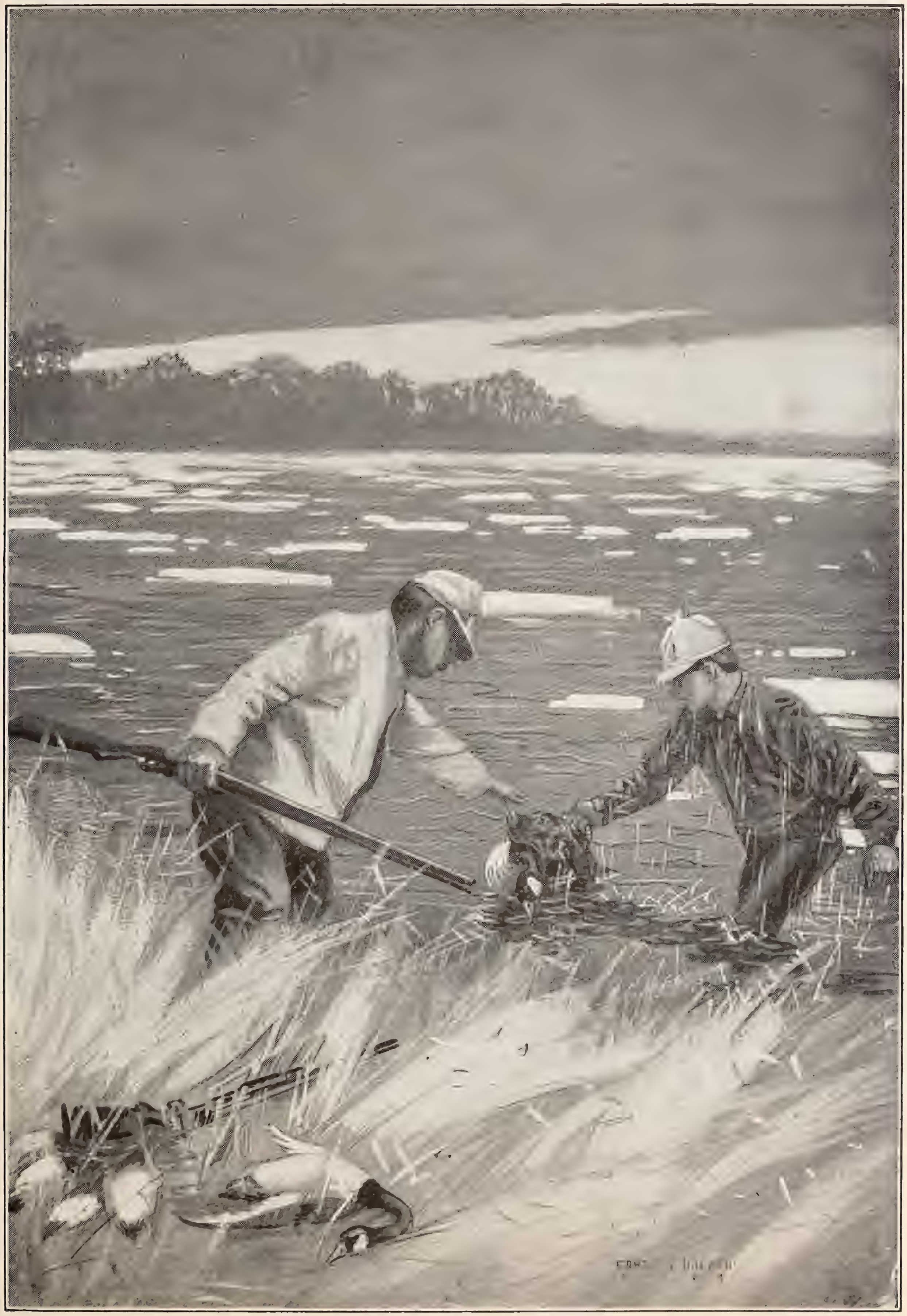
The Path in Winter

solution required. This might be used stronger, but the result would be the same only it would act quicker. Soak the negative in water, or put direct into the solution. Keep it a while after it is bleached. Then thoroughly wash the plate. Thirty minutes are ample. Then choose the developer according to the increase required. Temperature plays its part in these as in other chemical operations. If the temperature is below 60 F. the redevelopment is slow; in fact, sometimes will be as much as 10 minutes in starting; but above that the development is completed in 2 to 10 minutes.

To intensify only the delicate tones soak the plate in water, then slightly chlorize the surface of the plate, wash and develop. In this case use plenty of solution, so it will act all over the plate at once.

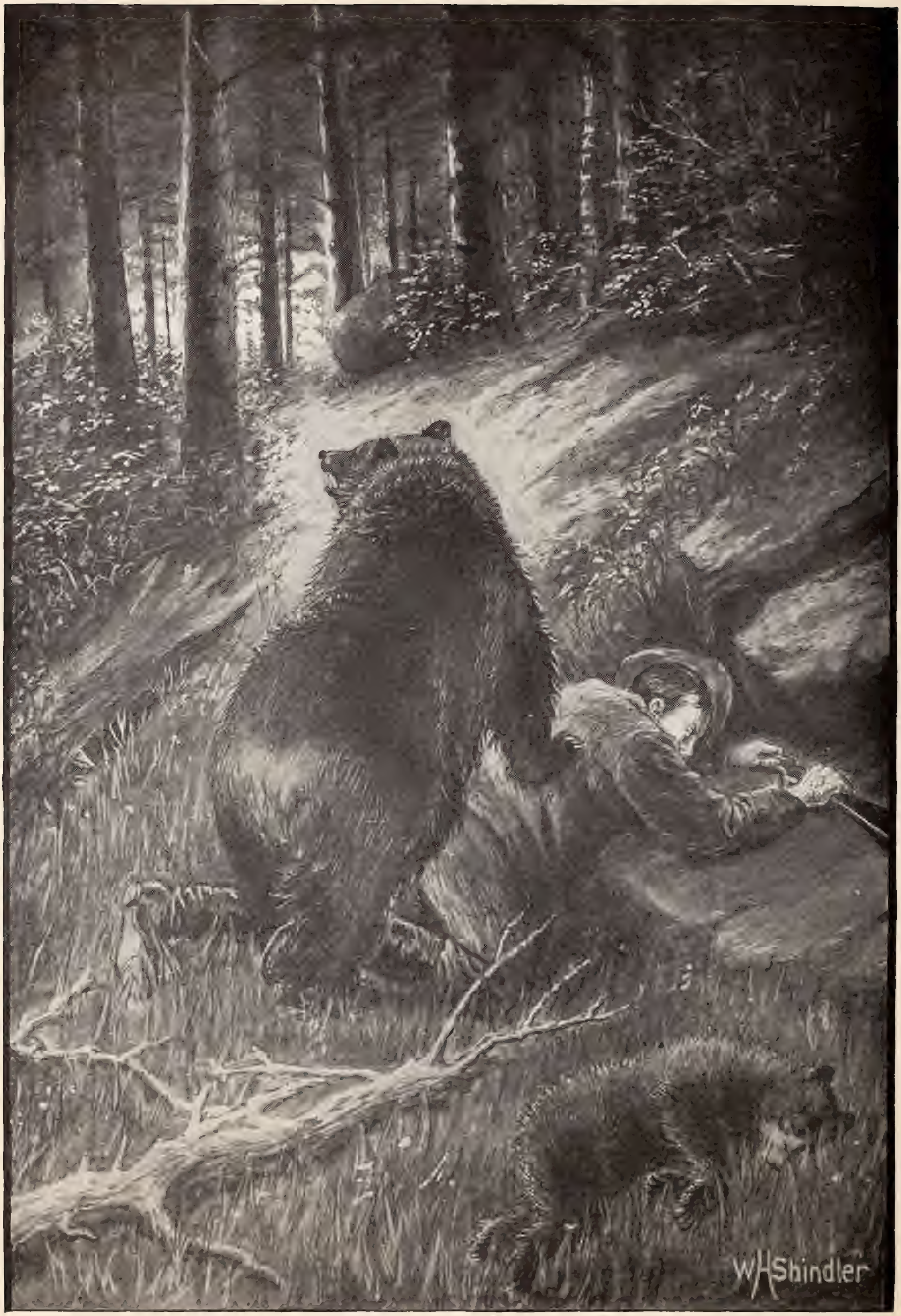
All these experiments have been carried out in the presence of a gas flame in a room where weak daylight enters when the door is open.

With a slight variation in the process it can be used effectually for reducing density, particularly in the reduction of contrasts. Chlorize the image, wash, then redevelop. It must be carried much farther than the density required. Then rinse with water, and put in a hypo bath. The peculiarity of this process is that it not only reduces the densest parts, but increases the density of the delicate tones according to the developer used. This is frequently required, but no other process will do it. In the use of persulphate of ammonium, a trifle is lost in the shadows. If it is desired to take a thin coat off the image, slightly chlorize, wash and fix.—British Journal of Photography.



And You Wonder Why Your Dog Has Rheumatism.

Drawn by Edward Brewer.


WHShindler

It Drove My Legs Into the Ground Deeper Than Ever.

Drawn by W. H. Shindler.

THE THIEF WHO CAME IN THE NIGHT

BY S. I.

With Drawing by W. H. Shindler.

We had had a successful day after caribou. We had returned to camp shortly after dark, had feasted on venison and many other good things, and were toasting our shins about the camp fire. We asked George Nichols, our guide, to tell us some of his adventures in the wilds of Newfoundland. He said he had not had any, but we insisted, and he finally recalled a story which he told thus:

I was hunting on the upper end of the marsh, above where we killed the big stag this afternoon. I had killed 3 caribou, had carried them into camp, and hung them up on a pole. I had eaten my dinner, smoked my pipe, and gone to bed as usual. Some time in the night I had a strange dream. I dreamed that a tree which stood near my camp had blown down and had fallen across my legs, just below my knees. I was writhing and struggling, and suffering intense pain, but could not get from under the tree. I was trying to yell for help, but you know how it is when a fellow has that kind of a dream. Anyway, it would not have done any good if I had been able to howl, for there was not another man within 15 miles of me.

Finally I shook off the sleep and the nightmare at the same time. When I got my eyes open I was frightened almost out of my senses by seeing a big black bear standing upright at my feet, and tugging at one of the caribou. His old plantigrade feet were planted across my legs all right enough, and he was crushing them into the earth. He was a big, heavy brute, and it is the greatest wonder in the world his weight had not broken my legs. The ground was soft where I slept, and that is the only reason I got out without any broken bones.

As soon as I recovered my senses I stopped trying to make any noise, slipped my rifle out from under the blankets, stuck the muzzle up under the old bear's right arm, and pulled the trigger. When the bullet went through him he made a leap that would have surprised you. It drove my legs into the ground deeper than ever, but the big brute fell heavily some 10 feet away and never got up. In making the spring the bear jabbed 2 of his claws almost through the calf of one of my legs, and the wound bled until I was as weak as a cat. I bound it up as quickly as possible, but it pained me so I could not sleep any more that night. The next morning I snaked the 3 carcases down to the river bank, loaded them in my canoe and went home. The wound got worse and worse for several days. My leg swelled until it was twice as big as it is now, and I did not get out of the house for 3 weeks.

I got $25 for the bear's skin, but would not take another such a dose of suffering for 10 times that amount.

A NOVEL TRIP DOWN THE MOUNTAINS

BY CELESTINE CUMMINGS.

For something new in the way of outdoor recreation there is nothing that will compare with the delightful sensation of traveling in mid-air down the lumber chutes in the mountains of California. There are no stopping places midway; the traveler must start from the top of the mountain where the chute commences. The voyage is made in a little wooden boat built to order for each trip.

It is a rudely constructed affair; its flight downward is in fact so swift that has no chance to leak.

The new flume in which our trip was made was recently finished in Fresno county. It leads from the immense pine forests on the mountains 7,000 feet above sea level, down to Collis, a little town in the San Joaquin valley. All flumes are V shaped and the little boats are built to fit.

We made great preparations for starting, the 2 hunters in our party even taking along their rifles and shot guns, as they expected good sport. How we laughed afterward at the result! Not a shot was fired. We sped through the air so swiftly it was as much as we could do to assure ourselves that we were alive. Our courage was put to the test the whole trip; all we thought about after the start was made was to clutch the sides of the boat and hang on. There really was no danger. Before we had time to look around, the first half mile was sped, and we were sweeping around a curve, swiftly leaving the region of ice and snow.

Once past this curve the sight that met

our vision was not a pleasant one. The flume passes between 2 walls of rock, and then out along the solid rock forming the side of a mountain; beneath us was the dark shadow of a deep canyon. Only a moment of fear and dismay and we were past the place, the boat flying swifter than any toboggan ever speeded. The point just passed was one of the most perilous in construction as the workmen could find no foothold and were let down by ropes to do their drilling in the solid rock for the flume anchorages. Now it is as safe as human skill can make it, but still there are possibilities that a bolt might give way or a cleat snap, and let the whole structure, with its *voyageurs,* plunge downward thousands of feet into some black abyss.

Some mornings, in the higher altitudes icicles hang from the flumes, and ice is piled up beneath in columns and arches that sparkle like gems in the sunlight. The water is not turned on in the flume when the temperature is cold enough to freeze it. If one is proof against the inclination to follow his glance bodily he may peep over the side of the swiftly flying boat down into the depths of a canyon and see the foam of a river, or a falling cascade.

The whole trip is a delightful panorama of swiftly changing scenes. It has the fascination of traveling in fairyland. After the first 15 miles of the journey the snow disappears and groves of arbor vitæ and sugar pine take its place. These in turn give place to tangled thickets of manzanita and chaparral. During our 2 hours' trip we have passed through many successive changes of climate evidenced by the different scenes presented to view. Think of riding in a small craft in a great trough whose rushing waters carry you through the air, through forests, across canyons, shooting around precipices and crags, flying over cattle ranches, orchards and vineyards, darting over gardens and houses, to land in a valley amid the most beautiful tropical scenery imaginable!

These flumes are nothing specially new as lumber conveyers; but they are decidedly so as routes for a pleasure trip.

CAN THE EYE FOLLOW A BULLET'S FLIGHT?

BY RODNEY WEST.

Some years ago while watching a target through a telescope an observer noticed a fog colored projectile traveling to the target, and as it struck the target instantly vanishing and revealing the new bullet hole just then made. The rifle used in that instance was a Sharp's patched, 40-90 caliber. An account of it was published at the time, but no extensive experiments were made, and the occurrence was soon forgotten. It is not easy to believe that it is possible to watch the flight of a rifle bullet, so the account probably passed with most people for a romance.

It has remained for 2 or 3 Adirondack riflemen to prove that it is possible under right conditions to watch the flight of a rifle ball; to do it with the naked eye; and to show the bullets during flight to all observers who have fair eyesight. The discovery was made as follows:

Some gentlemen were at an hotel at Minerva, on October 15th, 1904, target shooting. H. J. Callahan was out at one side, watching the target, which was about 150 yards from the firing point. About 3.30 p. m., when the sun shone at just the right angle, he first noticed a silver streak as each shot was fired, traveling from the gun to the target, and spoke of it. He said,

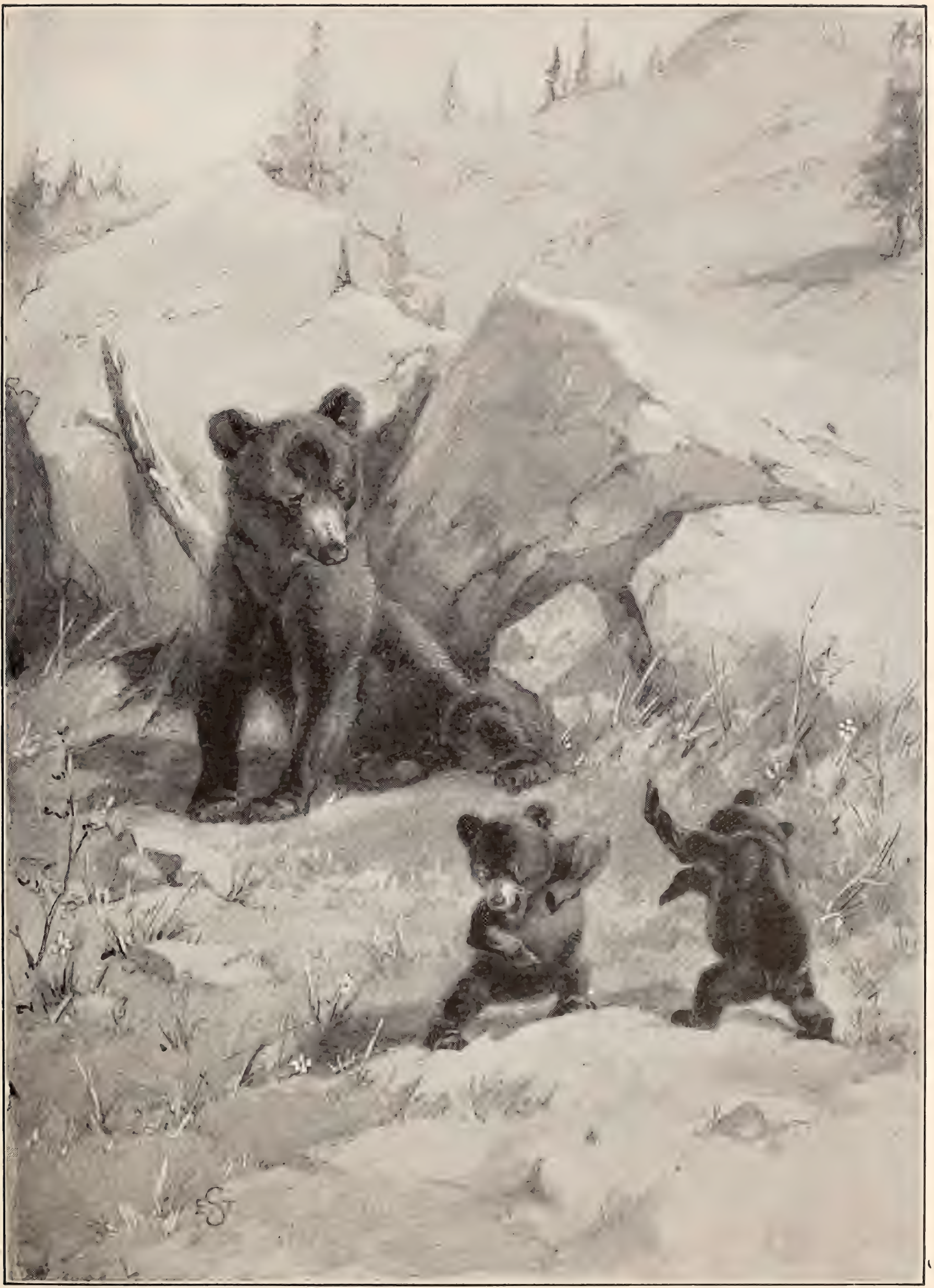
"I'm sure I can see those bullets fly as you shoot them."

The sun glinted on the brightened bullet, falling on it at just the angle required, and so made it visible, like an instant glimpse of a distant bright telephone wire in the sunlight. At first Mr. Callahan was not believed. Others took his place, and soon all the shooters had observed the flight of a number of bullets.

Callahan placed them where they could see for themselves. They were soon thoroughly convinced and continued to watch the flight of the bullets till the light changed and the shooting stopped.

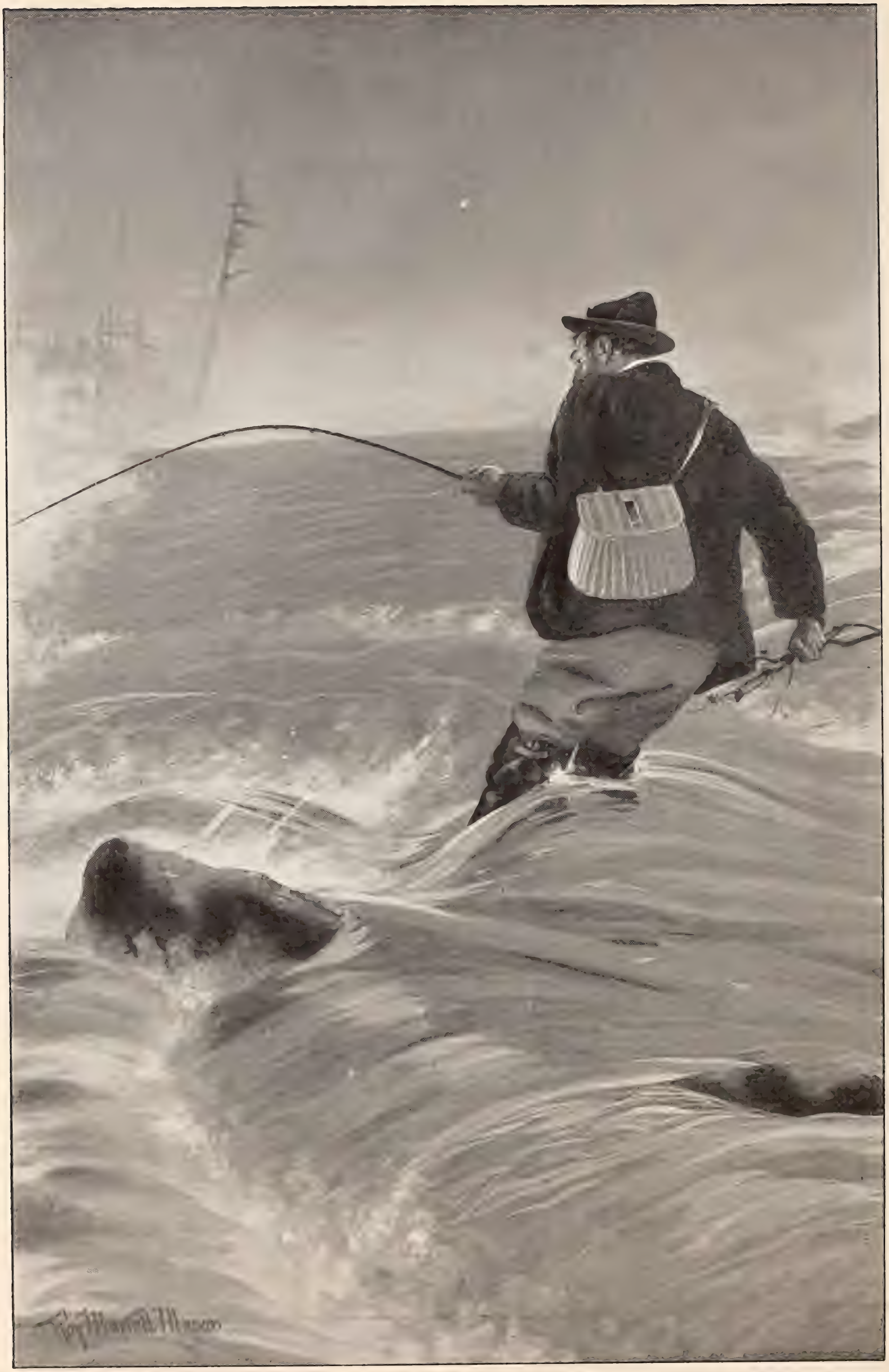
The rifles used were 30, 45 and 38, the bullets from all of which were readily seen even by those who did not a moment before believe such a thing possible, and would not believe such a statement by any one even if sworn to.

On October 27th I was invited to call at the hotel and view the second series of experiments kindly made for my benefit. Though thoroughly unconvinced by what I had heard 2 days before, I went, and on placing myself properly I saw the third bullet fired, as well as a dozen or so besides. The guns used on the second day's trial were a 38-40 and a 38-55. Factory ammunition was used in both experiments. The 38-55 was the prettiest bullet to watch. It showed a curious streak of light in a manner all its own.



The Comedians of the Woods.

Drawn by Ernest Thompson- Seton


Roy Martell Mason

An Uncomfortable Situation
By Roy Martell Mason

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN BEAR.

Thirty years ago I was engaged, with a party of assistants, on the survey of public lands in Colorado. At the close of a week's hard climbing we found ourselves in a rough, rock-strewn region near timber line, and made our camp on the margin of a small, icy lake at the head of South Boulder creek.

As the following day was Sunday, we put up our small tent, secured the pack mules from straying by hobbling them, and made arrangements to enjoy a much needed rest. My head chainman, whose name was W. R. Morley, lately from the States, was possessed with the spirit of an explorer. Often after a hard day's work on the line he would take his rifle and tramp still farther in quest of new scenes and adventures in the deep forest-covered valleys, or among the naked, snow-capped peaks and summits.

On the morning following our arrival at the lake he started Northward along the sharp ridge which forms the watershed of the 2 oceans, intending if possible to secure a deer, or perhaps a bear, for our larder, as well as to find a route whereby our pack animals could be got over the range to the Pacific slope, for I had observed that the course of the line we were running would make this necessary. About sundown he returned to camp with his gun barrel filled with snow, his clothing badly torn, and a scared, woebegone look generally. No reason would he give for his dilapidated appearance until he had eaten supper and drunk 2 or 3 cups of strong coffee. Then he told us of his day's adventures.

After reaching the summit of the dividing ridge, Morley started Northward, watching on either side for elk or deer or bighorn sheep, which frequent the grassy slopes at the base of the ridge. From his lofty position he observed a large cinnamon bear and 2 half-grown cubs, well up on the face of the snow-covered slope. They were feasting on the locusts which perish from cold while making their migratory flights in that high altitude. So plentiful were these insects that in many places where the August sun had melted the snow the flowing water had carried several bushels into a single depression.

Moving cautiously to a point some 200 yards distant, but nearly above the unsuspicious bruins, Morley crawled to the extreme verge of an overhanging snow bank, took aim at the largest bear, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing her roll down the icy slope. The excitement attending his first successful bear shot resulted in trouble at once; for in his hurried efforts to recover his feet, Morley lost his balance, and in a moment he shot over the snow bank into space below. The softened snow broke the force of his fall when he struck, more than 100 feet from the place of starting, and again he went off at a rate that flung him among the bears. The old bear was not much hurt by the shot, and, with her cubs, was as anxious to get away from trouble as Morley was; but neither could control their motions. Sometimes the bears were on top, sometimes the man; the bears frightened into fits by the yells of the hunter, and he scared out of his senses as the growling bears rolled over him in their wild tumble.

Morley had clung to his gun during the fracas, but he was under too great headway to use it. Besides it was packed full of snow; and it is doubtful if in his excitement he could have hit a bear at 10 feet. The bears were too badly frightened to offer fight. They, like their enemy, had other things to think about, and all parties were willing to call quits when the lower edge of the steep snow field was reached. The bears scampered off to the woods, while Morley, who was sure he had not lost any bears, made no objection to their hurried departure. He tied up his tattered clothing as best he could, and started for camp fully impressed with the belief that bear hunting is sometimes pursued under difficulties.

C. A. Deane, Denver, Colo.

DEER WITH NO. 4 SHOT.

I want to say to Mr. F. L. Haight, who, in the December issue of Recreation, questions the truth of Mr. J. D. Magee's statement that he has killed deer at 62 yards and black bear at 54 yards with No. 4 chilled shot, that I consider Mr. Magee's statement possible. I know of a yearling buck having been killed at 40 paces with a charge of No. 6 shot. Of course, such shots are exceptional, not the rule.

Most old hunters can recall extraordinary shots, the recital of which is likely to create disbelief. I have myself made several remarkable chance shots which, if described, would certainly reflect on my reputation for veracity.

In regard to Mr. A. H. Dunham's account of the killing of a large bear 60 miles north of Nome, Alaska, by shooting it in the mouth with a shot gun, and your comments thereon, I will say that Mr. A. H. Bradley, taxidermist, recently received from Alaska the head and skin of a large brown bear which, Bradley informed me, had been shot in the mouth and killed with a shot gun. I examined the skin and there were no shot holes; and as the teeth were not broken I was inclined to believe the story a fake and that the bear had been poisoned. If the shot gun story is true there should be positive evidence of it in the bear's skull, which can be verified or denied by an inquiry addressed to Mr. A. H. Bradley, taxerdermist, Helena, Mont. It occurs to me that these bears, coming from Alaska, killed in the same manner, may be identical, in which case Mr. Bradley's testimony would settle a doubtful question.

G. A. Tremper, Helena, Mont.

DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE POCKETBOOK.

In answer to Mr. Pugh, of Baltimore, Md., whose question regarding the 32 caliber Colt automatic pistol appeared in the September issue of Recreation, I wish to say thot int is a very effective weapon. Its accuracy up to 100 yards is astonishing. The recoil is light, and does not throw the pistol out of the firing line, as in the case of many of the stronger shooting actions. Though I fired nearly 2,000 rounds from the same arm, the mechanism worked admirably; never got stuck, as a Marlin 22 caliber rifle would under the same circumstances. The Colt is an ideal pocket arm, having an effective safety lock which makes an accidental discharge impossible. Besides, it does not possess any sharp points to tear the carrier's pocket. The gun itself is not much heavier than a well filled pocketbook, and feels much like one. The last feature makes it especially desirable.

Geo. P. Shumaker, U. S. Arsenal,
Pittsburg, Pa.

ANTI-RUST TREATMENT.

I note in Recreation many requests for information as to means by which guns may be kept from rusting when not in use. In the Philippine islands, where rusting occurs more quickly than in any other place I have I ever been in, I found the following to be the only thoroughly satisfactory method of preventing rust:

Dissolve one part by weight of paraffin in 10 parts by weight of kerosene oil. Dip the gun barrels in this, or wipe them well inside and out with a rag dripping with the solution. Hang up the barrels by one end until all excess of the solution has drained off, and evaporation has taken away much of the kerosene from the solution remaining in the barrels, leaving a thin film of paraffin over the entire metal surface and keeping the air away from it. Put a tight fitting dry cork in each end of the barrel. Dip a piece of paper in the same paraffin solution and roll up the gun barrels in it. The same method will also be effective with any other metal work, and in hot climates the gun locks can also be protected against rust in the same way without the interference with their action which would result from the stiffening of the paraffin in a lower temperature. A gun treated in this way will not soil the hands, and it may be used all day in the rain without showing any sign of rust. A gun barrel which has been paraffined, corked and wrapped in paraffined paper may be stored away indefinitely without the least danger of injury from rust.

E. L. Munson, Captain, Assistant Surgeon,
U. S. A., Fort Bayard, N. M.

STRIPPED THE SQUIRRELS' TAIL.

In the village of Tracey, a suburb of Chicago, a number of gray squirrels live in the shade trees and get their food about the houses. There is also a small dog in the village that plays tag with the squirrels. In a game with one little gray the dog became too previous and as the squirrel went up a tree the dog caught him by the tail and stripped the skin off the bone. The other squirrels promptly ostracised their wounded comrade, and they now attack and punish him at frequent intervals. He can only escape their persecutions by taking refuge in a knot hole and standing them off as they try to follow him. The boys call him the whipstock squirrel. H. A. Beahler, Chicago, Ill.

GAME IN THE KLONDIKE.

I have been collecting data on game killed in this country in the last 4 months; not altogether from what hunters tell me, but I have been out at some of their camps and have seen the game piled in large stacks. It is nearly all caribou, as few moose were killed this year.

At the head of the middle or main fork of the Klondike river are 2 hunting camps and just over the divide, near the head of the McQuestion river, is another one, with 3 men in each camp. They killed nearly 500 caribou this year, each camp as follows: Officers Brothers and Larson, 165 caribou and 7 moose; Strand, Hollenbeck and Mollett, 182 caribou and 2 moose; Woods, Soloman and Pine, 55 caribou and 51 moose, making a total of 463 head killed by these 3 outfits. Strand told me that in the draw where Officers Brothers and Larsen are now camped he killed 24 moose last year in one week, and this year there has not even been a track of one seen. You can readily see that in a few more years we will have to go to the North Pole to find a moose.

The caribou are migratory, going South in the fall. They pass through here in immense herds, the run lasting 12 to 14 days. The number passing reaches nearly a quarter of a million. Their path is 20 miles wide, and one can see caribou in all directions. The hills literally swarm with them, all headed South. In the spring these animals come North again, but take different routes. They travel scatteringly, and most of them are in poor condition; at least the bulls are reduced almost to skeletons. A few caribou winter in this section. As you are aware, the caribou cow has horns, and they work hardships on the bulls during the deep snow. The bull drops his horns in the fall, but the cow carries hers until spring. As soon as the bull drops his horns he leaves the cow, but the cow "him heap sabe." She follows the bull, and wherever he paws the snow away to get down to the moss, which they feed on altogether, the cow fights him away and gets the moss. By the time she has the first hole mossed out Mr. Bull has another one opened and she repeats her tactics, and the poor defenseless bull cannot protect himself. Neither can he get away from the weaker sex, for she would follow him to hades and make him dig.

Our game laws are not enforced. Living is high here, and the meat market is practically controlled by one large concern. The Territorial Government realizes that a great many prospectors get their grubstake by hunting for the market. If the game laws were enforced the meat company would make us pay their price, which would be not less than 75 cents to $1 a pound, instead of 30 to 40 cents, as it now is. I do not uphold anyone in the slaughter of this noble game, but am simply stating what seems to be the general sentiment of the people here. Some go so far as to say the caribou never can be killed out; that hunters can not follow them to their breeding grounds. That is all bosh, and the caribou will disappear. As I heard a Spokane Indian say some years ago about the buffalo, "White man ketchum Peter gun buffalo klattawa."

If our game laws as they stand to-day were enforced it would only put a few more men in the field with guns, as every miner who could get away would shoulder a gun and kill his own meat. Each man is allowed to kill 2 moose and 6 caribou. It is hoped that the Yukon Council will at an early date amend these laws and appoint game wardens. Otherwise, in 5 years from now, there will not be a moose within 500 miles of Dawson.

J. P. Hubrick, Dawson, Y. T.

THE SIXTEEN GAUGE.

Some years ago a man in Haiti owned a 16 gauge, single barrel, pin fire, French shot gun. He used it with both ball and shot, and on one occasion the ball, being too large to pass the choke, took along 3 inches off the end of the barrel, leaving about 25 inches. After sustaining other serious damage the gun reached my hands, and I used it several years in pigeon, plover and snipe shooting. I afterward bought a 12 gauge American gun, but was never able to do better shooting than with the little 16. In recent years I have returned to the 16 and am now using one by an English maker.

The standard weight of a 16 with 26 or 27 inch barrels is 6 pounds, while a 6 pound 12 gauge is but a miniature gun, which will not stand so proportionately heavy a charge as the 16 will. The accepted standard for a 12 gauge is 3¼ drams; that for a 16 is 2½ drams. With the decreased weight of ammunition there is a lighter report, and les recoil. The smaller size will not recoil to the same extent with 2½ drams as the larger size will with 3¼ drams, both guns being of the same weight; and it is my contention that the 6 pound 16 is a better gun than the 6 pound 12 gauge dwarf, known as a featherweight.

Mr. Greener, the champion of the 12 gauge featherweight, says: "The 16 caliber has been proved to shoot as strong as the 12, but the killing circle is less, and, moreover, not being in such general use as the 12-bore, it is not always so easy to procure cartridges."

It is true that with the 12 gauge 20 pellets more may be placed in the 30 inch circle, and that barely accounts for the additional ⅛ ounce of shot in the larger load, with the advantages to the sportsman using the smaller size of less weight, less recoil lighter report and possibly greater penetration. It is admitted that with certain heavy loads the penetration of the 12 is greater than that of the 16 with its regular load; it must on the other hand be admitted that a considerable increase may be made in the latter, but I believe there would be little wisdom in such increase since there is so little necessity for it.

As to the reduced killing circle experiment shows that to be a small matter indeed and for any one but the man intent on slaughter, the killing circle of the 16, and even the 20, is sufficient. What is of greater importance is penetration, and even with light loads the penetration **is** sufficient to kill all game that should be taken with a shot gun. Mr. Greener, speaking of the 20 gauge, writes: "A frequent error, and one which is of importance, is the overloading of small bore guns, for sportsmen overlook the point that the gun does not fail to kill owing to lack of penetrative force, but because the pattern is not sufficiently close." I contend that the pattern of the 16 gauge is sufficiently close, and that even at 60 yards it holds its own with the 12 gauge.

I do not comment on the neater appearance of the smaller size; that may be of little importance, but I, for my part, prefer a neat appearing, easy to handle, light gun, to the heavier and clumsier one. I load my own ammunition, and the great saving in expensive powders and shot is an item to be considered. The seller of ammunition, of course, has his preference, and it is certainly not for the size on which he will realize the least.

No one who has ever used a 16 bore gun with No. 4 shot will claim that it has not sufficient penetrative force and that, too, with as good a pattern as can ordinarily be made with a 12. It would be a surprise to a great many to note the performance of such a gun and charge at 75 yards.

Samuel E. Tatem, Washington, D. C.

SHALL IT BE 12 OR 16?

I am of Mr. Campbell's opinion, that if the readers of RECREATION would relate their experiences with the different gauge guns it would be interesting to most of us. What I should like to know is: Will a 16 gauge gun loaded with, say, 2½ drams of powder with proportionate charge of shot, shoot as hard as a 12 gauge with 3 drams of powder and proportionate charge of same size shot? We will assume that both guns are of same length and are bored alike. Of course, you can hit a flying bird with more ease with a 12 gauge, as it makes a larger target, but what I want is a gun that will not tire me to carry it all day, will not kick too hard, and which at the same time will give good service. Another thing in favor of the 16 gauge, in addition to its light weight, is the weight of the ammunition when I am loaded down with shells for an all day's hunt. I have 2 Ithacas and one Syracuse, all hammerless. One of the Ithacas is a 16 gauge. The next gun I buy will be a Baker hammerless, as it is said to be absolutely safe from being discharged accidentally, and that is a feature worth considering. A few days ago I fired the right barrel of my 16 gauge at a bird and the left barrel went off at the same time. Since that I have made up my mind to buy a Baker. Will some of the readers of RECREATION tell me what gauge to buy for bird shooting? How should barrels be bored and what length for different gauge guns?

G. E. Cecil, Flatlick, Ky.

These questions have all been answered in RECREATION time and again; but this subject is, like a pretty girl, always interesting, and so I shall be glad to have my readers take another shy at it.—EDITOR.

PASSENGER PIGEON OR BANDTAIL?

While teaching at Glenlea, Man., 18 miles South of Winnipeg, in 1896-7-8, I frequently saw wild pigeons, usually in pairs, but occasionally 4, 5 or 6 together. In the summer of '98 I came to Qu' Appelle. Have seen these birds here every year, but previous to this year do not recollect seeing more than 4 at a time. This year have seen as many as 10 or 12 together. They were daily on the street near my home; also in my garden. Have never found their nests. The past 2 or 3 weeks they have disappeared, presumably having gone South for the winter. The birds I have seen are slimmer than the domestic pigeon and, apparently, with a predominance of bluish-grey tints; but I have never killed one nor been able to get close enough to study coloring minutely.

E. E. Law, Qu' Appelle, Can.

I am deeply interested in your report as to wild pigeons, and while I am exceedingly anxious that the few of these birds remaining should be carefully protected, I regret you or some one else did not kill one specimen, in the interest of science. There is still a question in my mind as to the identity of the birds you saw. As you doubtless know, the bandtail pigeon is quite numerous in the Puget sound country and in parts of Oregon and Northern California. It is possible these birds may have crossed the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains and invaded your Province. If any of them return in the spring I trust you may be able to secure one, skin it carefully, stuff the skin with cotton and send it to me. If, however, you are familiar with the passenger pigeon, you could readily distinguish it from the bandtail by the fact that the former has a long tail and flies with it folded and sharp pointed, while the bandtail has a shorter tail and flies with is spread out, as the domestic pigeon or dove does. Were you near enough to any of the pigeons you saw to identify them in this particular?—EDITOR.

ANSWER.

Yours to hand. I am still of belief that the birds are passenger pigeons, though I can not be positive. Other persons who should know, say the birds were not bandtails. I am positive that the tails of the pigeons I saw were particularly and noticeably long. I am trying to get further evidence, and will write you later.

E. E. Law.

NOT SO FAST.

I have become entangled in an argument concerning the velocity of a charge of shot put from a heavily loaded shell. Can you help me any in the matter? Would 4 miles a second for the first 40 yards be too great? If not, my theory of holding dead on flying game is correct; if too great, I shall have to succumb to the "3 feet ahead" theory.

Ashley D. Conger, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ANSWER.

No practicable load would develop over 900 to 950 feet a second of velocity. I am not aware of any ballistic velocity, even in highest power modern naval rifles to exceed 3,500 feet a second. In general, when shooting with a shot gun at flying game, except incomers or outgoers, a considerable lead will have to be employed. This will vary with velocity of load, distance of bird from gun and speed of the bird's flight. Practice at inanimate targets will give much valuable experience along this line.—EDITOR.

POWDER AND BALL PISTOL.

I suggest to M. R. Williams that he buy an old fashioned Colt bullet mould to make bullets for his Colt 44 caliber powder and ball revolver. He can get one from J. H. Johnston, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Those moulds cast properly sized bullets for the old style army revolvers. They are double, each casting one round and one conical bullet; the former running about 50 to the pound; the latter about 32. The conical bullet is cast with one canelure, which will carry sufficient tallow for lubrication. The ball weighs 219 grains and, with 18 or 20 grains of black powder behind it, I can vouch for its accuracy at ranges of 20 to 25 yards. The round bullets are equally true at the target, but less powder should be used to avoid stripping. They are more difficult to lubricate to prevent leading, but if the user will, with a pocketknife, press a little tallow in over each bullet in the cylinder, he will find no trouble in cleaning the pistol.

I have experimented considerably with Colt's powder and ball revolvers and have found them accurate and reliable. I believe the old Colt Navy of 36 caliber, with octagon barrel, can be relied on to make targets equal to those made with any cartridge revolver. I have done excellent shooting with one and have seen others do quite as good if not better work. This is not intended to in any way reflect on the 44 caliber. I have one of the latter which is also exceedingly accurate and I believe it is capable of just as good work as the 36. Should any of your readers wish further information about my experience with those old style weapons I will be glad to answer their inquiries to the best of my ability.

S. G. W., Baltimore, Md.

FORESTRY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The State forester of Massachusetts has issued a circular entitled "Practical Assistance to Owners of Woodlots. Including Prospective Plantations." This is accompanied by a blank contract similar in plan to that issued last year by the Massachusetts Forestry Association, but differing slightly in details. The circular reads as follows:

"It is the desire of the State forester to make the work of his office of as much practical value as possible to the owners of woodlands within the commonwealth. To this end as much of his time as other duties will permit is reserved for the owners of woodlands.

"Application for practical assistance should be accompanied by a short description of the tract. stating its size, kind of growth, and the distance from city, town or village. Such applications are grouped according to the parts of the Commonwealth from which they come. In this way several woodlots may be examined on the same trip and the traveling and subsistence expenses of the forester pro-rated among the ive in woodland areas, but residential sections can be very generally cleaned in this way.

"The newly formed Massachusetts Association for the Suppression of the Gypsy and Brown Tail Moths provides in its bylaws for affiliating with all such local societies. In short, the whole trend of the movement, local and general, is toward federated effort. With city and town governments spending relatively large sums to suppress the moths on public property, and the citizens making house to house canvasses to secure the co-operation of whole neighborhoods in cleaning private lands at private cost, the Legislature will be given to understand that the people are trying to help themselves and are deserving of State assistance in their fight.

"It is hoped that every resident and property owner in the infested region will join the Massachusetts Association for Suppressing the Gypsy and Brown Tail Moths. Membership is open to all residents of the

State who are 21 years of age or over, and there are no initiation fees or annual dues. The association will be supported by voluntary subscriptions. The 30 organizers started the fund with a contribution of $1 each. Applications for membership and contributions of money should be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Alfred Akerman, State forester, at room 7, State House, Boston."

SPIRITED PICTURES.

"To secure the spirited moving pictures the public demands, photographers sometimes take long chances. One of these had a peculiar experience, with a singular result," says the *World's Work*.

"He was a biograph operator, taking pictures of a fire department rushing to a fire. Several pieces of apparatus had passed, an engine, hook and ladder company and the chief. The operator with his bulky apparatus, large camera, storage batteries, etc., stood in the middle of the street, facing the stream of engines, hose wagons, and fire patrol men. In order to show the contrast, an old time hand pump engine, dragged by a dozen men and boys, came running at full speed down the street, and behind and to one side of them followed a 2-horse hose carriage, going like mad. The men running with the engine, not realizing how narrow the space was or unaware of the plunging horses behind, passed the biograph man on one side on the dead run.

"The driver of the rapidly approaching team saw there was no room for him to pass on the other side of the camera man, and his horses were going too fast to stop in the space that remained. He had but an instant to decide between the dozen men and their antiquated machine and the moving picture outfit. He chose the latter, and with a warning shout to the photographer bore straight down on the camera, which continued to do its work faithfully, taking dozens of pictures a second, recording even the strained, anxious expression on the face of the driver. The pole of the hose wagon struck the camera box squarely and knocked it into fragments, and the wheels passed quickly over the pieces, the photographer meanwhile escaping somehow. By lucky chance the box holding the coiled exposed film came through the wreck unscathed.

"When the series was shown on the screen in a theatre the audience saw the engine and hook and ladder in turn come nearer and nearer and then rush by; then the line of running men with the old engine; and then—and their flesh crept when they saw it—a team of plunging horses coming straight toward them at frightful speed. The driver's face could be seen between the horses' heads distorted with effort and fear. Straight on the horses came, their nostrils distended, their great muscles straining, their fore hoofs striking out almost, it seemed, in the faces of the people in the front row of seats. People shrank back, some women shrieked, and when the plunging horses seemed almost on them, at the very climax of excitement the picture was blotted out. The camera taking the pictures had continued to work to the very instant it was struck and hurled to destruction."

A NEIGHBORLY JANGLE.

It was a warm, lazy day, and the park was lovely. I had fed the ducks in the lower pond until I was tired, listened to the "Whoo-ee-chew, whoo-ee-chew, whoo-ee-chew" of the Maryland yellowthroat, and identified the bird for the first time. Then, feeling I had done a good morning's work, I lay down on the grass to rest.

Just below me was a rustic bridge. Over it leaned an old oak tree in which, high enough to be in line of vision as I lay, was a knot hole. I knew what was in the knot hole, for this was not the first time I had seen it, but I did not feel like climbing any tree that morning. Besides, the park guardians, newly authorized to arrest any one caught disturbing birds, were not far away, so I let my eyes rest on the place with no thought of anything particularly interesting happening, nor caring whether it did or not.

So lazy did I feel that I was slow to notice that something was happening right before my eyes. There would be a flash of red, white and black from one limb to another, and a violent shaking of a small branch growing out of a larger limb, which joined the trunk just below the knot hole. Then there would be quiet for a short time, followed by a slight disturbance of the leaves, another dash of red, white and black, and another violent shaking of the limb. By sitting up I saw the cause of all the trouble.

In the knot hole were young redhead woodpeckers. That it was a knot hole, on the outside at least, I maintain, in spite of John Burroughs and all the other authorities who say the redhead never nests in natural cavities. I had plainly heard the young birds calling for food several days before, and had seen the old birds go in and out.

A young gray squirrel, nearly full grown, had somehow got out on that branch without the old bird's knowledge, or maybe he had ben chased there. At any rate, he was in a peck of trouble for, without a longer jump than he seemed to care to take, the only way out was back past the hole in the tree, and that way the bird seemed bound he should not take. I don't know whether it was papa or mama Redhead who was on guard, and I don't suppose the squirrel cared. All he wanted was to get out of there.

As long as the squirrel was quiet, the bird perched on a convenient tree trunk, with never a sound; but the slightest motion of the youngster on the limb, especially if in the only direction he cared to go, was the signal for assault. There would be a sort of muffled "K-r-r-r-r-t!" a rustling of wings and a dash so close it seemed as if there must be a collision. The squirrel would dodge, shake the limb violently and then subside. Again and again was this repeated. Sometimes the squirrel appeared to grow desperate and make up his mind to pay no attention to the attacks, but he never had the courage to go back along the bare part of the limb.

A dozen times he climbed up a little twig that led nowhere in particular, and looked up into space. Fully as many times he crawled out to the extreme end of the limb and looked wistfully toward the next tree. I imagined he was thinking something like this:

"What in the name of Christmas did I ever come here for? Here's a whole grove of trees, and I must crawl up into this blasted old stump, where there isn't anything to eat, and get that fool thing with feathers on whirling around my head. I wonder if I could jump across there. I s'pose I'd break my neck, and it would serve me right, too. Look out there, you red headed idiot! You'll knock a fellow's eyes out the next thing you know. What do you want to come whirling around like that for? Do you happen to have a mortgage on this tree? You're welcome to it, if you have. Just keep quiet a minute, will you, and you can have my share of it. Got young ones in that hole! Good Lord, don't I know it? Listen to 'em squeal! Seems to me if you had a bit of sense you'd go and get them something to eat. Look out, I tell you! What do you suppose I want with your infernal young ones? I wouldn't be caught dead eating—Oh, Lord! this is the eleventh time I've been up to the end of this branch, and its farther from nowhere than anywhere else. K-r-r-r-r-t! there you go again! Like to get me out on that bare limb where you'd have a good chance at me, wouldn't you? Well, I'll just show you a thing or two."

And he did. A leap out in space, a wild grab, some lively scrambling, and the rest was plain sailing. At the other end of that limb was the tree trunk, away below the hole wherein slept and squealed by turns the birdlings. This road the squirrel took without unnecessary delay, and it was not until he reached the safe seclusion of another tree that the usual pert kink came back into his tail.

I really think it was a random jump, made through desperation, and pure luck that he caught on the limb instead of going to the ground; but I have not the slightest doubt that his brothers and sisters, and children and grandchildren, will hear more than once of his splendid fight, and his wild and daring leap when finally attacked by half a dozen feathered monsters with red heads and long sword bills.

Probably the woodpecker was more frightened than the squirrel, and only parental instinct made it act as it did. I doubt whether it would have done more than dart past and around the squirrel if he had deliberately entered the hole and eaten up the entire brood. Certain it is, the bird made no attempt to follow. There was a great to do, however, when its mate returned, a little later, and I am reasonably certain that the first bird's bravery in driving off a ferocious monster was exploited at its full value and duly commended. There was a great amount of hitching up and down and around, and jabbering in the redhead language. The bird that had been absent went into the nest, only to reappear in a short time, and they both flew away apparently without fear of the return of the squirrel.

Then I felt at liberty to go on with my nap. H. W. Morrow, Omaha, Neb.

QUITE A NUMBER.

I believe that Recreation knows everything, and would like to ask: What interesting animals and birds breed in the Borough of Queens, New York?—AX.

ANSWER.

Wood duck have bred in the swamps near the Flushing cemetery for the last twenty years, quail, woodcock, wild brook trout, cotton tails, 'possums, black crested night herons, owls, gray and flying squirrels, besides great numbers of beautiful birds, including the scarlet tanager. Barn owls formerly occupied the steeple of the Congregational church, but have not been reported since the broken glass was replaced by new in the steeple window. But it should be a crime to hunt these creatures inside the city limits, and the citizens should unite for their protection.—Editor.

MORE POWER TO HIM.

Governor Blanchard, of Louisiana, is taking an active part in the campaign against professional hunters in his State. Recently he brought a number of district attorneys before him and directed that vigorous measures be adopted toward enforcing the laws.

THE AMATEUR TRAPPERS

BY CHARLEY APOPKA.

IV

The next morning, after visiting the traps set, and taking out of them a bald tailed old 'possum, and 2 or 3 swamp rabbits that had blundered into them, the trappers set off in the direction in which the coons were heard the night before. Paddling up the dead water half a mile took them to where a lagoon branched off in the direction they wished to go. This in turn branched and forked into numerous smaller channels, overhung with willows, myrtles and other swamp growths, and on the branches of these stood numbers of night herons, ibises, and other long legged gentry, that flew up with unmusical squawks and a great flapping of wings, only to settle down a little farther on. Sometimes an old water turkey, wet from his fishing, would leap from the overhanging limb where he was drying himself, and desperately flopping, would attempt to fly farther up the creek, but his wet, bedraggled wings proving unequal to the task, he would finally hit the water with a splash, and dive out of sight, as if ashamed of his miserable attempt and failure. Others of his brethren, as if observing his fiasco, and profiting by it, would point their heads downward and silently drop into the water, causing scarcely a ripple.

Running ashore at length, the trappers found the swamp dry and firm in places, and intersected with little trails bearing the imprint of the feet of numerous coons and other quadruped gentry of the marsh.

Putting together the rod and tackle, the trappers went to angling for fish to bait the coon traps, but the results were disappointing. Mose was about to put away the rod in disgust, but Uncle Snap said,

"Throw out once more, and then count 50, and if you don't get a bite by that time we'll quit 'em cold. That's the way I used to do when I was a kid, and the fish wouldn't bite, and I didn't know whether to quit or not."

Mose commenced counting slowly, 1-2-3-4-5, etc., and when he had got somewhere in the forties the line trembled and then moved away.

"That's no bass," said U. S. "I'll bet it's a confounded turtle."

It was not, however, but a catfish of 2 or 3 pounds weight which came grunting to the bank after a fierce resistance.

Cutting him into suitable sized pieces, the trappers went to setting traps, and in the course of 2 hours made 18 or 20 sets, concealing the traps near the well traveled trails, and suspending a scrap of fish overhead on a stick or convenient bush.

"There," said U. S., "if we don't have something in the morning, I'll say the hoodoo is still on us."

"Yes," said Mose, "if the fool swamp rabbits don't spring 'em all."

Reaching the canoe again, they set out for camp, killing on the way 3 or 4 curlews, for the next meal.

"If we fool around this place long enough we'll get another deer, I believe," observed Mose. "I saw a good deal of fresh sign while I was on that little dry oak ridge."

"Me, too," said U. S.; "and I am in just about the right condition to eat a whole deer. Gee! but I am hungry! Let's bend to the paddle and get to camp before starvation completes its fiendish work."

An hour later the breasts and thighs of the curlews were sputtering over the fire. Biscuits were browning in the oven, and in 10 minutes more, minutes which seemed as hours to the hungry trappers, the feast was on.

"I tell you," said Mose, as he plunged the gleaming steel of his 3-tined fork into the shapely leg of a curlew, "this old saying, that anticipation is better than realization, is pure foolishness. Why, I'd rather realize this juicy thigh than anticipate a whole flock of curlew."

"Well, I should titter," assented U. S. "The old fossil who got that off never was this hungry, or he'd have known better."

And U. S. proceeded to realize a large piece of breast and a nicely browned biscuit.

The day was ended as they washed up the dishes, and as the sun dropped behind the cypress an owl gave a hoot, off in the swamp, like the sunset gun on some fort.

Early the next morning the trappers were astir. Breakfast over, they set off in the little boat to see what prizes they had drawn in the lottery of the wilderness. All the otter traps save one were undisturbed, and in that one, which was set in a trail, were the remains of a swamp rabbit that had monkeyed with the buzz saw, after which some varmint had happened along and eaten him. The leg bones of the unfortunate rabbit were all that was left to tell the tale of the tragedy. The trappers had just reset the trap, and pushed off in the canoe again, when the eagle optics of Mose descried the heads of 2 otters swimming rapidly downstream toward them. A word to the wise was sufficient; in other words, a whisper to U. S., who quickly took in the situation, and making ready with the gun, awaited the approach of the highly prized fur bearers. At that moment Mose, hearing a slight commotion in the water downstream, quickly glanced around, and what he saw threatened to cause his eyes to pop out of his head. Two more otters were approaching from below. The boat seemed surrounded by them. The otters swam within 35 yards, when, apparently becoming aware of the boat and trappers for the first time, they stopped and commenced vigorously treading water and sniffing at the strange object. It was a sight rarely seen, 4 fine otters with their necks and shoulders raised out of the water, sniffing the air and splashing, in their efforts to rise higher out of the water to satisfy their curiosity. It was a clear case of rubber neck, with fatal consequences; for Uncle Snap, the commercial side of his nature being uppermost, fired twice, in quick succession, and a fine otter lay kicking on the surface, while the others disappeared with a boiling of water. A few swift strokes of the paddle, and the otter was lifted safe into the boat before he had a chance to sink, which they do quickly when shot.

"Didn't you shoot another one?" asked Mose, roving his eye up and downstream eagerly.

"Yes; and I know, almost, that I hit him," said U. S. "I had a——" he was interrupted by a choking, sputtering noise, and turning, they beheld the otter in question badly wounded, trying to crawl ashore through the thick flags that lined the bank. Another shot ended his sufferings, and as his sleek, glossy body was lifted over the gunwale and laid beside his mate, the trappers could hardly repress a yell of exultation.

"Hooray!" shouted U. S. "The ice is broken at last. We've made a beginning; maybe we can do something now."

"Gee, what fine fur!" said Mose. "Our luck's toined, as Happy Hooligan says. Let's hustle for the coon traps, and get back to camp and case these otters."

"Here goes" said U. S., plunging his paddle into the water; and under their strong strokes the water boiled away from the bow of the little boat. In half an hour they reached the commencement of the line of coon traps, and stealing carefully through the swamp, their ears were gladdened by the jingle of a trap chain. Parting the bushes, they beheld a fine ringtail regarding a trap in a dissatisfied manner, but a little bullet in the brain sent him quickly to the happy hunting grounds.

The next few traps were empty save for the inevitable swamp rabbit. Then 3 more coons, and finally, in the last trap, a dirty old red headed buzzard was flopping about. He had attempted to steal the bait suspended over the trap, and had put his foot in it. A close acquaintance with the filthy creature was not desirable, so cutting a pole, they managed to press down the spring enough to release the ill smelling prisoner, who went hobbling off in the bushes.

Two light hearted trappers paddled back to camp, and on arrival they set to work removing skins, and stretching them in the proper manner. With the coons this was a simple matter, but the otter had to be cased, *i.e.*, removed whole, without cutting the skin, save splitting down the tail and hind legs. It was well on toward evening when the otter skins were stretched on boards provided for the purpose, while the coon hides decorated the trunk of the great oak.

"Who says we are not trappers?" said Mose, surveying their work with pride. Uncle Snap was eying the carcass of the 'possum critically.

"Say," sez he, "let's try him. We were in such a rush to-day, we never got a morsel of fresh meat, and he is fat as butter."

"'Nuf sed," quoth pard, so the 'possum was dressed, and parboiled enough to take the varmint taste out of it, after which it was placed in the oven, seasoned, and decorated with slices of fat pork. After a while, sweet 'taters were put with it for company, and by the time these were baked the 'possum was tender almost to the point of falling to pieces, and an odor arose as the lid was removed that would have caused "Uncle Remus" to roll his eyes.

"I've always had a kind of prejudice against 'possum," said Mose, "but that smell sweeps it away like fog before the sun."

"Good land, yes," said U. S. "My mind is too broad and noble to harbor prejudice in a case like this. If it tastes as good as it smells, I'll be sorry we threw away the tail."

The 'possum was soon a thing of the past, and another dish was mentally added to the bill of fare.

Lounging about the fire before retiring, the trappers discussed the good fortunes of the day, and what the future might have in store for them.

The next day, after making the round of the traps, taking out 2 or 3 coons and the customary quota of rabbits, Mose decided to do some bait fishing, as the bass were not evincing much eagerness to strike the spinner, so, with a few little perch, the result of an hour's patient angling with a minnow hook and a dog fennel pole, he set out for a certain deep bend a quarter of a mile down the dead water, leaving U. S. in camp, skinning coons.

Arriving at the chosen spot, Mose baited with the liveliest minnow, and cast out in the deep, still water, 40 or 50 feet from shore. The little fish was uneasy from the start, and dashed about, dragging the line in all directions. Nor were its fears unfounded, for in a few moments Mose saw the line move away in the direction of Manchuria. After waiting a moment, to allow the bait to be swallowed, Mose struck, and immediately the reel began its sweet little song—zee-zee-zee. It kept on repeating, and the stock of surplus line was steadily diminishing, although Mose was straining his tackle to the danger limit. Grabbing the paddle in one hand, Mose pushed the boat off from shore, and shutting down on the reel, let the invisible monster expend some of his energy in towing the light craft around. This evidently made the fish mad, for he stopped and went to the bottom in a sulk. Taking advantage of this lull in the fight, Mose reeled in line until the boat was almost over the fish, and then applying a steady upward strain, he endeavored to force the fighting, but the weight at the end of the line appeared immovable, and Mose had about concluded the fish had fouled on a sunken log, when the creature suddenly got busy again. Then another irresistible rush, only this time, having the boat to contend with from the start, not so much line was lost as before. Again the fish sulked, and as Mose recovered his line he talked thusly to himself:

"It moves too slowly for a bass; it must be a catfish 4 feet long."

Again and again was the performance repeated, until excitement gave way to fatigue, and when 15 or 20 minutes had passed without getting the creature near enough to the surface to see, Mose began to get uneasy.

"Suppose," he soliloquized, "I am fast to a big alligator, which is unlikely; yet what else can it be? If I crowd him too much, he's liable to board the boat and take charge. I believe dry land is the best after all."

So, running ashore again, he commenced the fight afresh, from the bank, and at length was pleased to note a gradual weakening of the resistance. Pleased, indeed, was Mose, for his arms were becoming very tired.

At last the victim was drawn gasping to the surface, a catfish of perhaps 25 pounds weight. Mose was disappointed. He had expected one of 40 pounds at least, after such a desperate fight. Several times he led the fish to the bank, and endeavored to insert his finger in the gills, but each time his touch would instil new life into the cat, which apparently had the 9 lives of its dry-land namesake, and it would rush off again into deep water, and the performance would have to be repeated.

"Darn it all," said Mose. "I wish Uncle Snap was here to give us a hand." But U. S. was far away, skinning coons.

Tiring at last of this, Mose got his 25 caliber rifle out of the boat with one hand, meanwhile keeping a steady strain on the rod with the other. Then putting as much stress on the little 4-0 hook and its gut leader as he dared, he got the big fish next the bank, and after some difficulty succeeded in putting a bullet in the back of its head. After that he had no trouble in dragging the prize ashore, where, after contemplating it for some moments, he loaded it into the boat and set out for camp, with a fish story to tell U. S. and the proof to show.

U. S. looked at the big cat, and then at the little Bristol rod, and marveled greatly. Uncle Snap used to be a believer in the stout cane pole, and tackle strong enough to throw any fish that came along, over his head; but he was rapidly becoming converted by the little steel buzzy whip, as he called it.

They cut the meat off the catfish in 2 long strips, and threw the remains in the river for the benefit of his cannibal brethren.

"We've got enough fish now to bait our coon traps a month," said U. S., as he hung the strips in the smoke of the camp fire.

"What are we going to have for supper?" queried Mose, after he had rested a while.

"There's nothing fresh but the catfish, and I'm ag'in catfish."

At this moment some sandhill cranes began to whoop in a small prairie across the river.

"Whooping cranes, I reckon," said U. S., gathering the gun and starting for the boat. Mose followed with his trusty rifle, and landing on the opposite side of the river, they cautiously approached the noisy birds. There were 5 great cranes feeding on the flat, but out of shot gun range from any cover, so U. S. concealed himself behind the nearest bunch of palmetto, while Mose slipped around on the opposite side of the prairie, and getting a rest for his rifle on a tree, he screwed his eye to a gimlet focus along the sights, for a long range shot. Crack, went the smokeless powder, and one of the largest birds spread his wings, ran a few steps, and fell sprawling in the grass.

The others took a hop, skip and jump (their almost invariable way of rising), and leaping into the air, flew directly toward Uncle Snap's palmetto bunch, splitting the air the while with their rattling cackle, loud enough to waken the 7 sleepers of Ephesus and their little dog. Bang! went the weapon of U. S., and another sandhill came crashing down in a big palmetto bunch.

Waiting until Mose came up with his game, U. S. plunged into the palmetto after the proof of his marksmanship, but immediately came rushing out, yelling and beating the atmosphere with his hat.

"Wasps!" he said in answer to his pard's interrogation. "Wasps, and plenty of 'em, and it's their busy day, too, darn 'em!" and he proceeded to apply mud to his physiognomy. The crane had fallen almost on the nest, which was hung on the under side of a palmetto fan.

"How in the deuce will we get the crane out?" said U. S., with a resentful look at Mose, whose hilarity seemed unseemly to him at that moment.

"Shucks," said Mose. "I'll bet I can go in there and get it, and the wasps won't bother me, at all. All you've got to do is to go careful. The way you charged in there, no wonder you got bit."

"Yes, and the way you'll charge out of there when those wretches strike your trail, will be worth seeing," said U. S., with a chuckle of anticipation.

Without deigning to notice the coarse insinuation, Mose carefully approached the unconscious sandhill. Its troubles were over, but those of Mose were just about to begin. The wasps had settled back on the nest, and carefully making his way through the palmetto, Mose had almost reached the object of his effort, when his toe caught under a root as he leaned forward to pick up the crane, and he fell with a crash. Instantly pandemonium reigned in that once quiet and peaceful bunch of palmetto. Shouts and imprecations, mingled with yells of encouragement from U. S., who was dancing in ecstasy on the outside, and Mose came tearing out, minus his hat.

"Where'd you get that mud?" he feverishly inquired; and U. S. though speechless for the time being, managed to point out the spot where he had obtained Nature's remedy. After their pains were somewhat alleviated, the trappers held a council of war. Mose was for setting fire to the palmetto, and sending up wasps, crane and all "in one red burial blent," but U. S. had a thought.

"Hold on a minute," said he, and waiting until their enemies had all settled back on the nest, doubtless discussing their great victory over the 2 giants, he slipped a load of 8's in the gun, and taking a careful aim at a distance of 10 feet, pulled the trigger, and the wasps were seen "Nevermore."

Then, gathering up their hard-earned game, the trappers recrossed the river, and that night they feasted on sandhill crane. At least they tried to feast, but the crane they cooked for supper was evidently the Nestor of the whole tribe of whoopers.

"Good gracious," said Uncle Snap, trying in vain to masticate a piece of the meat, "we have killed the grandfather of the flock."

They had to give it up, it was so tough. However, a young sandhill crane, steamed and baked with dressing, like a turkey, is fine eating.

"It is time we got another deer," said Mose. "I am tired of living in this hand-to-mouth way." U. S. gave a grunt of assent, as with a pine splinter he endeavored to remove a shred of the leathery bird from between his incisors.

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

S. N. M'ADOO.

Beneath the awesome cover of the night,
With footsteps noiseless as an evil thought,
The fell marauder quits his mountain grot,
And by some lonely tarn, on jutting height,
Takes up his couchant watch, concealed from sight;
Till, haply, wending toward the fatal spot,
His eager ken discerns the prize long sought—
Some luckless deer no more to see the light.

Behold the feline tremors through him play!
His eyes are all ablaze with baleful fire;
Then swift the fearful bound, the onset dire,
The ineffectual struggle of the prey!
Till life's red blood, warm-pulsing from the wound,
Has poured its last libation on the ground.

EDITORIAL WANDERINGS

America for Americans, The Outdoors for Everybody

DAN BEARD

STARVATION AND DEATH FOR BOB WHITE.

Scarcely a quail has been seen in Arenac county, Michigan, this winter, last winter's cold weather practically wiping them out. A bill is to be introduced at this session of the Legislature to prohibit the killing of quail for five years.

In Nebraska there are plenty of quail near Unadilla, but they are starving to death. Some of them have been made so brave by hunger that they come into town in quest of something to eat. The farmers should fix it so that these birds could get a little grain, sufficient to enable them to live until the snow is gone. It is a shame to see them starving to death, and in a country where there is plenty to eat. The farmers should feed and look after them, for they are the best friend that the farmer has and protect his crops when other birds or insects destroy them.

In other sections the farmers say that thousands of quail are starving to death. The country roads are lined with quail searching for something to eat, and in many cases the little fellows fly into barns and granaries in search of grain. The thawing and freezing of the snow of the last thirty days has formed coatings of ice over the ground through which the quail cannot scratch to secure food. In several instances entire flocks of them have been found in hedges huddled together, dead, caused by the severe weather and lack of food. Many farmers are feeding the quail on their places, and hunger tempts them to leave their hiding places while the grain is being scattered on the ground.

It is a good sign when the farmers show their appreciation of this useful little bird by supplying it with food from their granaries, for no matter how severe the weather may be there is little danger of the birds perishing with full crops.

"Feed the quail" is the title of a circular tacked up at the post office, at the instance of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, of which Henry H. Kimball, 216 Washington street, Boston, is secretary.

The circular draws attention to the fact that quail are ground feeding birds, and that when the ground is covered with snow, unless they can find food, they become weak and die, or are devoured by their natural enemies. The statement urges the preservation of quail, and that those who know where there are quail should feed the birds if they can, and that if not, notification sent to Mr. Kimball will result in seeing that the birds are taken care of.

In and about Webster woods there are some quail. The hunting season always develops the fact that quail are to be found.

Even as far south as Georgia and Northern Alabama advices show the cold spell to be the most severe in recent years. The damage caused by snow, ice and sleet will reach a very large figure, and thousands of quail, rabbits and other small game are reported frozen to death in the fields.

And starvation is also at work in the stubble fields of Maryland and Virginia, and show that the snow covered ground and intensely cold weather are playing havoc with birds. Reports coming from the river counties of those States say that coveys of quail are to be found living with domestic fowls. To save the birds many farmers in this section are daily scattering grain about the fields and highways.

Similar reports come from the neighborhood of Pekinill, where the Game Warden says that the snow on the ground has rendered it difficult for the game birds to find their food in usual haunts, and many of them have been compelled to undergo a siege of hunger, which must result disastrously if another cold snap catches the birds weakened by lack of food.

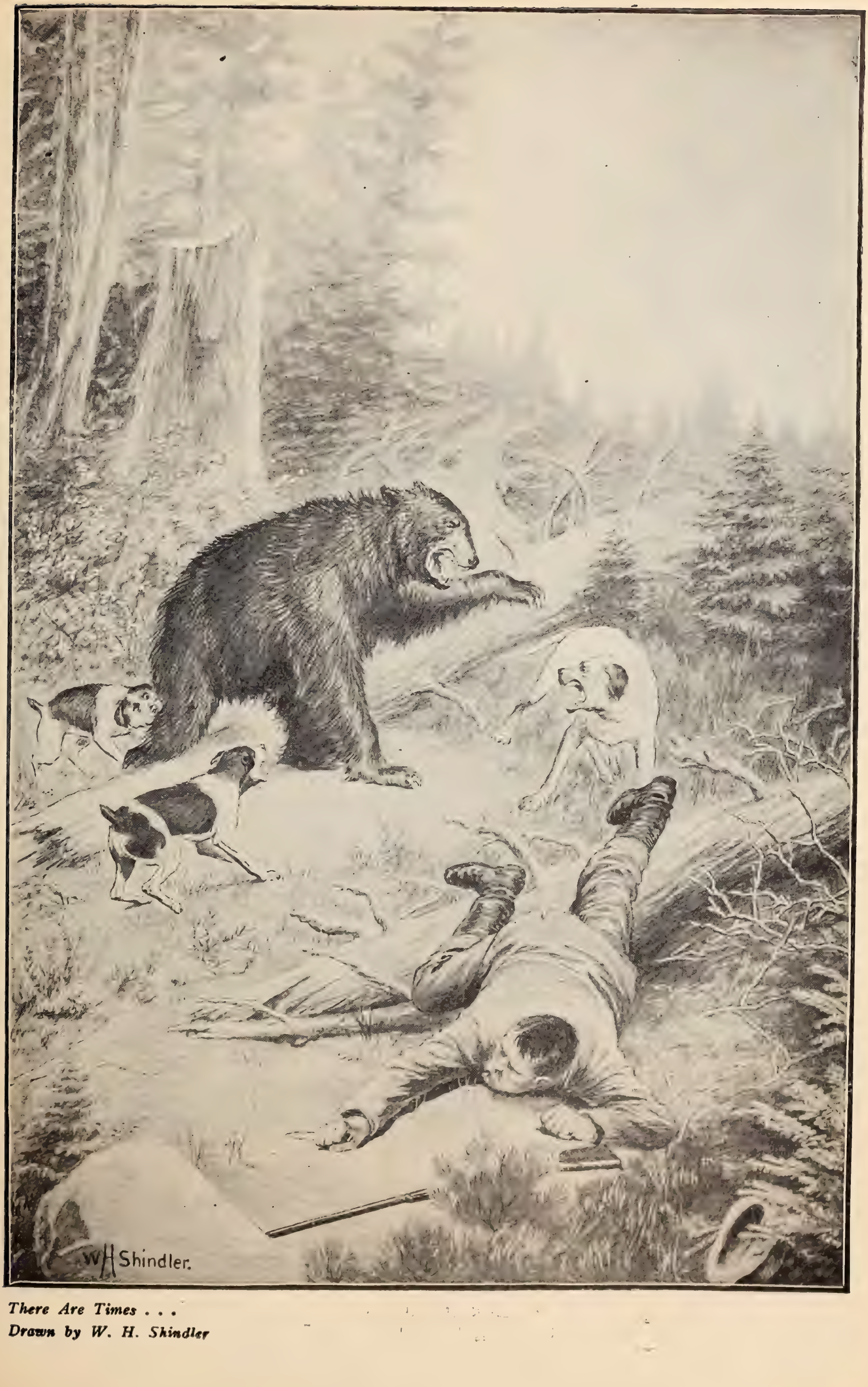
A would-be pot Kentucky hunter inquires if, under the new game law, there is any escape for the man who kills quail that are scratching up and destroying a special crop plant bed? It gives us pleasure to say "No." The game law throws around the quail its protecting arm, and the only legal excuse for his quailship's destruction is if a quail bites you, kill him, in or out of season.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Altorf Thornby, a farmer, twenty-six years of age, was found unconscious upon the ice at Portage lake, in Climax township, Kalamazoo county, by a party of rabbit hunters. When discovered, one leg was in a fishing hole and around it was a solid coating of ice an inch in thickness.

Upon the member being drawn from the water, the party discovered the line with which he had been fishing tangled about the ankle, and upon reeling it to the surface secured what old fishermen pronounce the largest pickerel ever taken in the State.

When first discovered, it was thought


W H Shindler.

There Are Times . . .
Drawn by W. H. Shindler

that Mr. Thornby was dead, and it was owing to his being protected by a heavy fur coat that resuscitation was possible.

Removed to a neighboring farmhouse and restorative measures having been successfully applied, Mr. Thornby stated that while engaged in fishing he had a bite of such character as to satisfy him that the hook had been taken by some large fish and that in his hurry he slipped upon the ice and his leg becoming entangled in the line, the powerful fish had drawn him with irresistible force to the edge of the hole and the limb had been drawn into the water where the steady pull of the pickerel had held it immovable until cold and exhaustion had rendered the victim unconscious, in which condition he must have remained some 16 hours until fortunately discovered.

The pickerel was secured, but efforts to ascertain its exact weight have thus far been rendered futile, as owing to its great length, it so overlaps the platform of any available scale that one or the other extremity rests upon the floor, thus rendering accuracy impossible.

SPLENDID MOVE.

Under authority of the Legislature there has been issued for use in the public schools of Maryland a neat pamphlet containing the game laws of the State and articles pertaining to those birds which domicile within the borders of the commonwealth.

It is not universally known that the annual celebration of Arbor day, besides being designed to instil in the hearts of youth a love of and familiarity with forestry, has also for its purpose the teaching of something about birds, their habits and the means of caring for them. This is the case, however, and the new pamphlet seeks to cultivate love for the feathery creatures themselves, as well as respect for the laws which are made for their protection.

The document is issued by State Game Warden John W. Avirett, who urges the school teachers to keep in touch with the wardens.

Colonel Avirett is a strenuous advocate of practical education, and he favors the teaching of Maryland youth all those things that Maryland youth will find of practical service in adult years. So, it is the dream of the colonel that the day is not far distant when the State's game laws will be zealously taught in the public schools as are the three "R's." With the advent of that period Colonel Avirett's pamphlet will form an excellent text book.

DECREASE IN ANTELOPE HERDS.

According to the Warden report, ranking next to the elk in numbers in Wyoming is the antelope. This animal is found in every county in the State, but the most numerous herds range in Uinta, Fremont, and Sweetwater counties. This herd numbers about 5,000. Antelope are still fairly numerous in Crook and Weston counties. A few hundred range in the Shirley basin, in Carbon county. Although these animals have horns which grow over a boney core, like domestic cattle, they shed their horns and renew them each year like a deer, and in many other respects they are unique. Their very hair is different from other antelopes and consists of hollow tubes filled with pith like an elder stick. The hair is brittle and easily broken, and on the buttocks it can be erected at will, and it produces an odd effect when the animal, thoroughly frightened or angered, expands this white patch.

Harmless, interesting, and beautiful, this species should be protected and perpetuated for all time. Predatory animals, coyotes, wolves, and meat hunters are responsible for their steady decrease in numbers. Mr. Hornaday, in his great book of American Natural History, says: "No man really needs this creature's paltry pounds of flesh, and if his two-cent bullet flees true to the mark it will destroy an animal more wonderful than the rarest orchid that ever bloomed."

INDIAN TERRITORY OUTRAGE.

A government official in the Indian Territory has discovered that quail trappers are making a systematic campaign against the birds by trapping them and sending them out of the territory. While waiting for a train at Crowden City recently, Agent Shoenfelt noticed a commotion in several boxes, and upon investigation found that they were filled with live quail, which were billed to Anthony, Kan. He ordered them released, and at least 3,000 full grown birds flew away toward the neighboring fields. Last year the agent discovered 3,000 live quail at Paul's Valley, which were about to be shipped to New Zealand to a firm that is trying to establish these birds there.

The professional quail trapper is probably the greatest enemy of the true sportsman of Indian Territory. The Indian policemen, through the instructions of the Indian agent, have been releasing a large number of quail this year which have been caught in this way, and wherever the trappers can be found they are being arrested. In order to make the Indan policemen more vigilant, they are allowed to keep any game that they confiscate which has been killed by hunters. When they confiscate live game it is always released.

PUT THEM IN JAIL.

Because lumbermen are killing the deer of the upper peninsula in large quantities, Charles H. Chapman, State game and fish warden of Michigan, favors a law making the minimum punishment ninety days in jail, instead of the present fine of $50.

Not the Blazed Trail
From a Photograph

GAME FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Lake F. Ayson, chief inspector of fisheries of New Zealand, arrived in San Francisco recently for the purpose of gathering 1,000,000 of the eastern white fish and 300,000 salmon eggs to take back across the Pacific. He will also convey 10,000 land locked salmon eggs, presented to New Zealand by the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., and a consignment of bronze wing turkeys for the agricultural department.

Inspector Moorhouse, who came from New Zealand for the St. Louis exposition, will shortly leave for New Zealand with a consignment of twenty elk, twenty-four Virginia deer, five black tail deer, some raccoons, and a large number of Canadian geese and wood and other ducks.

Ten of the elk were presented to the colony by President Roosevelt. The balance of the consignment has been purchased by the New Zealand government.

These animals and birds are for liberation in the colony, with a view of ultimately providing sport.

NEW ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

The North American Fish and Game Association, which met in St. John, N. B., Feb. 2-3, elected the following officers:

W. S. Hinman, Boston, president.

E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec, secretary-treasurer.

Vice-presidents—H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me.; F. S. Hodges, Boston; R. E. Plumb, Detroit; Hon. A. T. Dunn, St. John; C. H. Wilson, Glen Falls; G. A. McCallum, London; Dr. J. T. Finnie, Montreal; F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; C. S. Harrington, Halifax; S. A. Megeath, Franklin, Pa.

Executive Committee—J. F. Sprague, Monson, Me.; George H. Richards, Boston; Henry Russell, Detroit; D. G. Smith, Chatham; J. H. Seymour, New York; S. T. Bastedo, Toronto; H. B. Charlton, Montreal; H. M. Wallace, Halifax.

Membership Committee—General W. W. Henry, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Dr. Brainard.

Audit Committee—W. J. Cleghorn and L. V. Armstrong.

HOW MANY DID YOU GET?

The total output of the New York oyster industry during the past year was 6,082,960 bushels, according to the annual report of Superintendent Wood, of the Shell Fish Bureau of the State Forest, Fish and Game Department. Their value is estimated at $7,603,700. During the year 2,129 acres of land under water were leased for this industry, making a total of 30,000 acres within the State on which oysters are cultivated.

WISE PENNSYLVANIA MOVE.

Resolutions recommending that a certain percentage of the land in each of the State forest reservations in Pennsylvania be set aside as a permanent preserve for fish and game, within which it shall be unlawful to fish and hunt, were adopted by the State Fisheries Association at the annual meeting on Feb. 1.

The association also recommended the enactment of a law to prohibit the pollution of streams and indorsed the legislation advocated by the State Department of Fisheries.

The following officers were elected: President, A. H. Fealy, Hazleton; vice-presidents, W. C. Watson, Warren, and C. G. Dorn, Bradford; secretary, John W. Hague, Pittsburg; corresponding secretary, Barton D. Evans, Harrisburg; treasurer, Dr. W. H. Reed, Norristown.

NEW GAME PRESERVE.

In a recent interview with the St. John (N. B.) *Times*, Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk Railway system, said:

"The Grand Trunk in connection with the Ontario government is opening up a new district called 'New Ontario,' and a railway is being built in connection with it. The new district comprises fifty square miles of territory in the Temagami region, which is to be reserved as a fishing and hunting ground for sportsmen. This tract of land is 1,000 feet above the sea level, and is all virgin forest, the pines alone being estimated to be worth about $50,000,000." Another important matter which he alluded to was the fact that the company has had special cars built for transporting fish to this new country. These cars were built about three years ago, and the company can carry from 800 to 1,000 large fish each trip.

THE FULFORD MEMORIAL.

The committee having charge of the Fulford Memorial Fund have contracted with Jenny & Nelbach, of Utica, N. Y., to erect a monument at a cost of $600 to the memory of the late Elijah D. Fulford. This monument will be erected on the family plot in New Forrest Hill Cemetery, Utica, N. Y., and will be dedicated on the first day of the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, which takes place in June. Mr. G. L. Biederman, of Utica, N. Y., will deliver the memorial address.

WHERE ARE THE WARDENS?

From reports coming from Woodbudy, Tenn., quail in that section are being slaughtered, huntsmen shooting entire coveys as the birds huddle in the cold snow, or young boys trapping them and thereby escaping the penalty of the law.

CHANGES IN NEW YORK LAWS.

The Fisheries and Game Committee of the Assembly has taken favorable action upon five game law amendments as follows: Foster, prohibiting the taking of muskallunge less that twenty inches in length; Wade, regulating the size of nets used on Lake Erie; Beebe, forbidding the taking of ducks, geese, brant and swan in Monroe county, except on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays of each week, from September 15th until December 1st; Wade, making close season for black and grass squirrels in Chautauqua county from December 1st to October 15th, and Mr. Wadsworth, permitting the use of set lines in Hemlock lake.

TROUBLE IN ILLINOIS.

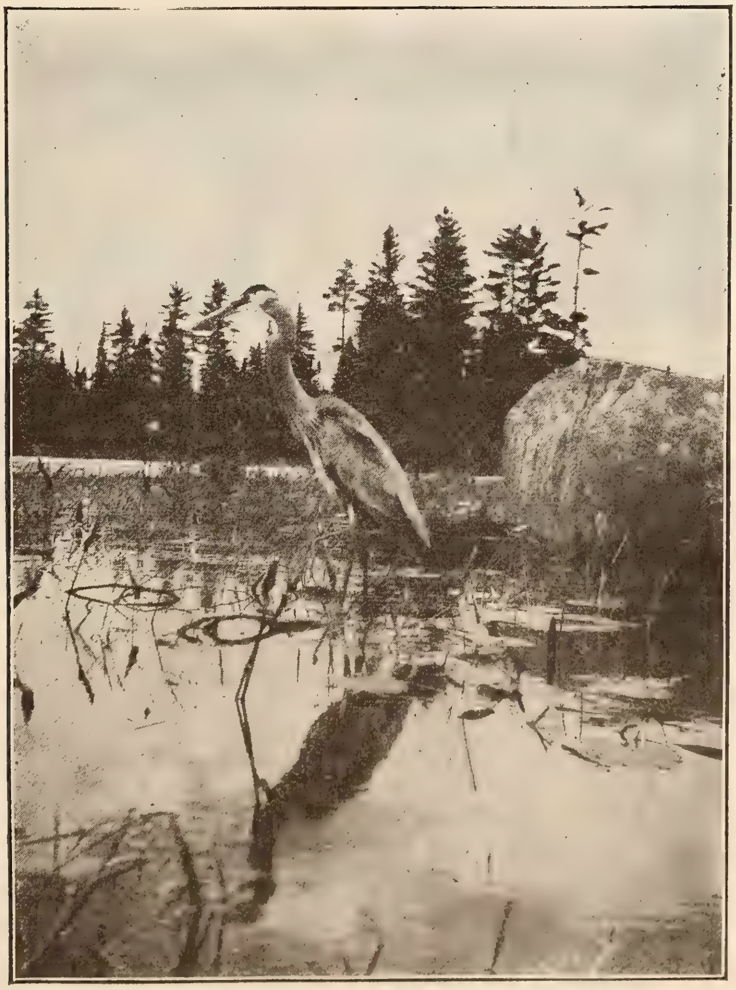
The fight which the anglers and sportsmen of Illinois are making on the fish commission will be carried to Governor Deneen at Springfield. The petitions in circulation asking the new governor to appoint men on the commission who will enforce the laws as they now exist have been numerously signed and they have been scattered all over Peoria. When the proper time comes they will be sent to the governor, and it is probable that a delegation made up of men from various points along the fishing rivers of the State will go down to Springfield and lay the case before his excellency.

VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION FORMED.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing an association for the protection of game in Virginia was held at Danville on Feb. 15th and plans were discussed. The meeting was called by P. J. Flippen, James R. Sheppard, John W. Jones, E. W. Warberton, Henry E. Byrd, L. T. Christian, Robert V. Owens, G. L. Bruffey and W. O. Watson.

WHAT DOES MERRIAM SAY?

The members of the state legislature of Wyoming are puzzled with the problem as to whether or not sage hens eat and destroy grasshoppers. If it is decided that they do, it is expected that a law will be passed prohibiting the killing of sage chickens for a period of five years; if decided they do not, chances are favorable for the present law remaining unchanged.



In Lonely Splendor

WHY AUTO WHEELS LOOK EGG SHAPED

C. H. Claudy has a very interesting paper in a recent number of the *Motor Car* which we believe to be of interest to all photographers who make pictures of moving automobiles.

The author, in undertaking an analysis of the conditions under which the distortion of motor car wheels takes place when they are photographed at a high speed, assumes a very narrow slit—of one-eighth of an inch—and a rate of movement of the shutter equal to a passage over a 5-inch plate in 1-30th of a second. On this basis the local or relative speed becomes 1-1,200th of a second, and this figure is one which Mr. Claudy assumes to be attained in practical work.

EXPOSURE CONDITIONS.

The next factor to consider is the relation between the distance between automobile and lens, and lens and plate, for, this known, and the speed of the automobile known, a simple calculation in proportion gives the speed of the image of the moving automobile across the sensitive plate.

SHUTTER SPEEDS.

I am sure to be questioned here by those not familiar with focal-plane shutters as to the correctness of my statements regarding the speed at which they work. It is perfectly true that the picture as a whole receives an exposure which amounts to only 1-1,200th of a second, but it is equally true that the small aperture in the curtain seldom, if ever, passes across the 5 inches of the plate in faster time than 1-50th of a second, about fifteen miles an hour. And this, when you come to think of it, is a remarkable thing in itself—that any mechanism, small and light enough to be carried in the hand, can jerk, from a state of rest, a curtain, rush it suddenly at fifteen miles per hour for 5 inches, and then as suddenly check its motion, and all without breaking a spring or injuring the mechanism! If the matter is still not quite clear, re-read what I have said above regarding the size of the aperture of curtain and the speed of the slit.

Another factor in this matter is that, by a law of optics, the image on the senstive surface is upside down. By a law of the camera maker, curtain shutters operate from top to bottom. It is plainly to be seen, therefore, that the bottom of the wheels and the bottom of the automobiles get their pictures taken last, then the middle, which in the meantime has moved, and finally the top, which has moved still more.

WHEEL MOVEMENT.

I now come to the last factor in this matter, and one which is really most important, as it is most interesting and seemingly paradoxical. The distortion is always greater in the wheels than anywhere else, and also always greater at the tops of the wheels. This would seem but natural according to the foregoing explanation, were the distortion equal all over the car, but, on the other hand, that of the tops of the wheels far exceeds that anywhere else. This is because the upper parts of the wheels travel several hundreds per cent. faster than the lower parts, while all the rest of the automobile moves at a uniform speed.

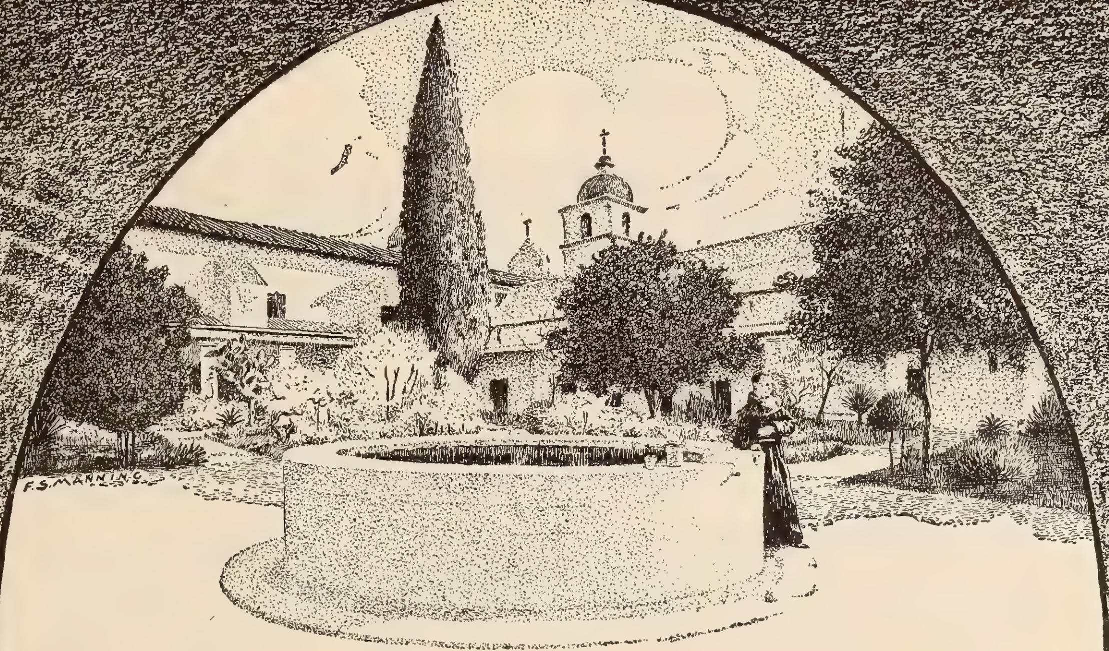
Obviously, the upper spokes of a wheel revolving on the ground travel, with reference to any fixed point, at a much greater rate than those near the ground. Of course, were the wheel revolving in the air, or considered with reference to its hub only, all parts would have to be considered as moving at the same speed.

However, we have to do with a fixed point, the lens of the camera. The slit of the shutter secures the impression of the lower part of the wheel first. As it slides across the plate and the upper part is taken, the speed of the image rapidly increases as it approaches the top of the wheel. The motion is thus shown more plainly at the top of the wheel than anywhere else, and any given point has a chance to slide a little further on the plate than those below it, which gives to the top of the wheel a blurred look as well as a distinct forward inclination.

AN EXAMPLE.

It may be interesting to state that when the upper spoke is absolutely perpendicular its extremity is going at double the speed of the car—120 miles per hour, if the car be making sixty; 200 feet per second if the car be making one hundred. This also is a very simple calculation. The spoke from the free end to the ground end is to be considered as a lever. The ground end is the fulcrum, the hub the point of power application. As the upper point of the spoke is twice the distance from the fulcrum that the hub is, the movement of the hub must be twice amplified at the upper part of the spoke. Consequently, if the hub (the car) be making sixty miles per hour, the upper point of the spoke must be making double that, 120 miles per hour. Of course, this condition of affairs obtains for only a theoretical instant. The fulcrum is not fixed, but moving, and the upright spoke of one instant becomes the horizontal spoke of the next.

Still, in dealing with pictures, we have to do with minute fractions of a second, and the doubled speed of the top of the periphery of the wheel is an important factor in the egg-shaped distortion which I have tried to explain in as simple a way as possible.



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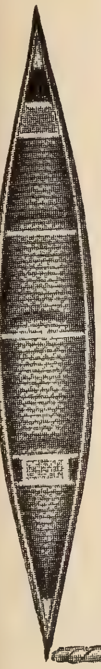

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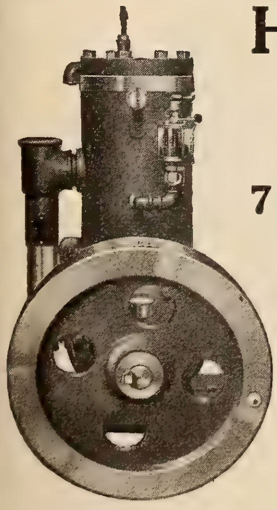

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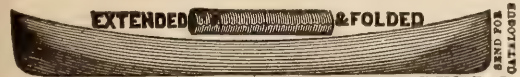

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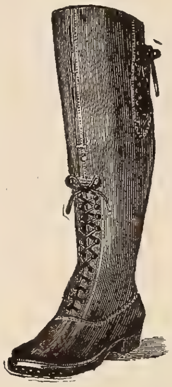

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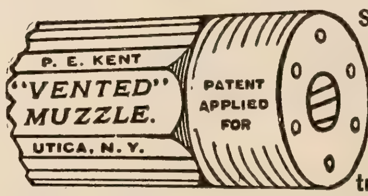
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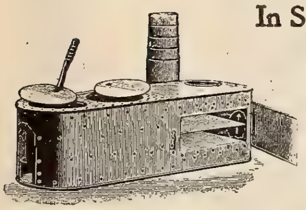

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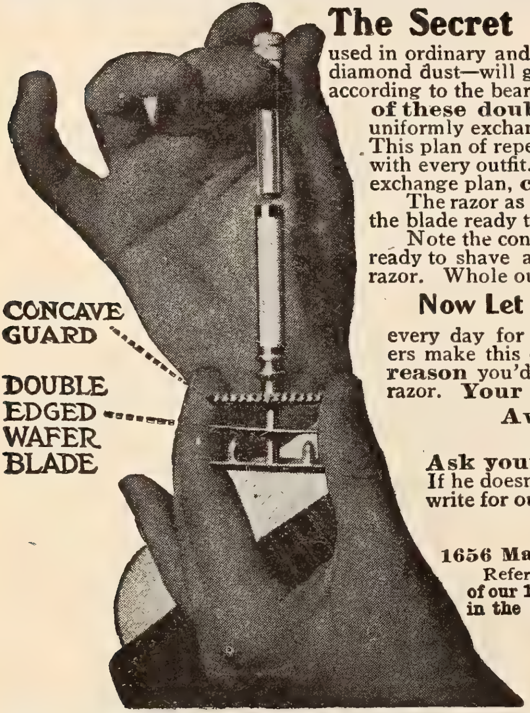

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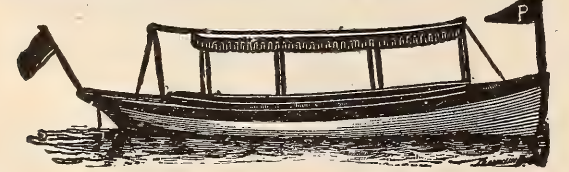

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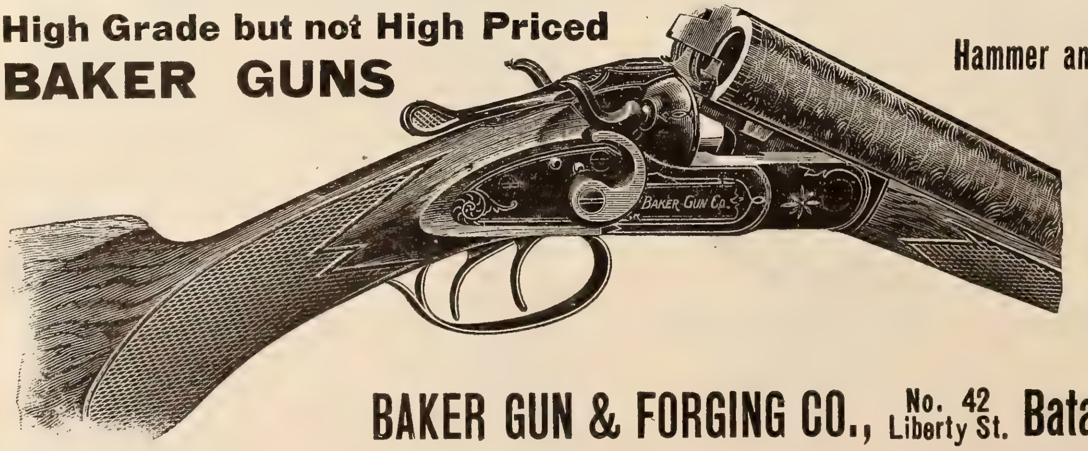
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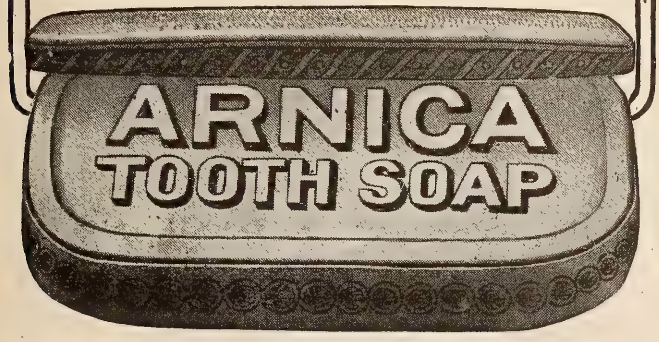

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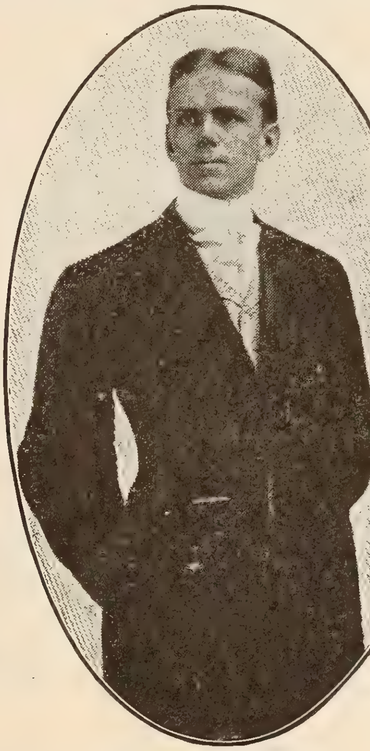

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Inventors, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do.

Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N. Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting on the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges' discoveries and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase her or his height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

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Remember, a postal card will bring it to your very door, all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential, and sent in plain envelopes. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write to-day. Address The Cartilage Co. 104T Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

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¶Ducks, Wild Turkey and Quail exist in great numbers on the Chamberlin Game Preserve, which is maintained for the exclusive use of guests of the hotel. Open Season, November 1.

Booklet "Shooting in the Old Dominion" sent on request.

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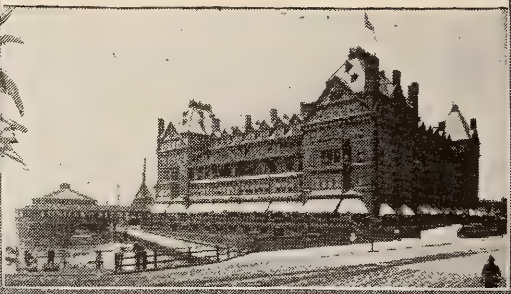

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Resp. yours,
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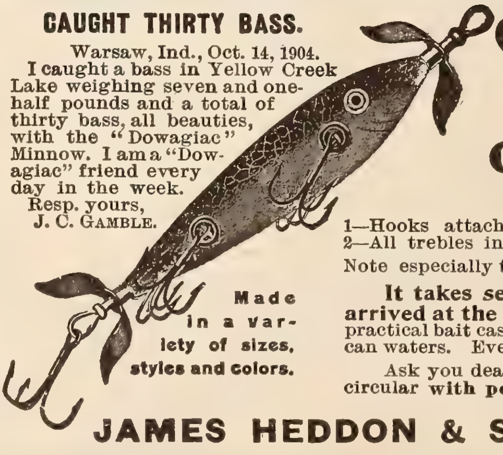

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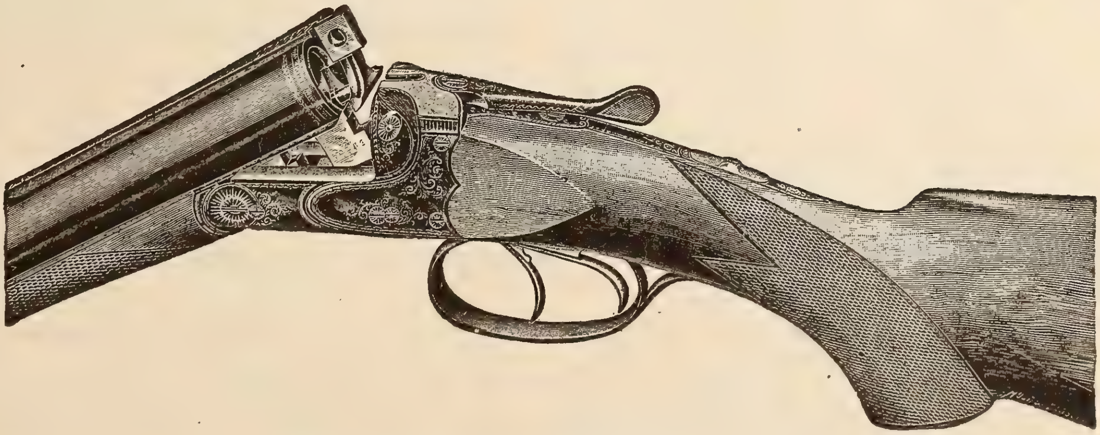

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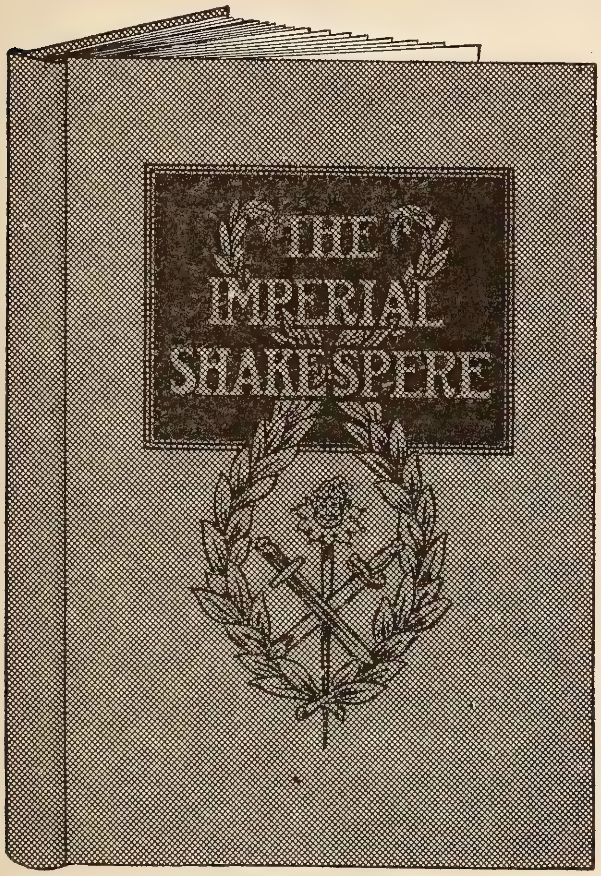

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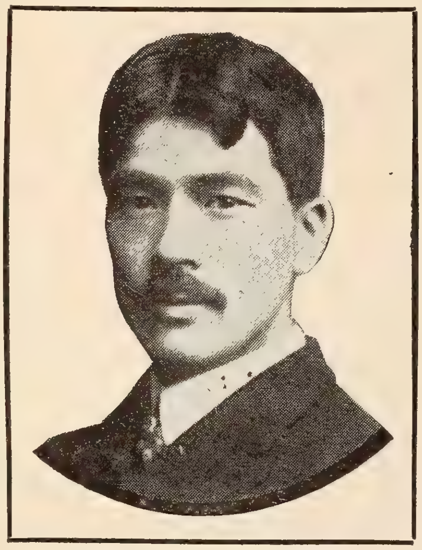
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It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate, and their material progress. Surely a system of physical training which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest you. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defense it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

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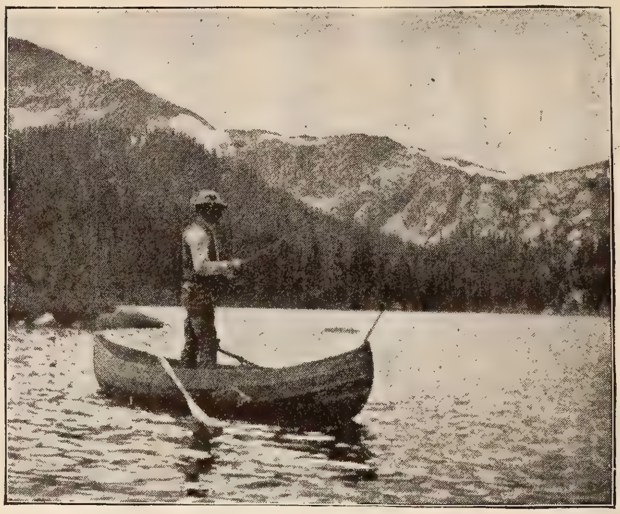

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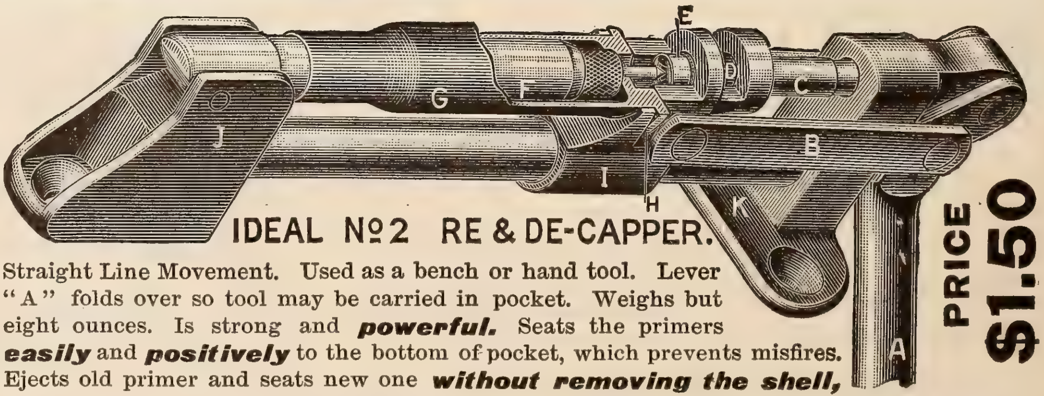

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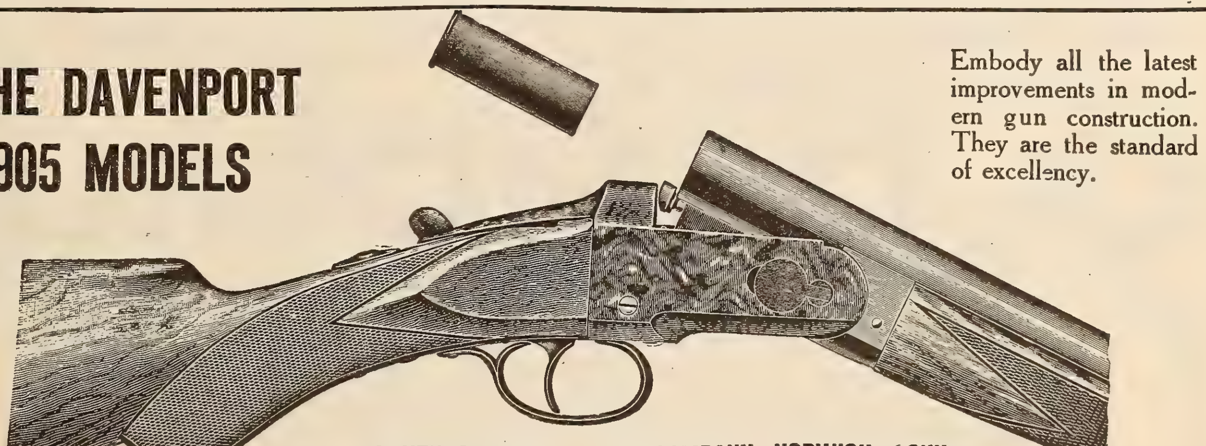

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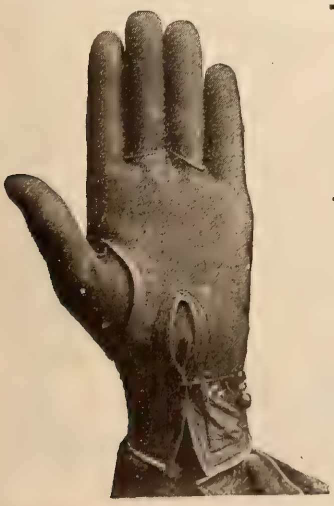

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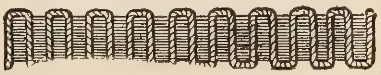

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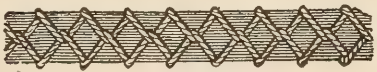
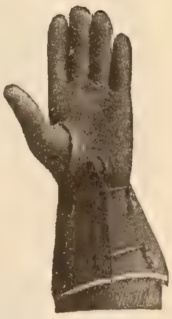


Hand sewing cannot



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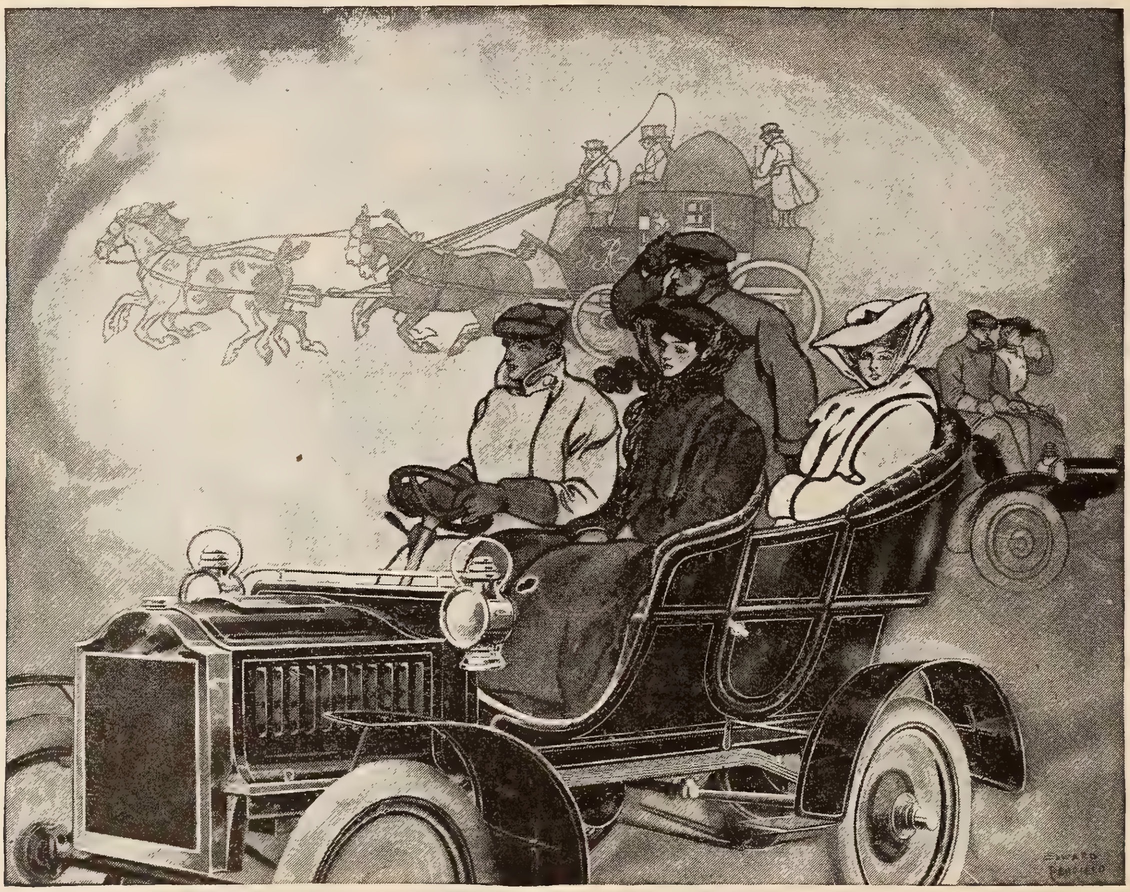

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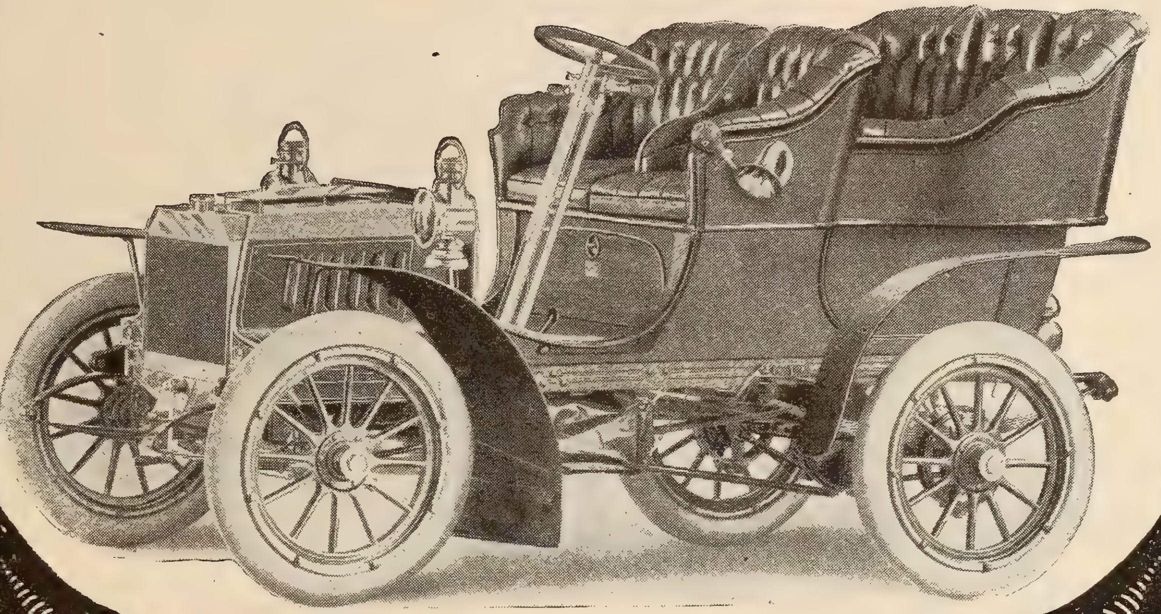

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It is a car built upon honor throughout. There is nothing experimental about it—nothing uncertain in its construction. During 1904 Type VIII was tested on all sorts of American roads—under all kinds of conditions. It has proved its reliability and efficiency so well as to put Autocar Type VIII in the very front of its class.

Last season Type VIII was sold for $1700 and was considered an unsurpassed value. The price of Type VIII is now $1400 because, having built this model for so long we can now build it more economically. For the man who wants a thoroughly reliable four-passenger car at a moderate price Type VIII at $1400 is his opportunity.

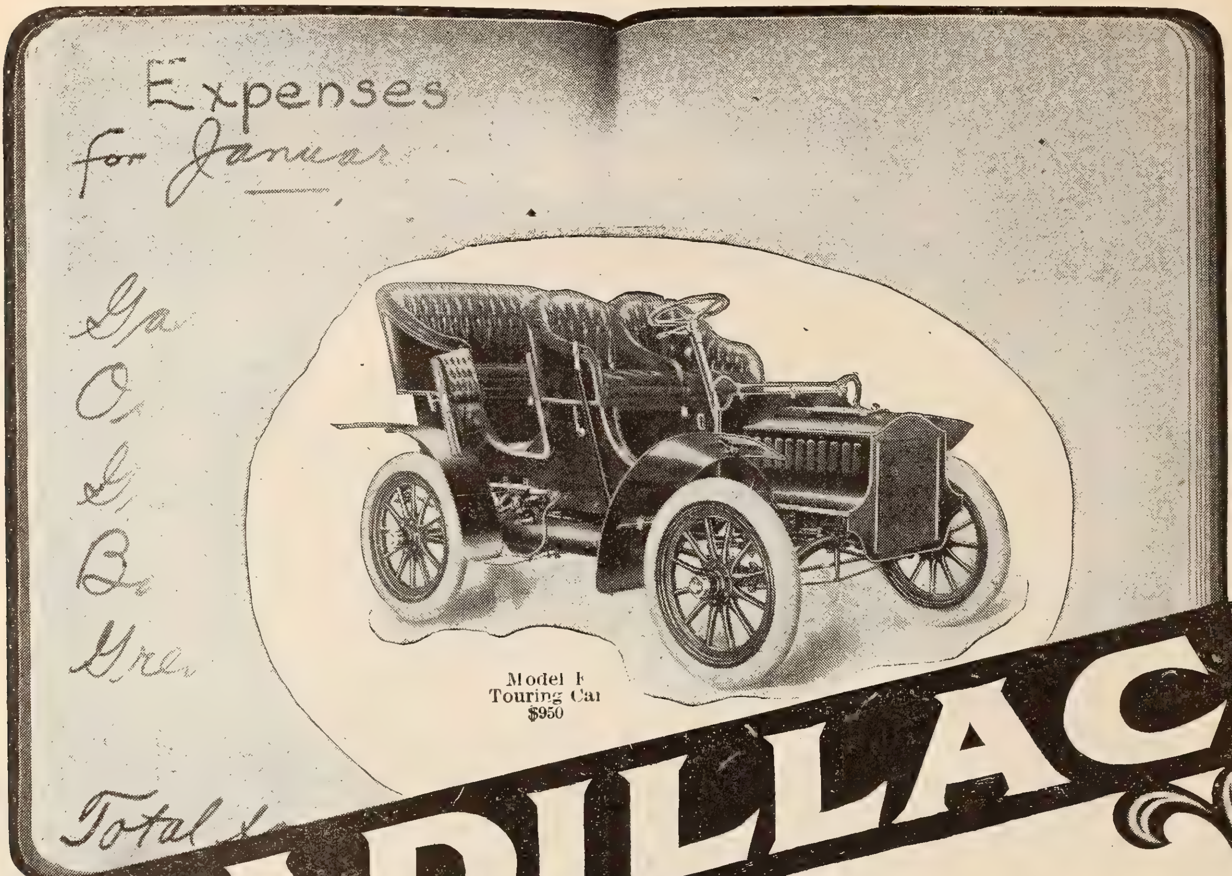
SPECIFICATIONS:

Horizontal two-cylinder opposed engine—no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse-power. Oiled automatically. Water cooled.

Transmission, sliding gear type. Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing, shaft drive. No greasy, gritty chain. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. Gasoline tank holds 10 gallons—sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.

Tonneau is removable. Front seat divided. Engine and transmission case are accessible from above without disturbing body. Catalogue giving full description of Type VIII, Type X Runabout and Type XI Four cylinder car, with dealers name sent free upon request.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Model F
Touring Car
$950

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The Car of Economy

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In no feature is Cadillac superiority more pronounced than in economy of maintenance—a motor problem which, until we entered the field, remained unsolved. The simple, durable, common-sense construction of the Cadillac, its perfect self-adaptability to the various exigencies of automobile travel, make it by far the most economically maintained of all motor cars.

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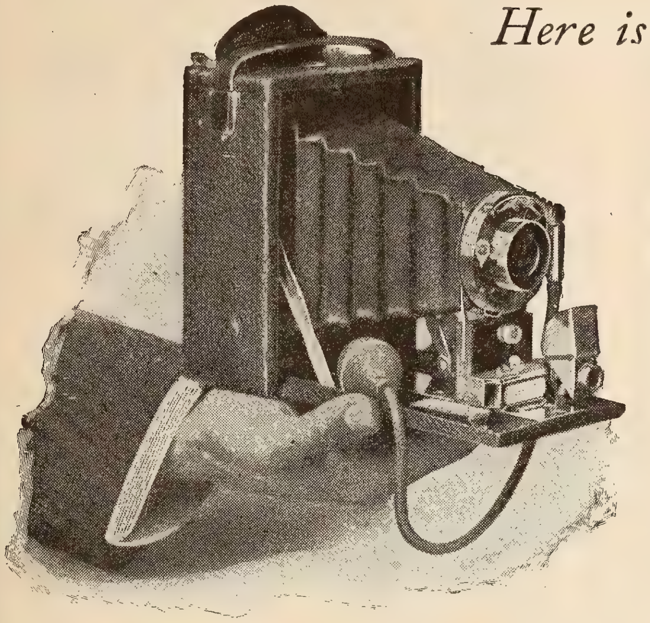
The illustration above shows our new Model F touring Cadillac, a car of almost incredible power and endurance, embodying all that could be desired in appointment, elegance of design, excellence of construction, comfort of riding. These same surpassing qualifications are manifest in the other models.

All Cadillac engines are built after our own exclusive designs by makers acknowledged to be the best in America. This is the secret of the marvelous power of "the car that climbs."

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, $950.
Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, $900.
Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, $750.
Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,800. The marvel of the automobile world.

Write for catalog K *, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac*

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



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Film Camera No. 1	$10 00	$12.50	$12.50
Premo Film Pack, 12 exposures	.70	.80	.90

Premo Plate Cameras become film cameras by use of the Premo Film Pack Adapter. Price, 3¼ x 4¼, $1.00; 4 x 5, $1.50; 5 x 7, $2.50.

Rochester Optical Co., Rochester, New York

Catalogue at Dealer's or by Mail.

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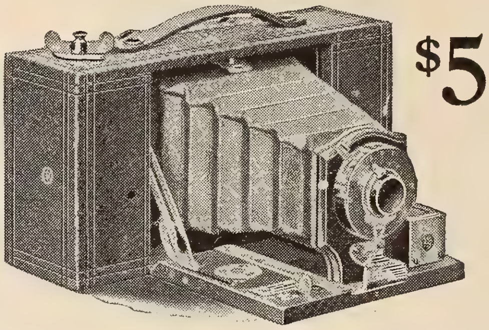

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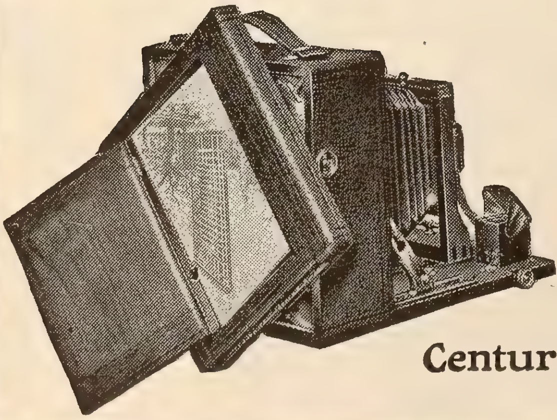

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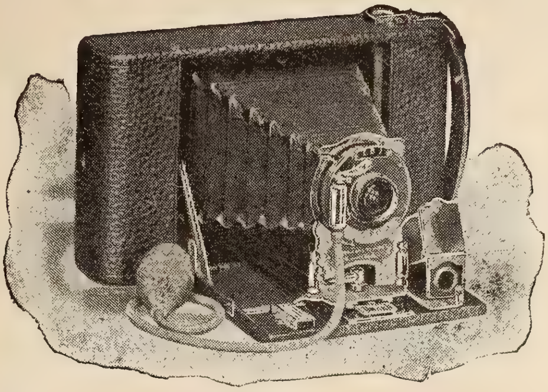
Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y.



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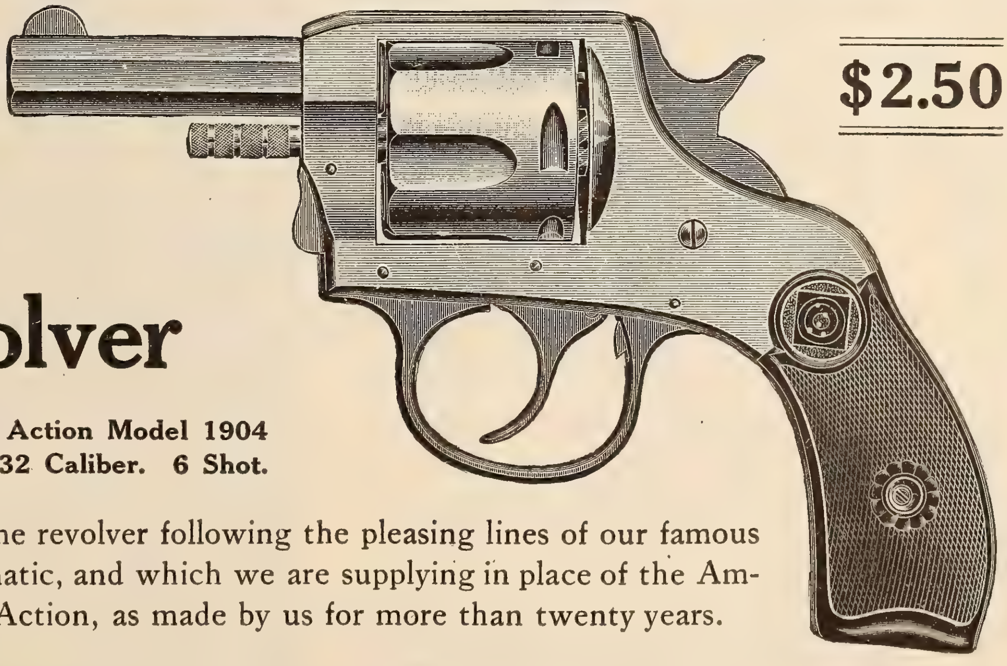

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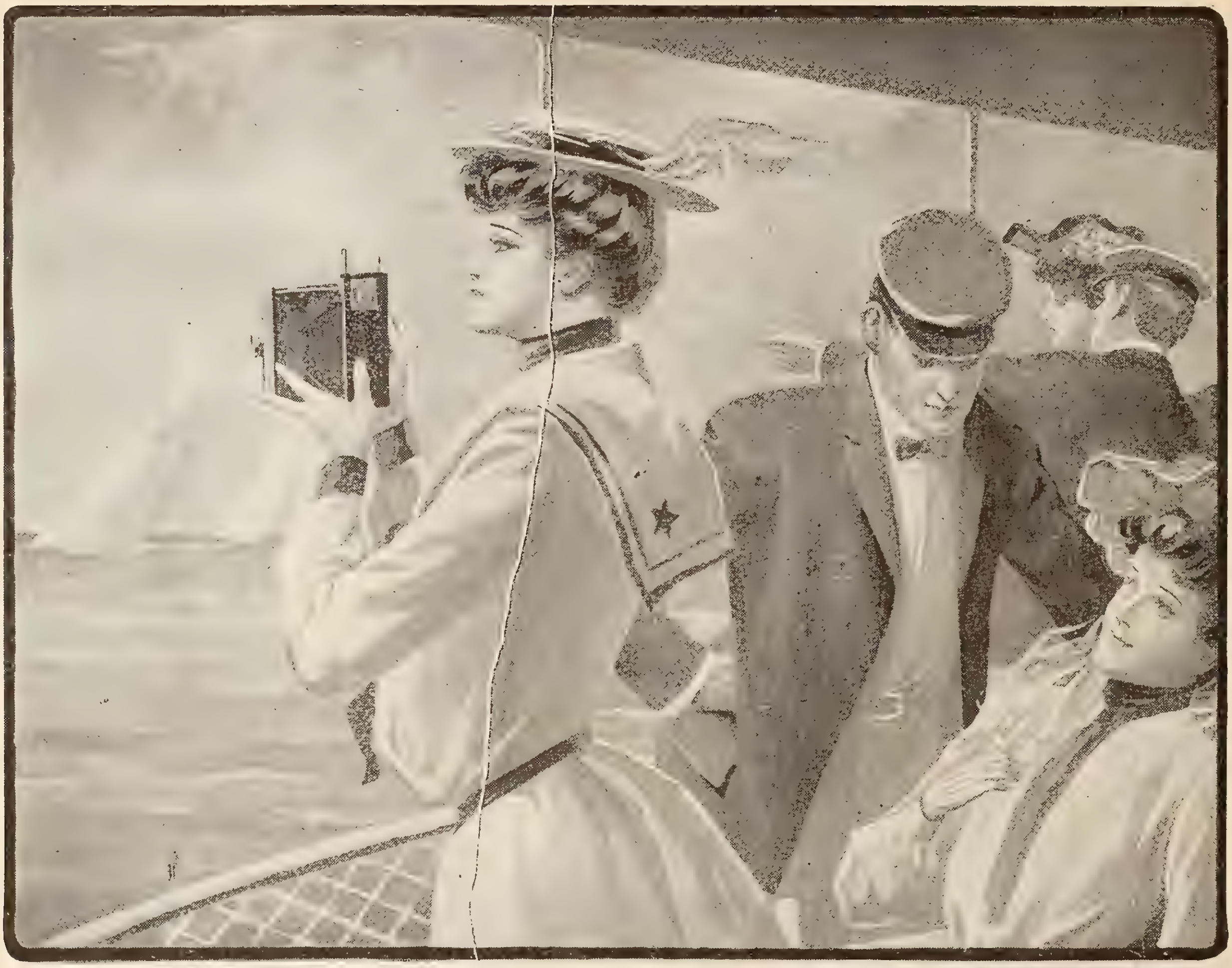

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April, 1905

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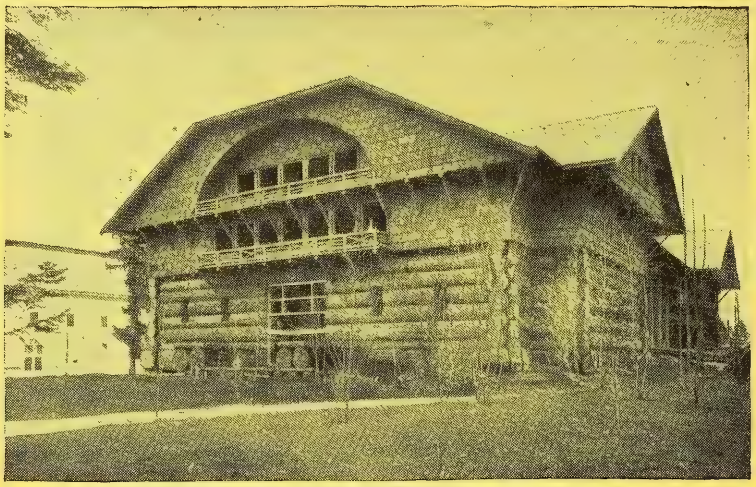

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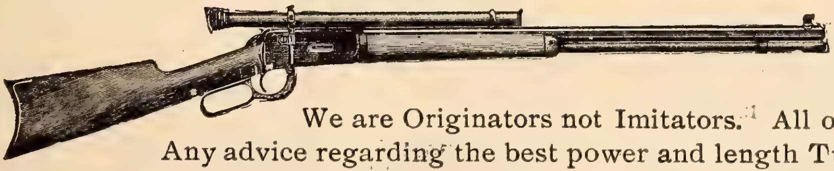

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AROUND OUR CAMP FIRE

Who is making "Recreation." How it is made. What the future holds for our readers. What our old readers say of the change.

Our Platform

LAST issue we presented to you the policy which is to govern Recreation in the future. We explained to you our platform,—a platform which has since received the commendations of the foremost sportsmen of America, including the governors of half the states in the Union, and many prominent Federal officials at Washington—a platform of broad, pure and liberal sportsmanship.

We believe that no publication can attain lasting success or hold its place in the hearts of the American people without being animated by a high moral purpose. With this in view we have, for the last thirty days, been formulating a plan of operation having for its object a definite end.

We wish to increase the power of Recreation, to increase the love its readers have for it, and to make the world happier and brighter through its agency. The details of the plan we will not announce until next month. Meanwhile, we are going to tell you something of the men who are preparing for the work to come.

Most of you know our Editor, Dan Beard. His name has been familiar to American boys for twenty-five years, and no writer has held a more continued interest to them in the history of American literature.

He is the author of the "American Boy's Handy Book," which has just passed the one hundred thousand mark; the author of "The Out Door Handy Book," "Jack of All Trades," "Moonlight and Six Feet of Romance," all of which were illustrated by him.

He is no less famous with his brush, having illustrated "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and "An American Claimant," by Mark Twain; "A Journey to Other Worlds," by John Jacob Astor; "The Historical Series," published by the "American Book Co.; "Lake-lands of Canada," by Dr. B. A. Watson, and other world-famous publications.

Where He "Belongs"

Known no less as a scientist and naturalist, he is a member of the following organizations:

Life Member of the League of American Sportsmen,
Member of the New York Society of Illustrators,
Linnaean Society,
Zoological Society,
Ornithological Union,
Academy of Sciences,
Biological Society of Washington,
Camp Fire Club,
Canadian Camp,
Players' Club,
Pipe and Pewter Club, and the
Aldine Association.

He is an editor on the staff of the *Arena* and has been a contributor to the leading periodicals for many years.

Wherever the clans of the open-air gather, no matter the country, he is welcome, whether as civil engineer, surveyor or farmer; author, artist or editor.

To him take your troubles, if you have any, or discuss with him your joys, of which we hope you have many.

About Our Staff

The students of modern publication methods know that it is first necessary to give to the public something which the public wants, long before the presses begin to be taxed with heavy runs. Appreciating this fact, the management of the publication has attached to its staff, under the supervision of Mr. Beard, a number of the most experienced out-of-door journalists in the country. These men have devoted their lives to the study of magazine-making and no effort or expense will be spared to produce a magazine which will not only be an authority, but will be the sportsman's best and truest friend in the years to come.

Our "Old Man"

In the management of every publication, there must be one "old man." He need not necessarily be old in years, but he must be old in experience. He must be the man to whom all look for guidance. Our "old man" of the office is William E. Annis, the publisher.

Mr. Annis has prepared himself for the position of publisher as thoroughly as a physician or a lawyer studies for his profession.

As a boy he studied drawing and composition in Mr. Beard's studio until he made pictures which were bought and published by the current magazines.

Leaving there he took the next step by entering a photo-engraving establishment, where he worked until he could photograph and make line and half tone engravings. After this he traveled for a sportsman's supply house, thereby obtaining a complete knowledge of the business and its economic conditions, a practical knowledge of which is essential to the proper conduct of the affairs of a sportsman's magazine.

After he had gained this experience, he became editor and business manager of a popular illustrated magazine and here he worked until he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the details necessary to the running of a publishing business. But this was only a step in the regular order of his schooling, for he had a fixed object in view and went about its attainment with systematic method.

His Magazine Experience

One of the most important branches in the publishing business is the advertising department and, to become thoroughly acquainted with that part of the work, Mr. Annis became advertising man for *Outing*, then for *Collier's* and then for *Success*. In this manner he thoroughly familiarized himself with all the details of metropolitan magazine work. Not content with the writing, publishing and make-up of a magazine, Mr. Annis took the time to visit the paper mills and there studied the manufacture of raw paper.

Having graduated from this college, the courses of which were made up of actual experience, Mr. Annis takes charge of RECREATION not only fitted for the production of a magazine, but possessing an ability to determine in this management what is best and what is desired by the sportsmen of the country.

His practical magazine experience has not prevented him from taking part in the outdoor life, and he is known as an expert in many branches of athletics.

The Departments

The heads of all the departments of the magazine have been selected with exceeding care. Each man is an authority within himself and he knows his subject so thoroughly that few questions put to him remain unanswered. These men are at the service of RECREATION readers and, as the magazine grows, more men will be added, so that our patrons may look to our pages for information on every subject dear to the sportsman's heart.

The Reader's Responsibility

In thus placing at the head of each department a man thoroughly competent for the work, the management of the magazine has exercised all discretion. To a certain extent, after these selections are made, the readers of the magazine are responsible for the continued interest of the departmental features. In fact, the readers are responsible for the interest throughout the publication. In every issue we try to reach, please and interest every reader. The feature that attracts you may be the leading story or it may be an extract from one of the letters from our readers. No matter what it is, it is our one desire to print something every month that will stir and keep alive the interest of every reader in the open-air life.

Expansion

We will expand month by month, taking in new features, new departments and new fields RECREATION has just been made the official publication of the National Lawn Tennis Association, the membership rolls of which contain 90,000 names, so that the next department to be added will be devoted to this sport. These departments, when they are added, will merely be additions to the magazine, the management having decided to keep sacred the space now being devoted to the interest and entertainment of the hunter and fisherman.

The Calamity Department

If we are not paying enough attention to the subject nearest your heart, write us. In addition to our corps of writers, artists and editors, we have a "calamity" department. This department is in charge of a man thoroughly grounded in the subject of "kicks." He attends to everything from a transgression of the game laws to the non-receipt of your magazine, so if you have any complaint to make or criticism to offer do not keep it within the family circle but send it to us. It will reach the proper department in due course of time and the trouble, if there be any, will be adjusted immediately. We do not believe, however, that this department will be overtaxed in its work. Quite to the contrary, we believe that it will be necessary to inaugurate a bureau to reply to the many flattering letters we are receiving by each mail.

Turn over the page and read some of the letters that reached our office on March 13th, just a few days after the March issue was distributed.

What One Day's Mail Contained

Hundreds of letters have been pouring into the RECREATION office since the March number was published, many of them from lifelong readers of the magazine, others from those who, through the generous distribution of this issue, had been attracted sufficiently to purchase a copy. No especial care was used in selecting the letters and they are printed simply to give some indication of what our readers thought of this number, which was prepared and sent to press in less than one week's time.

THE LETTERS

Kalamazoo, Mich., March 10, 1905.
DAN BEARD
Editor RECREATION:

A copy of the new RECREATION has come to hand, and believe me when I say I am delighted with the appearance and even more pleased when I look over its pages and see the "game-hog" phase has been eliminated.

When I commenced securing subscribers for the old paper this part of the work was not pushed so much and the readers were given some valuable reading. After I had worked for some time many complaints came to me, and I was so disgusted that I never dared go after renewals. But if you so desire, I think it will be a pleasure, also profitable, to work for RECREATION now, and it is my desire that you allow me to represent you here.

I think I have been very successful in securing subscribers for the old paper, and should like to continue along the same lines.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Lloyd J. Tooley.

New York, March 11, 1905.
DAN BEARD
Editor RECREATION:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the improved appearance of RECREATION which I note in the first issue under your editorship.

I was very much pleased at the improved appearance, both of the cover and the inside of the magazine. Certainly it is vastly superior to any issue of the magazine heretofore offered to the public.

I notice with pleasure that you have used a better paper, and consequently are able to print your reproductions of photographs so that they look like something. In case you are short of photographic material at any time, I have quite a number of negatives that would be of interest to your readers and should be only too glad to furnish you prints for reproduction without cost.

Wishing you all the success possible in this new line, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) N. J. S.

En Route, March 10, 1905.
DAN BEARD
Editor RECREATION:

Dear Sir:—I bought a copy of RECREATION just as I was starting for the Southwest, and had the news confirmed that you are to edit it.

This is a happy arangement, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as the readers of the magazine will.

I expect to be unloaded at Millen, Arizona, on the 13th, and will go down the Colorado to the Gulf of California with three men and also with the copy of RECREATION.

With best wishes,
(Signed) D. F. MacDougal.

Dennison, Ohio, March 10, 1905.
Editor RECREATION:

As I have done some good work for RECREATION in the past and feel under the new management I can do better, I would be glad to have your list of premiums as soon as possible.

H. C. Metcalf.

Dallas, Tex., March 8, 1905.
To the Editor, RECREATION:

After reading the March issue of RECREATION I beg to wish you all success, a plentiful supply of which you will surely get if you stand by your first issue.

I have been a constant reader for a long time and could not understand the delay in the arrival of this number, but now I understand and the delay was fully compensated for through the improved appearance of the magazine.

Come down to Texas any time for a fish or hunt and we will take care of you.

(Signed) A. J. White.

New York, March 10, 1905.
Dan Beard, Editor, RECREATION:

I have been an Englishman for about ten months and have just returned.

This morning there was placed on my desk the copy of RECREATION containing your picture as a frontispiece. To me this is a most charming incident. So far as I know there is no one in the world so well qualified for this work as you are.

The publisher's announcement is both modest and strong. I am enclosing my mite for a subscription and beg to wish you all success.

(Signed) W. H. B.

Akron, Ohio, March 11, 1905.
Editor RECREATION:

Kindly send me a copy of RECREATION'S premium catalogue as soon as it is ready. Also how many subscriptions will I have to get to obtain the following:

A Savage .22 caliber repeating rifle.

A Winchester .22 caliber single-shot rifle, model 1904.

The change in RECREATION'S management and policy is very agreeable to the many sportsmen in this city who could not uphold the former proprietor in his unwarranted attacks on the manufacturers.

H. H. Walters.

Vol. XXII Number 4

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1905

Cover Design	Frank Tenney Johnson	
The Sheriff	Frontispiece	242
Summer Camps and Campers Illustrated	Arnold Bartlett Parker, LL.D.	243
The Country of the Black Sheep Illustrated by the writer	B. H. Brown	255
To the Mountains	Orrick Baylor Metcalfe	263
The Maiden of the Rock With photographic study by Dr J. W. Pardoe	Will C. Moulton	264
"Swiping Sime"	Harold L. Bailey	267
The Bass and Pike Families With photographs by the writer	L. A. Spencer	269
In the Gorgeous Land of Plenty	Emylyn Guild Lull	277
Carbine and "Kadiak"	J. Alden Loring	281
The Ranchers	Harold Bindloss	284
The Man in Gray	Frank H. Meloon	291
The Banner of Japan	Wm. M. Byram, M.D.	293
Pussy Willows Drawing by Caspar Emerson	Agnes Lockhart Hughes	294
Juanita's Elopement Illustrated	Allen Kelley	296
Prizes Awarded Juvenile Artists With reproductions of the winning pictures		305
To the Goddess of the Pinewood	Louis Akin	310
Dan Beard and the Boys		311
Automobile Notes Illustrated	Willard Nixon	317
Sun Gunshots Illustrated	By an old Sportsman	323
A Forecast of Summer Sport	Edward M. West	325
Editorial Wanderings	Dan Beard	328
Guns and Ammunition		332
Letters from Our Readers		334

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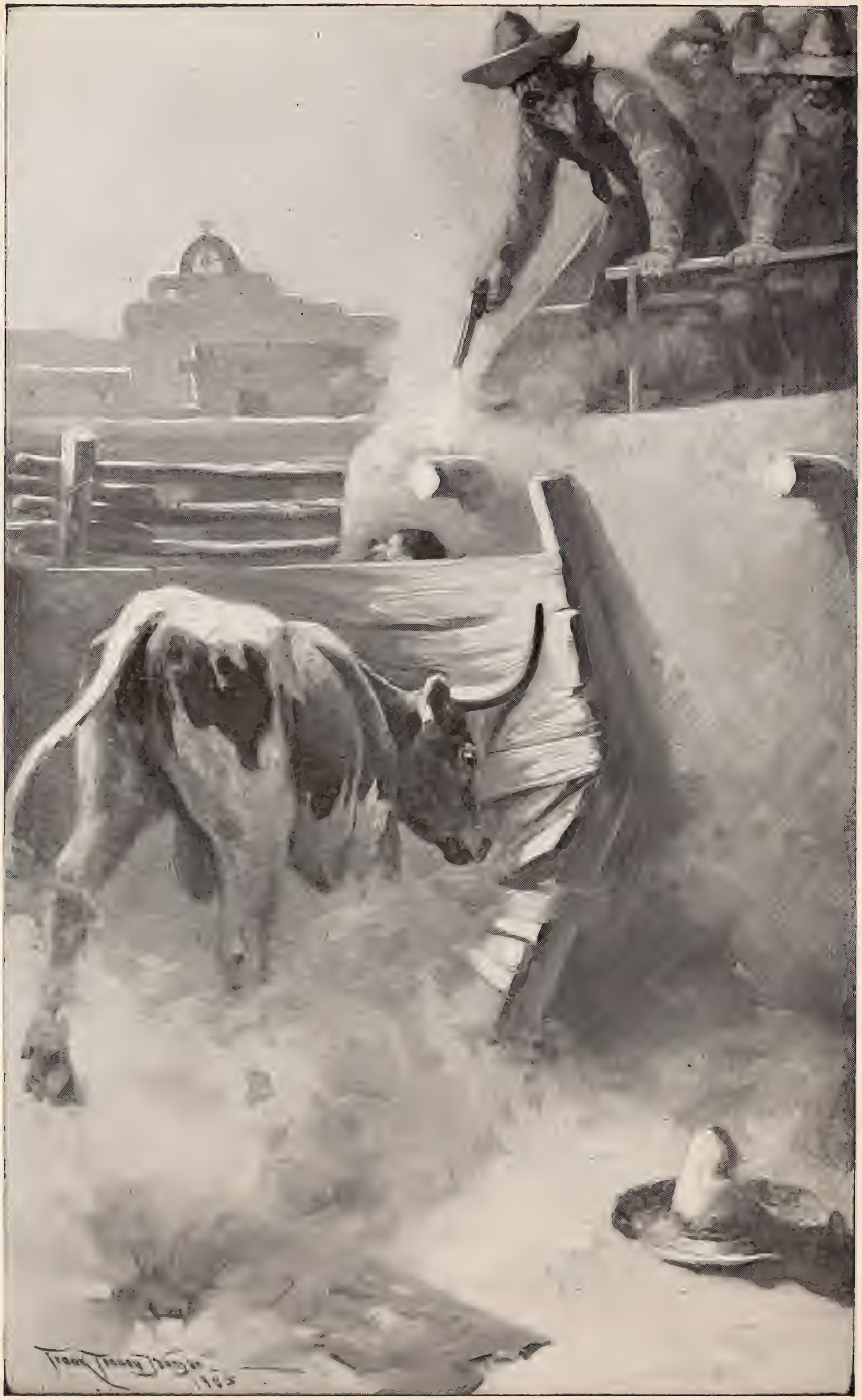


Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson

The sheriff leaned over and his 45 cracked five times rapidly—see page 301

RECREATION

VOL. XXII. APRIL, 1905 No. 4

SUMMER CAMPS AND CAMPERS

WITH PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE TENDERFOOT AND HIS WIFE IN THE WOODS AND ON THE WATERS

By ARNOLD BARTLETT PARKER, LL.D.

Illustrated with Photographs by RECREATION Readers

Practically all of the readers of Recreation *are experienced out-of-door people. Nevertheless, there is a vast and growing number of Americans, of both sexes, many of whom have not experienced the joys of living upon their own resources away from the acres of tinned and slated roofs. It is for these novices, the tenderfeet amongst* Recreation *readers, that I am going to review the camping methods pursued by all classes of out-door people.*

IF you are camping on the trail, in a new and wild country, you must, of course, be prepared to forego many of the small accessories which have made a modern outfit so complete that no necessity remains uncared for. But, in this age, even under the ordinary conditions of travel throughout the country you may now take many luxuries into camp which were unknown to our parched, corn-fed, buckskin-clad ancestors.

However, these very ancestors were the pioneers of our woods and plains, and their camping sites, their trails and their methods have been handed down to us until to-day we find that in the search for the choicest camping ground, the best trails and the handiest method of doing things we are following the foot-steps of those who have gone before. We may strike new country, we may reach old country through a new trail, we may work out our own way of saving labor in the woods, but it is safe to say that the wise men of the forest and the field who made America what it is to-day, have preceded us.

In many sections of the country we may come upon that weird production of the wheelwright's art known as the camping wagon. A look inside and you are convinced that some room on the second floor front of a modern apartment house has been set upon wheels, to be trundled off on the nation's highways. Compare this modern creation with the old prairie schooner and, although one-half of the paraphernalia in the latter dangled continually from the axles and poles of the vehicle and the balance upstrung from the hoops, you will find the inmates of the prairie schooner far better prepared to face the hardships of the trail than the occupants of the new-fangled wonder-box.

In all well-regulated camping expeditions, the first thought, of course,

A WAYSIDE MEAL. *By E. H. Allen.*

should be directed toward the commissary department, without full attention to which the expedition is likely to prove a snare and a delusion.

Camping-out usually means a trip to the wilderness wherein the only shelter is that made famous by Daniel Boone, a chip fire and a blanket, a bed under brush or covered by canvas or bark. Therefore, due attention must be given to the methods of transportation and the kind of duffle to be carried before determining upon the quantity and quality of provisions to be taken. Many experienced woodsmen depend almost entirely upon the country for subsistence, but they know the edible roots, berries, leaves and lichens of the country through which they intend to journey. They know what mammals and what birds they expect to find there and, above all, they know how to prepare this varied assortment of Nature's provisions for the table or for the pan, as the case may be. These men take little into the woods except a small medicine bag or box and plenty of salt. The rest of their equipment consists of fishing tackle, guns and ammunition. In this way, they are enabled to cover a large territory and, as is often the case, if these men are roving by nature, this method of traveling allows them to break camp at will and follow their own whims and desires from day to day.

If the proposed camping site is in the neighborhood of a transportation line, and there is a road between the camping site and the station on the line, then there need be no limit other than the camper's purse to the size of the commissariat packages. Too much attention can not be given, however, to the connecting link between the debarking point on the railroad

HOT BISCUITS FOR SUPPER.

or steamship line and the objective point of the trip. Roads are to be considered, pack animals found if the road can not be traveled by wheels; and there are other inconveniences to be overcome before the tent is pitched and the campfire lit.

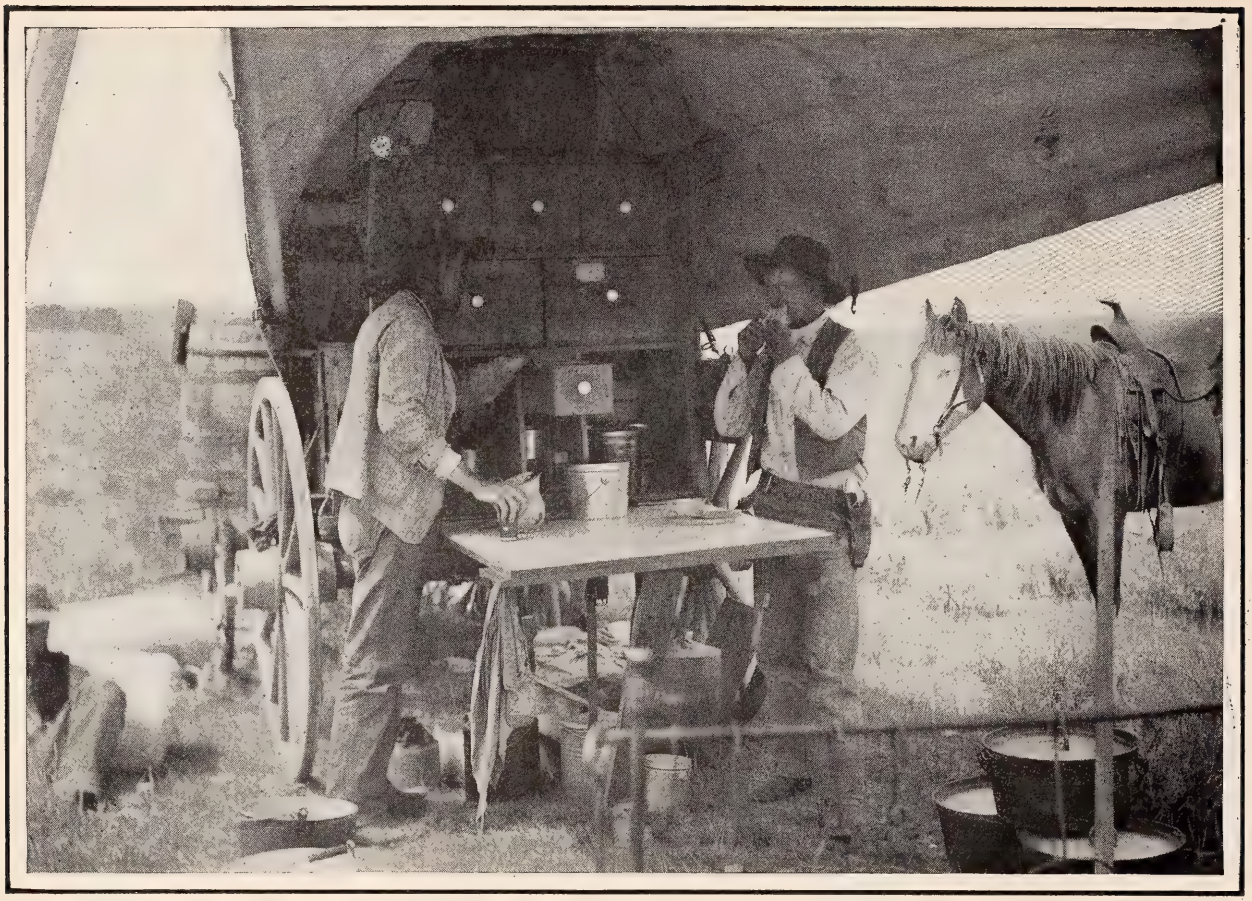
If the trip is to be made by water, full attention should be given to the route, and number of portages before making a final decision on the weight of the cargo.

DINNER *By Henry W. Stevens.*

The pages of the sportsmen's magazines frequently contain lists of supplies selected by various campers and every book on the subject contains valuable suggestions to the beginner. There is but one safe conclusion to reach in this connection, and that is: save weight wherever possible, no matter whether the outfit is to be packed in wagons, on mules, or on the back of the camper. So thoroughly inground is this phase of camp life in the minds of the old-timers that I have known one of them to balance two pocketknives in his hand for two minutes before deciding which one to take, the only question at issue being the difference of one ounce in the relative weights of the knives.

Every woodsman has his own method of building a fire, and every section has a different method of suspending pots and kettles over the blaze. The one inviolable rule followed by the most successful campers is to make the blaze as

BREAKFAST ON A COLD MORNING.



THE COOK WAGON OF THE PRAIRIES.

small as possible to do the work required of it. The guides in Maine build their fires from logs four and five feet long, the blaze extending the entire length of the log. A pole, supported by forked sticks about four feet above the fire, serves as a mantle from which, by means of crooked sticks, are suspended the various utensils. In this way it is possible to keep many pots going and prepare the meal so that everything will be finished at the same time.

In the Northwest the fires are smaller, many of them being built in triangular-shaped trenches in the ground.

Camping stoves there are in infinite variety, some of them being extremely light and portable. I personally prefer the open camp fire and the aluminum baker, by which it is possible to bake everything fully as well as in the kitchen range.

A wire broiler, a tin pail, a frying pan, coffee pot, in the North country a tea pot, tin plates, cups, one-piece metal knives, forks and spoons comprise an inexpensive camping outfit. If you are more fastidious, take granite ware; this makes a difference in cost and weight. Granite ware is easily cleaned and does not break. The modern outfit is made of aluminum, nested and packed in such a way that little space is required and the weight is but trifling.

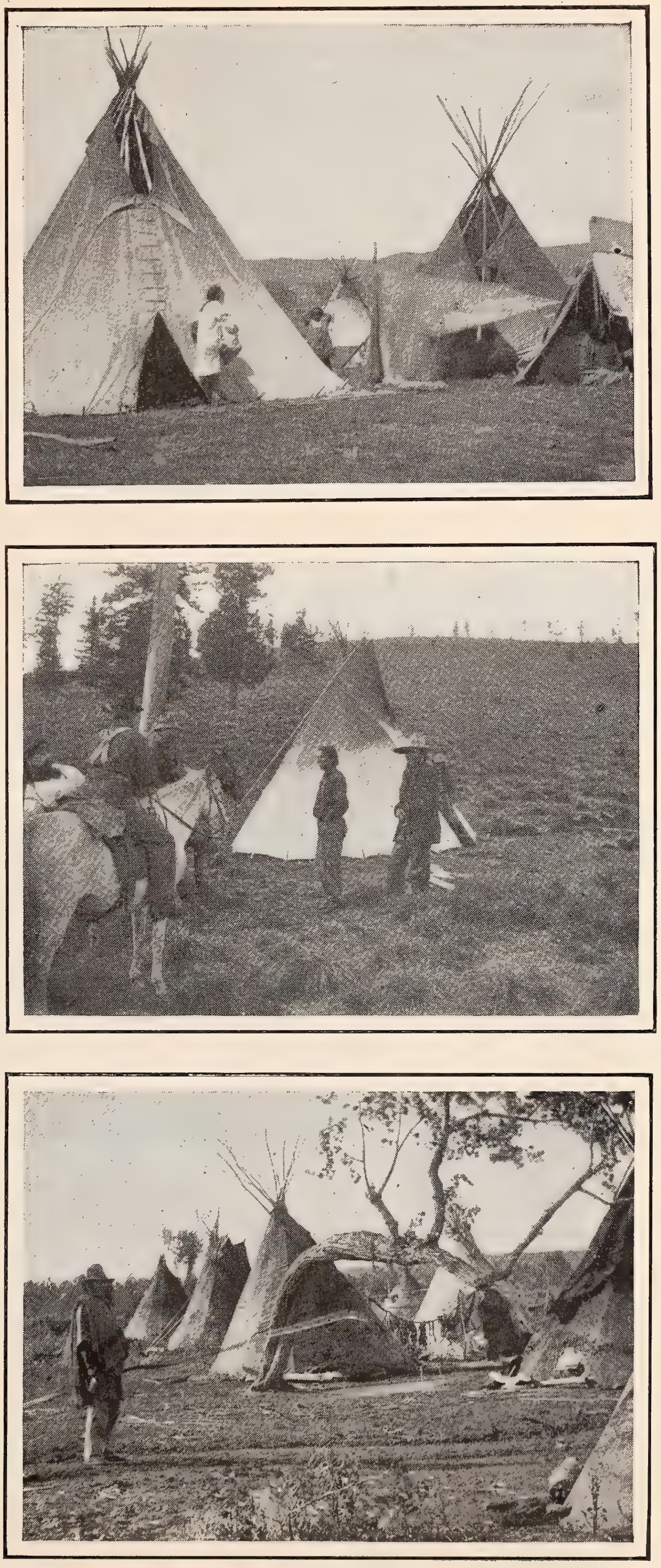
A PIONEER. *By E. H. Allen.*

The whole is packed in a canvas bag and weighs from six to fourteen pounds.

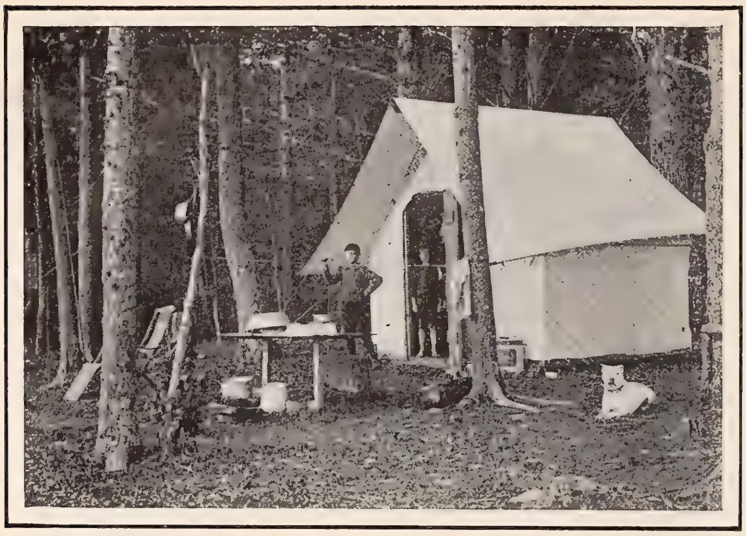
Before starting on the trip, make bags for everything. Make them with draw strings and of different material to suit the various articles. Oil silk for your toothbrush, canton flannel for your fish reels and bags of different colored cloth for the other objects. Make each bag distinctive, so that you can readily identify its contents. In packing my duffle into camp I use a pair of war bags made by a Western concern. They can be used as valises on board train or ship, can be strapped to a mule's back, or made into a knapsack. They are thoroughly waterproof and hold nearly as much as a steamer trunk. Another important item in my outfit is a light rubber poncho, which serves many purposes and occupies small space in the bag. Bags should be obtained for the transportation of provisions and a careful review of any of the catalogues issued by the large outfitting people will reveal a varied assortment from which to select.

Every member of a camping party should be supplied with a good knife, a pocket compass, a folding drinking cup, and a waterproof matchbox. Other important adjuncts of the sportsman's kit are wire nails, canvas water pails, an axe and several lanterns, preferably those made of aluminum folding in a small space.

The site upon which to pitch camp, is always an interesting problem to solve. You would naturally suppose that the Indian, who spends



INDIAN CAMPS OF THE WEST.



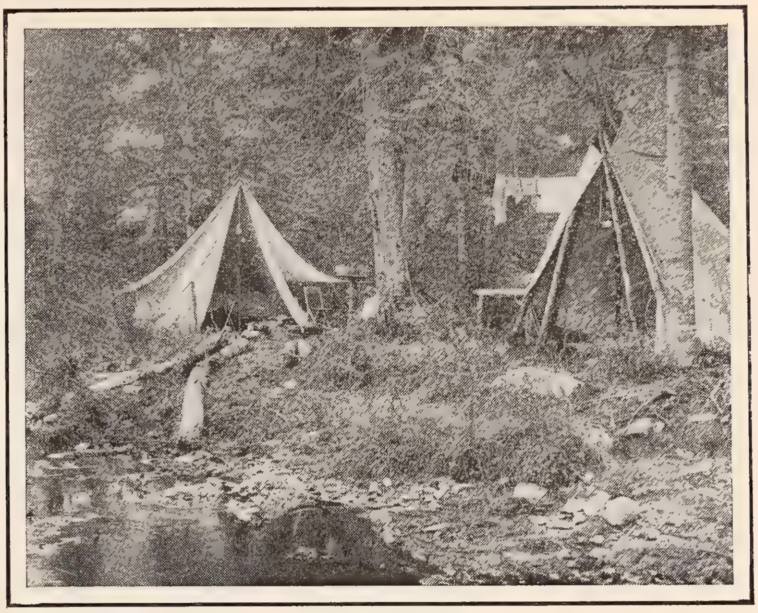
ALL SNUG. *By E. F. Whitmore.*

his life camping out, would be the first to select favorable camping ground. This, however, is not always the case, for in few instances does the latter day Indian, or such as are still nomadic, exercise the feeblest judgment in selecting a location.

In several instances during recent years, I have seen Indian women, carrying water into camp which had been pitched out on the open prairie, several hundred yards from water, without apparent rhyme or reason. The Indian, however, no longer makes an effort to be picturesque and a warm current of air or an unusual fit of laziness, inspires him to spread his teepee where he grows tired.

To me the Indian teepee means more than any other kind of tent, if so it may be called. As a boy I have lain on the skin-covered floor of one of these smoke-filled cones watching the stars, continually emerging from the eclipse of the smoke spirals floating lazily upward to the opening at the top. Smelly indeed were these habitations, but the wall pockets held interesting treasure trove and the Indian boys of my childhood days were ever ready to exhibit them to me.

A FISHING CAMP NEAR THE RIVER. *By J. H. Uhle.*



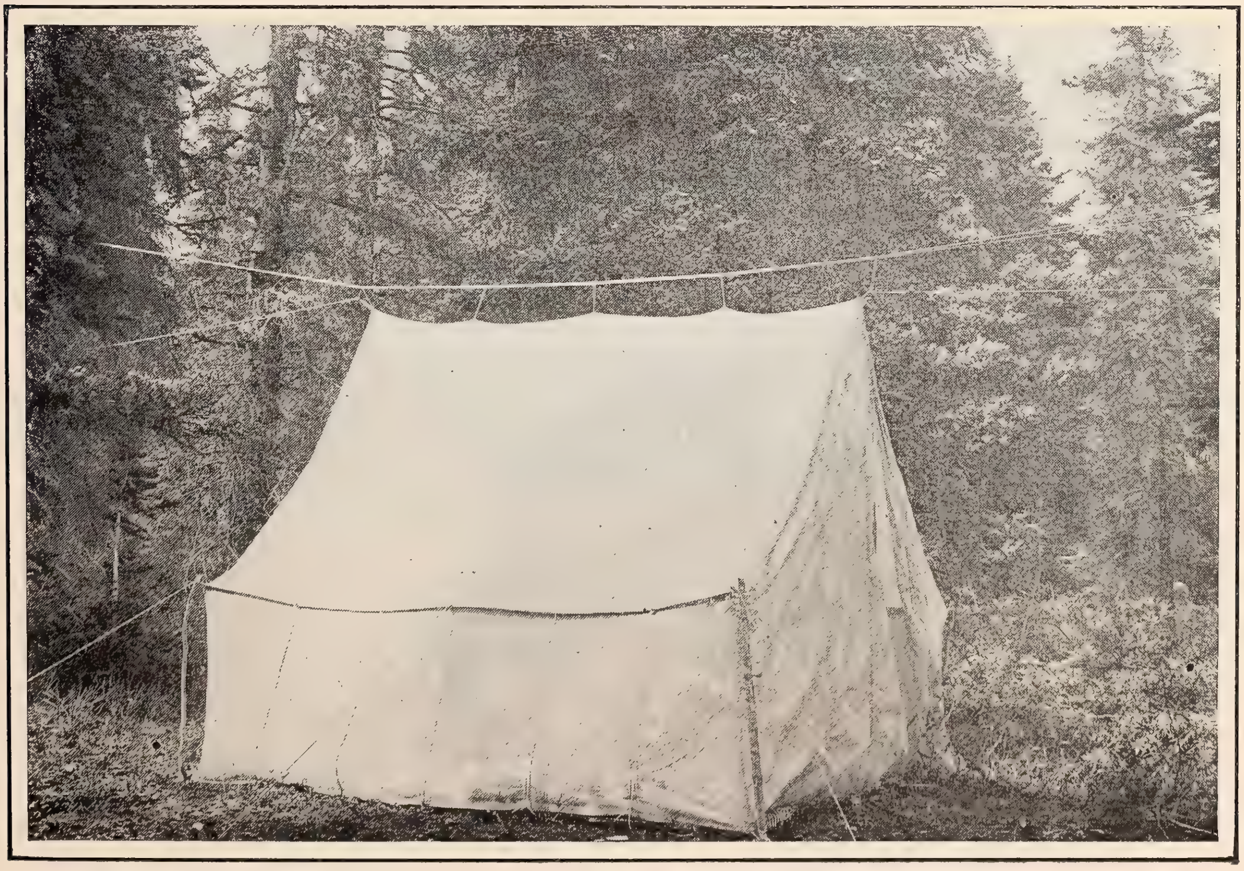
ON THE BANKS OF A MAINE STREAM.
By Dr. J. J. Kirkbride.

Years ago in a far Southern State I stood by my father's side, watching an endless line of prairie schooners, winding down the dusty red clay road. Riding beside many of the covered wagons, on their seats and trudging patiently behind, were solemn-looking Indian men, the last of the Seminoles on the long trail to the Indian Territory.

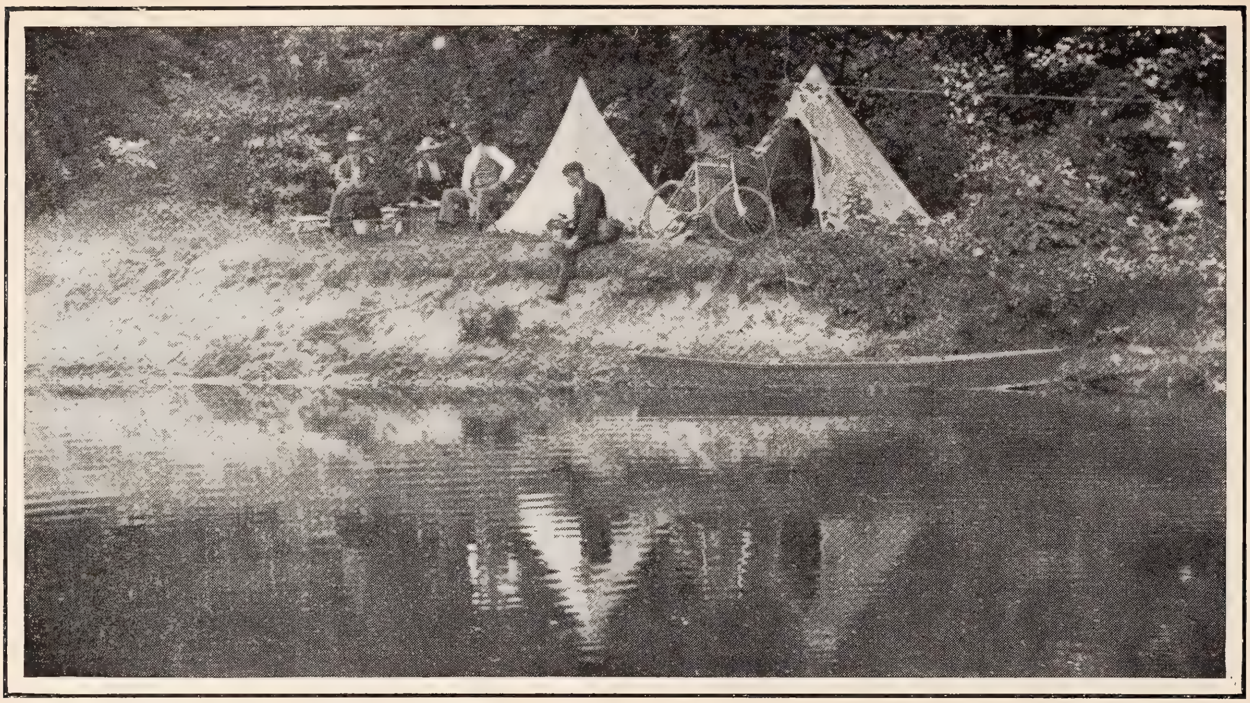
My father and I rode to the camp which had been made several miles below and spent hours there. It was an experience that I shall never forget, and even now, in the midst of a happy time in a camp of my own, my mind returns to the one made by the Indians on the side of the great trail. It was a place of utter loneliness and bleak dispair. A camp in which even the dogs were silent.

Driven from the sunny borderland of the gulf to the bleak plains of the West, to an unknown country where new conditions were to be faced, these stoics went silently, but their actions expressed relentless opposition to the will of the Great Father, opposition that never found action.

In the morning I was again on hand to see the train under way. When the last wagon, with its blackened pots and pans dangling from the axle, disappeared over the hill, my eyes grew wet,



A SUSPENDED WALL TENT.



LIGHT TENTS MAKE SMALL BAGGAGE. *By Kepler.*

for I had been told that this party was the last of the Indians in the South. For weeks I lay awake at night picturing to myself the camps of the little band in rain and storm, in forest and plain, and I felt a personal loss that must have meant great sorrow to me for, of all my childhood's recollections, this incident is the strongest.

In after years when I again saw the Indians and camped in their country I tried to learn something of the Indian band, without success. They had been swallowed up and classed with the rest of the Nation's wards in the general orders of the Interior Department.

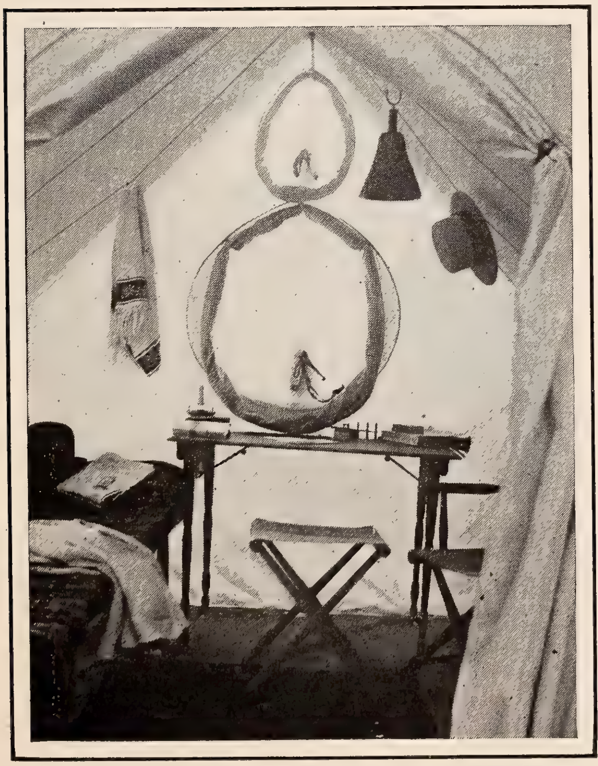
But Indian camps of the last generation have little to do with the pleasures of camp life to-day. I am afraid the digression took me away from the point I desired to make, when I spoke of sleeping in a teepee. Then I slept on skins, but the modern camper depends upon other bedding.

The pneumatic mattress, to me, is one of the most luxurious of all the modern inventions. Nothing can compare with the exquisite comfort which accompanies the entire relaxation of the body on one of these "blow-beds" after a hard day's work through the woods or mountains. The mattress fits into every tired curve of the body giving full and complete rest to every muscle.

If your bed is made on the ground put a log at the head and a smaller one at the foot and cover the intervening space with a thick layer of flat spruce boughs neatly laid, with all the unnecessary sticks thrown out, chop down some young balsams and strip them of all their twigs, collect a great stack of these twigs in front of your shack and, selecting all those of about twelve inches in length, begin at the foot of the bed and work up, sticking the butt ends of the balsam twigs into the spruce boughs. Place them as close together as possible with their tops slightly inclining to the foot of the couch. After all the balsam is planted scatter the fine tips of some hemlock boughs over the balsam and spread your blanket over all. Any bag or pillow case filled with hemlock and balsam tips make good sweet-scented pillows.

When it comes to tents the variety is so great and each particular style has so many advantages of its own that the selection must be determined more by the amount of dunnage you can carry than by the form and size of the tent itself. Anything from a circus tent to the tent fly spoken of by Mr. Brown, in his account of the "Journey After Black Sheep" in this issue, will do, according to your own circumstances.

A small wall tent 7x7 or 7x9 is amply sufficient for one person. And one man to each tent is the best rule. Here is a place where each one can be as orderly or disorderly as he pleases. In tenting with another person one loses somewhat of the pleasant solitude and independence of camp life, and even with the best of companions is liable to some of that social friction from which we flee to the woods. Sometimes I hinge my top pole in the middle and cut my side poles in the center, joining by a sheet iron tube, which works freely. Thus the whole tent outfit can be folded together into small compass and put in a trunk strap, and checked to destination. A very convenient form of small tent which is worth trying does away entirely with guy ropes, which are always tripping one up. You fasten the tent by an overhead rope as shown in the illustration. A fly is sure to be noisy in a wind, but is very useful during a rain storm. Try to live wholly outside the tent in the open air, except when weather or night drives you in.



CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT OF TENT FURNITURE

INTERIOR OF TENT, WESTERN.

A good tent range, or home made oven, can be constructed of a biscuit tin covered with asbestos felt and thin boards. A hole in the bottom admits the chimney of a double wick lamp. The cost of the whole lamp and all is about $2, and can be made to fit into a compartment in the provision chest.

On awaking, light the lamp, put your breakfast in the oven, and inside of half an hour it will be ready. This oven will warm the tent in cold and rainy weather and you can camp with it in places where open fires are not allowed, as in the Park at Mackinac Island and the Maine woods, when no one but a licensed guard can light a fire. Some campers regard the oven as quite indispensable, and think that every tent in a party should have one. But the open fire is the thing for broiling. This open fire may be built on a heap of earth, turf, or sods about three feet high, so that by hanging your implements around this altar, you can sit in your chair, read a paper and broil a steak or fish in great comfort. Sink a pail of the best butter in the earth in a cool corner of the tent, and cover with a box, and it will keep in the hottest weather.

Some campers think a wire mattress folding cot is indispensable. The mattress should be in two sections, and fold

THE LAKE CAMP. *By M. J. Binnia.*

with the bedding into a large valise, whose handle will be top and bottom bed rails. The bed sections when set up can be fastened together, staple or cleat, and the near ends should be elastic steel. The whole bed apparatus can then be checked as baggage. If you are skillful you can put your whole outfit into baggage form and limit, namely, bed, provision chest, tent, grip, and save all the bother and expense of freight or express. A party of campers might, with these outfits, make a very enjoyable and cheap tour of North America.

Canoeists and bicycle campers who carry their own tents must necessarily use small ones or only tent flies, but big or little the inside arrangement of furniture and toilet articles should be convenient and not spilled helter-skelter on the floor.

If you have no tent, a bark brush or slab leanto built on the plan of the Adirondack open camp, or a bark wigwam or brush shelter will make a more or less good substitute for a tent and be primitive enough for the most enthusiastic disciple of the simple life.

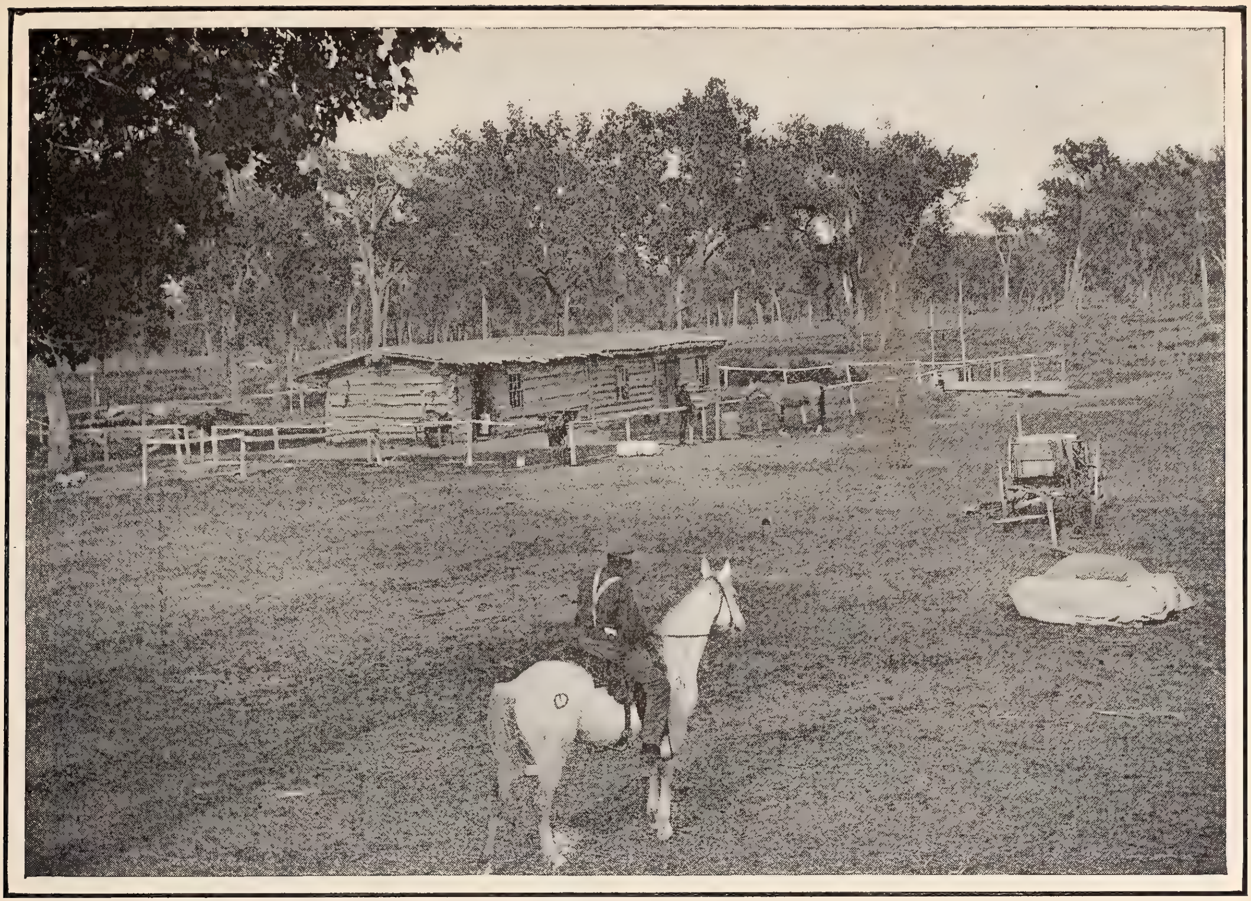
THE ADIRONDACK OPEN-FACED CAMP. *By H. D. Cochrane.*

But so long as there is shade and no rain the open air is one of the best bed rooms in the world, in fact it is the best, and it takes in all the world.

When storm with rain, sleet or snow prevails no place is really comfortable but a house and permanent camps are substantial houses of rustic appearance, usually made of logs.

These structures formerly varied from an ordinary log

A BARK WIGWAM. *By F. A. Burr.*



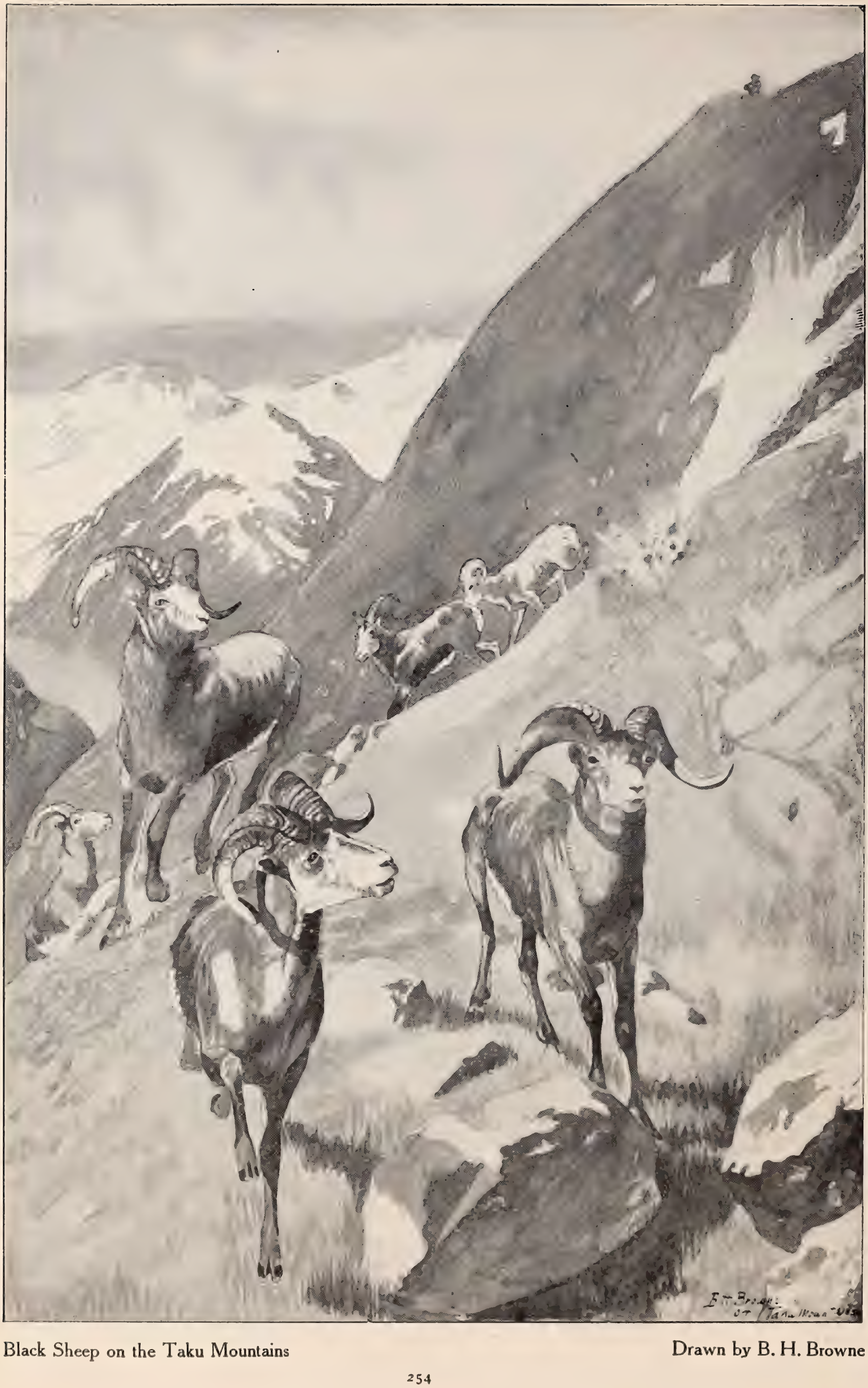
FLAT SOD-ROOFED LOG HOUSE ON POWDER RIVER.

hut, such as are used by gunners in Maine and trappers in the Western mountains, to the regular log dwelling with flat sod-covered roofs in the West, or the "saddle bag" hip-roofed houses such as they have in the South. But since the advent in the woods of enormously rich people, log palaces have sprung up among the mountains and forests and along with them "no trespass" notices, insolent liveried servants and other things that nature abhors and which should be relegated to the effete civilization of the cities or removed to the degenerate Orient.

The log house is dear to the hearts of all Americans. The great Lincoln was born and reared in one, and all of us who trace our American ancestors back a few generations come from log-house dwellers.

A DAKOTA CAMP.

By Dr. S. T. Davis.



Black Sheep on the Taku Mountains

Drawn by B. H. Browne

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACK SHEEP

BY B. H. BROWNE

With drawings made from field sketches by the writer

TWO years ago I followed up one of the great rivers which, rising in the mountains of British Columbia, break their way through the Alaskan Coast range and flow into the Pacific Ocean. Every beach, rapid and sand bar of that mighty stream is shadowed by frowning mountains; everywhere the everlasting snow; and he who would add to his hunter's laurels must "track" his canoe one hundred and fifty miles into those rugged ranges before he reaches the country of the black sheep.

It was not as a hunter but as one of a party collecting mammals for the American Museum of Natural History that I was in the mountains. In this way I not only saw the *Ovis stonei,* but traveled many miles of its range.

Besides the mountain sheep we secured nine specimens of the *Rangifer osborni,* a magnificent woodland caribou at that time new to science. We also collected a number of bear, both black and grizzly, moose, goats, wolves, foxes and 1,000 small mammals. Our hunting trips led us from the Iskoot River to the Stikine and Taku Rivers, to the western slope of the Cassiar Mountains and into the Tsi Tshethla and Cheeonee Mountains.

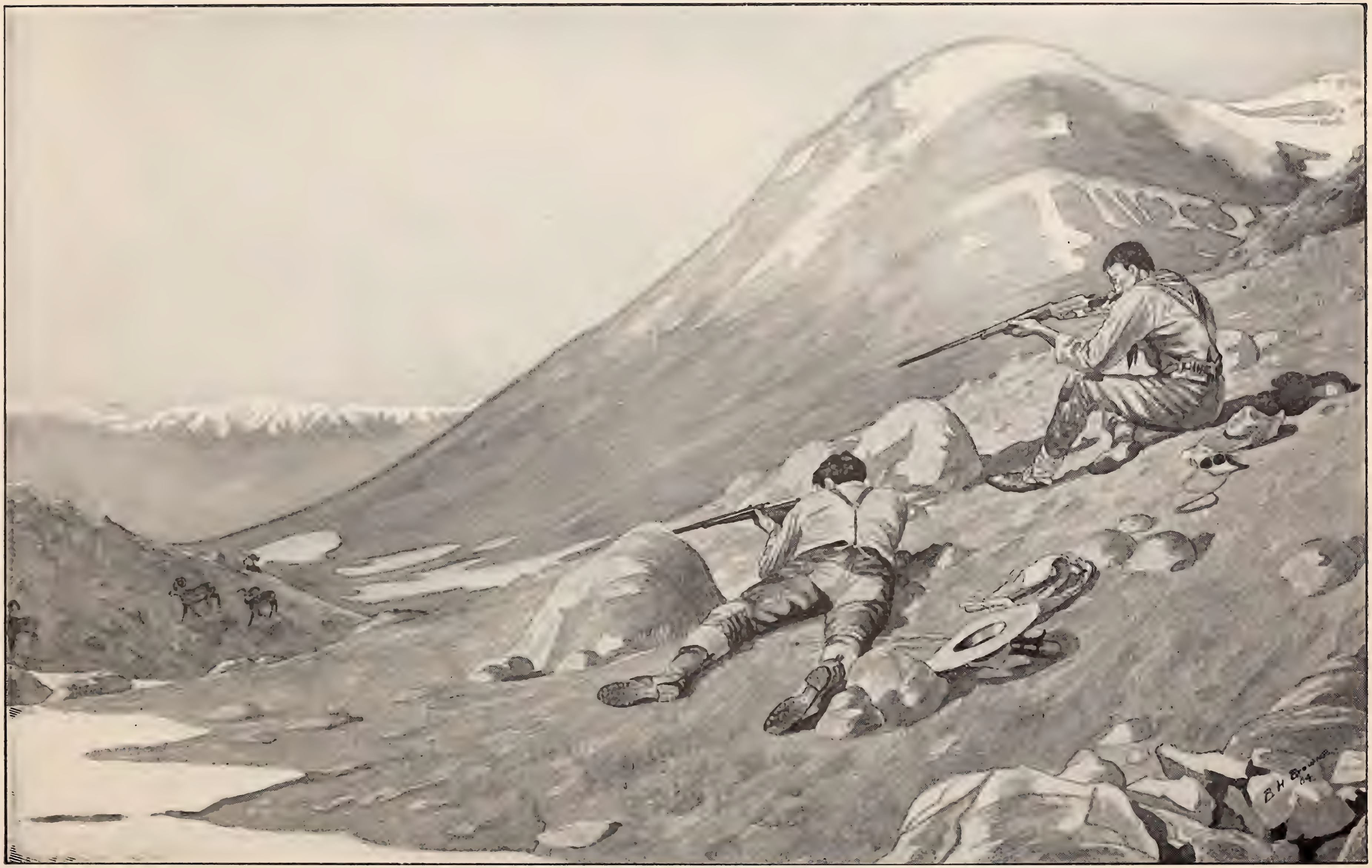
Our first hunt was in the Cheeonee Mountains, the type locality of the black sheep. From here we traveled north about seventy miles to some unnamed mountains on the Taku head-waters. From the Taku we journeyed to the western slope of the Cassiar Mountains and hunted moose and caribou, and from there we packed our horses 100 miles to the south and hunted sheep on the head-waters of the Iskoot River. We also made a short hunt in the Cheeonee Mountains on our return to the Stikine.

There were four men in our party: Andrew J. Stone, Malcolm P. Anderson, Denis Stone and I. Mr. Stone is the discoverer of the *Ovis stonei* and other Alaskan mammals, and was the head of our party. Mr. Anderson trapped small mammals. Denis Stone was a Thaltan native and the best Indian I have ever known; he hunted big game. His last name was added by himself, out of respect for Mr. Stone. Before that he was plain Denis.

For transportation we used three pack-horses and a mule. Denis and I were the *cargodors,* as packers are called in that country, and we used the *aparejo,* a form of pack-saddle well suited to heavy loads, in all our packing. We traveled over two hundred miles of rough mountainous country, at times packing 350 pounds to the horse. On some of our trips the country was so rough that we packed our duffle on dogs, carrying about twenty-five pounds on each animal. When camping we turned our horses loose, and a week's liberty made them difficult to catch.

Our food was most simple, but of the best quality. It consisted, roughly, of flour, beans, bacon and tea. We carried no tent; an 18 x 12 fly furnished us with a form of shelter, which, to one who understands its use, is better than a tent. A second fly, 12 x 8, was used to cover green skins when they were drying. A fly gives more shelter for its weight than a tent, rolls up in a small bundle that can be used for a saddle-blanket, and can be transformed into an excellent boat.

We carried no stove, but did all our cooking over the open fire. Each man had two double blankets, with a light waterproof cover. This was the only


B. H. Browne 04.

A Good Sized Band, Led by a Monster Ram

covering we used, and we made many camps at timber line when winter had set its iron hand on the land and the mountains turned white in a night. I have known men to carry sleeping-bags that were a good one-man pack, when an eight-pound blanket was all they needed.

We traveled light, as we occasionally had to pack all our own duffle. Each man had two blankets and cover, one mosquito tent, two suits of underclothes, one extra flannel shirt, moccasins, shoes, one pair of extra trousers, three pairs of socks, towel, tobacco (in plugs) and a sewing kit.

This outfit, including a rifle, weighed about fifty pounds.

We used the 30-40 Winchester rifle, box magazine, and of the thirty and more big game animals hit we lost none.

On July 21st we started for the Cheeonee Mountains. As the sheep skins were not at their best, we busied ourselves with small mammals, and many a pleasant day I had stalking the hoary marmots among the rugged rock slides.

On this trip we experienced the horrors of the Alaska mosquito pest. We were carrying heavy packs and there was no trail. For two days we staggered uphill with the July sun on our backs. The mosquitoes rose in black clouds and our faces ran blood. All the wild life had fled to the high country, and, save for the hum of the insects —like the low tones of a mighty organ —the silence of death was on the land. We carried the scars of that trip until winter drove us to the sea. But one of the joys of a wilderness life is that all its hardships come to an end; then follows a season of fatness. Once at timber line we entered paradise—the land of sheep, moose, and crystal waters.

While in the Cheeonees we killed a young Stonei ram for meat, and although it was early in the season, the flesh was good.

On leaving the Stikine we traveled north for a number of days. We were starting on a long trip and used our four pack animals. In traveling we arranged the packs systematically, so that we should know exactly what each horse had on his back. Moony, the mule, carried our flies, axes, and the "kitchen," a box filled with eating and cooking utensils. Kid, a buckskin cayuse, carried our personal duffle and ammunition. The other horses packed our grub. On the Little Thaltan River we killed a timber wolf that ventured within a few feet in pursuit of a dog.

When we were lucky we made seventeen miles a day, and in less than a week we struck the Chesly River. We were now on the Taku head-waters.

Far to the westward, hanging in the sky, was a line of snow-capped peaks unnamed and unknown. We made inquiries concerning the mountains of some natives who were catching salmon for dog feed. None of them had ever been there, and even the old men knew nothing about the range. We found, however, that there was a blazed trail that had not been traveled for years leading to the moose country between us and the mountains, and an Indian volunteered to start us.

We also discovered that the mountains were called Tsi Tshethla by the natives; Tsi meaning red, and Tshethla mountain. I will not vouch for my spelling of the Indian words.

In the heart of every hunter a great longing springs up at the sight of a distant mountain range. When you stand in a wild country, looking at a jagged line of unknown peaks, cut like steel against the sky, the desire to go to them is well-nigh irresistible. The sunlight glinting on the glaciers forty miles away stirs you with its promise of sunny valleys, green grass, and sparkling streams. The next morning we swam the horses across the Chesly and headed for the mountains.

For a few days we had trouble. The dim axe marks led us uphill through a rough country. Down timber, bogs, and wasps gave us plenty of exercise. I know no more exasperating sight than a pack train in fallen timber with a healthy swarm of yellow jackets working overtime among the horses. On reaching timber line we moved faster, and a long day's travel through snow flurries droped us into a grove of stunt balsams and beds of wild flowers. Here we made camp on the edge of a 3,000-foot cañon, erected a frame for drying skins and slung our 18 x 12 fly. We were now in the Sheep Mountains, and mountain goats were in sight as we ate supper.

Since the first day's pack big game signs had been plentiful. Across a cañon by the Chesly we saw a band of mountain goats. In the lowlands moose signs were everywhere, and many a bleached antler rotted by our path. Above timber line great holes dug by grizzlies in pursuit of the ground squirrels tunneled every hillside. Ptarmigans were about us in millions, and their everlasting cackling, pleasant as a memory, became in time most tiresome. When we hunted big game the willow ptarmigans were a positive nuisance, for a covey often contained one hundred birds or more, and when we flushed them they would scatter all over the country, calling incessantly, while we stood helpless.

Our first experience with Stone's sheep was in very rough country. We had prospected a promising cluster of hills near camp. A small band of ewes and lambs had been "using" near a glacial morain, but as the wind was unfavorable we hunted towards home. That afternoon Denis found three sheep on the far side of the big cañon, and killed them all. On the way home he ran into two mountain goats and got them also. As they had to be skinned and measured for scientific purposes, he had disemboweled them and returned for help. The next day Stone, Denis and I went after the specimens.

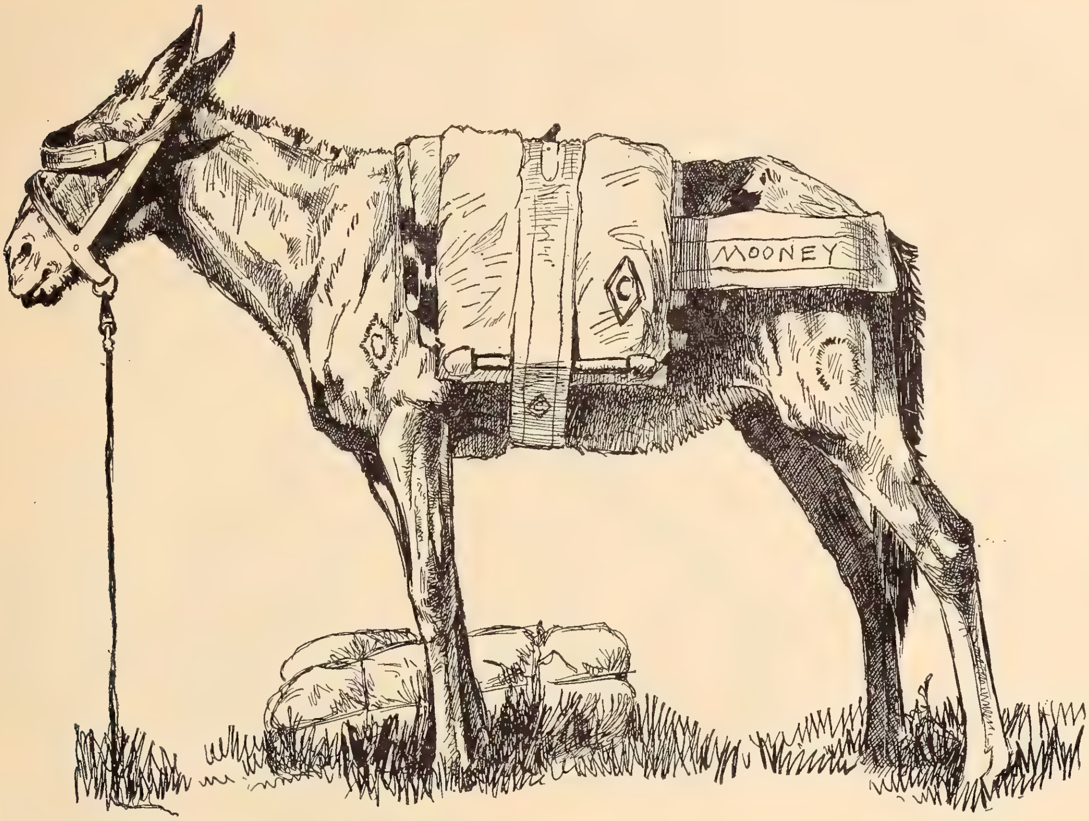
Collecting big game animals under adverse conditions is the hardest work in the world. Usually the sportsman takes the cape and head of one animal at a time. We not only took the entire skin and head, but the leg bones as well, and occasionally the entire skeleton. Frequently we would have a number of big animals down at one time, and then we had to hustle to save the skins. The sheep and goats that Denis had killed were on the other side of the cañon, which necessitated our crossing the gorge, and that meant a six-thousand-foot climb.

After descending the cañon wall we came to a rushing glacial river, which we crossed on a dead tree. The bottom of the cañon was swept bare by the fury of the water, and its rocky floor was in semi-darkness. It was a gloomy place and a fitting home for the grizzly bears whose tracks criss-crossed the sand-bars. We now climbed straight uphill for about 2,500 feet. It was not dangerous, but very hard work, as we were continually slipping on the heather; hob nails were useless. Not until we had nearly reached the top did we find a bench. Wet with sweat, we swung along the crest and entered a snowstorm. The snow falling on us was delightfully cool, and we thought we had never felt anything more grateful.

As we advanced the mountain top grew narrower until in places it was nothing but a path that the hoofs of the sheep had worn in the rock through centuries of tramping. On a little bench we found beds which had been pawed in the gravel by the sheep Denis killed. I have never seen a more beautiful spot. From the fresh sheep beds we could look down at least two thousand feet on each side of the mountain.

A slight mist, left by the snowstorm, eddied far below us, and opening now and then would show us vistas of mighty glaciers, or a puff of wind would bring us the hoarse snarlings of mountain torrents and the roar of avalanches.

We turned sharply downhill, and a thousand-foot descent found us on a narrow bench. On this bench the dead sheep were lying. The hill was so steep that Denis had tied a ewe to a heather bush to prevent it being rolled into space by the slight pull of a wolverine or an eagle. It was chilly work skinning and measuring the sheep. When we were ready to leave we had to pack the specimens to the mountain top, as it



READY FOR THE TRAIL, SHOWING THE APAREJO.

would have been most dangerous to skirt or descend the hillside from the ledge on which we stood. The native insisted on climbing along the mountain, but he soon returned, as his dog refused to follow him.

The Indians in that country are very superstitious, and have many queer customs relative to animals they have killed.

On leaving the scene of a kill, it was the custom of Denis, who was a Thaltan, to pile all the carcasses together. When the bodies were too heavy for him to move I have helped, in hopes that he might give me his reason for doing it; but the answer to my questions was always the same, "Bimeby Mr. Fox come, he say 'thank you.'" Some natives cut the paunch of a dead animal before leaving it, others place the skull on a stick; once, in the Cassiar Mountains, I found a splendid set of the Osborn caribou horns that some native had planted in the earth so that the horns pointed skyward.

On the way home we found the two dead goats, and after cutting some steaks we sat on the carcasses and cooked lunch.

Night found us in the bottom of the cañon, and with the packs it took us until eleven o'clock to reach camp. We had been walking and packing for seventeen hours, and had climbed about fourteen thousand feet; and this was not an unusual day's work. Sometimes the measuring and skinning was done in fierce snow squalls, and then we suffered from the cold.

As winter was in the air and we were anxious to press on to the moose and caribou country, we did not secure many sheep on the Taku head-waters.

Our next hunt for the black sheep was about ninety miles south of the Chesly, on the summit of the Iskoot River, a tributary of the Stikine. We arrived there on October 3 and pitched the best camp I have ever seen. I have traveled in many mountains and on the plains, and with all kinds and conditions of men, but I have yet to see Stone's equal at camp-building. In the North conditions vary to such a degree that making camp amounts to a science

The country on the Iskoot summit was volcanic and of great interest. A few miles from our camp was a mountain composed of obsidian. Before the introduction of firearms the natives used this glass-like rock in making knives, and heads for their arrows and spears.

The mountains rose almost perpendicularly from the lowlands and were worn and creased into countless cañons and precipices. Once on top the mountain swept back in a bench about four miles broad to the main range of snow-capped peaks. This bench, bounded on the west by a precipice and on the east by rugged mountains, was the most gruesome and lonely place I have ever seen. In centuries past the country had been covered with volcanic ash, at a later date lava flowing from the mountains had settled in the ashes and cooled; later the wind had carried the ashes away to a great extent, leaving the lava exposed.

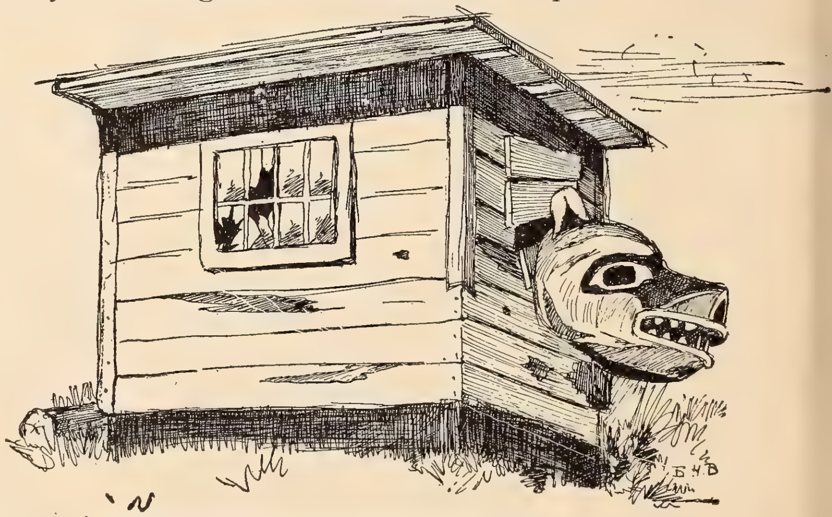
It was with a vague impression that we were on some unknown planet that we waded ankle-deep through volcanic dust; the pumice deadened every noise as we wound our way in fog or snow through the hazy masses of lava rising high above our heads. This wilderness of lava had been the nursery of a young grizzly bear, for at every turn we found tracks of the mother and the cub; but we never met them.

There were a few sheep in the country, and one good-sized band, led by a monster ram, had crossed the mountains the day of our arrival. Finally we secured four fine specimens. The band had been "using" on a big bluff that overhung a valley, and we had passed their retreat several times before it was discovered. Out of this band we collected a fine series of adults and young of both sexes.

The killing of these sheep brought about the most touching instance of animal affection that has ever come under my notice. One of the sheep killed was an adult ewe. As we were returning next day to measure and skin the specimens we saw a lamb lying with its head up by the dead ewe. A rifle cracked and the head dropped. It was a male and had run off with the portion of the band that escaped, but on noticing its mother's absence it had back-tracked and spent the night by her side. When we approached, the lamb remained confidently by the poor dead ewe, trusting in her as in the days gone past to protect him from danger. Instinct or reason, the result was the same.

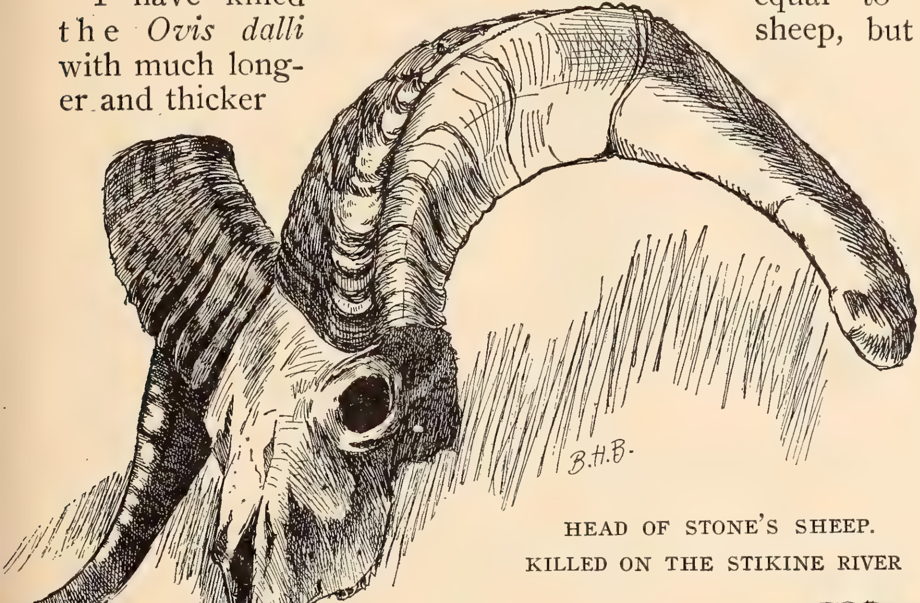
That night we packed home in glorious moonlight. The snowy mountains were heavenly in their beauty; far above us the lonely glaciers glistened, and in the valleys the rivers wandered like silver bands. As our moccasined feet patted the cool snow and rustled through the wild flowers, I thought of the little lamb and his life on the wind-swept hills, and the birthright of which we had robbed him.

The black sheep is a beautiful and graceful animal. Compared with the Montana sheep, its build is light and it lacks the massiveness and dignity of the big-horn in both body and head; but it easily makes up for it in beauty of form.

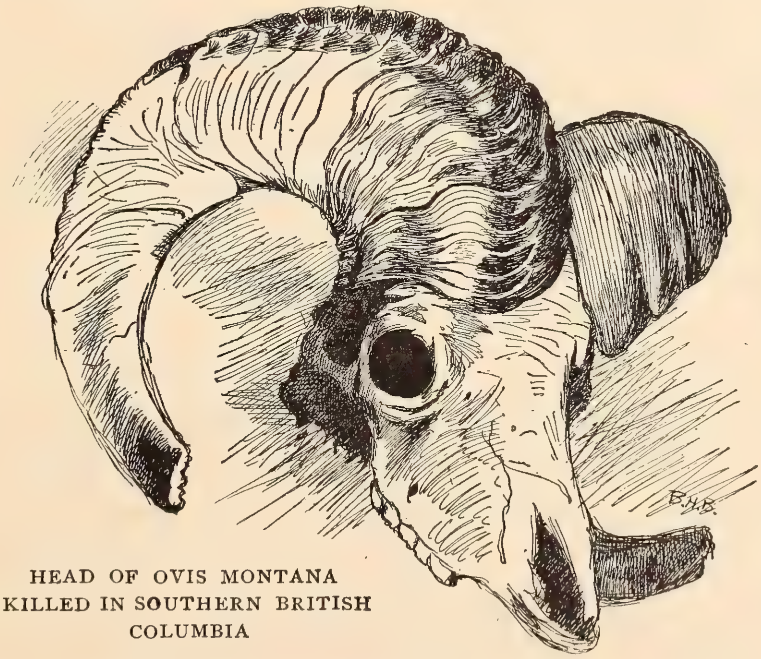


TAHLTAN GRAVE, STIKINE RIVER, B. C.

Stone's sheep, although called the black sheep, is not very dark in color. Adult rams, at a distance, look dark brown or black, but the general color of the ewes, young rams and lambs is gray; the lambs are sometimes almost white. I have seen only one big-horn lamb, and it was darker than the young of the black sheep. Stone's sheep is white on the belly, rump and on the inside of the legs. The darkest parts are along the white of the belly, the outside of the forearm and the flanks. The pelage is short.



HEAD OF STONE'S SHEEP. KILLED ON THE STIKINE RIVER



HEAD OF OVIS MONTANA KILLED IN SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

I have killed the *Ovis dalli* with much longer and thicker hair than I have ever seen on Stone's sheep. The horns are of great symmetry and beauty. They spread much more than the big-horn head, and are seldom "brushed" or blunted, as is often the case with the latter. I have seen only one Stone head that was blunted, and in that case the horn was broken as the ram rolled down the mountain side when it was shot. In adult rams the top of the horn turns over, making a groove that extends for a distance of about eight inches from the head.

In habits the black sheep does not differ in any way that I know of from other sheep. The ewes, lambs, and young rams gather in bands during the summer. The old rams retire to the high country, where they remain until cold weather sets in. In the late fall they join the ewes for the rut, and at this time the bands are often very large.

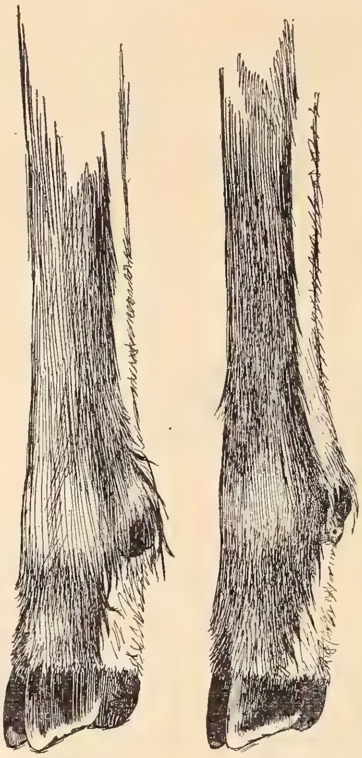
In the Cheeonee Mountains there is a "lick" where the Indians kill a number of sheep every spring. As a mountaineer the wild sheep is without an equal. Goats perform feats in climbing equal to those accomplished by sheep, but goats work their way slowly over rough ground, overcoming difficulties by sheer strength, where sheep would move with a dash that leaves the hunter spellbound.

The *Ovis stonei* has fewer enemies than most of our big game animals. The cougar, who levies his tax on the big-horn, is not found in the black sheep country. Bears are too clumsy to be of much danger. The wolf is perhaps the sheep's worst enemy, although eagles undoubtedly destroy many lambs. Thanks to the difficulty of reaching their haunts, it will be a number of years before the black sheep are molested to any extent by sportsmen.

Before my first sheep hunt, and in fact for a time after, I thought of the mountain sheep as an animal that spent its life on the dizziest crags. This is sometimes true, as sheep are agile and fearless climbers, but my experience with Dall's and Stone's sheep has been the reverse and my opinion changed.

In mountains where they are seldom molested they are usually found at some cañon-head or on a well-watered plateau. On the Iskoot summit we hunted a plateau for sheep. They had been there in good numbers, but Indians had driven them away. This plateau was dotted with little lakes and was so pastoral in appearance, covered as it was with wild flowers and green grass, that one expected any minute to hear a far-off shout of "fore" and see a golf ball roll past. On this hunt we found a ewe and lamb. The ewe had been shot through the jaw by the natives, and was starving to death with her lamb, when we ended her sufferings. To me sheep hunting is a most interesting sport. Mountain goat hunting is too apt to be a mere question of climbing.

The act of killing an Alaska brown bear is more thrilling than the killing of a sheep, but a bear is more easily approached. In sheep hunting the hunter not only has to take occasional chances, but he is pitting his skill against an animal whose eyes are telescopes, and whose sense of smell and hearing are wonderfully developed. Stone and I once lay in ambush for a bunch of six sheep. They were coming towards us and were unsuspicious. We were out of sight, absolutely still and the wind was blowing from the sheep towards us. All at once when about one hundred yards away they dashed off and disappeared before either of us could shoot. I killed one later, but it was pure luck, when, had they been caribou, we could have killed them all.


FRONT HIND
FEET OF FEMALE OVIS STONEI

Sheep, at times, are easily approached, but I think they are less given to moments of panic than caribou, moose, goats, bear and deer. Instances are common where the last-named animals have used poor judgment. On the other hand, I have seen sheep behave with the greatest coolness and intelligence where man would have been helpless.

Their greatest weakness is that of running uphill when alarmed. The power to run enters largely into the success of a sheep hunter. In fact, sheep hunting is often an out and out foot-race. The man who can keep up a good stiff pace in rough country, and, when the time comes, hold his gun steady, will win in the end. Men differ greatly in this respect. Some who can run with great speed on level ground are utter failures when on a rugged mountain side. Denis ran down and killed an uninjured black sheep on the Iskoot summit, but cases of this kind are rare.

The mountain sheep will stand more punishment than any big game animal I have ever hunted. I could give many instances of sheep having traveled long distances under frightful conditions, but it would not make pleasant reading.

I have seen the large brown bear of the Behring Sea coast lie down from wounds that would only have helped to increase a sheep's speed.

Two prospectors on the Stikine headwaters had an unusual experience with a large Stonei ram. They saw it feeding on a grassy plateau and made a careful stalk. When within easy rifle range one of the men shot it with a

45-90. It paid no attention to the shot, and stood quietly looking at them as they approached. On examination they found that the heavy bullet had struck at the base of the horn. The ram behaved in a perfectly natural way, except that it showed no fear. After tying a pack-strap to its horns they led it to their camp, where, being in need of meat, they shot it.

Our last hunt for sheep was in the Cheeonee Mountains. Winter was coming on rapidly; the mountains were masses of snow and ice, and the temperature dropped below zero. Among those crags of ice and iron rocks we hunted for a big head. Many ewes and young were there, but no mighty ram fell to our rifles. On returning to the Stikine we found that the great war-canoe of the Thlinkits, which had come up the river with the U. S. mail, was starting for the coast.

As the slush ice began to run in the rivers we loaded all our heads and skins and, climbing aboard the canoe, bore majestically down the Stikine. This grand craft was about fifty feet in length and hewn from a single cedar. It was beautifully decorated fore and aft with totemic paintings. Chief Shakes of the Thlinkits was our boat-steerer, and we had a sturdy crew. The cold blue crags of the Cheeonees loomed through the winter clouds as we entered the coast range.

For 150 miles the great Stikine literally eats its way through the Alaskan Mountains. As we plowed swiftly through the rapids bands of mountain goats looked down on us from the frowning cliffs. Past the Orloff Glacier—named by the Russians when Alaska belonged to the White Bear—with its seven miles of blue ice fronting the river; through the Stikine Cañon, with its smother of foam, and once more the moist winds of the Pacific Ocean fanned our faces.

When one looks back on such a trip as we had taken, and the memory of toil, fatigue and exposure is softened by time, it seems wonderfully worth while.

TO THE MOUNTAINS

BY ORRICK BAYLOR METCALFE.

I'm sick of heart, I'm sad to-day,
This city life is not my way.
Where man meets man, they harbor strife;
Give back my boyhood mountain life.

Oh mother land where I was born!
Where I was free from strife and scorn.
Oh mother mine of jagged arms!
Take back your child from human harms.

THE MAIDEN OF THE ROCK.

WILL C. MOULTON.

With Photographic Study by Dr. J. W. Pardoe.

I was strolling through a meadow
One afternoon in June,
The Earth all gold with sunshine,
The daisies all a-bloom;
And, as I idly wandered,
My heart received a shock
At the sudden apparition
Of a maiden on a rock.

Her cheeks were red as poppies,
Her lips curved in surprise,
And the very tints of Heaven
Were reflected in her eyes.
Her sunny hair was straying
O'er the bosom of her frock,
And her feet were very winning,
As she stood upon the rock.

Then my animated being
Seemed at once to petrify,
And my muscles all to stiffen,
And my joints to ossify.
My heart it ceased its beating,
My feet refused to stir,
And my eyes forgot all functions
Except to gaze at her.

There Gabriel might have found me
On the final Judgment Day,
But a bobolink alighted
On a bending grassy spray.
He nodded to her gaily,
Then, with a burst of wrath,
Hurled a musical defiance
At the biped in her path.

Where, upon her throne, my Goddess
Still reigned in regal grace

Soon—my scattered wits returning,—
  I drew nearer to the place
Where, upon her throne, my Goddess
  Still reigned in regal grace.
There with fealty I proffered
  My service small and great,
To be her humble footstool
  Or share her throne of state.

"Half my kingdom I will give you,
  "Knightly Sir," she softly said,
And I sat me down beside her,
  While the glad Sun smiled o'erhead.
Then we talked of all things wond'rous
  That the world had ever heard,
While that graceless feathered songster
  Sat and drank in every word.

Then my heart grew bold with daring,
  And, as wild bee nectar sips
From his unresisting floweret,
  Soft I kissed her rosebud lips.
And the world was none the wiser
  Of our wooing, sweet, I think,
Save our silver-crested singer,—
  That unblushing bobolink.

There he sat, and swayed, and listened,
  Sagely wagging his wise head,
Till he gathered all the meaning
  Of the plighted vows we said.
Then, in sweet and liquid measure,
  Full of glad and happy life,
Sang his golden benediction,
  And went home to tell his wife.

"SWIPING SIME."

BY HAROLD L. BAILEY.

"PADDLE over to that willow, Billy, that's the 'i'; see that champed-up grass on the butt? I am going to put a trap on that, and I'll bet ye I get one afore afore morning. There, I guess that will do all right. Now let's go upstream; the next place will be yours."

The light sneak boat sped rapidly upstream under the powerful strokes of the older boy in the stern. They had not gone far, however, before Jim, who was sitting in the bow, pointed to a large brown heap of dry weeds and sticks on the edge of the cove.

"There you are, Billy," said he, and the boat was forthwith directed toward this brown heap which we knew was a muskrat's house. According to the unwritten law of trappers, whereby each takes his turn, this "setting place" fell to Billy, and he immediately began looking for a suitable spot to set his trap on it. He was much more careful than many boy trappers, and it was sometime before he had the small steel device concealed with moss in the little path around the nest. At length he was satisfied, and started the boat at a lively rate up the stream. Nothing was said by either for some time until Billy broke the silence.

"Jim," said he, "it looks to me as though some-un had been along here ahead of us. I jest see a trap stick, and there's a place where it looks 's'o the nose of a boat had been run ashore."

"Who do you suppose it can be?" asked Jim.

"Don't know, unless it's that 'Swiping Sime,' and if *he* sees our traps 'twould be all day with um, and he might take our boat, too, if he 'got on' to where we kept it. Old Thummy Pearson and Big Jake's Billy, who have been trapping all their lives, say they never see no such a thief for traps in all their born days as Sime."

"Well, maybe 'taint him, and if 'tis he won't know we're setting here," said the younger of the two, encouragingly. With this they kept on upstream, and put out all of their traps, although the suspicious Billy occasionally stopped to listen, and kept his eyes peeled, they saw no further evidences of the enemy, and returned to their landing-place at "Stillwater."

* * * * *

The sky was just glowing red over the eastern woods as the two chums met at the landing the next morning, and started upstream through the frosty river mist.

There was nothing in the first trap, but the next, one of Billy's, was sprung and pulled out the length of the chain. There was naught but a few hairs in it, however. As they paddled up to the next "setting place" Jim remarked excitedly that the trap was not in sight, and on reaching out got hold of the chain. As he pulled it in a large bunch of tangled weeds and sticks came up, in the midst of which was a stiffened muskrat with one foot held securely in the trap. The next trap was likewise not to be seen, but when Jim pulled it in he found only a muskrat's foot in it. This was not an uncommon occurrence, and he was about to throw it away, when Billy, who had eyed it very sharply, stopped him.

"Hold on, let's look at that," said he in a mysterious tone. Jim handed it over.

"Aha! That's jest what I thought," said Billy. "That foot was never twisted off by the rat himself; don't you see it's cut off even. By gee! I'll bet that *was* 'Sime,' yesterday, and he's been up here ahead of us this morning; only he didn't see our first traps nor the boat.

Let's go easy and see 'f we can't catch him in the act."

They did not stop now where they had set their traps the day before, but as they shot along, saw that most of them had been taken. Soon they noticed bubbles on the surface of the water where a boat had very recently passed.

"Si-s-s-st; did you hear that?" whispered Jim.

"Yep," answered the other; "it's him paddling; keep quiet now."

Again came the splash of a mis-stroke from around the bend ahead. The hearts of both boys were thumping and they were straining every nerve. Just above them, but not yet to be seen on account of a small projection of land, was a very sharp bend immediately around which was a little unsubstantial island, five or six feet in diameter, bearing a clump of alders with a "muskrat's house." On this they had several traps. As they came around the first point they were just in time to catch sight of the stern of a skiff going around the bend. They kept on up to the crook, where they saw through the bushes the dreaded "Sime." He had landed upon the island.

They had not planned what they should do in case they actually came upon the marauder, but now was the time when something must be done. Billy quickly grasped the situation, and, after a whispered explanation to Jim, silently sculled the sneak boat around to the very angle of the bend, and then, with a master stroke of the paddle, sent it flying toward the island. "Swipe's" back was turned to them. He was busy taking up the last trap. The nose of his skiff was pulled up on the margin of the island just enough to keep it from floating off. The securing of this boat was the boys' only chance, and before the startled thief got his wits about him Jim had hold of the stern of his skiff, and by a powerful twist of the paddle Billy sent the two boats into mid-stream just as "Sime" reached, all in vain, for the bow of his craft. "Swiping Sime" was a captive.

"There," ejaculated Billy, "now what you got to say for yourself? you mean skunk!"

"I say, you fetch that b't back, quick too, or I'll break your necks."

"Well, when you git off that 'hummock' you won't be in no fit condition to break anybody's necks, you low-down, sneaking trap-robber, you!"

"I hain't stole no traps; can't anybody go trappin' without being called a trap-robber, I should like to know?"

"You hain't stole any traps, have you? Well, how came all these, with our marks on um, in your boat?"

The guilty prisoner was silent for a moment, but immediately broke out with a series of oaths, threatening all sorts of things. They listened to him complacently for some minutes, then left his skiff on the other shore and proceeded to the rest of their traps, finding a good catch.

When they came back "Sime" was in a very humble and dejected state. He was begging to be taken ashore from his cramped position. He could not stir around to keep warm, and the bit of land had settled under his weight so that the water was up around his knees, and finally Billy was moved to a little pity.

"Well," said he, "if we let you off, will you promise not to come up this stream again this year, and not to touch another trap that don't belong to ye?"

"Ye-e-e-s," reluctantly responded the shivering and wretched "Sime." "But for Time's sake git me off'n this place, quick."

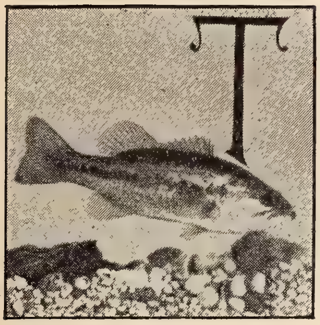
This promise was all the boys wanted, for they knew that fear would make him keep it if nothing else would; after taking their traps and muskrats from his boat, they towed it over to the island and let the unhappy and repentant "Sime" go ashore. They then kept on down the stream, resetting their recovered traps, happy with no fear of future molestation in their sport.

Sime did not reform, boys do not reform on short notice; but thereafter Sime committed his thefts in other quarters.

THE BASS AND THE PIKE FAMILIES.

BY L. A. SPENCER.

Photographs by the Writer.

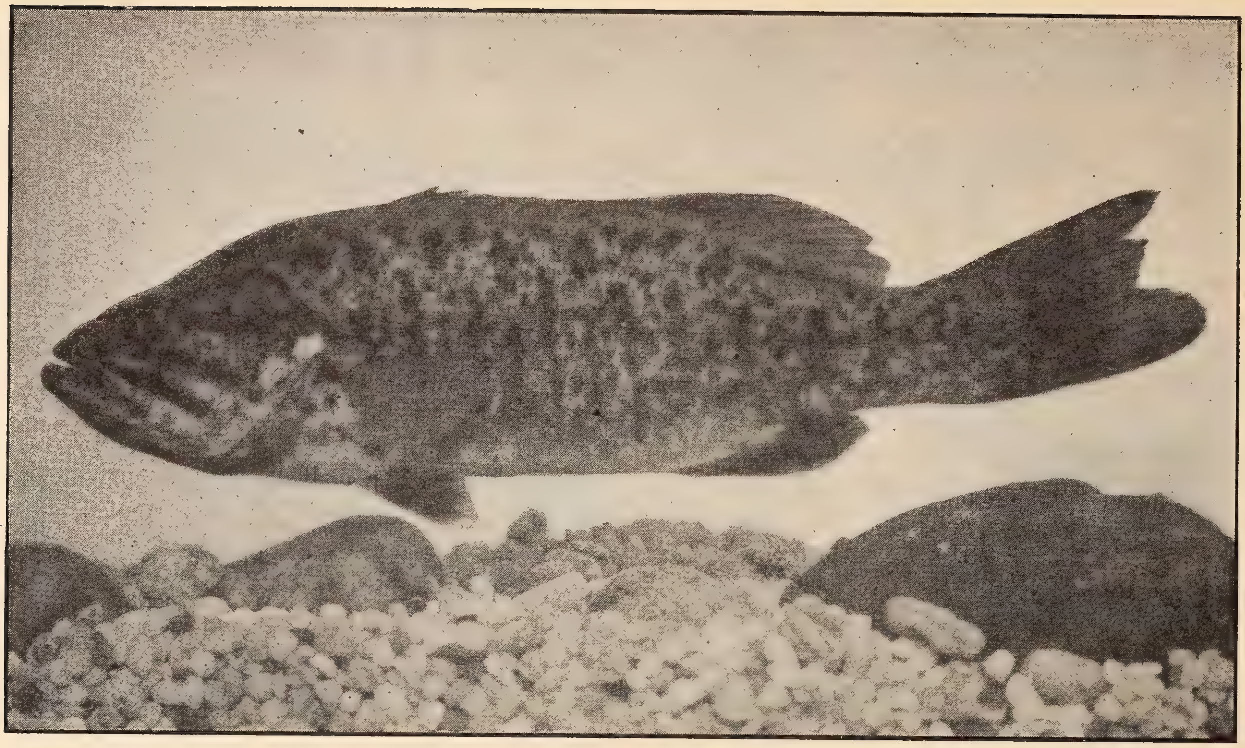


LARGE-MOUTHED BASS.

THE name small-mouthed black bass would naturally convey the idea that its mouth is small, but this is not the case, for nature has been quite generous in the matter; the only apparent reason for the name being given to this species, which is known as the *Micropterus dolomieu,* is that its mouth is a little smaller than its very near relative, the large-mouthed black bass, or Oswego bass, as it is designated in some locations, the scientific name of which is *Micropterus salmoides.* The latter species attains a weight considerably in excess of its congener, but it is not nearly as game, and therefore does not appeal to the angler with as much interest. The writer has observed and carefully studied the characteristics of both species for several years, in both the exhibition and reserve tanks at the New York Aquarium, where every movement and action of the fishes are distinctly seen. A long acquaintance with the small-mouthed black bass has produced the conclusion that for pluck, fighting propensity, and downright originality in its method of strategy to get the best of the angler when hooked makes it a very close second, if not fully equal, to any member of the salmon family, in game qualities. Of this I am quite positive: that this aristocratic fish should take rank with, and is entitled to associate with, the "Four Hundred" of fishes. When being fed with small live fishes, the observer will soon realize that the bass is more deliberate, and makes the strike for its game with greater accuracy, and hits the mark oftener than most of our game fishes.

Probably very few people who know fishes would think that one could judge quite correctly the disposition of many species by their expression; look at the mouth of the black bass, observe the set jaws, and the keen, relentless eyes, in connection with its dignified mien. Taken together, they are nearly as expressive as the features and actions of the human race. It seems to me that among the large number of sportsmen who are fond of fishing comparatively few appreciate the gamy qualities, or are aware of the fine flavor of the flesh of this most excellent fish. The black bass is fast becoming better appreciated, as indicated by the increased interest in their artificial propagation, and extended distribution of the young; also the inquiry and demand for adult bass, for stocking streams and ponds in locations where the species is not known to exist. The writer has been quite recently asked in regard to procuring, and the method of transporting, live bass to stock some of the waters of Europe. It appears as if it will be many years before the black bass will be generally plentiful, if ever.

The question of what kind of bait to use to entice the bass is an important one. If practical, find out what food there is in the place where you intend to fish, and also if there is not an abundance of it. All of our game fishes have, without doubt, a decided preference for some particular food. If one could know whether the choice was some of the minnow family, the young of the white perch, or perhaps the hellgramite, the problem of the best bait to use would be easily solved. If the angler is after black bass, that have been feeding upon small fishes for a long time, it would not be any inducement for them to rise for the same kind of bait; then is the time to use something more enticing.



BASS IN MOTION

In the large pond where most of the small-mouthed black bass have been caught for the New York Aquarium for several years, are found white perch, carp, goldfish, and some yellow perch. The bass have increased in number quite rapidly for the past six or seven years. The perch are apparently not increasing in number as rapidly, and are not as large or plump as formerly, which indicates that the bass prey upon the young of probably all of the species previously named. Being told that the small-mouthed black bass were very fond of the hellgramite, some were procured, and two or three were thrown into the tank; the bass looked up at the hellgramite as they floated downward. One or two made a slight start as if to make a strike; they apparently said: "We never ate or saw any such looking things." The large-mouthed bass in a nearby tank, which were taken from the same stream as the hellgramite, instantly recognized them when they were thrown into the water, and all were eagerly seized and swallowed, showing plainly that these bass were fond of hellgramites. Probably all sportsmen who are fond of bass fishing are aware that they are extremely fond of small frogs. In the New York Aquarium the bass are fed upon the common salt-water killifish. It is generally several days after being taken from their natural habitat before they will take the killies; this is without doubt partly due to such a radical change of homes, but it is also apparent that they, like many other species of fishes, have to be taught by persistent effort to eat food which is strange to them.

It may interest some of my readers to know something of the habits of this most excellent fish. Many species of fishes hide under overhanging rocks, beside stones, roots of trees, and among aquatic plants. The small-mouthed black bass tank in the Aquarium is lined with jagged pieces of dark-colored rock, with here and there recesses. If only a casual look at the tank is given, one could not probably see half of the bass in it, but upon closer examination the other occupants will be seen poised in the water close to an uneven place in the rocks at the back of the tank. The only visible movement of the fishes is a slight motion of the pectoral fins just sufficient to maintain a horizontal position. As the bass can instantly change their color and markings to closely conform to their surroundings, the reader will readily understand why it required close scrutiny to see all of the specimens in the tank.

In the late fall when the water gets cold, the appetite of the black bass declines, and during the winter I have known them to abstain from taking food for fully three months. During this period of hibernation it is rare to see them swim, except when disturbed. Their breathing is so slight and slow that one needs to observe closely to be sure that they are breathing at all. Those not acquainted with their habits could hardly realize that such a radical change could occur in this snappy game fish by a low temperature of water. When spring approaches, and the water becomes warmer, and nature tells the fishes that spawning time is near, the black bass "is himself again." The male fish looks about and chooses a mate, makes a nest by whipping the gravel with its tail and rear part of the body, till a depression is made, several inches in depth and a foot or more in diameter. He stays by the nest, guarding it day and night, to prevent any of the other fishes from appropriating it. Do you think that fishes have little or no intelligence? They plainly understand that they have no interest in that nest, and keep away from it, except that occasionally some, as it appears, may forget about it. If any get too near, the guardian of the nest darts at the intruder and acts in such a decided manner that they hurriedly swim away, acting as if they would say: "Beg your pardon; we forgot all about the nest."

The male fish reminds the female from time to time that the nest being ready, it is her duty to deposit the eggs, which, at the proper time, she does. The male pays unremitting attention to the eggs, and also to the young when hatched, and until the yolk sack, which is attached to the underside of the little fishes, is entirely absorbed by them; this is for their sustenance until they are strong enough to swim and procure their food. At this stage of their existence, the parent fish ceases all care of the young, and if the fry (as they are called) cannot find a hiding place, their own parents would just as soon eat them as any other species. This is "the survival of the fittest."

Small-mouthed black bass have been bred in the tanks of the New York Aquarium. As soon as the young left the nest it was necessary to remove them from the tank at once to prevent

BASS RESTING

their being eaten by the adult bass. The exhibition tanks of an aquarium are not very suitable for the rearing of fishes, but some of the young bass have grown to be about three inches in length.

An incident occurred at one time, while seining for black bass for exhibition, which illustrates what they can do in the line of jumping. A haul was being made with the seine; the men were rowing in with one end of it, when within a few feet of the shore in shallow water, as a stroke was being made with one of the oars, a bass ten or more inches in length leaped out of the water toward the boat; the leap was high enough to pass over the gunwale, and the head of the bass struck the man at the oar just above the hip with sufficient force to make the fish rebound into the water. One of the men, in relating the incident to the writer said: "It came pretty near jumping into the can." The can was in the boat for the reception and transportation of the bass when taken.

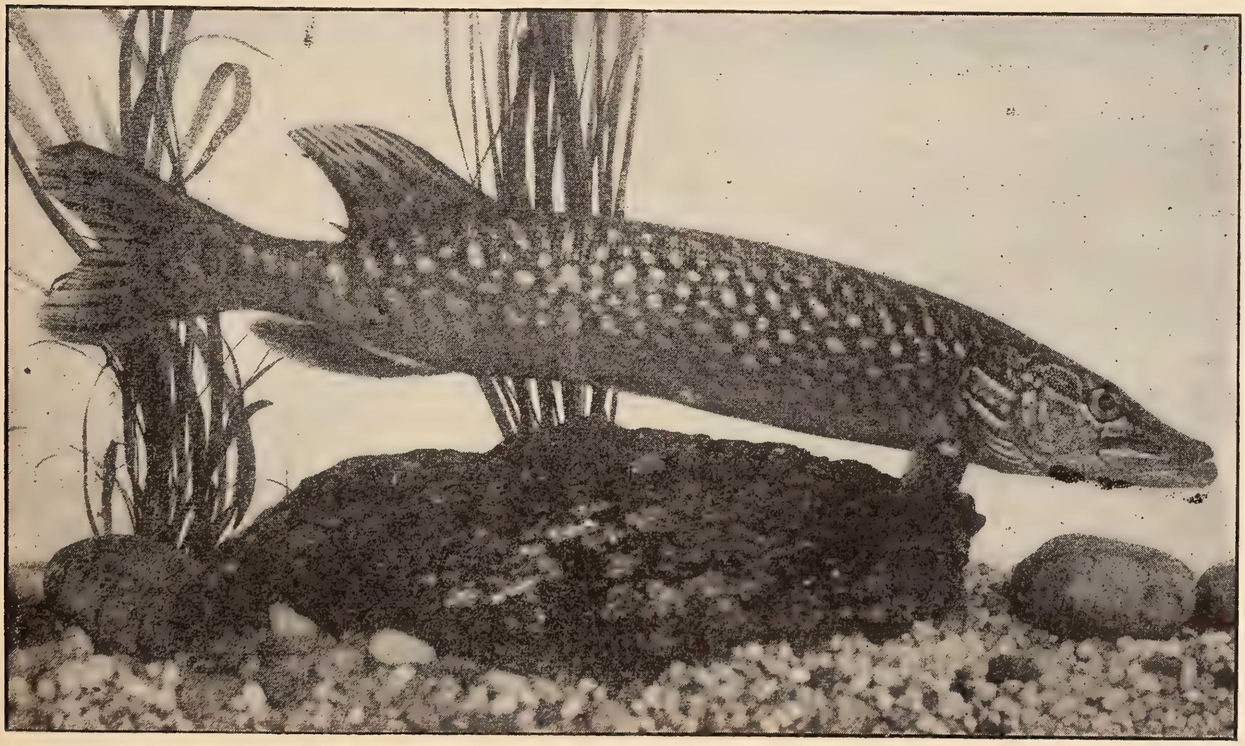
The method of transporting the small-mouthed black bass from the Ohio to stock the Potomac river, was a novel one. It is said that in the year 1853 Mr. W. W. Shriver, of Wheeling, West Virginia, carried a number of small specimens in a large tin bucket perforated with holes, the bucket being placed in the water tank attached to a locomotive, which was supplied with water at various stations on the railway. The young bass were placed in the basin of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal at Cumberland, Maryland. In a comparatively short time the black bass were distributed through the Potomac basin. Since that time the fish commissioners of several states, and also private parties, have stocked a large number of the streams and ponds, where practical, through the middle and New England States.

BIG-MOUTHED BASS IN REPOSE.

Many of the small lakes and ponds which are to be found in the basins at the top of the mountains in Pennsylvania have been stocked with small-mouthed black bass, and here they seem to breed and multiply, although many of these bodies of water are also plentifully populated with pickerel and other fish. Big Turk pond, for instance, in Pike county was stocked with bass almost twenty years ago and there is now good sport there for the angler who loves this gamy fish; along with the bass in this pond are associated yellow perch, catfish, sunfish, carp and shiners.

The Pike Family.

This family of fishes, or some of the species, are quite well and generally known by fishermen and anglers over a large area of North America, Europe, and Northern Asia. My observations have been mainly confined to the common pickerel, *Esox reticulatus;* the pike, *Esox lucius;* the Chautauqua muskallunge, *Esox ohunsis;* the brook pickerel and the banded pickerel, *Esox americanus.* The latter species is of little economic value, as it rarely attains twelve inches. In the small brooks of New Jersey where they are fairly plentiful, I have not found any to exceed seven or eight inches. It is a very pretty little fish. Its markings resemble the Chautauqua muskallunge. The home of the brook pickerel is among the water plants in the pools of small brooks.



CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF PIKE

The common pickerel is probably much better and more generally known than any of the other species of the family. It is said to reach a weight of seven or eight pounds, but a very large majority of specimens taken do not exceed three or four pounds in weight. Its flesh is white and of good flavor, but rather dry.

I have observed the habits of the pickerel over a long period of time. They are seen almost universally poised in a horizontal position, often towards the upper part of the tank, maintaining their position by slowly moving their fins. The fin motion is so slight that the casual observer would scarcely notice any movement. It is a common remark of visitors, in passing the pickerel tank, "How still they are!" I have seen them at various hours of the night, and their actions were the same as in the day; apparently day and night are about the same to the pickerel.

All of the pike family have about the same peculiar method of catching their prey, except that the pickerel are quicker in movement, and seem to be more voracious than their larger relations.

The small live fishes that are thrown into the tank swim downward until they catch sight of the pickerel. Then they scurry about, usually swimming towards the surface, and close to the back and corners of the tank, to get away from the enemy. A number of the pickerel make a sudden dash at their prey, taking the risk of striking their snouts against the tank. But observe the method of one of the shrewd ones —it looks up towards the nearest little fish with an expression which seems to say, "I am not going to harm you; do not be frightened." With scarcely a perceptible movement of the fins it moves slowly towards the little fish with such a far-away look that the little victim is entirely deceived. When near enough, almost like a flash of light, the pickerel strikes.

What has become of the little fish? Gone down the throat of the pickerel, which won the game by strategy.

Many people, even anglers, become confused in designating the species of the pike family. To a large number, the pike and muskallunge are merely overgrown pickerel. I have often heard them spoken of as "lake pickerel," the speaker evidently supposing that the fish had attained a large size by living in a lake where food would be more plentiful than in a small body of water.

An angler who fishes in Lake George told me that he caught a pickerel there which weighed eighteen pounds. It is rare for one to be taken anywhere that weighs even six or eight pounds; the angler had evidently caught a pike. In England, where none of the family are found except the pike, if a fisherman or an angler catches a rather small specimen he calls it a pickerel, though none occur on the other side of the Atlantic.

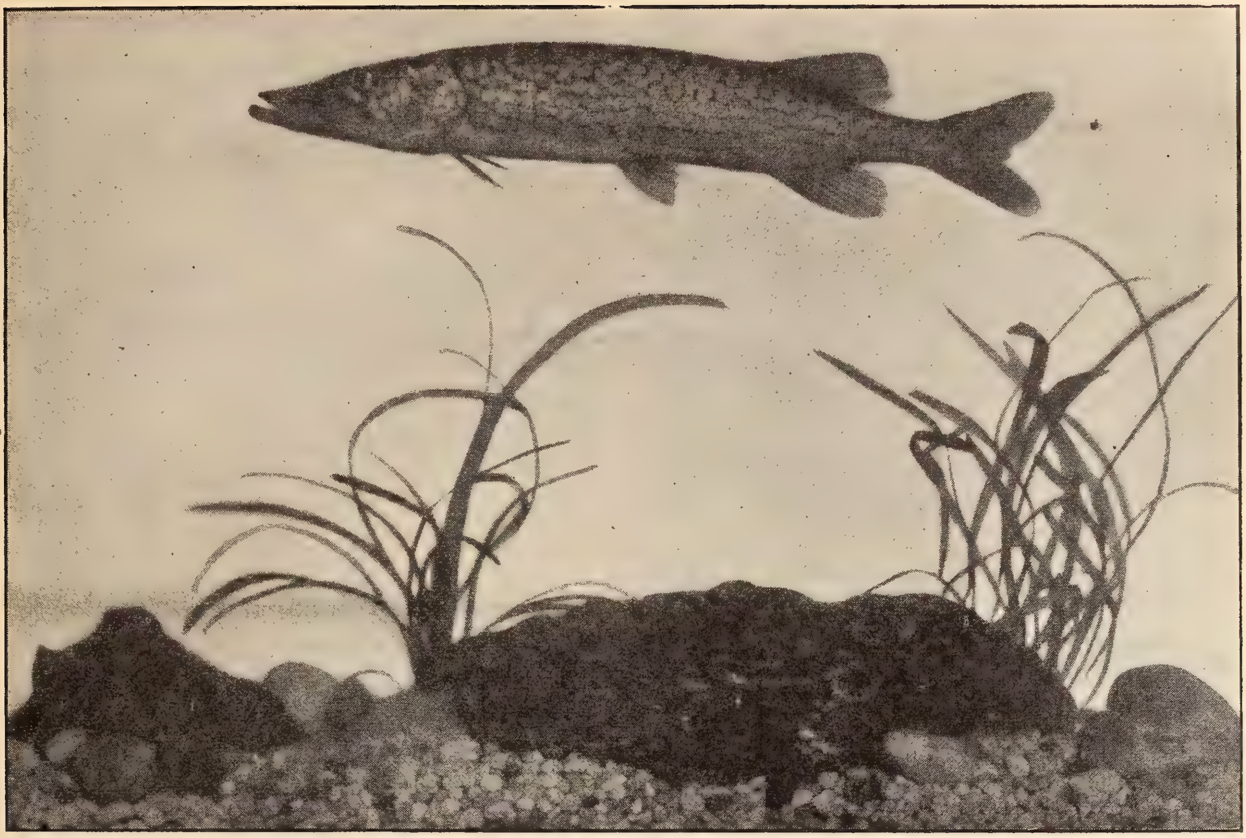
One method of taking the pickerel in former times, in some of the New England States, may be interesting to some.

Years ago the writer was invited to accompany two or three friends to fish for pickerel at night in a rather shallow millpond, located in a Massachusetts town. A flat-bottomed boat was used, and an iron rod about four feet long was attached to the bow of the boat in a perpendicular position. On the upper end of the rod was placed an iron receptacle containing a fire. "Pitch pine knots" were used, which burn for a long time and supply a sufficient amount of light to enable the man at the bow of the boat to see the bottom of the pond. A spear with four or five barbed prongs was used, the boat being gently propelled by one of the party. The man at the bow with spear in readiness kept a sharp lookout. When a pickerel was seen, a quick thrust was made with the spear. The man had practically a sure thing of it, the pickerel having little chance of escape from the unsportsmanlike procedure.

The pike is the only member of the family of the genus *Esox* which is found on both sides of the Atlantic. It is said to attain a weight of more than forty pounds, though this is probably rare even in Europe. When anglers who are familiar with the pike are asked if they are good eating, the answer generally is, "Well, fair." Walton, in writing of it, gives directions of how to "roast him when he is caught," and declares that "When he is thus prepared he is choicely good, too good for any but anglers or honest men."

The actions of the pike differ somewhat from pickerel. Instead of making a rush for the live killifish when they are thrown into the tank as the pickerel do, they continue to rest on or near the bottom, apparently taking little or no notice of the small fishes, which are often seen swimming near or among the pike. The feeding is done in the latter part of the afternoon. Few, if any, of the killifish are molested during daylight, but it is doubtful if any are to be seen in the tank the following morning, indicating that the pike in captivity feed after dark.

As fishes in the Aquarium show their natural characteristics as far as their surroundings will permit, it is fair to suppose that the pike feeds at night in its home in pond or lake.



PICKEREL LYING IN WAIT FOR FOOD

When placed in a tank for exhibition it is a well-behaved fish, taking to its artificial life in a very matter-of-fact way.

The expression of the keen eyes gives to them a very dignified appearance. The pike is exceedingly voracious; it preys upon nearly all species of fishes, not even omitting its own kind. It is surprising, even to one who is well acquainted with fishes in general, to see the size of a fish which a pike is capable of swallowing. Frogs are particularly liked by them. Its haunt is among the water plants in a quiet place, choosing still water, and it appears to prefer living alone except in the breeding season, when the pairs seek a suitable location for spawning.

The pike is said to grow rapidly in a place where food is plentiful, often attaining a length of more than a foot during the first year. In captivity the growth is not rapid, but the increase in size is quite marked. It is much less susceptible to disease than the pickerel.

The muskallunge attains a larger size than any member of the family. The species found in the Great Lake region are said to reach a weight of one hundred pounds. The writer was recently informed that in the year 1896 a specimen was caught in Chautauqua Lake which weighed sixty-three pounds. Previous to this catch, it was supposed that the species which inhabit Chautauqua Lake did not exceed fifty pounds in weight. This species is also found in Conneaut Lake.

A large muskallunge is truly a magnificent fish. Its motion, when making a strike for its prey, is grand indeed. It is a powerful swimmer, and even an eight or ten-pound fish, when it darts for a small fish, gives the observer a realizing sense of the tremendous speed that it can attain. Although a fish with a long body, it will turn abruptly, yet gracefully, to avoid a collision with the end of the tank. It is a very satisfactory fish for exhibition in an aquarium, being a good and regular feeder, and is exceedingly hardy in captivity, much more so than any of the other members of the family.

The muskallunge, like all the pike

is a great jumper, and when transferred to new quarters, unless the tank is covered it is not an uncommon occurrence to find that one has committed suicide by jumping out of the tank. This is almost sure to occur if a stream of water is being discharged with considerable force into the top of the tank, thereby creating considerable commotion on the surface of the water. That seems to excite the fishes, for they will continue to jump until the stream is discontinued. After they become accustomed to the new surroundings they apparently give up the attempt to escape.

The muskallunge is very highly esteemed for the excellent flavor of its flesh, which is white and tender. In many locations it takes high rank as a food fish.

During the year 1899 two specimens weighing twelve pounds each were placed in one of the lakes of New Jersey, where none of the species was known to exist. Four years later an angler caught a muskallunge in the same lake. It weighed twenty-eight pounds. If, as was supposed, none of the species was to be found there, the one caught must have been one of the two which were placed there four years previously. This being the case, the specimen taken by the angler had increased in weight at the rate of four pounds each year, a very good growth. Evidently there was an abundance of food in the lake, which was well suited to the muskallunge.

The State of New York has for several years hatched upwards of 3,000,000 of the species annually, and the fry or young were planted in suitable waters.

The method of hatching the eggs of the muskallunge in Chautauqua Lake is by placing them in boxes made for the purpose, and sinking them in the lake; it takes about fifteen days for the eggs to hatch, with the water at 55 degrees Fahrenheit. It would seem that with the hatching and planting of such a large number of the young fishes each year, muskallunge ought to be plentiful in the waters of the State of New York; but as soon as the little fishes are released from the hatching boxes they are the prey of nearly all other fishes that inhabit the lake. Their only safety is in hiding among plants or other objects that may screen them from their numerous enemies.

The color of the common pickerel in life is greenish, varying greatly in shade from time to time, the sides showing more or less of golden or bronze. Markings are dark lines, generally horizontal, more or less irregular, joining one another at intervals, often producing chain-like figures. On the lower part of the body the lines, which are practically parallel with one another, may extend two or three inches without being connected. The cheeks and gill covers are entirely scaled. Close observation will reveal very decided variations in color and markings in different specimens. In color the pike is a combination of greenish and gray, generally darker on the back. The body is covered with light yellowish spots, varying in shape and size. The fins, with the exception of the pectorals, have quite pronounced black spots. Except toward their extremities, the markings are oblong. The cheeks and upper portion of gill covers are scaled, but the lower portion of the gill covers are scaleless.

The color of the Chautauqua muskallunge is gray with a tinge of greenish. The body from gill covers to back of dorsal fin bears about twenty-five dark cross-bars which are often broken into spots on the lower portion of the sides. Spots, which are more or less irregular, cover the remaining part of the body, also the fins, though at times the spots are not very prominent, particularly on the pectorals. The upper part of the cheeks and gill covers is scaled. The lower portion is entirely scaleless. The color and markings of the several species of the pike family vary considerably, which often confuses a large number of anglers, but by observing the scales on the cheek and gill covers one can always designate the species.

IN THE GORGEOUS LAND OF PLENTY

A Woman's Story of an Adventurous Climb up Grizzly Peak in the Mighty Sierras

BY EMYLYN GUILD LULL

IT had been an ideal trip in which we had experienced less than a week of hot weather and very little dust. Day after day we had basked in the warm, balmy health-giving sunshine and revelled in the early fruits of Napa, bathed in the lakes and drank of the numerous and various mineral springs of Lake and had driven for miles through the virgin woods of Mendocino to reach Trinity County in Northern California, the goal of a two months' drive which had commenced in Santa Clara County.

We had camped at the foot of the majestic mount of St. Helena, thrilling in the glory of her pink and azure peaks touched by the setting sun; had lain through moon-flooded nights on the fern-bordered banks of the twin waters, watching their shimmer through half-closed eyes, and in the magnificent timber of Mendocino County, looking upward where the giant sequoias commune with the stars.

We were eighty miles from a railroad, nine from a stage line, and seven miles from one of the two habitations we saw during the three weeks spent in this county. The distance from the railroad barred the influx of the tourist and with the exception of two settlers, we saw no one. Our little party was virtually alone with a luxuriant, generous nature in the embrace of the mountains.

We had left the buckboard in which we had made the two-hundred mile trip, on a claim seven miles below, and the host there had packed us in with a train of horses and mules, which we retained during our stay. The steep, narrow trail leading to the foot of Grizzly Peak where we were to camp, made it impossible to take in with us any but absolute necessities. At Laytonville, sixty miles south in Mendocino County, we had left the last supply station, and had been unable to procure much there except tinned goods. Our provisions were of the simplest; flour, baking-powder, salt, pepper, canned tomatoes and corn, and bacon. We depended on the generosity of the range and forest for additions to our menu.

Our camp, consisting of a small shelter tent, in which the women crept one by one to make their primitive toilets, a roll of blankets and canvas sleeping-bag apiece, was pitched in a grove of straight, towering cedars skirted by red, gnarled Madroñes and scented pines. Ten feet to the east bubbled an ice-cold spring, near which was set up the gypsy tripod and its pendant kettles from which were brought forth viands that might tempt an epicure.

It was late in the afternoon when we pitched camp. We had planned to put our quarters in shape and rest during the remainder of the day; but there must always be an unmanageable member of a camping party, who furnishes comment and diversion for the others, and we had this member in Archie—Archie, our Massachusetts "tenderfoot." His boyish eagerness to explore, experiment, and investigate the unknown, had kept the hearts of the feminine members in a constant state of trepidation, while from the masculine element he had called forth more than one imprecation.

Archie had never seen a wild deer and he had a new "thirty-thirty," which thus far had been harmlessly discharged at jack-rabbits. He emerged now from the "commissary department," a roll of blankets on his back, the shiny new rifle in his hand, and a package of grape-nuts (private stock) sticking out of his pocket. He informed us, with an air of indifference, that he was going up the trail a little way to look for a buck, and probably wouldn't return that evening.

"How can I get lost," he asked scornfully, when we tender-hearted women protested at the late, solitary start. "All I have to do is to follow the trail up as far as I wish to go, and then turn around and follow it back to camp."

It sounded simple, but we were not convinced. A two months' experience with our "tender-foot" had shattered what faith we might have had in his ability as a mountaineer and path-finder. We felt that he spoke truly in saying he would not return that evening.

"I am certain," I said, "that the boy will not get back until we bring him. He should not have been allowed to start."

There was a laugh from the unfeeling men. "If he gets lost it will be a lesson to him, and he can't get so far away but that we can find him," was the reply.

Toward sunset, Carl, our big hunter, started off for a hill of scrub chaparral, manazanita, and oak which flanked us on the east, to look for meat. The women spread the white oil-cloth on the leaf-strewn ground, set out the tin plates and cups, started a pot of fragrant coffee to brewing, and mixed up some flap-jacks.

In an hour the hunter returned, weighed down with a fine young buck, which he swung up between two rugged mazanita trees, and covered it with a piece of netting to keep away the swarm of yellow-jackets which appear where there is meat, with the first rays of the sun.

We were off our blankets by three in the morning ready for a ride over the surrounding country. Our host, on whose claim we were camped, had told us where we might find an abundance of mud turtles and mountain frogs in a lake on the crest of Grizzly. For five days we had been without fresh meat, butter, bread, eggs, and potatoes, and our healthy, young beings longed for the "flesh-pots." As the men fed and saddled the horses, we prepared the delicate venison liver, bacon, flap-jacks, and coffee.

The sun was just rising as we sat down on the leaves around our fern-bedecked cloth. Looking South we feasted our eyes on a view of surpassing loveliness. Our camp was located on a ridge some three thousand feet above the sea and from this elevation we looked down into a huge, semi-circular basin skirted by three mountain ranges, towering one above the other. The shades of night still lingered in the gulches, but the ranges caught the first rays of the sun, which tinted them in varying shades of purple, red, and pink. Here and there a gray remnant of fog clung to the peaks. A fresh breeze fanned the red into our cheeks, and a woodpecker in the cedar above, tapped a merry "good-morning" as the welcome shafts of sunlight penetrated our solitude.

It was a wild country which we rode through that morning. Mile after mile of scrub oaks, chaparral, mazanita, and cruel blue and white thorn. The little mustang I had brought from home resented the rough touch of the thorns and solved the question of bruised sides by jumping over the clumps, throwing me forward on the pummel and back toward his tail, regardless of my feelings. Now and then we would pass through a fine stretch of timber, gigantic pines or firs, and then out into the scrub again.

Half-way up the trail, we saw ahead of us a large doe pawing and "blowing" at the foot of a Madroñe tree, displaying every evidence of fierce resentment and anger. She was chopping up the ground with her sharp little hoofs, and blowing the air through her nostrils with a loud whistling sound, as she looked up into the tree. Carl dismounted and crept softly up behind her, but not so softly but that the keen ears caught his stealthy tread, and with a bound the doe was out of sight in the brush, followed by a tiny spotted fawn. Carl beckoned to us. We slipped from our horses and up to the tree. In a high branch sat a lynx, licking his wicked tufted chops, and smiling complacently down upon us. Evidently the doe had been the proud mother of twin fawns before this monster crossed her path. Carl raised his rifle and fired and the creature, with his strangely tufted ears and beautifully marked sides, fell at our feet.

A half mile further we jumped a magnificent four-point buck. He ran out of the brush about twenty yards from the trail and stopped on a little knoll not one hundred feet away. He was a picture of strong, masculine grace and beauty, standing there in the scrub and fern, bearing a fine pair of antlers on his shapely head. We watched him, until, after satisfying his curiosity, he trotted fearlessly off over the hills. In the following two hours we saw five more of these proud old veterans.

It was noon when we reached the little lake where we were to set our turtle nets and eat our light luncheon. The lake was sunk in a flat several acres in area on the brow of a ridge. Near it sparkled a creek, icy as if fed by the snows which lingered on the mountain crests less than thirty miles away. As we were eating our cold flap-jacks and bacon, a bevy of mountain quail scuttled across the trail in front of us. The shot-gun was brought into action, it seemed a pity, but our appetites silenced our qualms, and when we started on our way again we had a plump young quail apiece, and two dozen frogs in our saddle bags. The last we got with a "twenty-two."

During the afternoon we rode through miles of shadowy timber, fragrant pines and firs, and over acres of scrub flats, reaching our destination, the summit of Grizzly Peak, a barren, hoary pile of rocks, at sunset.

We had been climbing the trail since noon. Over ridges, down into gulches, then up again. A ridge ahead had shut off the country we were approaching until we were fairly on the summit. Then there was unrolled before our eyes, a vast and inspiring panorama. The portion of the semi-circle, which we had viewed from our camp at breakfast, was here completed, and we looked over miles of valley and ranges into seven California counties, Trinity, with snow-crested ranges on the East; Tehama, Siskiyou with white-capped Shasta blushing rosily at the kiss of the departing sun; Humboldt, Shasta, and Menodocino. The Eel river stretched, like a strand of gleaming silver, across the green, timber-covered bosom of Mendocino County. The majestic mountain ranges skirting this gigantic basin, reared jagged, tinted peaks upward to the blue, and as the twilight came, Shasta raised a white hand of benediction in the evening calm. We sat watching the changing shades of the mountains. The colors faded gradually, and the stars appeared. There was a whisper from one of the men who was sitting on a rocky ledge commanding a view of the trail.

"Look!" His rifle was leveled.

We followed the direction of the barrel, and saw, stepping daintily down the trail, with moist black muzzle sniffing the air and ears alert, a young doe.

Someone touched the arm which held the rifle. "Don't shoot, it's a doe."

"I know. I was just drawing a bead."

He lowered the rifle, but a second later raised it again. Following on the trail of the doe, with lowered head and stealthy, padded tread, came a lithe, graceful animal about the size of a large Newfoundland dog—it was a California lion or panther. There was a unanimous shout as the bullet, sure and deadly, brought the supple, tawny creature to the ground.

It was dark when we turned homewards, with the quail and frogs in our saddle-bags, and the pelts of the lynx and panther hanging from the respective saddles of the proud young hunters. We stopped at the lake long enough to take a dozen good-sized turtles from the nets.

When we reached our camp at nearly midnight, we found that Archie had not returned. Even the men looked concerned.

"Let's have a cup of coffee, then I'll snatch a little sleep and start out to look for him," Carl said.

We were too tired to do any cooking, although our fare that day had been very frugal. We made some coffee, ate what was left of our liver and bacon of the morning, and rolled into our blankets.

It seemed scarcely an hour when we were awakened by a rifle shot, a shout, and the deep voice of Carl singing, "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!" We opened our sleep-laden eyes to see Carl ushering into camp a pale-faced, sheepish-looking youth in whom, despite the stains of travel, we recognized our "tender-foot."

"I found him wandering around in a circle about five hundred yards from the trail," the rescuer said mercilessly. "He had evidently been playing 'merry-go-round' for the past twenty-four hours, with short intermissions for sleep and grape-nuts."

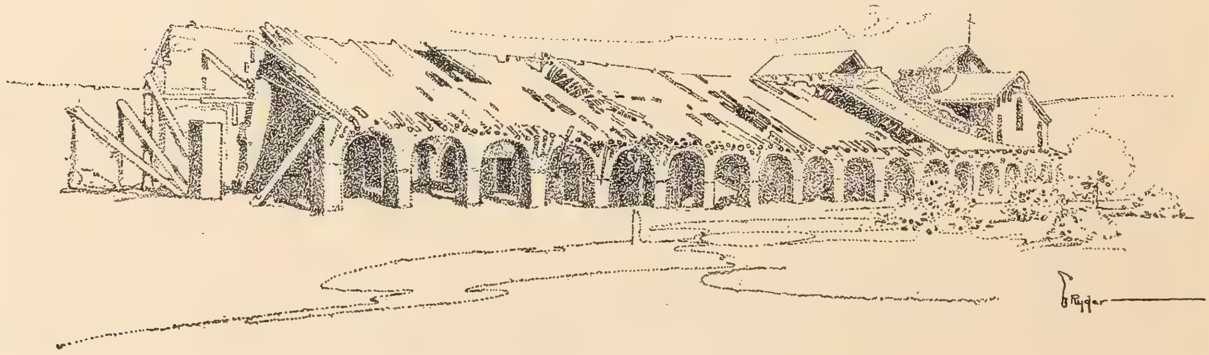
At breakfast Archie instructed us in the lore of rattlesnake-hunting, a knowledge gained while on this latest pilgrimage.

"Never trust a rattler's tail," he said wisely, "as their heads are apt to be close by. I saw a fine fellow in the grass and took a shot at him. He ran down a hole, but left his rattles sticking out. I pulled out my knife and was just going to cut them off, when out came his head alongside his tail. It was a narrow escape."

I must not leave out that breakfast, a meal worthy of the most fastidious epicure. It lasted well into the morning, and its memory is with us still, and a comfortable memory, too.

The artist in the party had decorated the cloth with wild vines and flowers. It was edged with the bright green chilacote, and at each corner was a graceful bunch of tiger-lilies, yellow, black-speckled beauties. In the center was a roast of venison from the Dutch oven, and clustered around it the quail, stuffed with pancake crumbs and larded with strips of bacon. A dish of crisply-fried frog legs served as a companion piece. At each plate was a cup of steaming turtle soup, terrapin if you buy it in San Francisco or New York. The vegetables were tomatoes and corn, and for bread we had a concoction of flour, water and baking-powder, fried in lard, called "dough-boys," the recipe of which had been given us by our host, and which proved a most palatable substitute for raised bread.

We reclined on our leafy couches like the Romans of old, the fragrance of the firs in our nostrils, the song of robins and orioles in our ears, and a soft breeze in our faces; a stately banqueting hall in nature's majestic palace.



CARBINE AND "KADIAK"

BY J. ALDEN LORING.

Sketches and Photograph by the Writer.

ALASKA is particularly rich in bears; and most of them belong to a group known as the Alaskan brown bears, of which the Kodiak bear is one. So wide is his reputation that sportsmen from all over the world spend thousands of dollars in order to add a skin to their collection of trophites. The weight of a full-grown Kodiak bear is not known, although specimens have been killed that were estimated to weigh between fifteen and eighteen hundred pounds, and some hunters claim that they will go as high as twenty-two hundred. While at Kodiak several summers ago I measured the skin of one of these huge animals which stretched the tape nine and a half feet from the nose to the tail, and ten and a half feet across the outstretched front paws. Mr. A. C. Goss, who handles all of the brown bear skins that pass through the hands of the Alaskan Commercial Company at Kodiak, told me that he had seen skins that were three feet longer.

In the spring of the year when the brown bears emerge from their winter dens, they live upon grass, but as soon as the salmon begin to ascend the streams during the spawning season, they seek the valleys to feed upon fish.

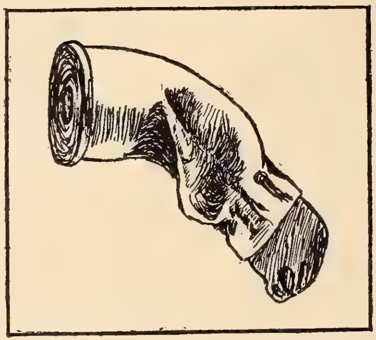
Bears are particularly abundant on Admiralty Island, a large mountainous and well-timbered island in the Atlantic Ocean, about twenty miles west of Juneau. When I visited this island in 1901 the shores at the salmon streams were strewn with decaying salmon that bears had flipped upon the bank and left after tearing out the belly and eating the head. Well-worn paths lead from the timber on every side, and the grass and weeds in the open parks at the mouth of the rivulets were matted down as though a herd of cattle had been pastured there.

A few weeks previous to my visit, A. M. Walker, a miner, had an encounter with one of these brown bears, the climax of which was little short of a miracle. The story is best told in Walker's own words:

"With my partner, W. C. Gans, I was camped about three miles from the mouth of a salmon stream which runs into Green Bay. We remained longer than we had expected, and in consequence had exhausted our supply of bacon. With the intention of adding to our larder, I took my Colt 44-40 carbine one afternoon, and started out to get some venison. The grass along the banks of the creek had been trampled down by bears, and knowing that deer are seldom found in a locality that bears frequent, I left the stream and made for the heavily timbered mountain side. I tramped all the afternoon without seeing even the fresh track of a deer, and was about to abandon the hunt and return to camp, when I discovered a buck lying under a tree on the opposite side of a gully. Suddenly it arose to its feet and walked leisurely up the mountain side. Its dilatory movements were convincing that it had neither seen nor scented me, so I started to stalk it. I was picking my way through a mass of fallen timber, when the deer stepped behind a spruce tree top. Hoping to get within rifle shot before it reappeared, I mounted a prostrate forest monarch, and ran along its trunk to within a few feet of the roots, and then jumped to the ground.

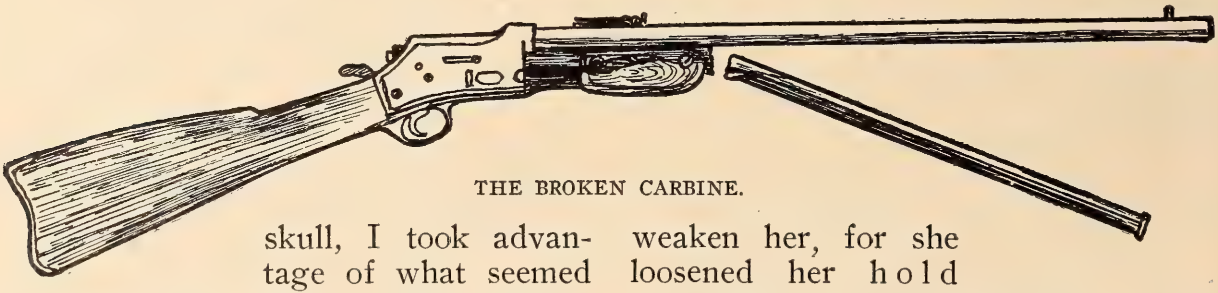
"With eyes and thoughts concentrated on the game before me, I hurried on and had scarcely passed the upturned roots when from behind I heard a deafening bawl and the crash of breaking brush, which was my first intimation of a bear's presence.

"There was no time for deliberation, for the charging brute was less than seven feet away when I turned. Throwing the carbine to my shoulder, I pulled the trigger just as she raised upon her hind legs. The bullet entered her belly and came out near her backbone. Quickly throwing another cartridge into the rifle chamber, I was on the point of firing a second time when the bear, roaring from pain and anger, seized the rifle between her jaws. Her teeth split the sliding forepiece and closed upon the magazine, biting it completely in two, which rendered the gun useless as a repeater, but the shell in the chamber could yet be fired. For several seconds we fought for the possession of the rifle, but it was soon wrenched from my grasp and fell to the ground.



WHAT BRUIN'S TEETH DID TO A CARTRIDGE.

"Realizing that one sweep of the bear's powerful paw would crush my skull, I took advantage of what seemed to be my only chance. Throwing my arms around her body, I buried my head in her long, thick hair and clung like grim death. We staggered from side to side while her huge jaws clashed about my head; why she was unable to reach me with her teeth I can not say. Finally we fell in a heap to the ground and I landed on top. Jumping to my feet, I snatched the rifle and fired the remaining shot as the bear charged a second time. The ball entered her throat, and passed out through the back of her neck. With a blow from one paw she knocked the rifle from my hands and with the other struck me on the shoulder and sent me sprawling to the ground. Before I could regain my feet she was upon me again. I shall never forget the terrible sensation that came over me as I looked into that yawning mouth, heard the deafening roar, and felt her breath on my cheek. I can not say that I was badly frightened, the excitement had driven fright away; but I felt utterly helpless and thought that my time had surely come. One of her long canine teeth sank deep in the flesh of my neck, and I expected every second to feel the bones of my shoulder being ground to pieces.

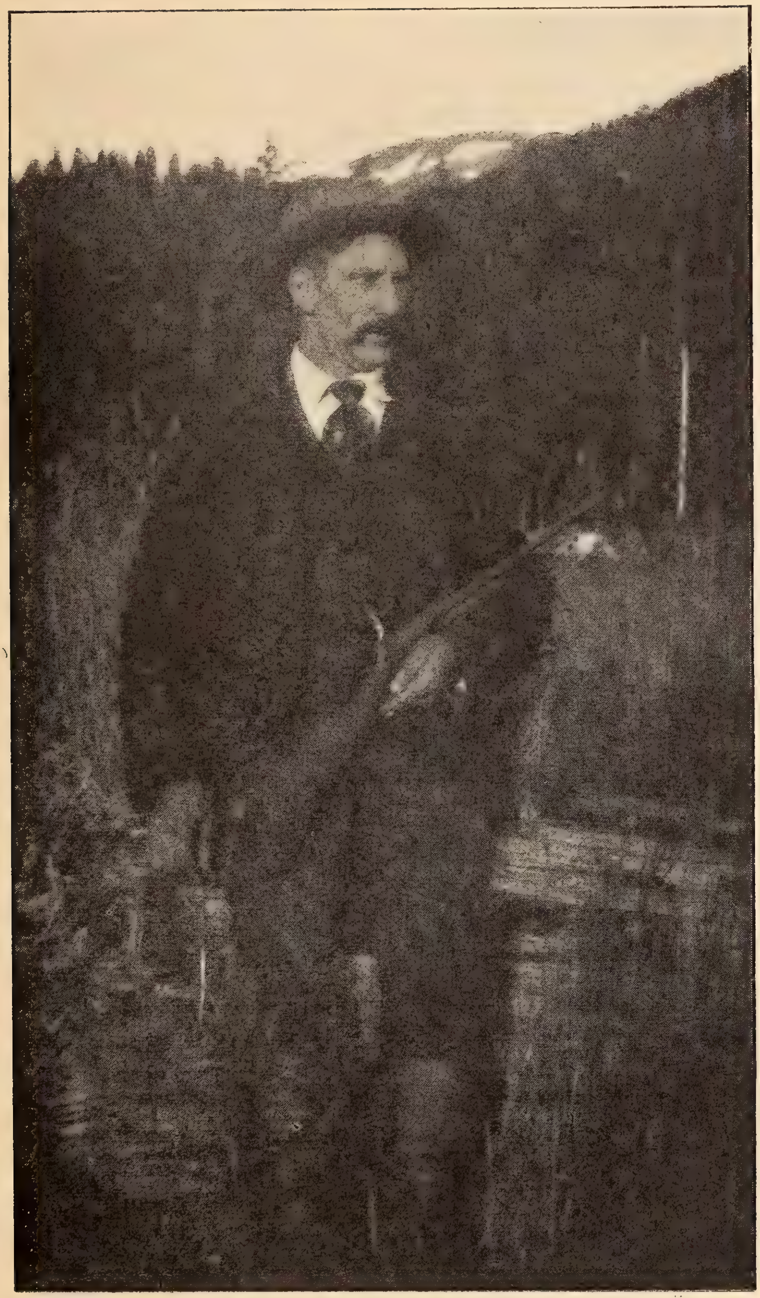


THE BROKEN CARBINE.

"I was lying on my side and must have thrown my arm up, when I felt the pain, for when the huge jaws came together, the tooth in my neck tore loose and she grasped only a mouthful of wrinkled clothing on my shoulder. Evidently the wounds were beginning to weaken her, for she loosened her hold immediately, and backing away a few paces, stood facing me.

"I tried to regain my feet, but only rolled down a slight incline and lodged under a fallen tree trunk at the bottom, where I lay quite helpless.

"Seeing that I was still alive, the bear made another onslaught, and as she came within reach I thrust a stick into her face. She made several feeble passes at it with her paws and stood there with her mouth half open, bawling and threatening to attack me, but finally



A. M. WALKER AFTER HIS MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

turned and walked slowly up the mountain.

"Crawling from under the log, I tore strips from my shirt, bound up the wound in my neck, and as soon as I had gained strength, returned to camp. Although no bones were broken, my left shoulder swelled badly, and the flesh on that side of my body as far down as my waist was black and blue. Aside from being a painful flesh wound, the gash in my neck gave me no trouble. Had the bear's tooth entered an inch further to the right, it would have severed the jugular vein.

"At the end of three days I was able to return with Gans to the scene of the struggle. We found the bear dead about fifty yards from where the fight had occurred, and in the soft mud at the roots of the fallen tree were the tracks of cubs. The old bear must have been asleep, or nursing her young, when I suddenly appeared around the tree trunk, and she attacked me."

The wound in Walker's neck was nearly healed when I saw him. Together with the bear's skin, I secured the remains of the rifle, and the cartridge that was in the magazine at the point where the bear's teeth came together. It is bent almost at right angles and in the nose of the bullet are several deep scratches made by the animal's teeth.

NOTE.—Mr. Loring is not unknown to the readers of this magazine as the young man who went to the North country to capture live mountain sheep for the New York Zoological Park.

But outside of the hairbreadth escape of the man in Mr. Loring's story, and the unexpected power developed by the monster bear's jaws, there is another topic indicated by the narrator which is of scientific interest to the public, and that is: What part of the body does a bear strive to reach with his teeth? Certain large apes, if they can do so, grasp a man's wrists and bite their enemy's fingers. It is interesting to note that this bear evidently tried to bite the man on the neck, and the question is, What part of the neck was he seeking? A prospector whom I met in Kootenay Lake region had had an encounter with a "bald-faced" grizzly which he thought he could conquer with a prospector's pick. The pick has not yet been found, and the man escaped by rolling under a log, but not before the bear had bitten him frightfully around the neck and shoulder. From all the information I can gather, the neck at the base of the skull, right under the ear, seems to be the point sought for by the bear. We would like to hear from our bear-hunting readers on this point.

EDITOR.

THE RANCHERS

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS

IT was a dark night when Jack Lyle and I tramped homewards down the sloppy trail forest. Our ranch was ten miles from the settlement, but Jack, who had been clearing land in that vicinity for eight years or so, was packing in a month's provisions upon his back and only stopped to express his opinion of a parsimonious government with virulent fluency when he sank in a mud-hole to the knee.

"And I am supposed to be making my fortune by the folks at home who sent you out to worry me," said he. "This is, as its natives say, a grand country, and so devoid of restriction upon one's liberty that there's nothing to prevent the man who can't afford a horse team from turning himself into a dromedary."

"Horses wouldn't be much use here; they can't fly," said I. "Anyway, you may as well pitch out Charlie Tomson's sugar."

Jack dropped the sack into the mud, and while I held up the lantern crammed a burst cotton bag into a box nailed to a tree.

"It seems a little light for ten pounds," said I.

Jack straightened his back with a gesture of resignation. He was a big bronzed, athletic young fellow of good education, though one would not always have surmised as much from his conversation and appearance.

Just then he wore a blue shirt, rent at the back and buttonless at the throat, a wide hat apparently purchased when he first entered that country, and canvas overalls patched with flour bags. Underneath was the frame of a gladiator toughened by hardship and strenuous labor, and a heart in keeping with it.

"You are as bad as Charlie, and he's confoundedly particular about his measure," he said. "Hold the condemned bag up and I'll shake the rest of it into my hat."

It was done, though I picked several odds and ends out of the sloppy sugar.

"There is," I said, "no need to give him our tobacco and matches in."

Then I blew out the lantern and we went on again. The bush was very silent, and out of its shadow came the song of a river. Now and then a wolf howled, or there was a rustle in the fern, but a great hush followed, and no one could fancy that we were groping through the black stillness of an unfinished world.

There was pristine purity in the healing scent of balsam and cedar that brings tranquillity to the mind of man and sound sleep to the jaded body.

"Sing!" said Jack, suddenly. "Don't worry about the tune, but sing anything," and I saw a light apparently wandering unattached in the air flicker athwart a strip of thinner forest. Rancher Tomson, who had complained of a bad leg, had apparently gone out pitlight shooting in place of carrying his sugar, and Tomson had an unpleasant habit of shooting promiscuously.

Before I lifted up my voice the light, however, went out suddenly, and there was a great rustling in the undergrowth as though an elephant were charging through it. It was followed by the bang of a rifle, and presently a dark figure came panting down the trail. It, however, slackened its pace at our approach, and I laughed when Rancher Tomson came towards us leisurely.

"Hello, Charlie, a panther?" said I.

"No," said Tomson, stolidly. "Have you brought my sugar?"

"Taking exercise then," said Jack, grinning, and Tomson answered sulkily:

"If nothing else will do, it was Appleby's bull. It would be a blessing if somebody shot the four-footed divil that's laying waste the country."

Having had several exciting runs with Appleby's bull, I felt disposed to agree with Charlie, and when we left him proceeded circumspectly. The bush, however, was peaceful, and we reached the homestead unmolested, and ten minutes later were sound asleep.

I was presently awakened by a shake, and rising, followed Jack, who had a rifle, to the doorway. The night was dark and still, but I could see dimly something large and shadowy apparently pawing among our melons, against the dusky stretch of orchard. There was a crackle that suggested a young tree had been pushed over or torn up.

"There is," said Jack, with a sigh, "a limit to any man's patience. I've had my tomatoes made hay of, melons kicked to pieces, and on the last occasion nothing would content the condemned beast but eating up my Muskoka vines. Oh, yes, he's a sporting animal, but I'm going to fix him this time."

He pitched the rifle up, and having few kindly feelings towards Appleby's bull, I wished that the light was better. Still, the muzzle tilted, there was a spitting of red flame and while the thin smoke drifted past us I heard a dull thud almost simultaneously with the concussion. It was, however, not the sound a bullet makes when it burrows into flesh and blood. Then there was a rush and a crash and something went straight through the split-fence, hurling the rails about it.

"Missed!" said Jack mournfully. "We'll go over and see Appleby when we've figured up the ruin to-morrow."

We went, and before we did so not only washed ourselves, but tried to mend our clothes—which needed it—because of Miranda Appleby. Miranda was very pretty, and, we understood, had attracted attention in society. While we sometimes wondered what made the grim old Major bring her out to that wilderness, Appleby did not enlighten us. He owned two thousand acres of it, and a pedigree bull, and he was, as we read, occasionally an honored guest at Esquimault.

It was, however, unfortunate that his daughter was present when he received us in the great cedar-paneled hall, because this naturally restrained Jack's eloquence, and I found it convenient to stand sideways for reasons connected with an accident to my overalls. It was under the circumstances difficult to do justice to the occasion, and Appleby did not ask us to sit down.

"I have come as a neighbor to ask you to mitigate the nuisance, sir," said Jack, who did not always talk in that fashion, when he had recounted our grievances. "In fact, the depredations of your bull render the raising of fruit, or anything, almost impossible."

"The remedy," said Major Appleby, "is good fences."

"Fences," said Jack, who seemed to gulp down something, and pause at the adjective, "the unmitigated beast gallops straight through them."

"Wire," said the Major, "would prevent that effectually."

"Wire," said I, "is remarkably dear, and there isn't another beast in the country that renders it necessary. Now, sir, I don't mind admitting that last night we fired at your bull."

"You missed, presumably," said the Major, with a sardonic smile, while the twinkle I had already noticed there grew a trifle plainer in Miss Appleby's eyes.

"We did; but we may be more fortunate next time," said I.

"Then," said the Major, "you will be held responsible for the value of the bull, which must be almost equal to that of your ranch. In the meanwhile I have the pleasure of wishing you good-morning."

I saw the red flush under Jack's tan, and don't know how he got out without an explosion. I went backwards myself, and almost fell down the veranda stairway, which I did not see, when Miranda overtook us at the head of it. She seemed amused at something.

"I am afraid my father was not very considerate, but you might have put your case more pleasantly," she said. "Wait a little and then approach him differently when you come back again."

She left us slightly mollified, but when we reached the bush Jack turned to me. "It's the condemned bull I'm hoping to approach," he said. "You are a nice kind of a stuffed image to help any man out of a difficulty."

"You were not very brilliant yourself, and you had not fallen into a bush of club-thorn," said I.

It was, I think, a week later when Jack and I found Sarsfield Heldar sitting upon a fallen fir with a rifle upon his knees. He was very muddy and it was tolerably evident he had fallen among thorns. I knew him for an Englishman from Esquimault at a glance, and his appearance pleased me. There was no unnecessary starchiness about Heldar.

"Been fortunate?" said I.

Heldar laughed. "Not especially, though I suppose a stranger occasionally gets maimed for life," he said, glancing at his tatters. "I have, however, shot a pig, though I did not recognize the quadruped, and am willing to compensate his owner. Could you arrange it for me? I am staying with Major Appleby."

Jack glanced at me. Ours was a pretty grim struggle and the man was likely enough fairly rich; while it occurred to me that if Major Appleby could keep a bull of distinguished ancestry, there was no reason why his neighbor should not keep a pig of pedigree. A good deal depended upon Heldar's next observation.

"I think we could," said Jack.

"Then," said Heldar, "you'll see him yonder in the fern, and afterwards we could talk it over pleasantly."

He flung a cigar-case down upon the fir, and when we came back Jack glanced at me deprecatingly. "Five dollars will cover it," said he.

Heldar smiled. "Here they are," said he. "I have made similar mistakes before in other parts of this country where, however, they cost me considerably more."

We both laughed, knowing that the ranchers who subsist largely upon venison sometimes made mistakes of that nature, too, and that was the beginning of a pleasant comradeship, though Tomson was not enthusiastic when we gave him the five dollars for his pig.

"I always did think you didn't know very much," said he.

"That's all right," said Jack, smiling broadly. "You wait a bit and see. The man who shot your pig has capabilities."

We had presently reasons for supposing that Heldar had not come up there for the mere pleasure of shooting, or the company of Major Appleby. Miranda met us one morning and smiled at Jack very prettily.

"If you could show Captain Heldar where to shoot a deer I should think it very nice of you," she said.

It also happened that, as we floundered along the lake shore one moonlit evening, we saw Heldar and Miranda drift by in a canoe. Great pines towered black and solemn above the silver-shining of the lake, and beyond them rose a fretted line of ethereal snow. There were, however, reasons for concluding that neither Heldar, who was not paddling, nor Miranda Appleby saw much of the scenery. Affairs progressed in this fashion for a while because in that country the bush cattle wander at will and only the crops are fenced; the bull continued his depredations and not only shoved over or uprooted our split fences with Satanic ingenuity, but led his whole harem to the feast through the gap, until one night Heldar arranged to come over to be instructed in pit-light shooting—a form of sport made necessary at that time because of the lack of time during the day and the need of meat. Then the wood deer were unusually shy that season, and the great wapiti, which sometimes swam the river, considerably shyer still, which rendered the disreputable method absolutely necessary.

There was a thin crescent moon in the heavens when we made our preparations at the ranch, and these were simple. Little flat miners' lamps filled with seal-oil were hooked in our hats, and shields cut out of a kerosene can fastened beneath so as to project the light clear of the man and leave him invisible in the shadow. Then we sat smoking until darkness should come. Appleby's bull had been at work again, and though Jack afterwards told me he had nothing but kindly thoughts towards every body in his mind just then, I was a little dubious about believing him. The windows were open, and the drowsy fragrance of the firs came in. The moon swung low above their fretted spires, and sitting by the window I found the harmonies of silver, ebony and blue more inspiriting than the interior of the log-walled room, where old boots, torn clothes, harness and axes lay strewn in picturesque confusion. Jack and I worked fourteen hours a day, and had not much time for amenities. At last the moon dipped, and, rising, Jack threw away one of Heldar's good cigars.

"I think," he said, "it is time to begin."

"I'm indebted to you both," said Heldar. "Between ourselves, however, I hope Major Appleby will not hear of this expedition. He seems to have some reason for disliking you."

"It would be the other way if I were not of a singularly forgiving disposition," said Jack, serenely.

We went out into the scented night breeze which came down from high above the timber line, chilled by eternal snow, and incidentally came near drowning Heldar in the open well. Then we floundered through orchard and garden, where an owl swooped above us on muffled wing; swung across the clearing, amidst the tall fir stumps where the poor oats had been, and over the split fence into the solemn bush. Here the great conifers stretched their spires of blackness far towards the blue, and Heldar fell into a mud-hole several times. Then we left the forest and moved circumspectly out across a swamp which Jack had striven stubbornly to reclaim. It was, however, first necessary to crawl over a breastwork of fallen trees, or wriggle under them on hands and knees, and then wallow through a slough, while Heldar appeared to heave a sigh of relief when we finally halted waist-deep in harsh grass and poor timothy.

"This," he said, "is evidently a somewhat difficult sporting country, but I would stand a good deal more discomfort to get a wapiti."

Now the big wapiti (sometimes and wrongly called elk) did now and then come down from the forests beneath the snow line, but I scarcely expected one of them that night and would have been content with a little wood deer, because venison, tough as bent leather, is better than the bad pork. We lit the pit lamps and Jack gave us our instructions.

"There are several six-foot drains across this swamp, and they're full of mud. If you fall into any of them get hold of the bank at once," he said. "Go along quietly, and if you see eyes shining, jerk your head like a whirligig, then when the deer come up to see what it is, you can either fire straight between them or a little beneath."

"Presumably," said Heldar, "you mean their eyes."

We moved forward, and I heard him blessing the country when once or twice he caught his knee in a rotting branch, while when he plunged forward on hands and knees it took me several minutes to clean him and his rifle.

"I don't know if you've seen what sometimes happens to a gun when you fire it with its muzzle full of mud," I said.

"It seems to me that your kind of sport takes a good deal of getting used to," said Heldar, drily.

We started again, and presently stopped, at the faintest of whistles from Jack. It was very still and the roar of the snow-fed river vibrating through the forest intensified the hush. Nothing moved in all the blackness, and I started at the crackle of a twig beneath my foot; but Jack, who has good ears, had certainly whistled. Heldar, being probably afraid of the six-foot drains, had closed in on me.

"Can you hear anything?" said he.

I raised my hand to silence him, and caught a low rustling.

There was no moon, but a soft clearness in the western heavens forced up the ragged edge of the bush, and the stars were shining overhead. Thus one could see a little, and by and by I made out a pale lambent shining amidst the timothy. It appeared in several places and when Heldar jerked his head some of the specks of brightness drew apart in pairs and increased in brilliancy. I glanced in Jack's direction, and saw only a little flame flickering in the air. It would probably have excited human curiosity, and deer of most kinds are inquisitive, while the faint snow-chilled air was moving in the right direction. Then I hoped that Heldar had seen the two pale-green blurrs that approached him and chanced the whisper that might spoil everything:

"When you're ready," I said.

The muzzle of his rifle twinkled in the light, and I tightened my grip on my Marlin, for there was one shining spot not far away. There came a sharp concussion, and I brought the butt back, trusting vaguely, as one must do in that game, to sense of direction. The smoke curled about me, and as usual I felt the heel plate, but heard no explosion, only the thud of a fall, and a swift rustle that changed to sharp crackle. It was evident that somebody had dropped his deer, and the rest were sweeping through the forest. Then Heldar, unhooking the lamp from his hat, walked forward, and when I joined him was stooping over something that moved feebly amidst the grass.

"Mine, I think," he said, and neither Jack nor I could gainsay him. For a novice he had done astonishingly well.

Deer are opened up straightway in that country, and for several unpleasant minutes we were busy, though Heldar did not assist us. The task is not a nice one in daylight, and worse at night, but it was pleasant in comparison with one that followed, and presently, after arguing as to who should pack the carcass upon his shoulders, we set off for a deserted shanty. The load was light, but one must get the beast's forelegs round his neck, and there are one or two unpleasant accompaniments. We sat and smoked amidst the mosquitoes in the shanty for several hours, during which Heldar rubbed himself continually and hoped that the deer might return to the swamp; for Heldar would have waited months for a wapiti. At last, when an increasing chill swept through us, we made another move.

The swamp was very dark now, and this time I fell into a drain, where my rifle stayed until next day. We had not, however, blundered about it long, when, somewhat to my astonishment, our efforts were rewarded, for just as Jack and Heldar crawled through a belt of grass two eyes became distinctly visible. They were bigger and higher than those of the wood deer, but their fixed stare did not suggest those of a wapiti. Neither were they those of a panther, for I had once or twice seen the eyes of a panther watching me, and considered it advisable to vacate the vicinity. Having no rifle, I lay still and caught a half-audible colloquy:

"Great favor—first chance."

This was from Heldar, and the glistening eyes did not vanish, which was suspicious, for Jack's answer was audible—"Go ahead."

I saw the fore-end of Heldar's rifle, and heard his voice:

"Must be a wapiti. It's very big."

"You'll be too late in a second," said Jack.

It appeared big enough for an elephant to me, but just then the chalked foresight tilted upward, and there was a stream of red sparks. The woods flung back the concussion, and through it came a curious roar and rush. I could see a vague black object coming straight for us.

"He's charging," shouted Heldar, snapping down his lever; and I sprang to my feet with the intention of heading for the bush.

"Stop him! Stop him!" roared Jack.

Up went the rifle, flashed, came down again, flashed again, and I gasped when a great shadowy form collapsed a few yards from the grass. Heldar appeared quietly contented, while I felt divided between consternation and a great desire to laugh.

"I had no idea that any of your deer would charge man, and the thing seemed very big," he said.

"This," said Jack, "is not a deer."

"Not a deer?" said Heldar, and I could not repress a chuckle.

"No," said Jack, in a curiously muffled voice. "At least I'm horribly afraid it isn't."

Heldar sprang forward and when we followed him I heard him gasp. There was neither bay nor tine upon this quarry, and the officer stood staring aghast at the huge, quivering form of Appleby's bull.

"Good Lord!" he said. "The Major will never forgive me."

"No," said Jack, quietly. "If he hears of it, I don' t think he will. He is an especially obstinate and unforgiving old—as he is a friend of yours we will put it—gentleman."

Heldar laughed mirthlessly, and I felt sorry for him as remembering what we had seen upon the lake, I noticed the grimness of his face. He was not a man to show a weakness, but it was an honest face, and Miss Appleby had been gracious to us.

"I'm afraid I can't deny it," he said. "Now, this affair may be especially unfortunate for me, and I feel that I can trust you. It will be a very great favor if you can get me out of it."

Jack touched his shoulder. "It's all our faults, and I was forgetting something," he said. "I think there had better be a funeral."

I turned upon my heel. "Then there's not much time to lose, and he'll take a lot of burying," I said. "I'm off for the shovel and the grub hoe."

Jack's voice followed me, though I did not understand him then: "Bring an axe and the biggest cross-cut, too."

Bringing them was somewhat difficult, especially across the swamp, but it was accomplished and we worked feverishly, flinging out the sod and mud while the water drained into the pit we floundered in. Then there arose a difficulty. "I might have brought the oxen, too," I said; "we can't move him."

It was then Jack's far-sightedness became apparent. "We might — in pieces," said he. "Get hold of the cross-cut."

Heldar took one handle of the saw, and I was glad to let him.

"Nasty, but it must be done!" he said.

The term he used was a mild one, and I was not pleased when Jack left me to hew the vertebra through while he cut levers in the bush. Heldar was spattered all over, and once or twice appeared somewhat sick, but he did not flinch, and I remembered his quiet, splashed face when I heard afterwards of certain more distinguished exploits of his. At last it was finished, and gasping and panting we rolled the quartered carcass into the hole, and would have rested if Heldar, who seized a shovel, had not objected.

"Let's get it done," he said. "If I'd committed a murder I couldn't feel more anxious to hide the condemned thing."

We were a trifle anxious ourselves, and worked hastily, for Appleby's bull required a good deal of covering, but the task was accomplished and Jack strewed the mound with grass.

"It is fortunately seldom that anybody comes fooling round this swamp," said he.

The sun had cleared the tall firs and the scented shade was pierced by arrows of golden light, when we met Charlie Tomson striding axe in hand along the trail. He stopped and stared at us in bewildered astonishment, and there was some excuse for him.

"Hello!" he said. "You look as if you'd been murdering somebody."

"I feel quite equal to doing it," said Jack. "That is, if a man I know talks too much."

Tomson stared at him and deliberately put down his axe. He was a big man with a tolerable temper. Then his face relaxed into a grin.

"That's all right. If I don't know I can't tell," he said. "Still, if I had clothes like yours I'd bury them."

It was not very lucid, but still I saw that Charlie had pledged himself to silence, and we went down to the river, and into it with our clothes on, before we had breakfast. When we sent Heldar home his garments, which were badly creased, appeared too small for him.

"What I'm going to tell Appleby, I don't know," he said. "You see, it would scarcely be advisable to tell him I was shooting with you."

"No," said Jack.

We heard about a week later that Heldar had left for the East, and about the same time a notice was hung up at the settlement, "One hundred dollars will be paid to anyone giving information respecting Major Appleby's bull."

We were tramping home that day, when Miss Appleby, who was mounted, overtook us. She reined the big horse in, and glanced down on us with a twinkle in her eyes, while she patted the beast's glossy neck.

"You have seen the notice?" she said.

"Of course," said Jack. "Have you any reason for asking that?"

Miss Appleby looked at him thoughtfully, and she was a very pretty girl. "I have a fancy that you could earn a hundred dollars if you wished," she said.

Jack met her gaze steadily. "I wonder if it would please you to hear that supposing I could—a thousand dollars would be no inducement," he said.

The girl's eyes twinkled again, but she made a very gracious gesture of acknowledgment. "It would, and I think you are wise," she said. "I heard a little about Captain Heldar's adventures and guessed a good deal more."

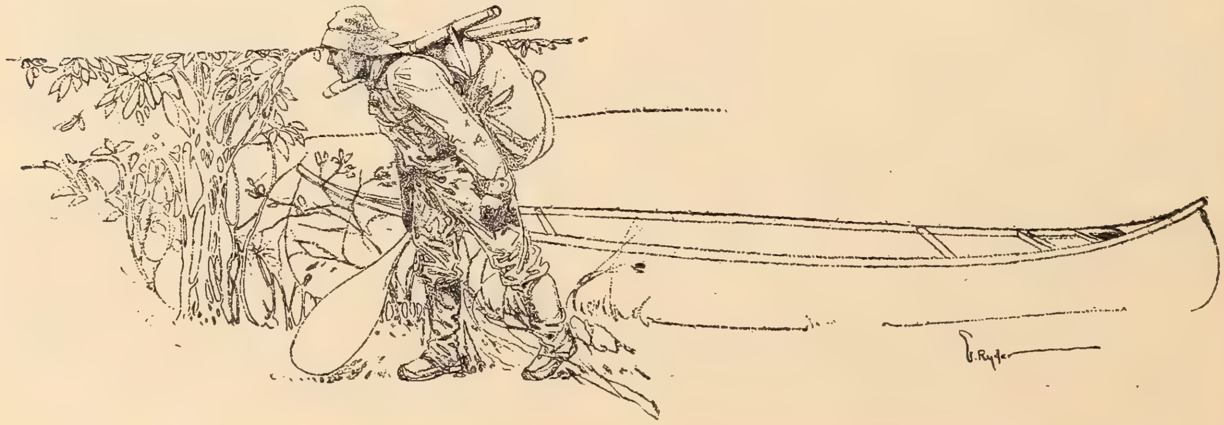
Jack shook his head reproachfully. "I would have hoped Miss Appleby had a higher opinion of me," he said.

The girl laughed prettily as she shook her bridle. "Then you know how to earn it—and I can keep a secret, too," said she.

Jack glanced after her admiringly. "That," he said, "is a very capable young lady; but, upon my word, I don't know whether she's right or not. You see the inspiration did not dawn on me, but the fellow was so decent I couldn't act upon it. Afterwards—well, perhaps I knew a little before he did that it wasn't a wapiti."

No man in the settlement, or any of the scattered ranchers, drew a word respecting the vanished bull from us, and twelve months later we received a piece of cake and an account of Miss Appleby's wedding.

"Any fool can talk," said Charlie Tomson, when we read it to him. "It takes a sensible man to keep his mouth shut."



THE MAN IN GRAY

BY FRANK H. MELOON.

"It isn't necessary for me to tell you," remarked the man in the smoker to the rest of us who were listening to his conversation, "just how I happened to be fishing for trout in New Hampshire during the closed season. It just chanced that we wanted trout, would be satisfied with nothing else, and so determined that we would have them."

At this, a clean-shaven man in gray clothes looked over the top of his paper a moment, but resumed his reading again as if the subject was of no interest to him.

"There is, in fact," continued the speaker, "no other really edible fish obtainable in the vicinity of Monadnock mountain—the Great Monadnock, as it is sometimes called by the locality books—for Cheshire county, which lies in the southwestern corner of the state, though abounding in lakes and ponds, does not furnish any great amount of good fishing.

"In the particular trout pond which we sought one afternoon late last fall there is a species said to be obtainable nowhere else in the world, but not on that account tasting any different to the palate. The pond is situated on a sort of tableland which is really a part of the mountain, and its bed is, we are told, the crater of an extinct volcano. Geologists get queer notions sometimes, and I guess the idea of a volcano in New Hampshire is one of them.

"We had some difficult climbs in getting to that pond and my two companions, Ned Seavey, a young fellow then fitting for the law at Dartmouth, and Bob Jenkins, the rosy-cheeked guide, a strapping fellow of twenty or thereabouts, had as much difficulty as I, for I am considered agile. At one place we came to I remember there were steps cut in the rock and we had to use both feet and hands to struggle up them. In other places the lower limbs of the spruces were so thick that we had to walk ten or fifteen feet apart to keep them from snapping back into our faces.

"On our way we started up all sorts of game, and more than once wished we had brought guns along with us. Rabbits ran across our path, foxes stood still at not many paces to peer in our direction, and even partridges scorned to take flight but ran along the ground just out of striking distance. A solitary hen hawk, whose wings looked as if they might measure seven feet from tip to top, circled in the sky above us, evidently watching our movements from a distance which would have been safe even if we had a couple of mounted rifles from the Krupps' gun works.

"At a long distance from us were several flocks of crows which we could see making merry with unguarded cornfields, for the corn was ripe on the ear and the black rascals found it mighty good eating if we could judge by their actions. I remember one funny old fellow that I could just make out perched on a scarecrow and evidently a sort of sentinel for the rest of the flock.

"We reached the side of the pond safely enough without breaking any of our equipment, and lucky we were, too. We fished for a couple of hours and then, the sun being very nearly down, we inspected our creels, found we had a good catch, unjointed our rods and started for the Llewellyn House, Dublin, where we were stopping.

"When about a quarter of a mile from the pond, Bob Jenkins stopped suddenly and called the attention of Ned and me to a flock of crows that was following along the very way we had come from the hotel. 'What of it?' I asked. 'Fish wardens,' answered Bob laconically. 'How do you know?' asked Ned. 'They've been hanging 'round for two or three days,' was the answer, and 'nobody else would be coming up here at this time o' day. The crows are following 'em.'

"'Then we can keep track of them easily enough,' I said with a grim laugh. 'Yes, we can,' said the guide, 'but you don't like the notion of staying up here two or three days, do you?' 'Two or three days?' I gasped. 'Nothing less,' he replied with a grin.

"'What's the reason we can't step off this path and skim around in the woods and come down back of them?' was my next question. 'There ain't no way,' said the guide. 'If we sidestepped for a little ways we'd have to come back in the path again to get out.' 'Oh, there really is a path, then?' I queried sarcastically and in no good temper. 'But we could wait till they passed us,' said Ned rather anxiously. 'No, that wouldn't help us a bit, because, if they went by, you can bet they'd leave someone at the foot of the path,' Bob replied.

"After this we sat down to think. The crows kept drawing nearer, so for safety's sake we got in the bushes at the side of the path. These were so thick that there was no danger of our being seen but the idea of hiding for two or three days was not one we cared to think of. Besides, we knew the trout would spoil in that time. There was one alternative that none of us would suggest. We felt above such a petty resort. That was to throw away our afternoon's catch.

"In about five minutes of waiting and worrying we did some tall thinking. We stopped our whispered conversation when we heard the footsteps of the wardens draw nearer.

"'Ought to meet 'em pretty quick now, Jim,' we heard one remark in a low tone. 'Yes,' growled another, 'and a long walk we'll have to get to supper after we catch 'em.' It was evident to us that this one was as hungry as we ourselves were and, as misery likes company, we were cheered up by the information so unknowingly imparted.

"We had still to dread attracting the attention of the crows, who would be sure to hover about us if they saw us, but even their sharp eyes proved unable to pierce the thick cover of the spruce growth.

"By some curious fatality the three wardens—we could tell their number by their voices — stopped within earshot of our hiding place. 'Let's wait here till they come along,' said the one who had expressed a desire for supper. We resolved that we would give them a long wait as we heard the others signify assent and saw the crows settle down on the tree tops to await developments.

"Before many minutes had passed we were startled by the sound of footsteps borne to our ears along with the warning low 'Hist!' of the wardens.

"Then we heard the words, 'Gentlemen, you are under arrest for violation of the fish and game laws of New Hampshire!' This was followed by exclamations of dismay, attempted explanations which proved futile, and finally came the curt command of the wardens that their prisoners accompany them.

"As the last sound of a human died away down the steep path we turned to Bob Jenkins. That youngster was on his back in a fit of uncontrollable laughter. We did not need his explanation, however, to tell us that there had been two fishing parties at the lake that afternoon, nor did we esteem it marvelous that one had not seen the other. The size of the lake, its shape, and the wooded condition of its shore made this possible.

"Our guide's hysterics had been caused by the fact that the guide of the captured party was his then only rival in the business. The arrest of the men whom he was conducting would not add to his reputation for woodcraft, nor would the two hundred dollar fine which would be settled on each of the party next day tend to increase their satisfaction.

"As for us, we spent that evening in thanking our lucky stars and in comsuming one of the best fries of trout of which I have ever partaken.

"I may add that we invited the party who had unwittingly saved us to aid us in finishing off the remainder of our catch on the following evening."

The train slowed up and the porter thrust his head in the doorway and said, "This is your station, sir." "Thank you," replied the man in gray rising, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the poacher, he quietly remarked, "I am sorry to inconvenience you, sir, but you are under arrest and we get off here. I am the game warden and this station is in Cheshire County.

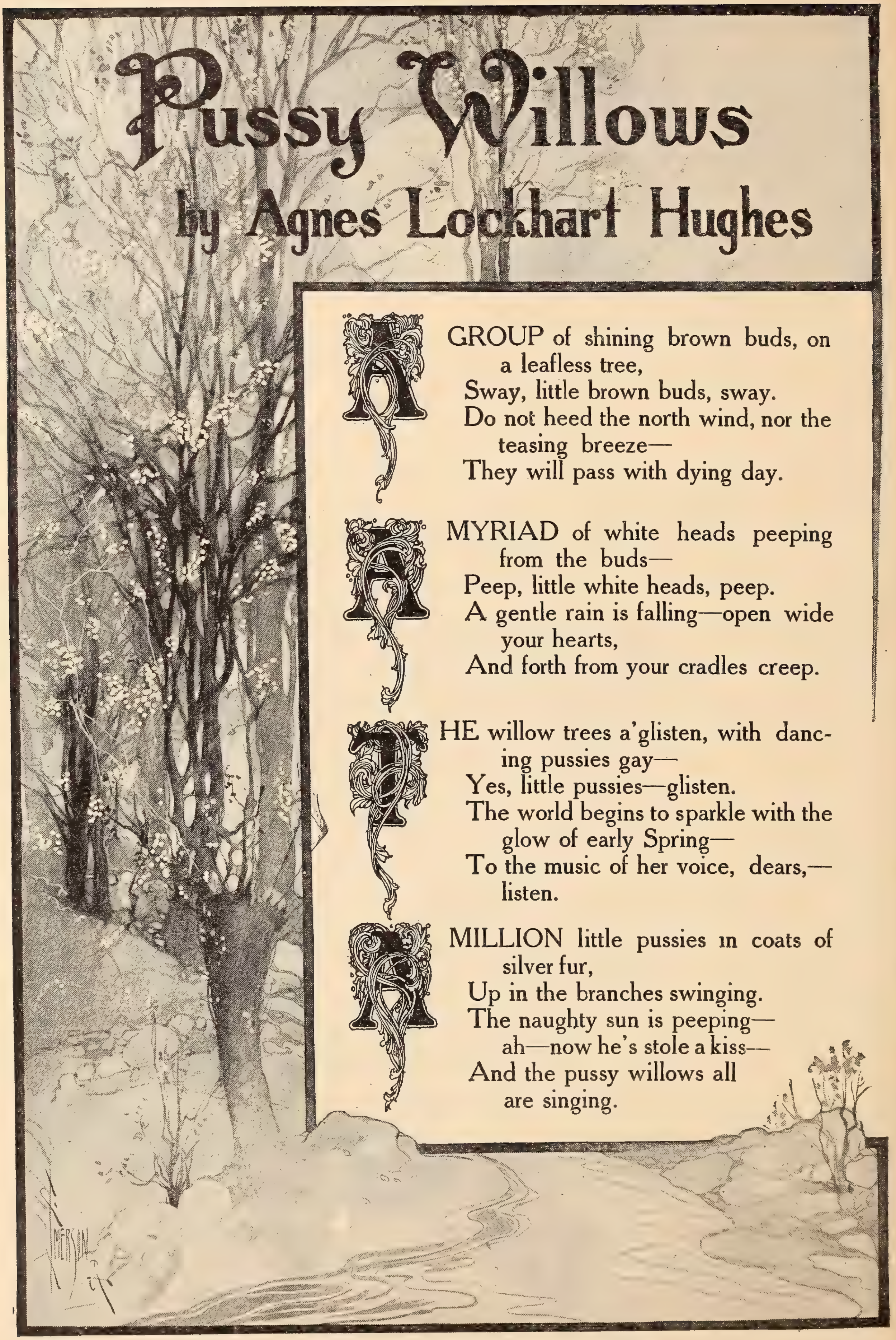
THE BANNER OF JAPAN

BY WM. M. BYRAM, M.D.

'Mid western isles where Summer smiles
  There dwells a little man,
Who makes his bow to nations now—
  The soldier of Japan.
He has been fair, he did forbear,
  As only heroes can;
Yet those who seek to rob the weak
  Must walk wide of Japan.

"The seas are wide, you are not tied;
  Come beat us if you can.
You face a flag of fight, not brag—
  The banner of Japan.
Read well the stars—know nothing mars
  Heaven's way that you can scan;
For they have groans and sun-bleached bones,
  Who come to fight Japan."

The Russians came, they bear the blame,
  Along with sore defeat;
One war-time word is all they've heard—
  The order for retreat!
Those who escape (with mangled 'shape'—
  All cripples to a man)—
Must view with fear for many a year
  The sun-flag of Japan.



Pussy Willows

by Agnes Lockhart Hughes

A GROUP of shining brown buds, on a leafless tree,
Sway, little brown buds, sway.
Do not heed the north wind, nor the teasing breeze—
They will pass with dying day.

A MYRIAD of white heads peeping from the buds—
Peep, little white heads, peep.
A gentle rain is falling—open wide your hearts,
And forth from your cradles creep.

THE willow trees a'glisten, with dancing pussies gay—
Yes, little pussies—glisten.
The world begins to sparkle with the glow of early Spring—
To the music of her voice, dears,—listen.

A MILLION little pussies in coats of silver fur,
Up in the branches swinging.
The naughty sun is peeping—ah—now he's stole a kiss—
And the pussy willows all are singing.

JUANITA'S ELOPEMENT

BY ALLEN KELLY.

JUANITA had no memory of a mother's loving care. She was unaware that she ever had a mother, and she never so much as dreamed of a father. Her father never saw her, never knew of her existence and her mother died suddenly when she was but a few weeks old. The only friend she knew was Juan, who took her out of a hollow log, carried her to his cabin and brought her up on a bottle. She did not know that the soft, furry bed, upon which she slept and which smelled so comforting when Juan rolled her about upon it, was her mother's pelt.

Juanita's disposition was amiable and Juan found her a docile pupil when he undertook her limited education. The first serious lesson she had to learn was that Juan was master, notwithstanding the superior strength of muscle which developed in her as she grew up. In learning that she also learned not to use her teeth and claws roughly in frolic, and that a tap on the end of her nose was painful.

Juan's polite accomplishments were few, but such as they were he imparted them to Juanita, and when she was a year old she could dance alone to Juan's whistling, perform with him a passable polka of irregular measure while he hummed "La Paloma," push in the stopper and drink sweet soda out of a bottle, carry a stick at "support arms," guard her nose cleverly in a sparring bout, shake hands when introduced to strangers, turn an awkward somersault, and whine a falsetto accompaniment to Juan's heavy baritone singing.

Juanita learned a few other things as she went along, among them that it was well to keep away from Juan's flock of athletic goats, which scrambled among the rocks on the hill all day and were driven into a brush corral at sunset. The long-horned and whiskered patriarch of the flock taught her that when she was a few months old, and she never forgot it.

She was in the habit of following Juan about during the day, and one evening he forgot to shut her up in the cabin when he went after the goats. She shuffled along at his heels unnoticed until they found the herd, which promptly got scent of Juanita and stampeded erratically and pervasively.

Juan and Juanita became separated in the disorder, and the old Billy, discovering the cause of the panic to be a bear smaller than himself, gallantly charged Juanita, struck her amidships and bowled her over the verge of the hill. Juanita lay among the rocks and bawled piteously, while old Billy stood proudly on the crest and brandished his yard-long horns in menace and challenge. Whereby Juanita learned that goats were to be avoided, and never afterward could she be induced to go near them.

Juanita was well grown, when one day Juan closed the cabin, whistled to her to follow, and trudged down out of the hills with staff and bundle over his shoulder. They traveled many miles along the dusty road leading out of the cañon, and late in the day they came into the main street of a town. A crowd gathered and followed them, and the town curs yapped frantically but at a safe distance and without ruffling Juanita's equanimity. In front of the "Bon Ton" saloon Juan halted and put Juanita through a performance that was applauded and properly rewarded, and Juan concluded that a pasear with Juanita was pleasanter and more profitable than herding goats.

Pistol Johnny, the hackman, left his rig in front of the postoffice and joined the crowd. He was the first to accept Juan's invitation to shake hands and make acquaintance with Juanita, which gave him much conceit of himself as a man of audacious courage, for Johnny, in spite of his war-like, self-chosen pseudonym, was notoriously the most harmless person in the ancient pueblo.

It was Bill Earhart, the tall Texan deputy sheriff, who instigated all the mischief. "She's sure sociable," said Bill. "Let's introduce her to Stonewall Jackson. I 'low he'd be mighty proud to make her acquaintance if he ain't too woozy to know where he's at. Say, hombre! (to a Mexican) you busque around and find that disgraceful old sot. Rustle up Stonewall, sabe!"

"'Sta bueno," replied the Mexican with a comprehending grin as he moved away.

"William," said Tom Gable reprovingly, "as postmaster and chairman of the county committee, I feel it my duty to rebuke your frivolous allusions in the presence of strangers, and one of 'em a lady, to our most prominent and popular citizen. Stonewall keeps this town from getting mildewed with ongwee. His weakness isn't unique, and you know he is his own worst enemy, as the editor of the *Weekly Rodeo* says when one of us cashes in with the D. T.'s.

"Can't see it that way a-tall, Tom. Stonewall's habits is sure bad, but his worst enemy, I reckon, is Johnny Shryock, of the Bon Ton, who inveigles him into mixing beer and cocktails. That's what makes Stonewall hostyle to the human race when he's het up."

Commotion in the doorway of the Bon Ton ensued, and the crowd hastily divided, disclosing a man in a white apron striving to push out of the saloon a belligerent and dilapidated Angora buck, whose fleece hung in matted masses from his sides nearly to the ground, and whose formidable horns were held by the struggling Mexican. The buck was Stonewall Jackson, drunk and disorderly and truculently ready to tackle anything from a big fagot-laden burro to a 'dobe wall.

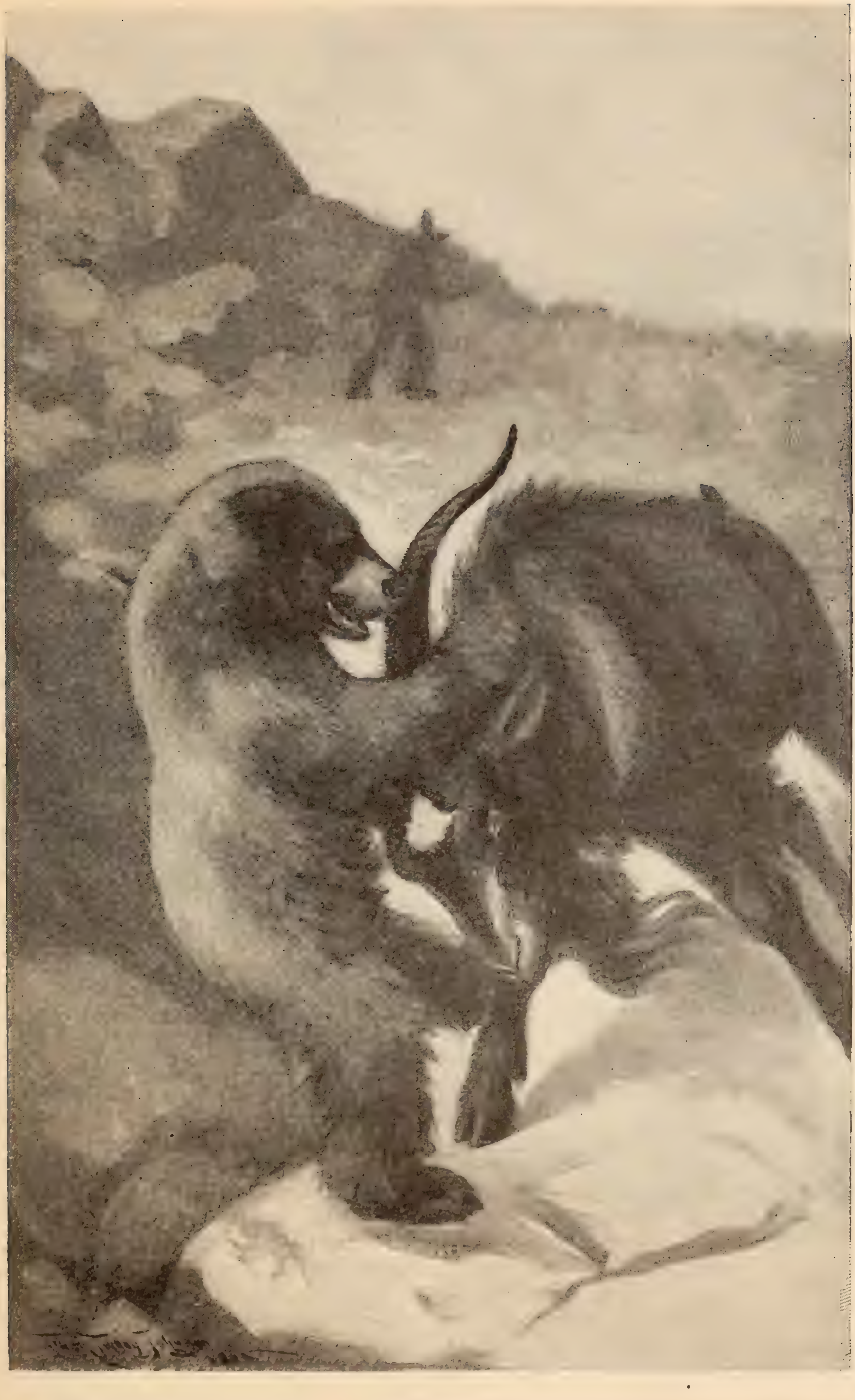
A vigorous shove of the saloon-keeper's foot from behind completed the eviction, the Mexican tumbled backward into the street, and, with a belligerent blaat, Stonewall shook his horns free and charged over the Mexican straight at Juanita. There was no restraining chain or rope on Juanita, and she fell upon all fours and fled down the street, pursued by Stonewall Jackson and Bill Earhart's shrill rebel yell. Juan whistled and called in vain, the crowd shouted and there was more tumult than the ancient and somnolent pueblo had known since the Indians drove out the padres more than two hundred years ago.

Pistol Johnny's team was proof against any ordinary excitement, but the sight and smell of bear were out of the ordinary, and the dependable old hack horses ran away when the chase passed them. They ran up the street through the crowd and knocked down Juan, who was so intent upon Juanita's plight that he failed to get out of the way. Juan's leg was broken, and it was agreed that he should be taken to the hospital and repaired at public cost, Earhart taking the doctor's bill upon himself as instigator of the trouble.

Juan's chief anxiety was for the care of Juanita, who was roped and led back after a fortuitous cowboy had headed off Stonewall Jackson. "Will someone take my bear and feed her until I get well?" pleaded Juan. "She is one beast much gentle and without evil. I have no money but these few pieces of silver, which the caballeros bestowed upon me and Juanita, yet I will promise to pay when I can. She is a good bear."

Trimble, the butcher, big and powerful, though gaunt as men of the arid land grow, allowed that he "sabed" bears a whole lot and would undertake to provide board and lodging for Juanita, and he led her away to his corral.

Trimble did "sabe" bears generally, but he did not know Juanita, nor did he repose perfect confidence in her amia-



Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson

*Whereby Juanita learned that goats were to be avoided * * ** bility. It had been his experience that tame bears could not be trusted to run about loose, and that the most harmless of the breed was pretty sure to show evil temper and relapse into native savagery at times. As a safeguard against sudden outbreak of ill-temper, the butcher decided that Juanita should have a ring in her nose, and he bored a hole through the cartilage and inserted a ring at the end of a light chain.

The operation was painful and destroyed Juanita's confidence in Trimble as a friend. The butcher kept her chained to a post in a dark, vacant shed adjoining his shop, and that was a new experience. Nothing was as it had been, and she did not understand what the change meant. She obeyed Trimble because obedience was a habit, when he told her to do things Juan had taught her to do, and she tried clumsily to obey when he gave orders which she did not understand, because he jerked her nose chain roughly and beat her with a club when she was slow.

Trimble's bear was a better advertisement of the butcher shop than the two-inch double column display ad. which he carried in the *Weekly Rodeo* at four dollars a month in trade, and she cost nothing, for her food consisted of meat trimmings and half spoiled vegetables. Strangers in town were taken to Trimble's and introduced to Juanita, and when one of the townspeople plucked up courage to show off a bit by shaking the bears' paw familiarly, he became almost a hero in the eyes of the stranger and acquired a noticeable strut.

Pistol Johnny claimed the honor of being Juanita's oldest and most particular friend, and was most diligent in guiding strangers to Trimble's and acting as master of ceremonies. It almost persuaded him to believe in his bravery to shake Juanita's paw, rub her nose and tousle her ears in the presence of an admiring group, but he could not quite screw his courage up to letting her put her shaggy arms about him in a dance, as he had seen Juan do in front of the Bon Ton.

A few extra rounds of drinks with a convivial hack-load of tourists stimulated Pistol Johnny's ambition one evening, and he recklessly invited his fares to go up to Trimble's and see him waltz with a ferocious bear that only he dared to approach. Juanita was asleep, but Johnny waked her up with a jerk of the nose-chain and made her stand up. In the dim light of a candle held by one of the tourists, the bear loomed up a formidable figure, and the strangers backed away to a respectful distance and begged Johnny to be careful. The more nervous his audience grew, the more elated was Johnny, and the more recklessly rough in his handling of the bear.

"Now for the fandango," said Johnny, seizing Juanita in his arms, and stamping time with his heels. Juanita could wrestle better than she danced, and she was not in the dancing humor. Instantly Johnny was thrown to the ground, face downward, and his yell of terror sent the frightened tourists out of the shed with loud cries for help.

"Quick, the bear's killing the hackman," shouted one of them to Trimble, as he rushed into the shop. Trimble seized a candle in one hand and a cleaver in the other and ran into the shed, followed by the excited visitors, some of whom had armed themselves with hatchets and knives from the blocks.

Johnny's agonized cries had a singular quality. They were explosive and jerky, and seemed to be cut off and turned on spasmodically. The deputy sheriff and a few other citizens, attracted by the clamor, rushed to the butcher shop and arrived in time to press into the shed at Trimble's heels, Earhart with gun in hand and the light of battle in his eye.

The Texan was the first to size up the situation, and his loud squeal, "whee-ee!" which was his characteristic expression of supreme glee, halted the intended assault upon Juanita. Johnny was prone on the ground, and Juanita was sitting upon the small of his back and "jouncing" him with her 300 pound weight every time he yelled. Juanita was evidently not in the least angry, but seemed to regard the situation as part of a wrestling frolic and to be enjoying it humorously. Johnny was unhurt but horribly frightened, and when Trimble pulled Juanita away he scrambled to his feet and fled in blind panic from the place, the Texan shouting after him that the "baille" had only just begun and to come back and take his partner for the fandango.

Johnny was bereft of his bravo pseudonym from that night, and for a time was "Juanita's dancing master," but that was too long, and soon was condensed into "the Professor," from which was evolved the legend that a former teacher of Greek at Harvard was a hack-driver in a New Mexican town.

In due time Juan was discharged from the hospital cured and went to the butcher to reclaim Juanita. Trimble presented a bill for her board and refused to give her up until it should be paid. Juan protested that he had no money, and proposed to take Juanita on the road and earn some. Without her, he explained, he could not get money enough in a year to pay the bill. Trimble was obdurate. "Go and dig up the dinero," he said, "and come back for the bear. No dinero, no oso; sabe?"

So Juan bade Juanita a tearful "adios" and went away.

When winter came, Juanita made a bed of old sacks and sawdust in a dark corner of the shed, and spent most of the time dozing upon it. The weather was not cold enough to impel her to hibernate. There was just enough chill in the air to make her feel sluggish and to stir faintly the bear instinct to seek seclusion. Trimble did not know that Juanita came of a breed that lived in the region of the deep snows, and he attributed her lethargy to lack of exercise. So he took her out to the plaza one sunny afternoon, ran her around for the benefit of her health, and put her through a performance for the amusement of a crowd.

Juanita repeated her tricks listlessly, and a bottle of soda was given to her as reward. She stood erect, holding the bottle against her chest with one paw, and pushed in the stopper. Standing at full height, she could see over the heads of the crowd, and when she threw back her head to drink, she saw something across the plaza that absorbed her attention and caused her to forget the soda. She let the bottle fall to the ground, stretched to her full seven feet and gazed intently. Trimble twitched the chain to recall her attention, but she paid no heed to the signal. Trimble could not see the figure that interested Juanita, and with an impatient jerk of the chain he pulled her head around sharply.

"Never mind those burros," said Trimble. "Show the folks how kind you are. Kiss me, Juanita!" and he turned his cheek and leaned toward her, smiling at the crowd. Juanita was thinking neither of burros nor of Trimble, but of the figure that had just vanished around the corner, and the sharp jerk at her chain made her sensitive nose tingle. She put her muzzle out to meet the man's face, and snapped suddenly. One sharp tooth sunk into the angle of his jaw, and the upper canine fang made a hole just under the cheekbone. She did not retain her hold nor tear away the flesh, but let go instantly and fell to all fours. The dark blood welled from the wounds and poured down Trimble's face, but he never so much as put up his hand to feel his injuries. Without a word he strode across the street to his shop, dragging Juanita by her chain, his jaws set grimly and his one eye glowing balefully.

Juanita shuffled along behind, her head lowered like a scolded dog's and her ears laid back. Her demeanor said plainly: "Now I'm in for it good and plenty." And Trimble meant that she should be. He chained her securely to a post and started to beat her with an axhandle, but he forgot her skill at boxing, and at the first blow the stick was knocked from his grasp and a heavy paw fell upon his shoulder. His arm dropped useless, and it was a week before he was able to raise it again.

The next issue of the *Rodeo* announced that on the Sunday following there would be a thrilling combat between a bear and a wild range bull in Trimble's stock corral on the outskirts of the town. The probable result of the fight became the chief topic of discussion, and betting was active. American gamblers made their bets according to the odds, but it was noted that the older Mexicans, after a visit to the corral, quietly backed the bull regardless of odds.

Juanita, all unaware of the arrangement made by Trimble for her punishment, sulked and dozed in her corner.

Sunday morning came, and the crowd gathered at the corral, which Trimble had converted roughly into an arena or bull-ring at some expense for timber and labor. Seats sold at four bits and standing room at two bits, and most of the Americans and all the Mexicans in town bought tickets.

In the corral was the bull, an active, muscular young animal with sharp horns. He stood alert and watchful and evidently spoiling for a fight. Occasionally someone threw down a gunny sack. The bull charged instantly, tossed the sack and then trampled it into the dirt. He was an athlete and a fighter. The betting went to two to one against Juanita.

Shortly before the hour fixed for the combat, Trimble left the gate and went toward his shop to get Juanita. Presently he was seen coming back with the sheriff, but without the bear, and looking very uncomfortable. The two men climbed up to the benches. Trimble, flushed, angry and nervous, remained silent while the sheriff explained that, owing to the fuss kicked up by the combined clergy of the town, and the imminence of a county election, he felt obliged reluctantly to enforce the law and forbid the fight.

"I'd like to see the scrap myself," said the sheriff; "I've got two hundred on the bull and stand to win a hundred from the new judge that's just been sawed off on us by the Washington politicians; but the sky pilots butts into the game and says 'turn down the box,' and I guess that goes, because it's the law. I regret to say, gentlemen, that I'm obliged to do my duty, but I don't see no objection to Trimble going into the ring and playing with the bull himself if he wants to."

Rather than refund the gate money, Trimble agreed to play Toreador, and the crowd cheerfully accepted him as a substitute for Juanita.

"I ain't so downcast over this play of the parsons' as I ought to be," said Bill Earhart to Beauregard Lee. "I'm free to allow that I entertains a higher regard for Juanita than for Joe Trimble, and I'd sure regret seeing the old girl stacked up against that chunk of dynamite in the pen. Joe's popularity is getting a little fly-blown since he played the hog with the paisano on the bear deal. I'll go you two to one that El Toro don't miss Trimble."

"Have to take it on account of the odds," said Lee, "but I won't repine none if I lose."

Trimble shed all his outer clothing and dropped into the ring with a barley sack in each hand. The bull was in full career when the man's feet touched the ground, and Trimble had barely time to leap aside and throw a sack in the bull's face. El Toro had learned all about barley sacks earlier in the day. He tossed the cloth aside, wheeled and charged again. The second sack blinded him for an instant only, and then he was after the man hot-foot.

There was nothing for Trimble now but running and dodging. He knew the game and was an active man, but he had a lean, wiry and eager antagonist. Once he dodged, turned and seized the bull's tail, but failed to throw him and lost his hold, and then he sprinted for the barrier, a flimsy screen of scantling and boards masking an exit from the ring.

Trimble swung behind the barrier and the bull struck it fairly. There was a crash and a splintering of boards, and Trimble was pinned by the wreck against the side of the corral. The bull lunged into the débris furiously and the man shouted for help as he went down before the living battery ram.

The sheriff leaned over from the front seat above the bull, and his .45 cracked five times rapidly. The bull sank to his knees, swayed and rolled over, for the sheriff's aim was good, and two bullets had struck the spinal cord at the base of the skull.

The butcher, bruised and with ribs broken, was disentangled from the wreck of the barrier and taken to the hospital, moaning fitfully.

Deputy Earhart rode back into town with the sheriff. "Let's do the polite thing," said the Texan, "and congratulate Juanita on the intervention of Providence by deputy between her and that long-horned cyclone."

"Providence be durned," said the sheriff. "Did you think I took a bluff from the parsons? Of course they put up a roar about cruelty to animals and disgracing the Sabbath, but that wasn't straight goods I handed out. Somebody's stole the bear."

"Stole hell!"

"Sure. Now what kind of a play do you think it'd a been for Trimble to spring that on the crowd? They'd a taken him apart, and me and you'd a had the time of our lives heading the stampede. I'd a got elected again after dumping a bunch of paisanos in the bull ring, wouldn't I? Sure thing, someone burgled the butcher shop last night, busted a hole in the shed and eloped with Juanita. There isn't a clue to the gay Lothario—if that's French for abductor—but if you was to insinuate that I saw Juan in town last night, I wouldn't call you a liar."

Bud McNew, cow puncher, riding home from a "baille" through the foothills twenty miles from the old town that night, heard a baritone voice humming "La Paloma." He turned out of the trail and rode in among the junipers and pinons toward the sound, and in an open place he saw a man and a bear, with their arms around each other's shoulders, dancing solemnly in the moonlight.

AN EXCITING TIME WITH JAVILINOS

BY FRANK ALEY

A javilino is a wild pig that ranges through Arizona and Sonora. He was so named because his long sharp snout suggested a javelin. He is the most fearless and withal the most conscienceless little rascal on the range and will fight anything, from a cotton tail rabbit to a grizzly bear, with equal confidence, and his most delectable pastime is to snap a choice tid bit out of the calf of one's leg and go on, only to rally and repeat the assault.

On the occasion we have in mind, a party of four, including a prominent physician of Douglas, Ariz., and his delightful better half, along with your contributor, was camped on the Yaqui River about 200 miles below the international boundary. We were out for the big hunt and that was all. As soon as we had crossed the line, our Lady of Nacozari, as we called her, who was more distinguished for common sense than frivolous properties, crawled out of her cumbersome harness, donned a suit of blue denim of masculine cut, shouldered a No. 10 shot gun, and got ready to enjoy the hunt.

Thereafter she was known as "Our Tommy." I had been looking after the camp rather exclusively for several days and the other boys had brought in the venison and turkey and Blue

Channel cat. It was my agreeable duty to fold the turkey's feet, roll the fish in meal, prepare the venison, and curl them all up side by side in a capacious Dutch oven, and the aroma when the oven lid was lifted was calculated to arrest an angel in her flight.

Well, one Sunday afternoon, Tommy remarked to me: "Frank, all the other fellows have had a hunt, what do you say if we try our luck?" Tommy was certainly a good fellow, for, after all, the word "fellow" only means "companion," and I adopted the suggestion without the slightest hesitation. Tommy shouldered her time-honored "Wells-Fargo" and I appropriated "Let'r go" Johnson's Savage, and we were soon trudging up the wash. Tommy's laced boots and overalls invited no more familiarities from the clinging, affectionate cat claws and "chollas" than did my corduroy, and very soon we found ourselves a mile from camp, straining our eyes for deer and our ears for the welcome, tumultuous call of the juvenile turkey pullet.

We had just left the wash and were making a near cut over a low bar when "Wuh! wuh! wuh! wuh!" came a challenging clatter from the chaparral, followed by a dozen ominous "Buh! buh's!" and I knew there was pork around there close.

"Frank," remarked Tommy in the coolest possible frame of mind, "what's that?" "Those are javilinos, Tommy," I replied. "Frank," came back Tommy, "had we better shoot?" "Tommy," said I, "do you see that big rock down there in the wash?" "You bet I do," replied Tommy. "Well, then," said I, "you get up that rock just as quick—I hadn't time to add the 'ly'—just as quick as you can and I'll be right after you. Now don't get excited and shoot some of us."

Tommy was never known to be excited. I was the excited party, partly because I knew the danger and partly because I am built that way, and I was worried at the deliberation with which she scaled that rock. The fact is, I was there first, as there was room for two to climb, and we had no more than perched on top of it till out came the javilinos!

They are about two and one-half feet long, about eighteen inches high, about two inches thick* and if hung up in the middle the head end would dip like a window weight. Their long bristles are as coarse as porcupine quills and they throw them forward when making a charge in a way that would "rattle" almost any hunter.

Since we were so securely fortified their sudden formidable appearance did not disturb me and I sought to disguise my flurry by a slight pleasantry. "Pick your piece of pork, Tommy," said I.

"That sugar-coated fellow there in the middle looks good to me," said Tommy, and down went the pig under the fusillade of the Wells-Fargo. The squeal that went up along with the smell of blood made them absolutely ferocious. There were only nine of them and they circled around that rock and the marks of their tusks can be seen upon it to-day unless obliterated by storm and flood. One by one we struck them down until only two were left, when they evidently concluded that it was a lost battle and retired. Going home, Tommy remarked: "Frank that was a pretty lucky boulder, after all, wasn't it?"

It is unnecessary to state that the boys came to our rescue, imagining that we were surrounded by Yaquis, and Tommy and I went hunting no more, as we thought it best to subside while our reputations were up. Some of the younger ones made very fine eating along with "camotis" sweet potatoes, with which the Yaqui valley abounds.†

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* More accurately speaking, 3 feet long 16 inches high, short, slender legs, and tail not worth mentioning.

† Guess it was the *young ones* which Frank and Tommy ate, all right! These "hogs" have a skin opening on their dorsal line, just above the navel, which contains a flavoring almost as fetching as that of a skunk.—HANK HENNINGS.

Invoicing

Photographic Study by H. B. Conyers

MID-WINTER TREES.

BY R. B. NATTRASS.

My fancy weaves,
From old mid-winter orchard trees,
And snow, and ice, and last year's leaves
Such forms as these.

THE KNIGHT.

Sir Launcelot rides at break of day,
Up the hill in his silvery mail,
Oh his lance is bright!
And his plume is white!
And white is the shrine where virgins pray,
"God make him victor in every fray
That he may wage for the Holy Grail."
How his helmet gleams
In the morn's red beams,
As his song comes blithely down the vale.

THE PEASANT.

Twisted and bent,
Like some peasant,
Wearily trudging up the hill,
With haggard feet
Through wind and sleet,
Bearing a grain-sack to the mill.
Bent, like some martyr might have trod,
The cruel pathway to his God!

THE PRIEST.

A priest doth in his hands uphold
The day's chalice of burnished gold,
So full of wine there often drips
Red, blood-red drops on Night's cold lips,
His ermine robes of spotless snow,
Are with the sun-set lights aglow,
And from my window here afar,
Seem fastened with the Evening star.

Such are the forms my fancy sees
In old mid-winter orchard trees.

PRIZES AWARDED JUVENILE ARTISTS

Results of Recreation's Contest Inaugurated Several Months Ago Indicate Great Interest in Natural History.

Recreation's Prize Contest, inaugurated several months ago with a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds, closed on February 28th.

A large number of our juvenile readers responded to the invitation to submit drawings and the judges had some difficulty in deciding upon the prizes which were finally awarded as follows:

First Prize, $10.00. Live Wild Animal in Action. Elsie Horlacher, age 13, Millerton, N. Y.

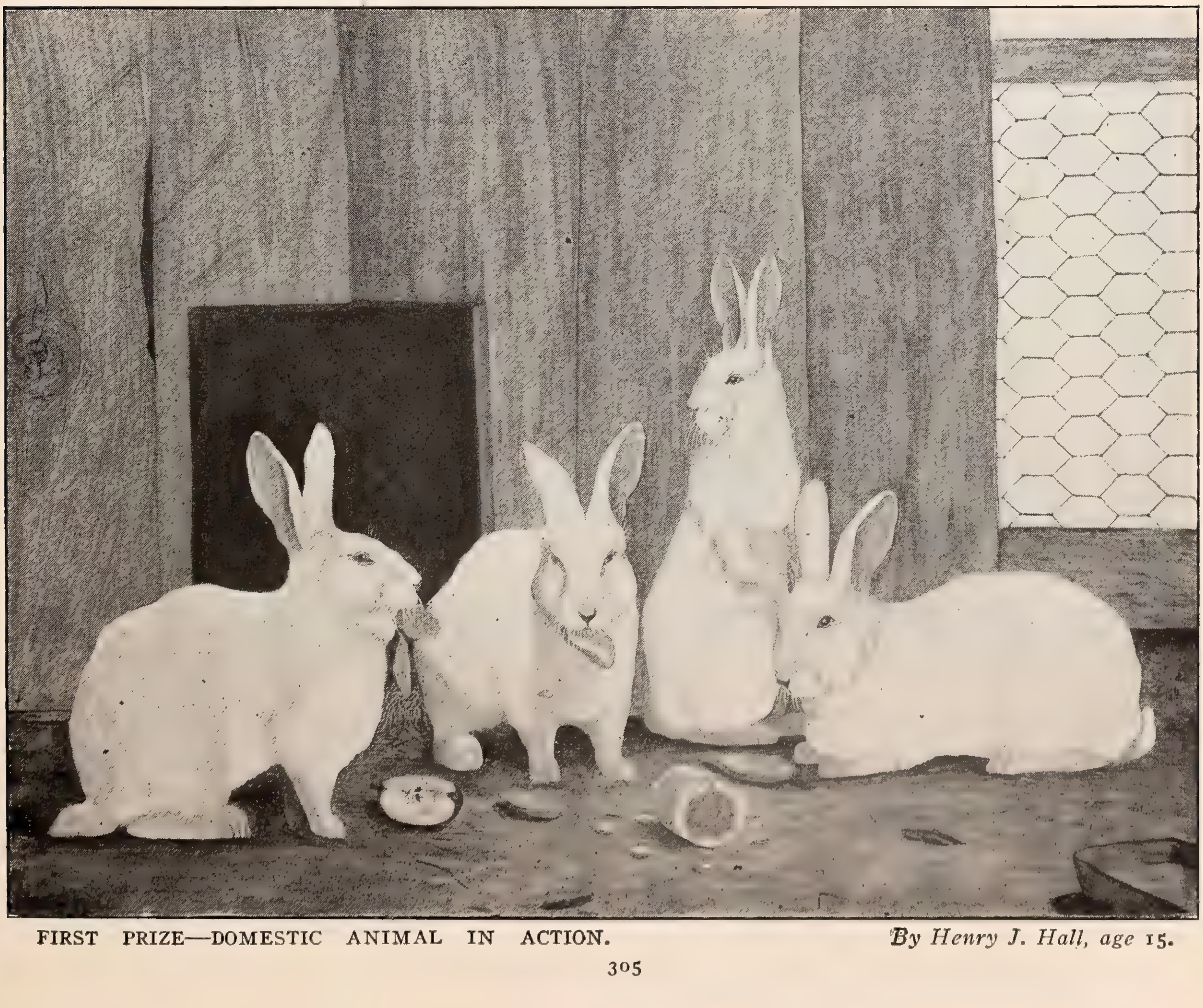
First Prize, $8.00. Live Wild Bird in Flight. Paul J. Fair, age 18, Palo Alto, Cal.

First Prize, $6.00. Live Domestic Animal in Action. Henry J. Hall, age 15, Chanute, Kan.

No prize was awarded in the live domestic fowl class.

Drawings by the following artists met the approval of the judges and under the conditions of the contest, each have been awarded $1.00.

James Flaherty, age 18 years, Cleveland, Ohio.



FIRST PRIZE—DOMESTIC ANIMAL IN ACTION. *By Henry J. Hall, age 15.*

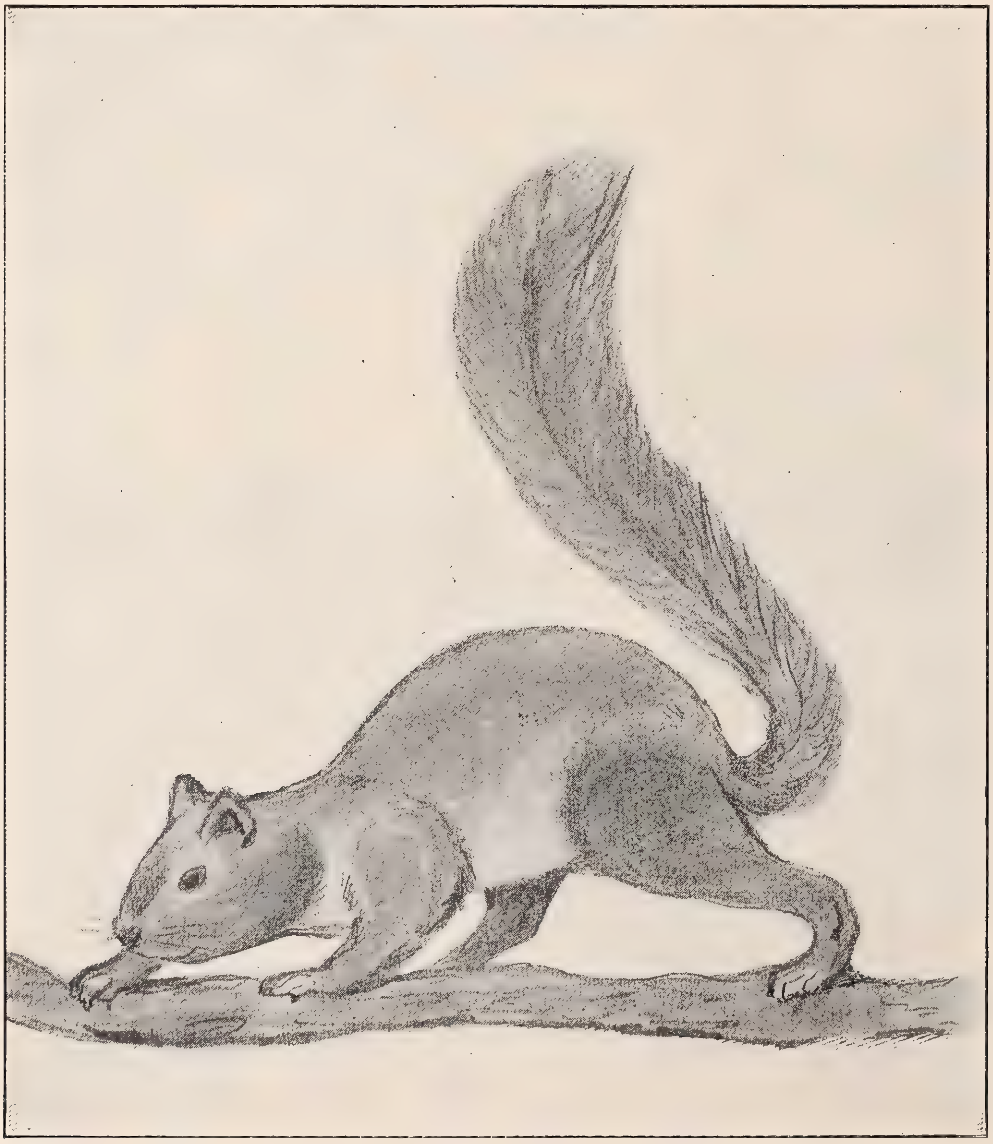
J. W. Randall, Jr., age 18 years, Tekousha, Mich.
Ernest P. Linstrum, aged 13 years, Paxton, Ill.
Henry J. Hall, age 15, Chanute, Kan.

In awarding the prizes an effort has been made to select those pictures bearing unmistakable marks of having been drawn from life. Of course due attention has been paid to composition and technique, but the principal factor governing the judges was the thought and care displayed by the young artists in portraying the animals in action.

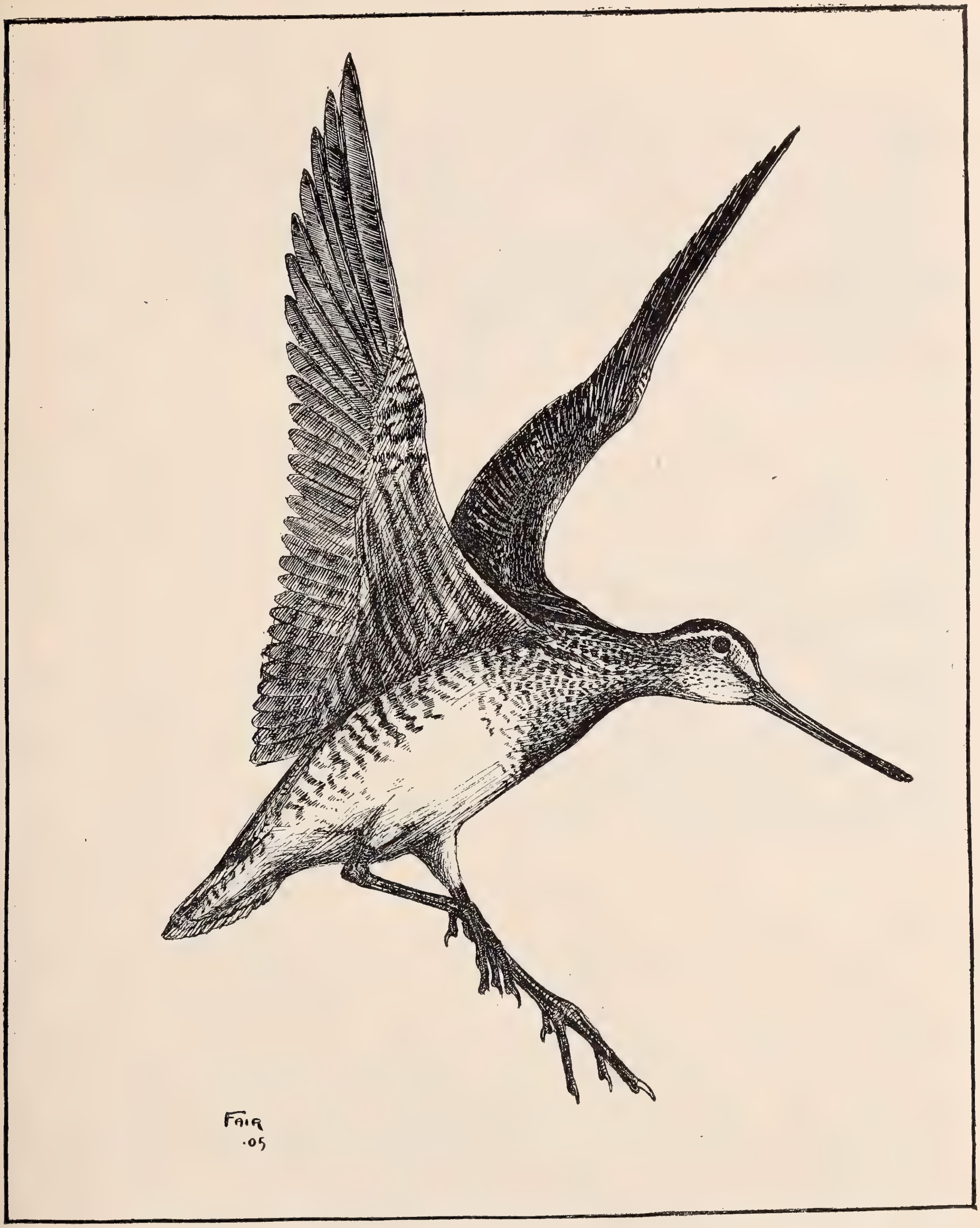
Some of the youngsters did not read the conditions, but sent in their drawings rolled up and hence were counted out; others came in after the time limit and were returned.

In Paul J. Fair's "live bird in flight" there is careful drawing, excellent action and good proportions. It won the first prize without a dissenting voice.

The first prize in the Wild Animal class, by Elsie Horlacher, is a remarkable picture for a child of thirteen. The action and pose are very good, the character is well maintained, the proportions all that could be required of even a more experienced artist, but the handling is somewhat crude. This, however, is a minor fault and soon overcome by practice, but it takes long years of practice before the student



FIRST PRIZE—WILD ANIMAL IN ACTION. *By Elsie Horlacher, age 13*

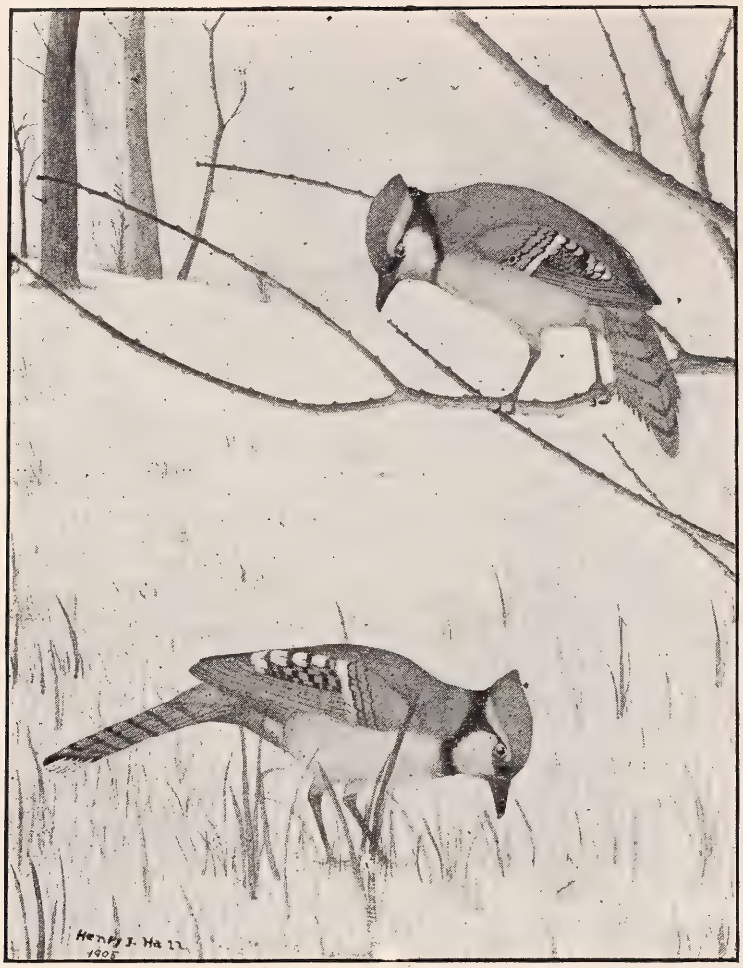


FIRST PRIZE—LIVE BIRD IN FLIGHT. *By Paul J. Fair, age* 18.

can catch the spirit of the animals as has this little girl of thirteen.

Henry J. Hall, who wins the first prize in domestic animals, is five years older than Elsie, but his rabbits are not five years better than Elsie's squirrel. However, Henry Hall's rabbits are well drawn and have a touch of nature about them which gave him the prize without question. Hall's jay birds would make good natural history drawings, but while very carefully done and possessing many good qualities, lack artistic conception, handling and composition.

Master Ernest P. Linstrum, aged

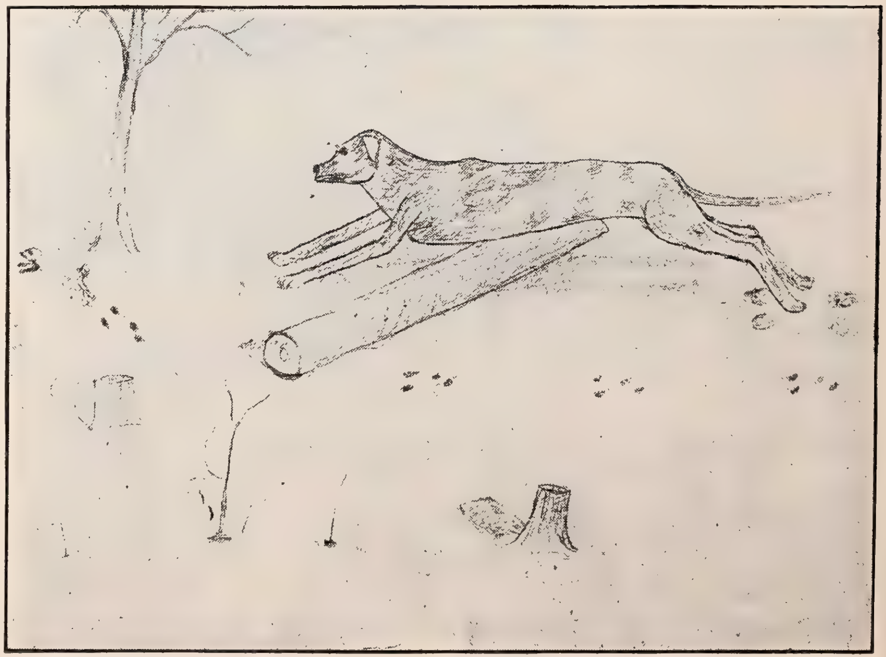


BLUE JAYS. *By Henry J. Hall, age 15.*

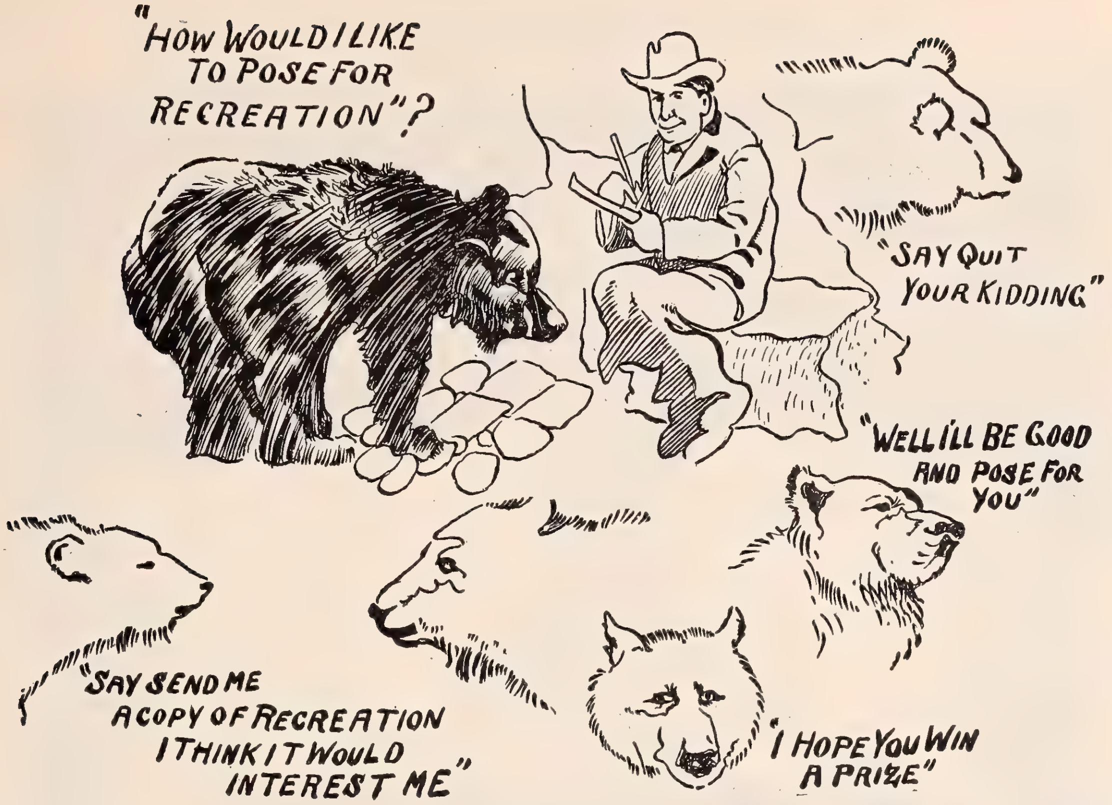
thirteen, does not win a prize, but according to the published agreement he gets a dollar for his picture and we want to call attention to his powers of observation. Any country boy who notes the rabbit tracks in the snow will say that Ernest has really seen such tracks and remembered them, too. See how the little fellow has made the shadows of the dogs, trees, log and stumps all fall in the same direction, and any artist will tell you that his older pupils are often guilty of making the light shine in two or three directions in the same composition. By the length of the hound one might suppose it to be some new breed of dog, but even this fault is an effort on the little artist's part to cover the impression of a dog with its legs extended just before it gathers them under its body for a fresh leap.

The drawing is unconsciously humorous and indeed comic, but do not laugh at it unless you can do better yourself. What we like about that dog is the evidence of honest effort which marks its every line, also its evident originality of conception and design.

The pen drawing by J. W. Randall, Jr., shows better handling perhaps than any of the others and also less originality. We do not mean by this that it is a conscious copy of any other picture, but that it looks as if the person drawing it was an old hand at pen work, and being an old hand



THE CHASE. *By Ernest P. Linstrum, age 13.*


"HOW WOULD I LIKE TO POSE FOR RECREATION"?
"SAY QUIT YOUR KIDDING"
"WELL I'LL BE GOOD AND POSE FOR YOU"
"SAY SEND ME A COPY OF RECREATION I THINK IT WOULD INTEREST ME"
"I HOPE YOU WIN A PRIZE"

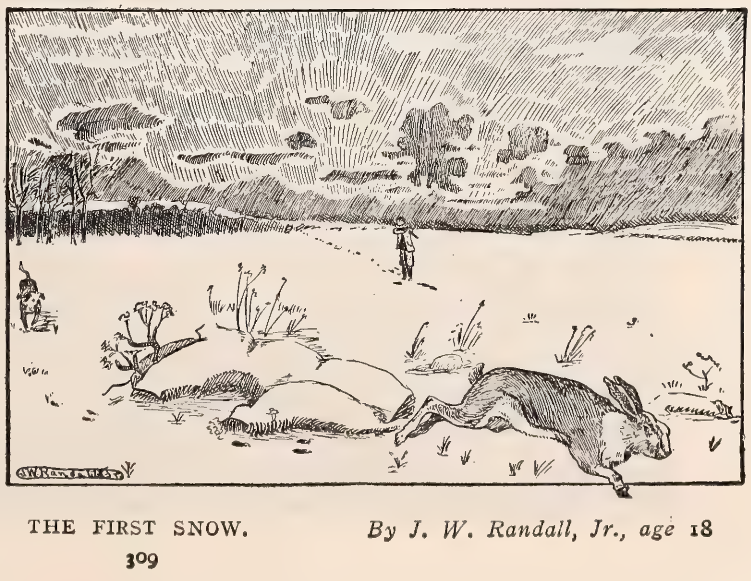
Drawn by James Flaherty, age 18

should do better. Nevertheless, that is a good sunset and a sunset sky is a difficult thing for any person to portray with a pen. In composition it is always best to avoid having the line of the horizon divide the picture in halves, Mr. Randall, and in future put it up higher or down lower and it will materially improve the composition.

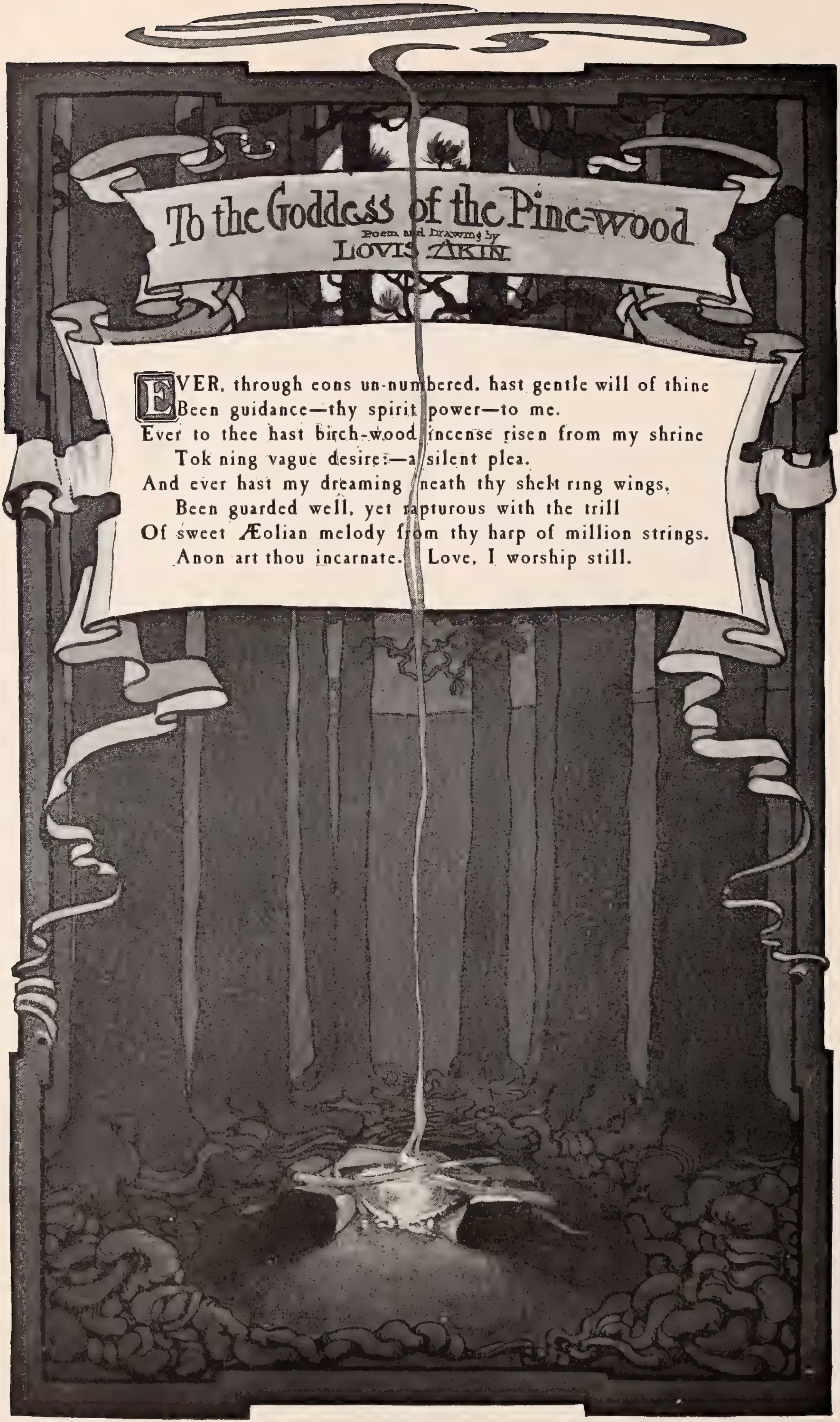
Taken as a whole this contest is pleasing in result and if we have stimulated any young artist to do better work we will be satisfied with our part of the contest.

After all, it is not the prize we work for, but the pleasure derived from the work itself; the prize won simply means that our work is so far successful as to be worthy of the commendation of others. No real sportsman goes afield for a big bag of harmless quail, but for the delight of tramping the stubble fields and watching the wonderful instinct of his bird dogs and of testing his own skill on difficult shots. It is just so in athletics. It is not the paltry mug or glittering medal one seeks, but the physical joy derived from calling all one's strength into play.

I remember of sitting in an eight-oared shell boat grasping the handle of the long spoon-bladed sweep and feeling as if I could by one pull rip the whole side out of the frail craft. Why, that feeling itself was worth a wagon-load of silver mugs and a cartload of gold medals!


J. W. Randall Jr.

THE FIRST SNOW. *By J. W. Randall, Jr., age 18*



To the Goddess of the Pine-wood

Poem and Drawing by

LOVIS AKIN

EVER, through eons un-numbered, hast gentle will of thine
Been guidance—thy spirit power—to me.
Ever to thee hast birch-wood incense risen from my shrine
    Tok'ning vague desire:—a silent plea.
And ever hast my dreaming 'neath thy shelt'ring wings,
    Been guarded well, yet rapturous with the trill
Of sweet Æolian melody from thy harp of million strings.
    Anon art thou incarnate. Love, I worship still.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS.

Anything which brings nature nearer to us, and gives recreation, innocent and refined, is an influence for good.—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

When I was a lad I used to dream dreams of the Wild West, where there really lived people like those described by Captain Mayne Reid, a country where the towering mountains wore white caps of snow in midsummer to keep their heads cool, where the prairies were covered with flowers and dotted with buffalo, but I did not expect to see all this existing today, therefore, it was with grateful surprise that I noted all these things while on a camping trip in the Flathead Indian Country. Even the buffalo were there. But it was not of this part of the trip that I meant to speak; what I intended to say is that an Indian boy is just like any other sort of a boy—he is all boy. The one in the illustration looks embarrassed, and he *is* embarrassed; a camera is pointed at him and he has been told by the older Indians that the picture the camera takes is the spirit, the soul, of the object photographed. Who would not feel and look embarrassed if they thought some stranger was about to pull their soul out of their body by the heels and press it flat like a flower or botanical specimen on a piece of paper?

HE IS EMBARRASSED. *By Cantwell.*

White boys have many just as silly beliefs; for instance, they spit on their taw or shooter when playing marbles to give it luck. You see the Indian lad and the white lad both have peculiar beliefs of their own, but both are fond of play and fun. I once saw two little Indians trying to ride a little donkey, and the latter would buck exactly like a real big cowboy's pony until it bounced the boys off its back, to the great delight of the Indian men who lay stretched full length on their blankets watching the fun.

One handsome young warrior, gorgeous in beads, feathers and stained porcupine quills, looked on the boy's efforts with a solemn, dignified countenance until by a skillful twisting side jump the little donkey sent both the boys up in the air to fall on their backs in the sunbaked grass, then the young warrior quite shocked me by exclaiming in English, "Hey! hey! rubber neck; what?" The idea of that stately warrior using such an expression! Nor was he content with this, but he must throw dignity to the winds and roll over and over in a violent attack of merriment.

It was then that I learned that not only was an Indian boy all boy, but, that Indian men were very much like the rest of us. You will notice that the little white boy, in the next picture, does not seem to care how often he is photographed, because he does not believe that he is having his soul torn from his body. If he did, you would not catch him posing so unconcernedly. Even the dog pays no attention to the young photographer, but that may be because the dog has been taught that it has no soul.

Speaking of souls reminds me of the time long ago when I went to Sunday School in Painesville, Ohio, and the teacher was so anxious about my soul and so earnest in her desire that I should save it that I became quite indignant and told her she might have it if she wanted it so very much, and that she might put it with the other souls she had saved.

You see, I was only a little toddler at that time and should not have been bothered with such serious affairs. I thought my soul was some sort of an invisible thing hitched on to me without my consent and that it needed constant care to keep it from being damaged by contact with furniture, trees and things. If the expression of the face is any indication of a thing's soul a snapping turtle must

A SNAPPER. *By Geo. W. Tusk.*

have as mean a soul as a strike-breaker. I say strike-breaker because there is the portrait of one in the paper before me and he has just the expression of this turtle.

I have never met the man and know nothing of him, but I do know turtles, and they are terrible monsters. A turtle eats every living thing smaller than itself, frogs, young ducks, wood mice, squirrels; in fact, if boys were small enough they would be eagerly devoured by this armored knight of the muck pond. When the turtle is a funny little baby it is itself in some danger of being devoured One of my young friends found a large dead bull frog, and in its mouth was a dead baby turtle. The frog was ambitious, like the one we all know in the fable, but his ambition had a different bend; in place of striving to be as big as an ox this frog tried to be big enough to eat turtles whole, and only discovered his mistake when the turtle became hopelessly jammed and immovable in its distended jaws.

TWO DEARS. *By E. F. Cawgill.*

The boys say that "if a turtle gets hold of your toe it won't let go until it thunders," by which they mean that one must go around with the turtle hanging on one's toe until a thunder storm comes along and frightens the creature away. We all believed this, but it is unnecessary to say that there is no more truth in the thunder part of the legend than in the spirit stealing power of the camera.

POSING UNCONCERNEDLY. *By F. H. Holmes.*

When I was last in the Rocky Mountains a big mountain lion drove a beautiful little fawn down to the railway station at Belton, on the Great Northern Railroad, and the kind-hearted station master fed the little spotted fawn from a bottle just as the small boy is doing in this illustration.

Deer make beautiful pets, but the bucks are very dangerous at certain times of the year. However, this depends upon the size of the buck. One full grown deer that I once owned had legs smaller than the pen with which I am writing, and its body was not as large as a big jack rabbit. Of course, this toy deer was not dangerous any time of year. But the pigmy musk deer of Java are far from numerous and seldom seen in this country. The one I owned was killed by gas from the furnace of our house.

In the next number of RECREATION we hope to have an article on how to keep fresh and salt water aquariums, written by one of the experts at the New York Aquarium.

The aquarium is a most interesting affair to keep in one's room, but not half so interesting as is the pursuit and capture of all the queer little creatures destined for the crystal prison.

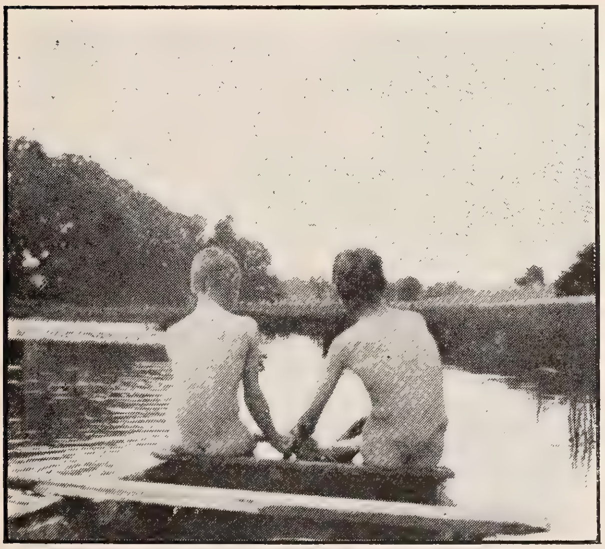
At low tide is the time to hunt under the stones and sea weeds for the little sea people left by the tide, and many a happy day can be spent in this way.

The fresh-water aquarium is much more simple, but none the less interesting, and here we have a couple of lads landing a fish much too big for any private tank.

From the expression on the boys' faces it looks as if there will be little doubt that the landing-net will soon slip under the flopping fish and become the prize of the two boys—a prize of which they may well be proud, for it is such a goodly fish that it makes me want to drop my pen, take my rod and let the magazine run itself.

AT LOW TIDE. *By J. G. McCurdy.*

Just here I want to impress upon you boys what lucky chaps you are to be boys. Think of it, there is probably not a man in this whole country who would not gladly change places with any healthy boy, even if he should have a very red head and a face so freckled that he looks like a cow had coughed bran in his face.



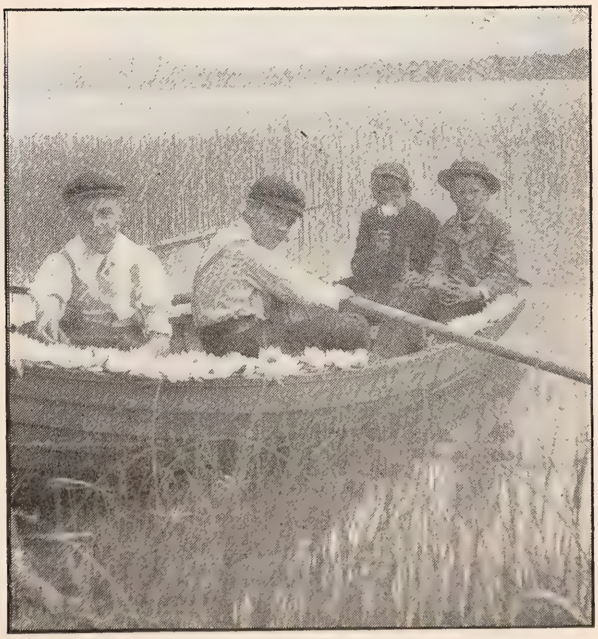
LUCKY CHAPS.

Men go swimming and have a good time after their fashion, but bless you, they don't have the real rollicking fun that the boys enjoy. The pebbles on the bottom hurt the men's tender feet, or they are afraid of the mud getting on to their clothes. Yes, and their clothes are so much more trouble than the boys' are to them. When a lad wears only a hat, shirt and a pair of trousers it is not much trouble to go a-swimming early and often.

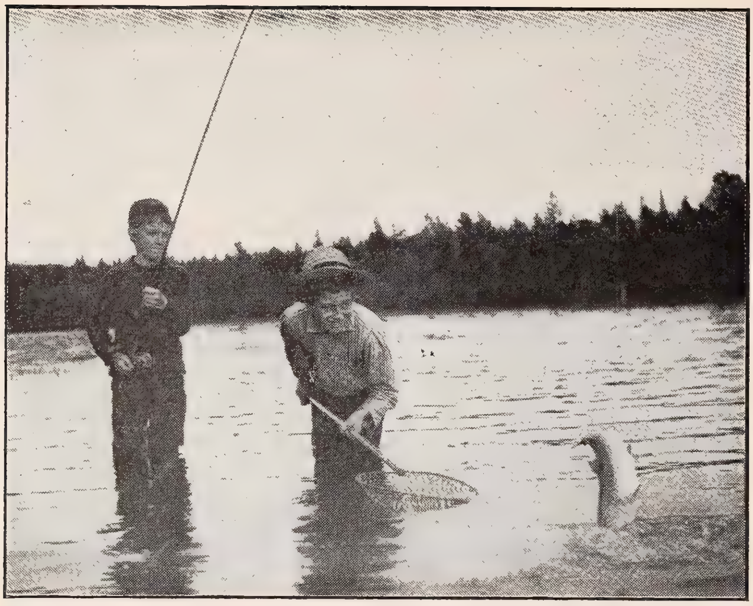
But if I remember aright, boys have troubles of their own, and it is often hard to explain satisfactorily how one's shirt happens to be put on wrong side out, or how one's back became so blistered by the sun that the only way to sleep is face downward.

Did you ever own a crow?

If not you have missed more than a cart load of innocent fun. I have owned all sorts of pets in my life, from pet beetles to coons, dogs and deer, but none gave the all around satisfaction of the crow.



AFTER LILIES. *By Herman Illies.*



A GOODLY FISH *By H. B. Silver*

It is hardy, full of the jolliest of tricks, is as affectionate and loyal as a dog, as comical as a clown, and almost as intelligent as a boy. A pet crow knows its friends and enemies and will allow no liberties from a stranger. Of course, a crow's honesty is no better than that of a pack rat, but my crow never stole from me, and somehow or other one finds it easy to forgive a thief who only steals from others.

When we dug up our flower-bed in the early spring there were no less than seven silver thimbles unearthed, and not one of the lot came from our house. One day "Billy" brought me a nice two-dollar greenback. In those days a two-dollar bill was a very, very large amount to me, and stood for an unheard of amount of butter scotch and ginger bread.

Of course the money did not belong to me, but neither did it belong to the crow, and "Billy" would not tell where he got his wealth, so after a consultation with my parents and my teacher, and after waiting to see if anyone claimed the bill, it was at length decided to be my property, and it was the first two dollars I ever had all in a heap.

But it was not always money the crow found; once he filled all the crevices in my mother's bed with liver; this could not be seen and attracted no attention until the summer heat began to act upon it, then everybody in the house knew that something had happened. The old folks said a rat must have died in the partition, but the crow and I were chums and understood each other. I suspected the real cause of the disagreeable odor, and as soon as the coast was clear, discovered and removed the liver, and never until this day did I give the crow away.

Speaking of balls, do you know that the game of ball is one of the oldest we have? Its origin is lost in the distance of time, but it is thought that all games of bat and ball come from the North somewhere, though the ball without the bat seems to have been used in sport all over the world.

Dr. Howard K. Thatcher claims to be the inventor of the "bird cage" now worn by all who catch behind the bat. Not long since the doctor was interviewed by a reporter of one of our great dailies, and here is his story:

"I entered Harvard University in 1874, and in that year I played in the ball team, always catching. Henry Hooper, now a successful merchant in Boston, used to pitch for me, and he always delivered the ball overhand. He was very swift, but I always stood as near the bat as the catchers do now, although I had no protection for the face. I could dodge pretty well, and, as curves were unknown, I could judge the ball to a nicety.

"In the winter of 1875, Ernst, a student at the university, thought he would try a new wrinkle, and started in practicing the underhand throw, and discovered that the ball would curve. I had to catch for him, too, and I set about thinking how I could protect my face. I used to wear a rubber band over my mouth, and I decided this was not protec-

JACK AND BILL. *By Dr. J. B. Pardoe*

tion enough for me. When we played our first game in the spring of 1876 I put on a mask, which I had made from thick wire. The edges were wound with leather, and I had a strap on the chin and another on the forehead. My chum, Fred Thayer, helped me to make it, and I confess it was a queer-looking thing.

"I was ridiculed the first time I wore the mask, partly because it was a new thing and partly because the people considered that a catcher did not need protection for his face. I threw the mask away. Thayer took it up and had it patented, but received no royalty.

"Dealers in baseball goods knew a good thing when they saw it, and they commenced to manufacture the masks and put them on the market. Thayer promptly brought suit against them and won every case taken into court."

"Were the games as close as now?" was asked.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "I remember one game we played at Lowell where the score was 3 to 0 in Harvard's favor. Only one hit was made, and a Harvard man got to first on it. From there he was advanced around by wild pitches, and two of the men who had got their bases on balls were pushed around the bases."

"How about errors; were there many?"

"Well, no; not very many. I have played lots of games where neither side made a misplay."

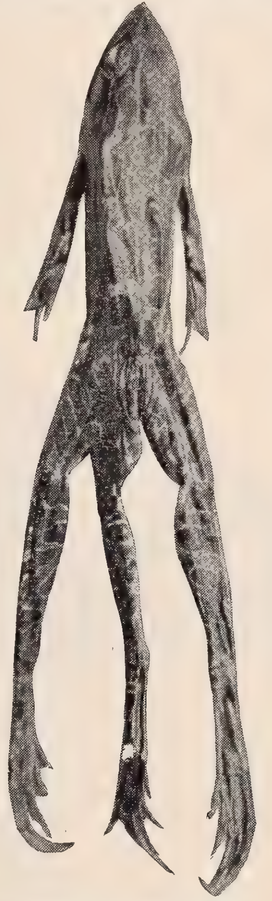
"How far back did the pitcher stand?"

"About forty-five feet," replied Mr. Thatcher.

The appearance of this interview brought on quite a newspaper controversy, and many persons claimed to be the inventors of the wire mask, but as there was no umpire to decide the question we will leave it as it stands.

The bull frog is a favorite of all country boys. I once had a big one so tame that he made no attempt to escape, but would eagerly wait for me to let the mice out of their trap that he might eat them alive. This frog ate live mice, bats, crawfish, fiddler crabs and all sorts of things, but he could not be persuaded to eat snakes or English sparrows.

It often happens that frogs and snakes are born "queer," that is, they are fit subjects for museum freaks. I once owned a toad with five legs, and I charged a pin for each leg, that is five pins, to see it, and did a big business; but here is a frog with three hind legs that would have made my fortune. A frog is much more graceful than a toad and more difficult to capture, and all this gives him additional value as a drawing for a show. A toad looks like a warty Tom troller with arms and legs.



A FIVE-LEGGED FROG.
By D. C. Witter.

Speaking of marbles, even their names have changed since RECREATION's staff were boys, and that is not so very long ago, but one really old man in Boston says:

"My marble playing goes back to the early 40's, and to Philadelphia. In those days—1840 to 1845—our ammunition was rated and termed as follows:

"First—'Potashes,' the lightest and cheapest of all. They were made of potash, glazed and sold ten or twelve for a penny. Next came the 'commons,' or 'nickers,' as we called them, made of clay. Next higher in value was the 'white alley,' made of silica and often beautifully streaked with red and pink veins—two of these costing one cent. They were favorites as 'men' or shooters,' the 'nickers' being only object marbles to be shot at. Then came the 'chinee,' a larger marble, made of china or porcelain, and crossed by geometrical lines of varying widths and colors and preferred by boys as their 'shooters' above the 'white alley.' After the 'chinee' the 'agate' came and the 'cornelian,' both beautiful stones and highly prized. Next was the 'glass agate,' or elaborately colored glass marbles, still, I believe, in vogue. Last in order was the 'Tom troller,' or bamboozler, the boss of the bag for size and made of all the materials named. The 'Tom troller' was always the heavy ordnance in the marble armory. Its office was implied in its name—it was used for rolling or trolling rather than for shooting, as it was too large to be projected from the thumb and forefinger.

"The 'bull ring' was the king game of marbles. A chalk circle was drawn, or more often scratched in the ground with a sharp stick or the toe of a player's shoe. The greater the skill of the player the bigger the circle. I have often played in a ring twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. In the center of this circle was a smaller one in which each player deposited his stake of one, two or three 'nickers' or more valuable marbles, as agreed upon. The outer circle was the initial shooting line or taw of each player. If his shot struck a 'nicker' and knocked it outside the big ring it was a 'hit,' and he proceeded from the resting-point of his 'man' to aim at any marble in the ring, the object being always to knock a 'nicker' clear outside, when it was bagged as game. Failure to do this was a 'miss,' and the next player took his turn.

"The postures in playing were the 'histing' (long i) shot, delivered standing; the 'stooping' or sitting shot, and the 'knuckle down' or 'skin bone' shot, in which the player was obliged to keep his knuckles to the ground. A player could command the posture of his opponent by quickly calling out 'knuckle down!' and he could defend himself by crying 'fen knuckles!' It was 'fen hists,' 'fen knuckles,' 'fen' this or that, 'fen' any posture or mode of playing likely to give or save an advantage. If not called out in time this challenge was worthless. The word 'fen' is a corruption of 'fend,' to ward off or prevent, and this is an abbreviation of defend.

"I have written only of the ring game. 'Pots' was another favorite, but not so easily or quickly put up, as it requires a series of six or eight holes to be dug by the players twisting their heels in the ground until a hole was thus bored. The game was to troll the big 'Tom' into the holes. The player who failed to land his 'Tom troller' in the holes in their right order left that marble outside, defenceless, the objective prey of his opponent who, striking, captured him, and the owner had to pay several pawns or 'nickers' as a ransom."

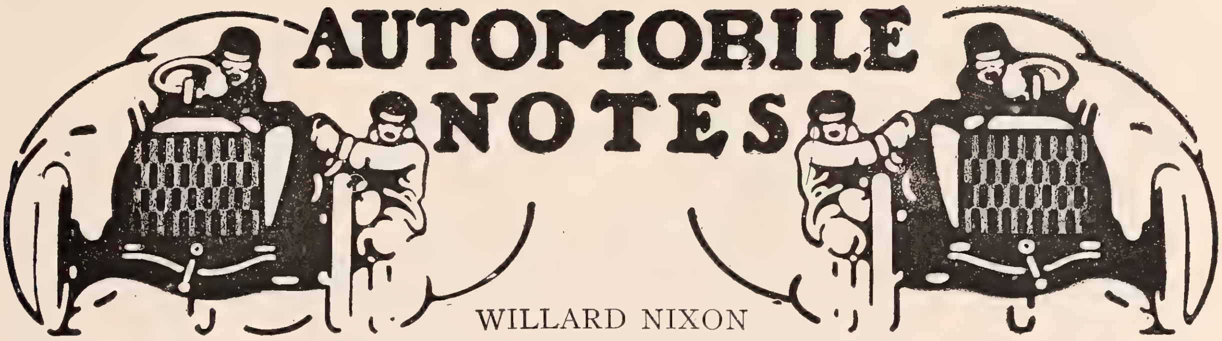
But we of Recreation have not lived so long and did not know the potashes in our day; we only had the clay ones, which we called commies or combos, which meant common marbles. The "alley" we had was of two kinds, blue alley and blood alley. Our blood alley was the same as the Philadelphia boy called a "white alley," and the blue one differed only in the color of its wavey streaks. We always called the shooter our "taw," and the marbles we shot at were called "ducks." Then we had "plasters" of unglazed china, and "chinas" of glazed china, "crystals" of glass, agates of the stone by that name, and "potteries" of mottled glazed earthenware. Now the wise old Century Dictionary calls all marbles "alleys," and the boys call them alll "megs."

By C. R. Clarke.

AN ACHING SHAKE.

BY G. D. KRATZ.

There was a young girl on the lake,
Who shook till she shook off a shake.
  She shook and she shook,
  'Till she busted a hook,
But she found she had shook on an ake.



AUTOMOBILE NOTES

WILLARD NIXON

Subscribers who desire to obtain either general or detailed information about automobiles, are invited to correspond with the editor of this department of RECREATION. Letters will be answered promptly, the reply going direct to the writer, and correspondence will be published later in these columns for the interest of other readers whenever the character of the material warrants it and the correspondent offers no objection. Communications must be received by the first of the month to be available for use in the next issue.

FIVE THOUSAND MILE TEST.

An automobile has been run 5,000 miles under official supervision and without any mechanical trouble. This is the latest record in long distance automobile trials, and the performance from all accounts seems to have been a very excellent and creditable one.

The car used in this test was a two-cylinder 12 h.p. Touring Model of English manufacture (Siddeley by name), and a full complement of passengers was carried every day of the run as well as a couple of hundred pounds of tools, spare parts, tires, and the like. Although most of the 5,000 miles was over good English roads, the weather was as bad as only English weather can be. There were but three days of dry roads, so that the conditions were not altogether favorable. During the entire trial,, the run was under the official supervision of representatives of the Automobile Club of Great Britain.

A SURVEY OF THE RANGE.

It cost $194.50 approximately to run the car 5,000 miles—an average of nearly four cents a mile. Of this total $94.82 was for gasolene, oil, re-charging of ignition batteries, small replacements; the balance, $99.72 was expended for tire renewals. Thus it will be noted that the tire expense was greater than everything else combined.

THE SOLID TIRE.

After all, the real interest in these authentic automobile trials is the matter of expense. There is nothing very remarkable about the fact that a car can actually run 5,000 miles without mechanical troubles. The question is, "How much does it cost, even if anything *doesn't* break?" The greatest single expense is for tires, and although pneumatic tires are almost universally used, many people can not understand why solid tires are not to be preferred.

The solid tire certainly does seem a very practical article, for there is no danger from punctures or rupture, no pressure to pump up, no wear, no bother; and further than this, there doesn't seem to be any good reason why automobiles with good springs and a long wheel base should not ride as comfortably when driven at a moderate speed over fairly good roads when equipped with solid tires, as with pneumatics.

But in actual practice the pneumatic tire has the better of it. It yields, gives, is not pounded as is the harder tire. There is much truth in the clever advertisement of one of the tire companies: "We swallow the obstruction." In other words, the air cushion is always capable of being compressed, no matter how hard the tire is pumped up, and thus the surface of the tire yields in going over an obstacle and is not injured, whereas with the solid tire there is no appreciable yielding, and if the obstacle is a sharp one, it is very apt to damage the tire.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Not many automobilists have tried both solid and pneumatic tires for any length of time on the same car, and therefore the following experience should be interesting. The car used was of nine horsepower, weighing, with all tanks filled and ready for the road, 1,975 pounds, and resting on 2½ x 34 inch solid tires. Thus equipped the car was operated for 4,727 miles with the following results:

Total running expense.......	$171.40
Tire expense alone..........	64.80
Mileage on gallon of gasolene	20.50
Total expense per mile.......	.0328

When the car had been run 4,727 miles, solid tires were discontinued, and 3½ x 34 inch pneumatic tires substituted. After making this change, the car weighed, all ready for the road, 1,850 pounds. The operator then ran the car for 7,266 miles with the following results:

Total running expense.......	$308.32
Tire expense about..........	135.00
Mileage on gallon of gasolene	28.00

The expense per mile figures out about the same for the solid tires as for the pneumatic, but the owner claims he would never go back to solid tires on account of the greater vibration. In this particular case some of the objections to the solid tires did not seem to hold good; in other words, after 4,000 miles of running, little or no expense was needed to repair any damage done by the jolting and vibration caused by the solid tire.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN CALIFORNIA.

A WAYSIDE MEETING.

"COMING OUT" SEASON.

Look over your automobile carefully before putting it into commission for the season. No matter whether the car has been stored for the winter in your barn or automobile house, or placed in "dead storage" in some city garage, it will pay you to inspect it personally. Examine the tires first. If the car was put away for the winter, the wheels had been jacked up so as to remove the weight of the car from the tires. In any event, pump up all four tires good and hard, let the car down on the ground so as to rest on the tires, and leave it for some time

TROUBLE AFTER THE STORM.

to see if the tires hold up and that there are no small punctures or any leaks in the valves.

If the tires hold air perfectly, and no repairing or renewal of any of the parts seems necessary, look at the tires on the rear driving wheels; the two rear tires have to hold up the greater proportion of the combined live weight and dead weight of the car as well as transmitting all of the power, and consequently they have to do by far the greater share of the work.

Nowadays practically all touring cars use double tube tires of the same size on all four wheels so that in starting out for a trip of any length, it is necessary to take along only one extra tire and one or more inner tubes. This extra tire will fit any of the four wheels.

If in examining the rear tires, you find they are in pretty bad shape and show effects of hard usage, it will be well to transfer them to the front wheels and *vice versa.* You will find this change is well worth the trouble, and it is to be recommended for single-tube tires as well as double-tube tires.

BEWARE THE REPAIR MAN.

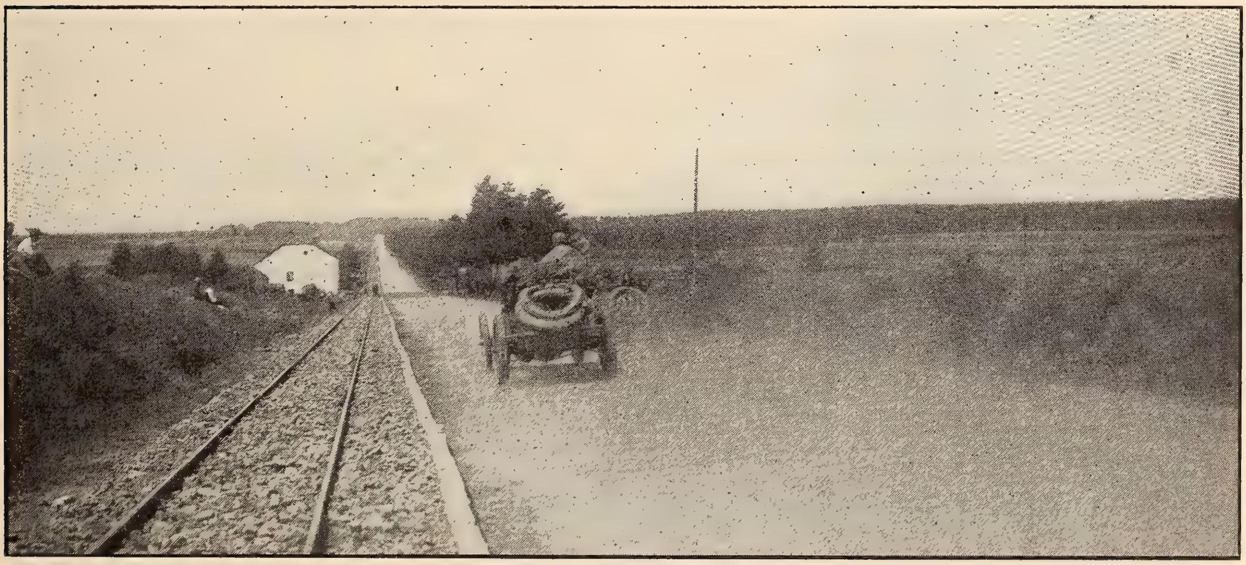
If, however, your case falls in a different category, and you find the car will not only run well but there is work galore for the repair man, an entirely different procedure is to be recommended.

Commence the inspection of the car with a blank-book in your hand, and note down carefully everything that is not right. If you find there is considerable lost motion to be taken up in the engine, make a note of that. If the ignition system wants a thorough overhauling; if there is a pound in the engine or a knock in the transmission gear; if your coil has gone bad or the carburetor is out of adjustment, and the whole car resembles a Pandora's Box of difficulties and troubles, of course you have got to consult the repair man and be prepared to spend some money to put the car in good order. But don't do anything until you have gone over the car yourself very carefully, noted the condition of everything as well as you can, and, in short, made as careful an examination as you know how.

Get bids on everything in so far as you can; do not deliver the car to the repair man with a hurried: "Put it in shape as soon as you can," but advise him just what is the matter, and furthermore what doesn't, in your opinion, require any attention. The average repair man cannot tell you what the cost will be beyond a rough approximation unless you give him some facts on which to make an intelligent bid. The automobile repair shop has come to have a pretty bad name, and its chances of going down in history in the same group with the Spanish Inquisition and other worthy institutions seems excellent. One automobilist described a garage rather cleverly when he called it "an establishment operated by relatives of Ananias and Beelzebub."

SELECT A GOOD GARAGE.

There is no doubt that there are many unscrupulous and incompetent repair men who cheerfully offer to complete all kinds of automobile repair work in record time, but, on the other hand, there are a great many reliable and trustworthy garages where high-class work is done at reasonable prices, and there is no doubt that much of the complaint which automobile owners make is entirely their own fault. They don't give the garage people any time to make repairs, and it never seems to occur to them to ask for bids on the work so that when they get their bill they set up a howl of "Robber," and another black mark is put down against the much-abused automobile repair man.



A PACEMAKER'S HIGHWAY.

In every city of size there are good establishments, and the big manufacturers make it a point to see that they are properly represented wherever possible, and that not only the sale of their cars but the repairs on the same are in the hands of intelligent and honest representatives.

NO GRAND PRIX.

It has finally been decided that there will be no Grand Prix in France this year. The Gordon Bennett race will be run alone in all its glory.

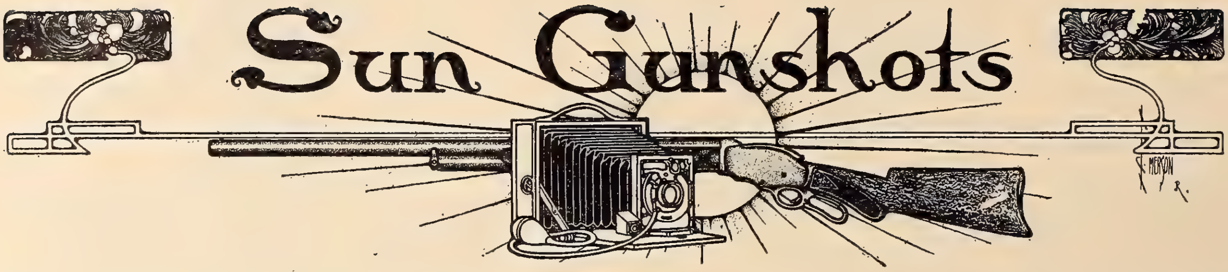
Undoubtedly the important cause of the abandonment of the new race was the cost and inconvenience of running it on a different day from the Gordon Bennett, and although a mighty interesting race is thus lost, the Gordon Bennett will continue to take precedence over all other automobile events, international or otherwise. At one time it looked as if the Grand Prix would diminish the importance of the Gordon Bennett, but an almost universal protest from the various automobile clubs caused the French club to relinquish their original proposition to hold both races on the same day and at the same time. To my mind the attitude of the French club has been excellent throughout. The same cannot be said of the automobile clubs of England and Germany, who set up a veritable howl when the project was first made known, or at least some time after it was made known. No one seemed to pay much attention to the proposition when it was first made, but when the agitation was finally put under way, there was no end of trouble and complaining.

Three cars will represent America in the Gordon Bennett race. Two Pope-Toledos and a Locomobile. The elimination trials will be held at Ormond Beach next month.

TOO MUCH DUST.

The general concensus of opinion seems to be that the great body of automobilists drive their machines conservatively and sanely; do not break the laws wantonly; and are good members of society, even though they do happen to own automobiles. Further than this, that the actions of a very few reckless automobolists are responsible for the feeling adverse to the sport which manifests itself in fool automobile bills.

This doesn't seem to me to be the case at all. Last summer was a big touring car year. At least there was more touring done than ever before, and the cars were larger, more powerful, and greater in number.



For the Sportsman-Photographer and the Photographer-Sportsman. Little Bits of advice and suggestion gathered from many sources by an old Sportsman.

RECREATION COMPETITION.

In the future, we shall hold a competition every two months, instead of once a year, as heretofore. For the present we shall give cash prizes only, one first prize of $10.00, one second prize of $5.00, and five consolation prizes of $1.00 each. These prizes are open to all our readers. An additional prize of $2.00 will be given for the best picture submitted by the amateur who has not previously won a prize in any of our competitions.

So that there may be no misunderstanding, we have made the following conditions, which will hold good on these bi-monthly competitions until further notice.

1. There will be one first prize of $10.00 in gold, one second prize of $5.00 in gold, and five consolation prizes of $1.00 each. Also one additional prize of $2.00 for the best picture submitted by an amateur, not previously a winner in our competitions.

2. The awards will be made by the Editor of Recreation and his decision shall be final.

3. All photographs submitted will become the property of Recreation, but no photograph will be reproduced, other than the prize winners, without the payment of $1.00 to its owner for its use.

4. Photographs should be on glossy or matt smooth-surface papers. Sepia and colored platinums and carbons do not reproduce well. Solio or smooth velox prints are the best. Photographs should be sent flat, not rolled. A description of the picture will make it more valuable.

5. Any subject representing outdoor life or sport may be depicted. We do *not* want pictures of birds or animals in captivity. Birds and animals in their natural haunts,

IN THE PARK. *By A. D. Ostrander.*

COLD, HUNGRY AND SHY. *By S. G. Jameson.*

fishing, hunting, automobiling, athletic games of every kind are desired, and they should be as topical as possible.

6. Packages containing photographs should be marked "Competition," and *must* be fully prepaid or they will not be accepted.

7. All competitors *must be prepaid subscribers.*

First competition will close June 1, 1905.

The object of these competitions is twofold. We want to interest our readers in the use of the camera as their weapon of sport. The hunting of animals or birds in their native woods with a camera in the hand, is just as exciting and sometimes more dangerous than when armed with a shotgun or rifle. This, then, is one of our purposes. The other is to obtain suitable photographs of out-door life for our own pages. These, of course, we want to be timely and expressive of the season of the year. We do not want skating or football pictures in the summer months, for instance.

If we find the interest in these competitions is keen, we shall increase the number and value of the prizes. It all depends on our readers themselves.

Some photographers are always in doubt as to when to stop development of their negatives. They may be able to expose correctly, but when in the dark-room they are unable to judge of the density of the image, and either do not develop far enough or else so far that the delicate half-tones get all blotted out. For such, and, in fact, for all, we recommend the use of the Watkins time or factorial method of development. This method, once learnt, is very simple and most effective. It is the coming method of development with *all* photographers. It is based on Mr. Watkins' discovery that there is a certain fixed ratio between the total time it takes a developer to fully develop a plate and the time that elapses after pouring on the developer, before the image begins to appear. For instance: Suppose we take a plate that is exposed for one second on a subject and use ortol as our developer. The image begins to appear in say 30 seconds after pouring on the developer and the required density is obtained in 300 seconds, or 10 times 30. The ratio for this developer is, then, 10. This is called the factor. Now take another plate exposed on the same subject for say 6 seconds. The image begins to appear in 25 seconds. Multiplying 25 by the factor 10, we get 250 seconds. Taking the plate out of the developer at the end of 250 seconds, then, we shall find that it is almost identically the same as the first plate.

We may add water to the developer, or use it stronger, or add more alkali, thus changing the *time of appearance,* but this will not alter the factor for that particular developer. If the time of appearance is shorter, the total duration of development is shorter, and so on. This method also obviates the handling of the plate during development by examination, and keeps the fingers from staining, as, for instance, with pyro. We can cover the plate and tray over as soon as we have noted the time of appearance and when the total time has elapsed, take the plate out, rinse it and fix it without even looking at it, knowing that if our exposure has been correct within certain limits, we have obtained a good negative.

Every developer has its factor, some large and some small. Here are the factors for the generally used developers:

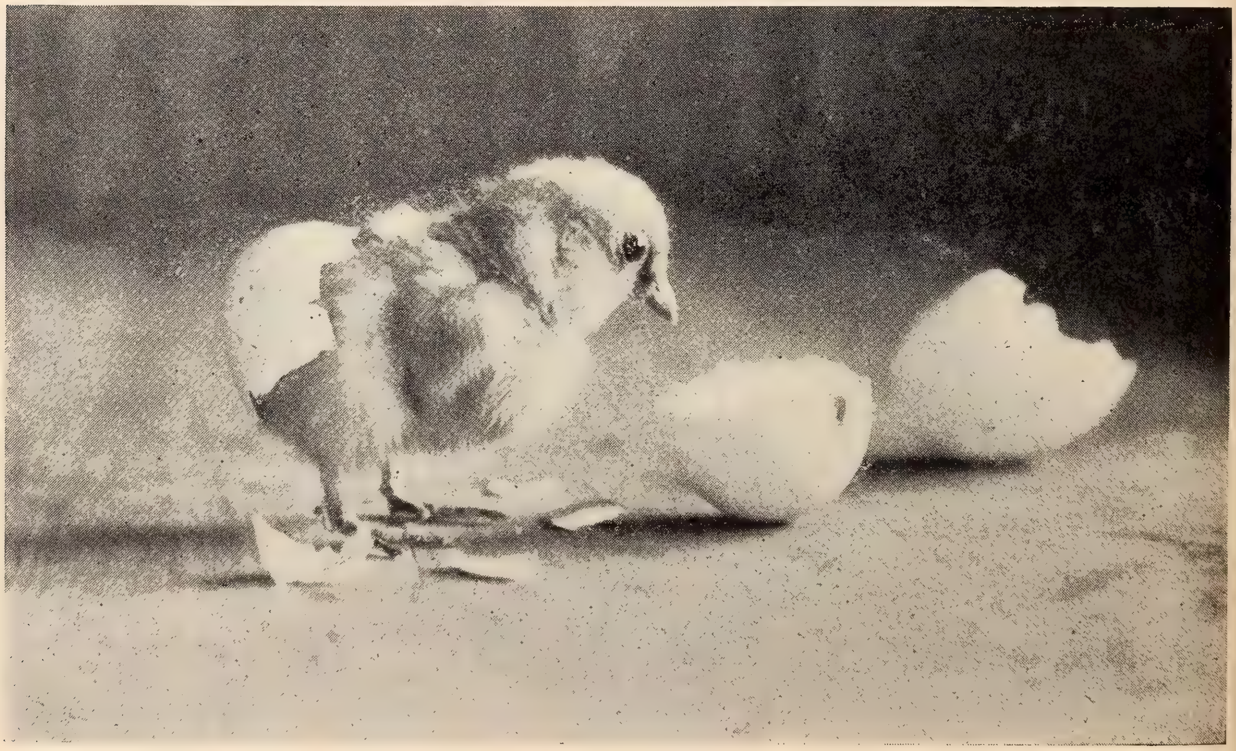
Hydrochinon	5
Glycin	7
Eikonogen	9
Pyrocatechin	10
Ortol	10
Pyro (average)	10
Amidol	18
Edinol	20
Edinol-Hydrochinon	15
Metol	30
Metol-Hydrochinon	15-18
Modinal	40

The above are the numbers with which the time of appearance, as explained above, must be multiplied to give a fully developed image. Simple, isn't it?

April is the best month of the year in which to take cloud negatives. It is difficult to get good clouds in landscape negatives unless the landscape is considerably underexposed, and a white sky in a landscape picture is both untrue and unpleasing to look at. This can always be remedied by having one or two good cloud negatives at hand from which to print in the sky part (we'll tell you next month how to do that). In taking cloud negatives, get on as high ground as possible so as to get no foreground and a view unobstructed by trees or houses. Then focus on extreme distance, including only a very small part of the landscape in your picture. Use a rapid shutter and stop f.22 or thereabout, and a slow plate. Development should not be too prolonged; it should be stopped as soon as all detail is out, and sufficiently dense not to "fix out" in the hypo bath.

HOW TO AVOID BLISTERS IN BROMIDE PRINTS.

The blistering of bromide and gaslight papers is one of the annoying defects of these otherwise excellent papers. This generally happens when the washing water is too warm, but can be avoided by wiping the back of the print *before development,* with a pad of cotton soaked in alcohol. This is an almost sure preventative. Too strong a hypo bath is also apt to cause blisters. After the fixing bath is made up, let it stand awhile so as to get to room temperature. When hypo is dissolved in water it reduces the temperature of the water considerably.



MEDITATION. *By M. A. Yauch.*

A FORECAST OF SUMMER SPORT

Potpourri of the Diamond, Cinderpath and Field of the Big Colleges

BY EDWARD M. WEST.

April with its showery face wears a glad smile of welcome for the college man. It means the opening of the spring season of outdoor contests and relief from the dull grind of gymnasium practice. If the opponents of athletics in college life knew and appreciated the sacrifices these earlier months of training involved, they would regard more leniently the sportive side of education and place athletics on a higher plane as a moral exercise and character developer.

Baseball takes precedence chronologically. All the college teams have completed their preliminary work and are about to take the field for actual play. Of course the championship games come later, but already the devotee knows the calibre of his team, and can forecast with wonderful certainty the issue of the big games.

LAST YEAR'S CHAMPION STRONG.

Princeton, the champion of last year, appears first in the probabilities. While losing several of her players by graduation, she still retains a nucleus that should be welded into the strongest team if no accident befalls her. Harvard is scarcely less fortunate in retaining seasoned material, and should give The Tiger a hard run for first honors. In pitching strength, the Crimson has slightly the lead, with Coburn over Byram and Cook of Exeter, but Princeton invariably develops team play better than Harvard and bats and fields to better advantage with equal material, and the veteran will prefer Nassau's chances.

Yale is weak in pitchers, though fairly good in other respects, while Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia are all handicapped by heavy losses. It is doubtful if any of the four make it interesting for their rivals from The Hub and Jersey. However, the opening games of each in the South, particularly with Georgetown, will be followed with keen interest.

THE RELAY CARNIVAL.

Next to baseball, track athletics commands closest attention. In their nature track sports afford better opportunities for speculative interest since the contests are individual and the merit of the competitors better understood. At present eyes center on the relay carnival of the University of Pennsylvania on April 29. It is to be regretted that these games are held so early in the college year. They have grown in importance to overshadow even the Intercollegiate championships in individual events, and it is too bad that the competitors cannot reach the acme of their skill at an April date.

This year there will be upward of 1,200 contestants, representing over 150 different institutions. In the championship events all the collegiate leaders are represented. The West sends Chicago, Wisconsin and Michigan; the East, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Georgetown and Pennsylvania. Even this list may be augmented in the last minute from the nature of the conditions.

PENNSY'S CHANCE.

In each of the three leading events, existing records should be bettered. Pennsylvania has a splendid opportunity to improve the one-mile standard. Taylor, Hyman, Greene and Shaw are phenomenal runners. Taylor is good for 49, Hyman 50, and the other two close to 51. So it is not unlikely that at least a second will be clipped off the 3.21 3-5 mark that now stands.

Yale can probably give the Quakers a hard run, and Harvard is not far behind the Elis, while Chicago promises to send a team that will force record figures from the winners. Princeton, Columbia and Georgetown are the other bidders for honors in the race.

The two-mile event presents Yale as most formidable. Mike Murphy has gathered together a squad of half-milers from whom he expects to find a pair worthy to contest with Parsons and Hill. If he does, 8.04 1-5 will be far from the mark they'll make. Cornell and Princeton, too, promise fast teams, particularly the former, while Syracuse, Wisconsin and Columbia expect to center their efforts in developing fast middle distance men. Pennsylvania, Harvard and Chicago are the other promised competitors, and the three may be regarded as dark horses.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

In the four-mile race, Cornell anticipates a record breaker. Her success in cross country running has been phenomenal, and it is hard to see how she can fail to make new figures. Munson this year should better 4.20 for the first time in college athletics. He is easily the fastest American miler in years, and a worthy successor of Willie Day, Tommy Conneff and George.

Magoffin is good for better than 4.30, and so is Smith. If a fourth man can be found to do 4.40, nearly a half minute can be clipped off the record. Chicago and Michigan claim very fast teams, while Yale, Pennsylvania and Columbia expect to cut some figure.

The individual contests should be almost as notable. Most important, if it can be consummated, will be a match between Ralph Rose and W. W. Coe. Both are remarkable shot putters. Rose holds the record of 48 feet 7½ inches, which Coe broke at Medford recently by over 6 inches. The latter's mark was not accepted because of the nature of the missile. A meeting of the two would do more to prove the calibre of the record than all else, and new marks should certainly result.

THE SPRINTS.

There would be no other contest so striking. In the sprints, Schick, of Harvard, should prove an easy winner. Dear, of Pennsylvania, and Rulon Miller, of Princeton, are his nearest Eastern competitors. Eckersall and Blair, of Chicago, are the Western leaders. None can touch the Cambridge boy at his best. Georgetown hopes much from Seitz, who broke Duffey's 40-yard record, but it is doubtful if he can last 100 yards at speed. It took Duffey years to develop strength to last 100 yards at his shorter distance speed. Torrey, of Yale, and Hogenson, of Chicago, are the others entered.

Of hurdlers there are none in college today. Graduation left only four who figured in last year's championship. Vonnegut and Ashburner, of Cornell, Castleman, of Col-Colgate, and Amsler, of Pennsylvania, none approached first-class. The hurdle will be an open event.

Neither are there any first-class men in the field events, if we except McLanahan and Shevlin, of Yale. Shevlin has only Van Doyn, of Syracuse, to defeat in the hammer throw, while McLanahan is only approached in the pole vault by Behr and Adriance, his mates, and Moore, of Cornell.

THE BROAD JUMP.

The broad jump lies between Hubbard, of Amherst, Sheffield, of Yale, and Greene, of Pennsylvania, unless Stangland, of Columbia, shows no ill effects from last fall's football injury.

Nevertheless, all these events will be interesting as indicating something of the relative prospects of the teams for the championships. This year the Cup contests are more open than ever before. Every team that figured last year is depleted. Yale is the heaviest loser, though Harvard, Pennsylvania and Princeton all suffer. Cornell, alone, remains intact, serving to equalize the five teams.

Pennsylvania with any development would have the better chance. Dear, Hyman and Taylor should win nearly 15 points in the sprints, with Amsler, Greene and Boyd to add 10. The addition of a half dozen points would win in a broken field.

Yale has Parsons, McLanahan, Shevlin, Sheffield, Alcott, Teal, Behr, who should yield 25 points, and Harvard, with Shick, Schaenfus, Dives, needs to develop a number of second strings to win, while Princeton and Cornell are in about the same position. Altogether the outlook could scarcely be more open.

ON THE WATER.

The crew men occupy third place in interest at present. There is still a month of hard work before they even enter the preliminary contests. Annapolis in May meets Yale, Columbia, Georgetown and Pennsylvania in weekly succession. These are the earliest races. Then follows the Decoration Day race for Harvard and Cornell, and the proposed second crew race in the American Henley.

If the plans of the stewards of the latter event are consummated successfully this race should supersede in interest almost any other in college aquatics. It is now planned to have Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Georgetown and Wisconsin enter crews composed of oarsmen who have never competed in any event at Poughkeepsie or New London. Such a race would produce an almost ideal contest and would arouse great interest.

Should Cornell and Harvard enter the Henley event it is probable that their Decoration Day race would be made a 'Varsity event. As such it would become a championship contest in effect, since it would bring together a New London and Poughkeepsie contestant and afford a basis for comparison between these events.

HARVARD BEING WATCHED.

Harvard's crew this year will be watched with keen interest in view of the abandonment of her long contest against professional coaching. The years of defeat have at last driven her to give up graduate supervision and put all boasting interests in the hands of James Wray, the old-time professional. Yale, too, no longer makes a pretense of graduate coaching, acknowledging Kennedy the position he has always occupied in fact. Whatever success Harvard has will certainly be due to the innovation.

Columbia will also experiment with a

coaching change, but abandons a professional coach for a graduate. Her reason, however, is not the disapproval of professional coaching but the non-success of Hanlan and the availability of Goodwin over any professional of reputation. She has always floundered about without system since rowing was resumed and unless signs fail will again bring up the rear with Georgetown at Poughkeepsie.

WISCONSIN IMPROVED.

Wisconsin will be the dark horse on the Hudson. Her crew will be of unknown quality. Unlike last year O'Dea has always had a sturdy lot and the chances favor a good eight.

Cornell professes to have fears of failure, but the Ithacans have always plenty of material and her continued successes prove the efficiency of her coaching. She is pretty likely to be there good and strong.

Pennsylvania has a bright prospect with all her eight back save one man and plenty of good new material, while Syracuse, the champion, has all her men back. A rattling race should be afforded by Penn, Syracuse and Cornell, with the possibility of Wisconsin cutting in.

There is some doubt as to what Georgetown will do without Dempsey, since the latter will return to his old love, the Vespers, to prepare them for their Henley trip, and will undoubtedly go abroad with them.

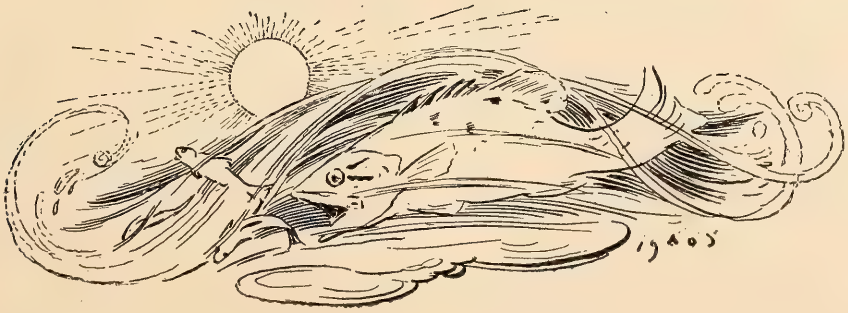
The Vesper entry at Henley, by the way, is quite likely to arouse much unpleasantness when the personnel of the crew is made known to the English stewards. If there was a question raised as to the status of college crews abroad the make-up of the Vesper eight is not likely to pass muster unchallenged under the queer English eligibility requirements. These endless quibbles make one almost wish that Americans would be content with honors to be won at home and leave England to the enjoyment of her exclusiveness. It is not an elevating position to be continually knocking at a door at which we have always been more or less politely told we are not wanted. It savors, too, rather of pot-hunting.

DUFFY THE MUG HUNTER.

Speaking of pot-hunting, the spectacle presented by Arthur Duffey, the Australian, must make the collegian blush. Duffey is so good as to be in a class by himself. It would be pleasant to place him on a pedestal for continued worship, but he lowers himself more by his systematic pot-hunting under amateur guise than if he deliberately embraced professionalism. There should be some way to break up the practice.

The restriction of Stannard and Ritter by Princeton, Cartmell by Pennsylvania, and Rose by Michigan for scholastic deficiencies is a step in the right direction, since all four men are stars in their line and therefore the temptation to overlook their failings is quite strong. The sentiment may now be said to be firmly established favoring the elimination of ineligibles from competition at any cost.

If some means can be devised to prevent importation and bidding for promising athletes by the offer of scholarships and other advantages we may hope for absolutely pure college athletics. Such spectacles as afforded by McCormick at Princeton last year are sickening, but just how they can be prevented is hard to see. The time must come when a sentiment will be developed that will make it impossible. An indication of it is given by the distaste with which the entrance of college star pitchers into professional baseball has been received. Clarkson of Harvard at New York, Allen of Yale in New England, Crumley of Georgetown at Detroit, and Caldwell of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia are not applauded by college men, though it is true the advent of collegians in the professional game has raised its tone.



Editorial Wanderings

Dan Beard

OLD MOTHER NATURE.

Grand old Mother Nature has long been misunderstood by her pet human children, and ever since men with prehensile toes lived arboreal lives capering among the branches in the primeval forests, they have looked upon good old Mother Nature as an enemy to be subdued at all hazards and any cost.

In our mad effort to accomplish this we have denuded the land of valuable forest, wasting and burning enough timber to supply fuel and shelter to many generations of men. We have punctured the surface of the earth in search for oil and allowed enough to run to waste to supply light for many lifetimes. We have waged a war of extermination on animals whose existence is of the greatest value to men, and done this for the pretty price their hides brought us, or for the savage love of blood letting. We have all but annihilated many beautiful and useful birds for their skins to be used as gruesome ornaments for our women's dear heads and much dearer hats, and now with expanded chests we exclaim: See how we have conquered nature!

But do not think that I am pessimistic for I am an optimist. What I am trying to show is that we are the prodigal sons, and although we may yet have to do our turn as swineherds (like our biblical prototype), we have a growing consciousness of our sins, and will repent in time to save some of our great and incomprehensible inheritance.

We men of the campfires of America know that good old Dame Nature is even now patiently looking forward to our repentance and reformation, and sits waiting for the prodigal's return with a large and fatted calf for our delectation.

Among the outdoor people, there are many rough pioneers who exercise a powerful influence for good; but the change of heart on the part of the great masses inhabiting the cities, towns and villages in more thickly populated districts is largely due to the noble work of the compfire clubs, Audubon Society, ornithological and union, and the men behind the magazines, like Mr. Johnson, of the *Century,* who has done so much for our forests. Such prominent nature writers as John Burroughs, Ernest Thompson Seton and Dr. Long, also exercise a most powerful influence for good, and it is to such men, and the ever increasing influence of RECREATION, that we are led to hope that we may yet live to see the day when sentiment will walk arm in arm with common sense, and we may at last gather at the barbecue and partake of the fatted calf furnished by our much abused parent, Mother Nature.

FARMERS WERE ANGRY.

The farmers in the neighborhood of Hagerstown, Md., angry over the conduct of careless hunters last fall, came to an understanding, and during the recent hard winter refused to furnish food and shelter for the quail in their section, many of which were frozen to death. The farmers say that hunters tear down fences, shoot domestic fowl, lambs and calves, and that they never think of providing food and shelter for game during the winter. Fortunately the true sportsmen of this section awoke to their interest and took an active part in feeding and sheltering the game.

It is becoming more and more necessary for the sportsmen of the country and of the town to take an active part in the preservation of game birds, not leaving this important matter for the farmers to attend to during the time when the birds are not being hunted.

A GOOD EDITOR.

The editor of the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* deserves the support of every sportsman in Iowa. He has been commenting vigorously upon the manner in which the game laws of the State are being broken by would-be sportsmen. His actions in the matter should be followed closely, and should it be necessary to furnish him with ammunition the sportsmen interested should be ready.

PERVERSION OF GAME LEGISLATION.

On March 8 a bill was introduced in the New York Legislature to give to certain persons in Nassau County, Long Island, the special privilege of turning loose tame deer and hunting them with hounds. The bill, obviously, is in the interest of those rich sports who attempted to vary their aniseseed hunting with a tame deer chase last fall and were prevented by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is opposed by the State Game Warden, who declares that the privilege asked for should be denied, and doubtless it will be opposed by the Society and all who sympathize with the Society's purposes.

On other grounds than those taken by the anti-cruelty people, the bill is open to criticism. It seeks to confer upon favored individuals or a small number of rich men a privilege denied by law to the people as a whole. For good and sufficient reasons, the law forbids the hounding of wild deer, and the owners of enclosed game preserves are amenable to that and to all other provisions of the law designed for the protection of game. Neither the owner of a twenty-thousand-acre park in the Adirondacks nor the farmer of a small tract may kill out of season the wild birds or animals living on his land. The game laws of this country have not yet been perverted to the exclusive benefit of the landlord, as in Europe, but it is necessary to keep close watch lest the pernicious idea that "sport" is a peculiar privilege of the leisure class find lodgment in our game legislation.

Opportunities for hunting are being taken away from the people rapidly enough by the extinction of game and destruction of its wilderness haunts, and the time is coming when the sports of forest, field and stream can be enjoyed only by those who can afford the time and expense of long journeys. One of the purposes of game laws is to defer that time and preserve to the people, so far as is possible, the opportunity for rational enjoyment of the sport of hunting in regions not difficult of access. So far as the conditions are affected by legislation, equality of opportunity must be maintained and the American principle of equal rights to all, and special privileges to none, must be inforced.

The bill under consideration is an attempt to engraft a particularly offensive piece of special legislation upon the general game law. It is even worse in spirit than the perennial proposition to restrict the right of the citizen to possess and bear arms by imposing a gun tax under the pretence of protecting game. Plain American citizens, who resent the intrusion of snobbery and class privilege into our system of government, should join in the protest.

READ, YOUNG MAN.

The sporting editor of the Detroit *Free Press* has been placed upon the free list of RECREATION indefinitely. Apparently, he is as much in need of education in the direction of the proper limit to be placed upon the sportsman's catch as any man in the United States.

In the recent issue of this famous paper, there appears a four-column reproduction of a photograph of an immense string of fish taken through the ice at Ore Lake by a number of so-called Brighton sportsmen.

It is a matter of grief and surprise that so famous a paper as the *Free Press* will publish, without condemnation, such an exhibit of wanton and selfish destruction of fish and call it "great sport." Such barbarous ideas of sport do not belong in this age and should find no place in a sheet like the *Free Press.*

OLD OFFENDER CAUGHT.

Game Warden James Halliday, of Union County, South Dakota, raided the house of Herman Becker, an old offender against the game laws, and found 419 quail and 369 prairie chickens in boxes. Becker was convicted under the State law governing the shipment of game out of season, and fined $100.

A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

I. T. Huff, a mine superintendent at Ursina, Pa., was arrested early in March on a charge of dynamiting fish. Huff alleges that he used the dynamite in an effort to clear several streams to prevent two county bridges from being carried away by the ice. This seems to be somewhat of a difficult situation for the Justice before whom the case is to be tried, especially in view of the fact that informers against violations of the fish and game laws are entitled to one-half of the fine in Pennsylvania.

A GOOD WORK.

Ernest Harold Baynes in his lectures throughout the country on "Our Last Chance to Save the Buffalo," is accomplishing a great work, his appeal for the preservation of our finest native animal accompanied by stereopticon slides showing the buffalo in all phases of its life, being extremely interesting. The National Historical Society of Boston recently passed resolutions endorsing the work, after hearing Baynes' lecture.

ALL HAIL HIS NAME.

In a letter from Mr. Charles H. Ward, of Rochester, we were delighted to discover the real *bona fide* ultra scientific name for the pot hunter. It is *Pithecanthropus erectus.*

Don't forget that name, you may want to use it and I doubt if an old-time mate on a Mississippi River boat could invent a worse one.

WORK FOR MISSISSIPPI.

E. O. Toomes, a subscriber at Jackson, Miss., calls our attention to a disgraceful slaughter of robins in his locality. Negro pot hunters have been coming into town with great strings of dead robins. In his letter, Toomes says: "The negro pot hunter is responsible for the ruthless murder of these beautiful songsters, and there should be some method to put his class of hunters entirely out of business. The laws are good enough in Mississippi if they were enforced as they should be."

We have taken action in an effort to bring the matter to the attention of Mississippi authorities and trust that all Mississippi sportsmen will co-operate with us in an effort to secure the proper administration of the laws in that State.

SHAME, ALABAMA!

Alabama is not far behind her sister State if we are to believe the following newspaper story. The whites there are just as bad as the negroes in Missisisippi.

> A jolly party of hunters, composed of County Treasurer H. C. Miller, Chief Deputy Criminal Clerk John P. Abbott, James Hamilton, W. H. Preigel, and Kirby Ward, returned recently from the vicinity of South Park, where they state that they killed 605 robins. Mr. Abbott claims to have made fifty-six succumb to his ability as a shooter without moving out of his tracks.

Truly, they are having a slaughter of the innocents in the South.

All of the members of this "jolly party" have heard from us in no uncertain terms.

A RETROGRADE STEP.

An active fight is being made in Arkansas to repeal the law prohibiting the sale of game in a number of the counties of that State. This retrograde step is being discouraged vigorously by the sportsmen in Arkansas, one of whom says, in a letter to us, "never since I was a boy have I seen duck as plentiful or in such variety as during this past fall and winter season, and why? Simply because for two winters we have been rid of pot-hunters, and the sale of ducks and geese has been prohibited. Before we had a non-sale law this city (Helena) was known as one of the best supply points, and thousands upon thousands of ducks and geese were shipped to foreign points. We have had varieties of ducks this year that had almost quit coming this way before the non-sale law was passed."

What better argument can the sportsmen of the country desire for the passage of the anti-sale laws? There seems to be slight danger that this act will be repealed.

PHEASANTS THRIVING.

Reports from Madison, Wis., indicate the fact that the pheasants released in Wisconsin some years ago are thriving, many of them having been seen in the vicinity of this city.

FREE PUBLICATION.

W. F. Scott, Fish and Game Warden of Montana, has printed the game laws of that State in a neat little pamphlet of convenient size for carrying in one's pocket. Copies can be had, free of charge, by writing Mr. Scott, at Helena.

WITHOUT PROCESS OF LAW.

A statute authorizing game wardens to seize and forfeit to the State summarily, without affording the owner thereof opportunity for a hearing, all guns, ammunition, decoys, fishing tackle, etc., in actual use by persons hunting in violation of the game law, is held, in McConnell vs. McPhillip (Neb. 65 L. R. A. 610) to be void as depriving the owner of his property without due process of law.

A GREAT GAME SUPPER.

> Bozeman, Mont.—At our meeting two weeks ago it was decided that we select two captains and they choose sides from the roster of membership, each side to go hunting wild game, the side that scored the least points to attend to preparing the supper to be had in two weeks, the game to be turned over to them. The hunt was to be between four days. Capt. Geo. Whitney and Capt. Wm. Rider were chosen to make the needed arrangements. The Royal Neighbors were to be invited, of course (but not to do any of the work). We never can have any doin's without having them in it. We also invited the Woodmen families and Woodmen sweethearts. We have about 225 members, so had a good list to choose from. The captains agreed on the points to count, and the clerk was to record the points. Tuesday night at 6 o'clock the contest closed. Soon after a Neighbor drove up and called the clerk to register two deer heads, the balance of the deer and the hunting party being in the mountains, blocked by snow from getting in. Game came in fast, and seven deer, forty-nine jack-rabbits, fourteen cottontails, one coyote wolf, and a box of fish were registered.—*Modern Woodman,* Lincoln, Neb.

These "modern woodmen" had better get a new name. "Modern" does not apply to people guilty of engaging in the brutal side hunt of our half savage ancestors.

FINE HIM FREQUENTLY.

Editor RECREATION:

The only way to stop the slaughter of game in this State is to prohibit the sale of it. See this clipping. M. A. M.

Spokane, Wash.

"BILLY" NORMAN PAYS A FINE.

W. S. Norman, manager of the Hotel Spokane, pleaded guilty in police court yesterday to having venison in his possession out of season and was fined $10 and costs. Mr. Norman claimed that the game had been killed in Idaho.

If Mr. Norman is fined frequently and often, it is safe to say that he will soon find it profitable to become law-abiding. But what of the thoughtless men who tempt hotelkeepers by offers of absurdly high prices for unlawful food? The producer and the consumer should both be punished, as is the case with the receiver of stolen goods.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"OSCILLATIONS AND CAMP KETTLES."

It will interest all sportmen to know that one of the very best woodsmen in this country is Mr. Frederick K. Vreeland, America's foremost expert in wireless telegraphy and translator and joint author of Maxwell's "Theory of Wireless Telegraphy."

The first part of this book is a translation from H. Pomcaré of Maxwell's "Theory and Hertzian Oscillations"; the second part is Mr. Vreeland's "Principles of Wireless Telegraphy," and both parts are fully illustrated by the neatly drawn diagrams of Mr. Vreeland.

I have seen Mr. Vreeland in the Rocky Mountains, fished with him in McDonald River, botanized with him in the valleys of the West, hunted with him in the forests of Maine, climbed to the top of old White Cap with him, canoed with him on Moosehead Lake, and a better all around young sportsman I have never met, a good shot, a keen observer, a practical naturalist, a botanist well known to fame and a thoroughbred sportman. I do not as yet clearly see the connection between Hertzian's oscillations and camp kettles, but it must be there. At any rate, I advise all readers of RECREATION interested in electrical theories and inventions to read Vreeland's book.—McGraw Publishing Co., New York.

"MARY'S GARDEN."

It is probably the beast man in me that made me rebel at the title of Miss Frances Duncan's book, "Mary's Garden and How It Grew." Somehow it suggested to me one of those prim little books once known among the children as Sunday School books.

They were all small books, with pasteboard covers and drivel inside, that even the most docile Sunday school scholar never willingly read. But when I opened Miss Duncan's book I immediately admitted to myself, and now do so to the public, that my first impressions were erroneous and prompted by a masculine mind, which rebelled because this delightfully instructive book was named after Mary in place of Tom, Bill or John.

The story is interestingly told and is filled with garden craft from cover to cover. It is written for children, but we all come under that head when the exact age limit is not specified and almost any one of us older children will find information of the most practical kind in "Mary's Garden" which cannot fail to be of service to us in our own gardens. The author, Miss Frances Duncan, although still a young girl, has spent some time as manager of one of the best known nurseries in the United States, and she now occupies an editorial position on "Country Calendar," but the reason she occupies space in RECREATION is because she is a clever writer, a good camper, a good shot and as plucky a girl as ever carried a gun.

MR. BROWN'S STORY.

There is a "been there" look to Mr. Belmore Brown's illustrations in this number of RECREATION and the breath of the glaciers fans our face as we read the simply told tale of adventure. However, it is not Mr. Brown the artist, nor yet Mr. Brown the writer to which we wish to call the attention of the readers of RECREATION. His pictures, drawn from sketches really made in the land of the black sheep and his story, written directly from his notes taken on the trip, speak for themselves. But to the novice in the strenuous life of adventure in new and raw countries this narrative is of priceless value, inasmuch as the carefully given details of the story supply the reader with hints of great importance to one outfitting for a similar journey, and, to the naturalist the observations of Mr. Brown on the habits of the black sheep are deeply interesting and instructive. There is perhaps but one man in all the world better informed on this subject than Belmore Brown, and that is Mr. Andrew J. Stone, the Audubon of Arctic America, the discoverer of the black sheep and for whom it is named.

Editor RECREATION:

Please tell me the proper name for the Texas jack rabbit.

Wm. Andrews.

The scientific name of the Texas jack rabbit or jack hare is Lepus Tex-i-an'us.

Editor RECREATION:

Can you give me the address of some parties who buy live wild animals, or any one who is in the market for a pair of live foxes?

Fred W. Wieland, Duluth, Minn.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

AN OPEN DOOR.

An open, free discussion of all guns and ammunition calls forth no objection from the broad-minded manufacturers of these goods. None of them fear the consequences of such a discussion, for it is safe to say that all of them are susceptible to improvement. In truth, when a gun reaches perfection, the end has come not only to guns, but to the world itself, for the law of the universe is constant progression.

It is as useless to try to stop the improvement in arms now as it was in the time when the bowmen in Lincoln Green attempted to cry down the use of firearms altogether, or as it is for the man who dearly loves his high-stepping horses to stop the advance of automobiles.

It hurts the feelings of any right-minded man to see some selfish, greedy, low-minded man shooting promiscuously into a flock of birds; but the fault is not with the gun, but with the law, which does not limit the number of birds a hunter may kill.

In the "good old times" of our Colonial forefathers, the waterfowl were so plentiful that when they took wing they made a noise like the deep-rolling thunder and our ancestors thought that the supply was inexhaustible, so they shot them in such numbers that it was customary to send their "niggers" with ox-carts to bring home the dead birds; yet this was in the days of muzzle-loaders and flintlocks!

Every free-born American claims his constitutional right, not only to carry a gun, but to carry one of his own selection, and he will do it; so it really makes no difference whether some of us approve or disapprove of the improvements in firearms, for, like the auto-boat and motor-wagons, they are here to stay; but it rests with the reader and the community to see that the game is protected by limiting the bag which can be taken in a day or season; not by attempting to prohibit the use of any particular type of gun.

Every sportsman and every patriotic American loves and reverences the long-barreled rifle of a few generations back.

But few of us know the history of its origin and evolution. Somewhere in the early part of the eighteenth century a big, awkward, clumsy rifle of Tyrolean model made its appearance in this country, probably imported from Germany.

It must have had some advantages or it would not have been used, but when one knows that the bullets were hammered into the mouth of the gun with a mallet and then forced down with an iron ramrod, one cannot help wondering what the game, or the other fellow, was doing during this laborious operation by the gunner.

That there was a call for this clumsy arm is known from the fact that somewhere about 1730 Peter Dekard made them in Philadelphia, and a man named Leman, in Lancaster, Pa. It must have been the accuracy of these rifles that created a demand for them, but whatever their merits or demerits, the guns made by these two pioneer American gunsmiths were the Adam and Eve of the American rifle family. Gradually the barrel was lengthened, the stock made lighter and of more graceful lines until the "Kaintuck" model was evolved. The patch was then introduced and was found to be a great improvement over the mallet and iron ramrod.

About 1740 a manufactory for hunting rifles was started at Charlottesville, S. C., by workmen from Leman's factory at Lancaster.

John Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy, says, in a letter to a Mr. Hewes, that his faithful overseer took "the fine *Lancaster* rifle" and joined General Morgan. "It is the best rifle in Virginia," and "could not be sighted by a steadier eye," adds Paul Jones.

All the buckskin men soon adopted this long-barreled rifle, and the double-trigger was introduced some time during the Revolutionary War. One of General Morgan's riflemen, who was also a gunsmith of the Charlottesville works, went to Harrodsburg, Ky., and made the first real Kentucky rifles.

Daniel Boone's rifle barrel was made of imported horseshoe nails.

The Revolutionary backwoodsman had no quartermaster, no commissary, no surgeon, no chaplain; but with a Dekard on his shoulder, a cow's-horn powder-flask, a skin bullet-pouch, tomahawk and hunting knife, he made a formidable foe.

While we are talking improvements it is interesting to know that in 1777 there came to America the Junior Second Major of the Seventy-first Regiment of Highlanders, Patrick Ferguson, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, Local Brigadier-General of Militia under General Cornwallis. This poor Britisher was killed early in the battle of Kings Mountain, but it is not his titles or his death which is of interest in this department of RECREATION, but the fact that Ferguson invented the breech loading rifles which were issued to the picked body of men. September 11th, in 1777, our sharp shooters met these British, and the rapidity of the fire of the red coats was even more astonishing to the Americans than the accuracy of their aim.

This is probably the first instance of breech loaders being used by regular troops in active battle.

The old red coats must have been well trained, for it seems that no one since made a success of breech loaders until the advent of metal cartridges.

BULLET IN FLIGHT.

Editor RECREATION:

In the October number of RECREATION, just to hand, I notice a query regarding the visibility of a rifle bullet while in flight. I disagree with your negative answer. My attention was called to this matter by an old army man who had had considerable experience with long range shooting in the Far West, who at the time, I thought to be imposing upon my credulity. Bearing his words in mind, however, during several shooting seasons on the New York State range at Creedmoor, I repeatedly, on very clear days, saw bullets from my 47-50 for an instant, almost as distinctly visible as a golf ball driven from a tee, though the trajectory lost them to the eye within a few yards from the muzzle. I have called several other shooters' attention to this fact while on the range, and after carefully watching each shot they fired, they admitted that I was right and bullets could sometimes be seen.

PROPER 12 GA. LOAD.

Editor RECREATION:

In answer to inquiry of Revalli, Missoula, Mont., wish to say that 34-inch barrels are not desirable as they are too long to be conveniently handled. The maximum load of black powder is 4 drams for 12 ga., and 5½ for 10 ga.; smokeless powder, 3¾ drams for 12 ga. and 4¾ for 10 ga., if you have a good gun.

W. Clemens, Fargo, N. D.

PUZZLED READER.

Editor RECREATION:

In the January number of RECREATION, "W. H.," of Pontiac, Ill., asked what brands of powder gave the best results in the 32-44 target revolver to avoid excessive fouling.

Since I use a 32-44 S. & W. target revolver myself I have anxiously watched for a reply, but have seen none.

It has occurred to me that a revolver as heavy as this one, being made, as it is, from the 44 model, should possess enough metal, if it is good, to withstand at least medium charges of the high power smokeless powder, but I have not had the courage to try it.

If it could stand it, the only objection to the arm would be overcome. I would like the opinion of Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Company, on this point.

"W. H." will greatly facilitate the cleaning process by pouring boiling water from the spout of a tea kettle, through the barrel, followed, of course, with wiping and oiling.

Do not, however, try to clean the cylinder in this manner, as water will not dry out of the extractor, and will rust and ruin the action.

As a lubricator, I have been using vaseline slightly hardened with paraffine, and dropped in the shell hot, around the edge of the ball.

E. H. A., Coudersport, Pa.

PROUD OF HIS WINCHESTER.

Editor RECREATION:

I note in a recent issue the question, "What do you think of the 38-55 Winchester rifle for big game?" I am the owner of a large tract of land in Georgetown County, South Carolina, a combination of game preserve and cattle range. The cattle feed the year round, are practically wild, and are shot and dressed in the woods when wanted. For the last few years I have used the 38-55 C. F. W. rifle for the purpose of killing these beeves, and they are as wild and as tenacious of life as possible, and my rifle has never failed to drop the largest beef on the spot unless my bullet was badly placed. Of course, all beeves are shot in the head, but the 38-35 Winchester will do the work properly any distance under 400 or 500 yards. I have not tried one over that distance, and most of my shooting is done at much shorter range, usually about 150 to 200 yards. At that range I can kill the largest beef in his tracks. I also not the question by "Revalli:" "Are 34-inch barrels desirable?" I suppose he means on a double barrel shot gun. In my fourteen years of duck and bird shooting on my preserve I have tried various lengths of gun barrels. There is no question that the long barrels will shoot farther, but there is the additional weight, and each inch on the end of a gun barrel may be compared with the old saying in shoeing a horse, "An ounce at the toe means a pound at the withers."

I prefer the 32-inch to any. There is a vast difference between the 30 and 32-inch barrel, but not so much between the 32 and 34-inch. The 32-inch, in my opinion, is the happy medium.

Wm. Lownder, Cat Island, South Carolina.

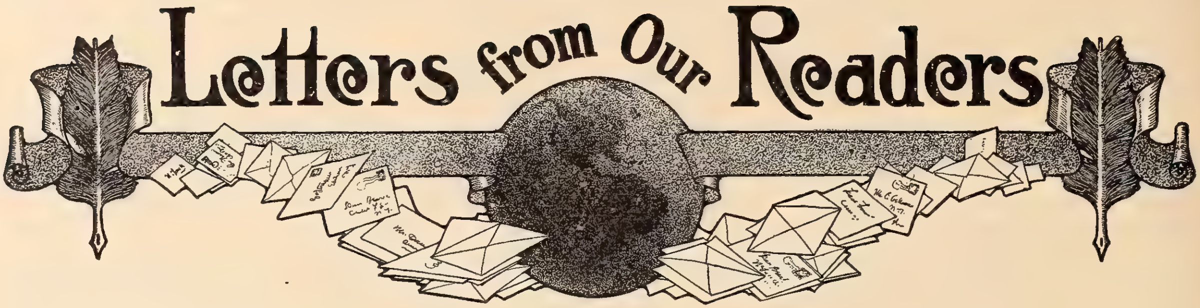
HARD WADDING.

Editor RECREATION:

Will some of your readers answer these questions? What is hard wadding? Does it injure a choke bore gun? I have been using in my gun one ⅛ inch Eley wad, one ⅜ inch hard felt, and one card wad, on top of powder. Would this be called hard wadding? Wadding in the above way I use 3¼ drams black powder and 1 ounce of shot. The load gives splendid results, but will it injure my gun? I don't want to shoot it if it does that.

Can some one tell me what causes a hard sealing-waxlike substance to form on inside of barrel about an inch from the end, and at the end of the chamber when using black powder?

Arthur L. Phelps, Lindsay, Ontario.



Letters from Our Readers

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Editor Recreation:

I believe the Game Protective Association is on the wrong track—the conditions are about this: While the West and East are protected, the Central and Southern States are slaughtering the ducks and geese by the car loads. Over 300,000 birds were marked in Louisiana and Texas in less than two months, and nearly as many in several other States. A number of professional game hunters from this point have moved to the South, and report a great business. These hunters often killed a wagon load of ducks in a day. Seven geese at two shots, and fourteen ducks are actual records. Stop the sale of game in the South and get rid of the crows, skunks and minks and complete the work. I believe the crows and other vermin of our Northern States destroy more eggs and young game than the hunters.

A friend of mine protected a small tract of cut-over land from all hunting, and expected a great increase in game, especially quail, pheasant and rabbits. After three years we examined and found it was cleaned out, not even its rabbits were increasing. In looking for a cause I found tracks of vermin, and when we had a burrow dug out, one pit contained twelve female skunks and one male. There were many more such burrows.

C. J. Gibbs.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Editor Recreation:

In your November number I see an article on "Must the Quail Go Too?" by Max Pattison. Here is something that may interest many readers.

In the fall of 1903, the Wisconsin overflowed its banks to such an extent that much damage was done to the property of people living near. Before the water fell the ducks were coming down and a fellow had about as much chance of getting one as he had of finding a needle in a hay stack.

About this time I took the boat, and getting on a good point, waited the evening flight, not expecting to get any, but to see what was really in the air.

I sat there possibly an hour when a large flock of quail flew across the slough and lit in some thick timber a few rods behind me. They spread considerable and soon were busy calling to each other. I noticed that some were answering from the other bank, but didn't think much of it. Within a short time I heard something go "plump" and a flutter, but soon all was still. I turned round quickly expecting some kind of a duck to make its appearance, but I heard nothing more for some time, when "plump" I heard the same thing in another direction. I heard this a few times and thought it about time to investigate, but it was growing dark. I couldn't see very well and the boat wouldn't go in among the thick growth of trees, so I started home.

I passed under the trees, where I had heard the quail, and hadn't taken ten paces when something fell within a few feet of me. I walked over, and examining the leaves, found a quail which had fallen from the branches. It seemed numb, but the weather wasn't cold, so I placed it into the limb above me and started on, when I heard another fall from a neighboring tree. I lit a match to see if it was disabled, and as soon as the light struck it, away she flew.

I found four within 15 minutes. Now could someone tell what was the matter with those birds? I know that the fluttering in the water on the other side was nothing other than quail falling from the trees. All the old hunters around here know of no similar circumstance. I'd be thankful to hear from someone that can answer this.

Louis Neuhersil, Spring Green, Wis.

A most interesting experience. Can any of our readers offer an explanation?—Editor.

TANNING HIDES.

Editor Recreation:

I go out hunting quite often and like to keep the skins and hides as trophies of the day, and if you will, please print in Recreation a good process of tanning the hides at home.

L. P. Schultze, Pomona, Cal.

I asked Mr. Nicol, of Lake Chelan, Wash., how he prepared skins, and he replied as follows:

"Put the dry skin in water to soak, leave it until the hair pulls out easily. Take it out of the water and lay it over a smooth peeled log. Take a grainery knife (if you have not a grainery knife a horse rib will do, in fact, it is better), use it as a draw knife, only push from you instead of pulling. In taking off the hair you take the grain off the hide at the same time. If you do not do so the finished hide will look as if it had been varnished. Turn your hide (deer hide, I mean), and work the flesh side smooth. Take bacon grease, bear or marmot oil will do as well, and saturate the hide thoroughly. Roll it up and lay it away until dry. When dry, you are ready to do the real work. Take the dry hide and wash out all the grease in luke warm water, using soap. If you have no soap make it from leach ashes and oil with deer tallow or any kind of fat. Having washed the skins so that no grease remains, wring the hide dry. Begin to work the hide by pulling first one way and then the other direction, continuing the operation until perfectly dry. Should there be hard spots in the hide after drying, it will be necessary to wet these places and pull them until soft and dry. When properly done, the skin is almost white and has a velvety feeling. To prevent it getting hard when exposed to moisture, it is necessary to smoke it, which may be done by an open fire."

Mr. Nicol is an old-time trapper and knows his business. The way to keep the pelt is to take one part alum, two parts saltpetre and mash them together, as fine as possible, lay the skin fur side down on the ground while it is still undried and apply your alum and saltpetre mixture, using care to do it evenly and to skip no part. Use enough of the mixture to thoroughly wet the surface of the hide as the stuff dissolves. Double the skin up so that the flesh side touches only the flesh side, and then roll it up closely and put in a place where it will remain cool, but where the frost will not touch it.

Leave it for several days until it becomes almost dry, then unroll the skin and with a dull table knife remove all particles of fat or flesh which may be sticking to the skin. Now rub the hide until it becomes soft and pliable.

POOR WILLIAM.

Editor Recreation:

I enclose you a little clipping which I thought perhaps would interest you. I would like to see William get a good roast.

Frank S. Dunham, Warren, Pa.

MONUMENT TO A PHEASANT.

Special Cable to *The Philadelphia Press* and New York *World*.

(Copyright, 1905, Press Publishing Co.)

Berlin, Jan. 28.—The spot where Emperor William has killed his fifty-thousandth pheasant has been marked by a beautiful monument in the shape of a pyramid of red granite. It has been erected on the property of Count Tschirschsky-Renard, whose guest the Emperor was at the time. Since then the German Emperor has increased his bag by several thousands, and it is expected that another monument will soon mark the place where his one hundred-thousandth pheasant will meet its death.

Emperor William can not be judged by the common standard of a man. It is only charitable to remember that he has had the great misfortune to have been brought up under disadvantageous conditions with environment of a most unnatural and pernicious nature. He has since babyhood been taught that to slaughter is kingly, and that to be kingly is to be divine.

It is well not to be too hard on the strenuous Emperor, for he has many good qualities in spite of his unfortunate education. The writer of the above letter must remember that the pheasants killed are practically domestic fowls and that William belongs to medieval times. Our own distant ancestors took the same savage pride in ruthless slaughter.

But a free born man of this country who should be tempted to emulate the example of this dime novel ruler deserves a lasting abode behind iron bars.

ANOTHER PAPER JOINS OUR RANKS

We offer our hand of fellowship to *The Sportsman*, of St. Louis, in its fight against the ruthless slaughter of game, and only wish that all similar papers would join our ranks. A photograph of two men and a dog posing in front of a string of over a hundred water fowl, reproduced by *The Sportsman*, shows that even in this enlightened country there are men to be found who take the same pride in reckless slaughter as the poor benighted Emperor of Germany.

Our earnest correspondent, Dr. Stephen H. Rogan, truly says: "If this is to be continued game will soon become extinct." We join with the doctor in extending our sympathy to the dog, and are grateful to our correspondent for his enthusiastic cry of "Long Live Recreation!"

A CAPTAIN BOLD.

Editor Recreation:

What do you think of this for a kind-hearted reception? I. M. Bailey.

WILD DUCK BARNYARD FOWL.

So thick is the ice in Long Island Sound that wild ducks are starving by hundreds. The feeding grounds for wild fowl have been frozen for months and the ducks have been forced to stay in the small open places in the center of the Sound, where the water is so deep that they can not feed.

The highly-prized mallard and black duck, shelldrake and whistler come up to the shore and even into the barnyards in quest of food. Capt. George Overton found a large flock of wild ducks feeding near his home, and knocked ten over with a club before they left. Capt. Frank Lassen, of Smith's Island, says wild ducks eat all the feed of his chickens at night.—*New York World.*

If the newspaper item is true, the captain acted like a small boy, and a very bad small boy at that. He should hear Homer Davenport tell the pathetic history about the little widow wooduck. But it may be that the captain is devoid of sentiment, in which case some one should show him what a great advantage in a money way the presence of the ducks would be to him. It would also be well if the game warden attended to his official duties and made the ducks cost the captain sufficient to teach him that it is much cheaper to live as a law abiding citizen.

LIKES HIS THREE BARRELS.

Editor RECREATION:

I have had a large experience with guns of all the best known makes from 8 to 16 gauge. I now have a pair of hammerless Daly three-barrel guns, 16 ga. shot and 32-40 rifle barrel, and a Sauer & Son hammerless double-barrel, 12 ga., weighing 5 pounds 15 ounces. The three-barrel guns weigh, with 26 and 27½-inch barrels, 6 pounds 10 ounces, and 7 pounds 2 ounces. For bird shooting in the bush the light weight 12 ga. is simply perfection, but if I could have but one gun or was living out West, where the chance for a good rifle shot does not come often, I would not use the best double gun ever made if it was given to me. I still use the light 12 ga. because, out in the brush with a dog I never get a chance for a rifle shot, and, because it is so light and handy. One thing surprises me—that I shoot better with the 16 ga. than with the larger gauges. Whether after grouse or ducks I seldom, if ever, make a cripple with the 16 ga., and am killing the birds just as far as I ever did when using 12, 10 and 8 ga. guns. While nobody can possibly deny that the larger bore guns have a little more power, they cannot, in my estimation, be aimed as well as a small bore with a much narrower breach, and especially three barrels, with a high flat rib, and is aimed as good as a single barrel gun. I would never advise anybody to get a bigger gun than a 12 gauge, and, if for all-around use, never longer than 28-inch barrels, because so little, if anything at all, is gained by having the barrels longer. If a man wants a medium or low-priced gun I advise an American make, either 12 or 16 ga., with 28-inch barrels; the 12 to weigh 6½-7, and the 16, 6-6½ pounds. They will serve the all around purpose the best. Never buy a very low-priced Belgian gun; rather not hunt at all than use such a gun. In my opinion, the best all around gun is unquestionably the three-barrel, as it is not heavier than a double gun and you have got everything with you. I would not trade one for the best dozen double guns if I could not buy another one. There are two makes for sale here, the Daly, made by Sauer & Son, the German makers, and the Hollenbeck, made in this country. The guns made by Sauer & Son are unsurpassed, and are probably the best made foreign guns for sale in America. The Hollenbeck three-barrel I have never used, as it was not made at the time I bought mine, but it is a very nicely finished and well-balanced gun, and ought to have a good sale here. There is not much difference between the standard American makes. They are all first-class shooters. There is no secret in gun barrel boring, and it is really amusing to read about the wonderful shooting that is done. Such long kills are purely accidental, and those that report them do not tell how many times they have made cripples at those long distances. Forty yards is about the limit of range at which a duck can be killed absolutely sure with a good shooting gun, while shooting at them sixty and even seventy yards off is not sportsmanlike at all, no matter what the gauge of the gun may be. Nine birds out of ten will fly away apparently unhurt and dying afterwards in misery. The proper way is not to shoot at a greater distance than forty yards. It is then either a kill or a miss.

J. M. Spenkoch, Windsor Locks, Conn.

"OUGHT TO BE JAILED."

Governor Goode, Charles Town, shot a gray eagle which measured 7 feet 5 inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, and weighed 20 pounds. —*The Daily Mail,* Hagerstown, Md.

We take off our editorial hat to the *Daily Mail,* of Hagerstown. It has the manly old-time American courage of its convictions.

THE MARKSMAN.

BY W. M. DERBY, JR.

He was death upon mallards and pintail,
He could kill them both left and right,
He could wind up a corkscrewing wood duck,
Or smash a teal clear out of sight.
While his execution was brilliant,
The best shots I've seen him make,
Were at six o'clock in the morning,
On an incoming buckwheat cake.

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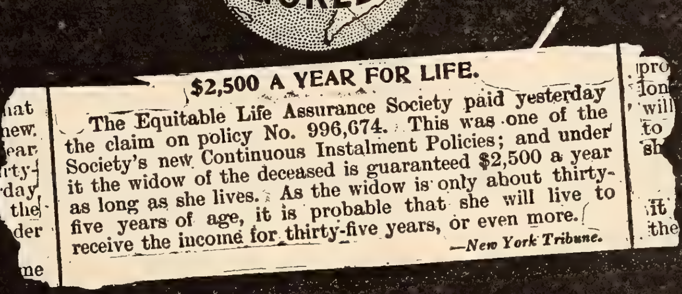

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—*New York Tribune.*

The assured under the above mentioned policy had only paid $7240 in premiums. In return for this amount, the Equitable must pay $50,000, and may pay $100,000 or even more.

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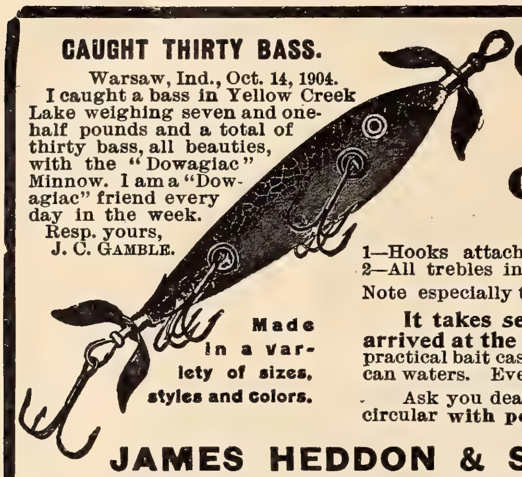

CAUGHT THIRTY BASS.

Warsaw, Ind., Oct. 14, 1904.
I caught a bass in Yellow Creek Lake weighing seven and one-half pounds and a total of thirty bass, all beauties, with the "Dowagiac" Minnow. I am a "Dowagiac" friend every day in the week.
Resp. yours,
J. C. Gamble.

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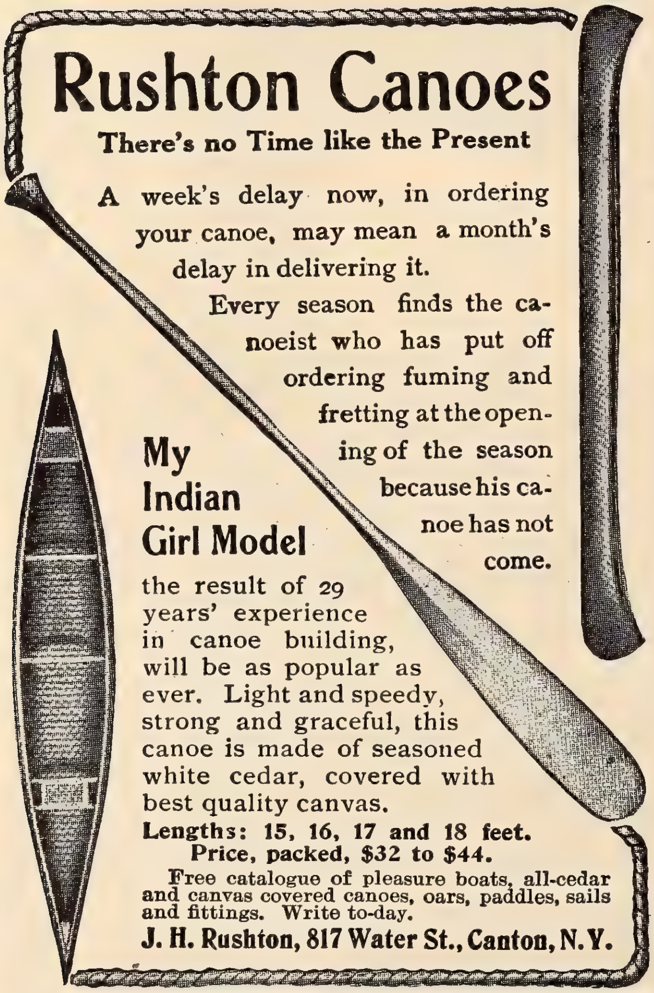

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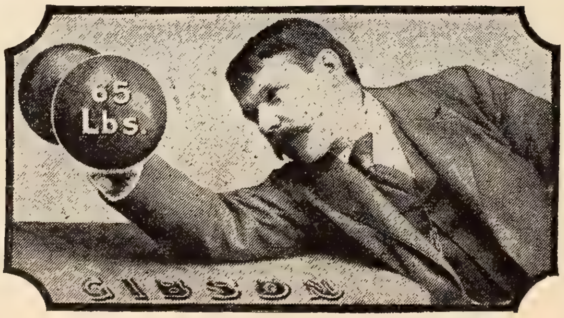

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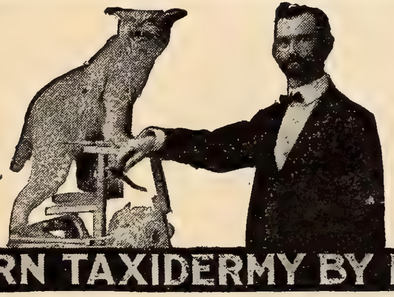

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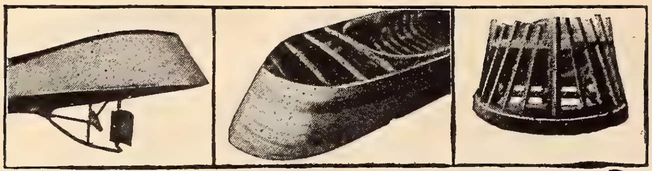

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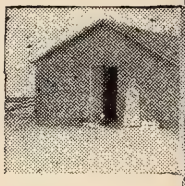

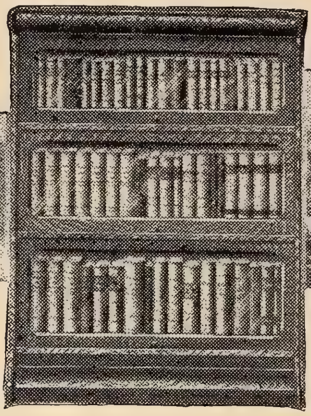

Fit the **Cottage** or the **Mansion**

and are a convenience in either. A single section starts your library. Superior to all others in appearance and service. Has handsomely panelled ends. No iron bands to mar its beauty. Too securely built to require them.

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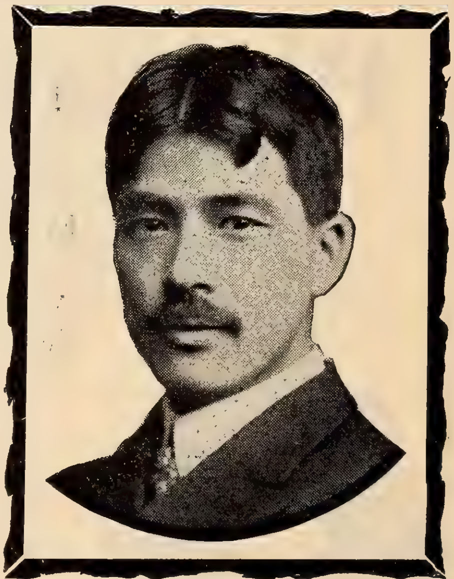
Your Last Chance To Learn Jiu-Jitsu FREE

If you do not already know that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day I invite you to write for my **FREE LESSON** and demonstrate this to your own satisfaction. But you must act promptly as this offer will shortly be withdrawn.

It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. Surely a system of physical training which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest YOU. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defense it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.



Jealously Guarded Secrets Revealed

I have just written an intensely interesting book which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu, in a manner which will never be approached by any American writer. So long as the edition lasts, this book, together with my first lesson in Jiu-Jitsu, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated and teaches one of the most effective methods known for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

If you desire to learn all the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science write me and you will receive the book and specimen lesson by return mail, postage paid. Address,

Yae Kichi Yabe, 104V, Realty Building, Rochester, N. Y.

WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING

In the spring the rifleman's fancy naturally turns to thoughts of shooting, and to hardening up the "holding" muscles softened by long winter's enforced disuse. To him the wily woodchuck is quarry worthy of his skill. Riflemen differ as to what cartridge is best adapted to "chucking," but all agree that the rifle for this as for all kinds of hunting is the time-tried Winchester. No matter what your preference may be, some one of the nine different Winchester models, representing every desirable caliber from .22 to .50, will suit you, for they are made in all styles and weights. The longer you use a Winchester the better satisfied you will be that it is the most effective and reliable make of rifle on the market to-day. If you want satisfactory results, always use Winchester guns for all your shooting and Winchester make of ammunition for all your guns.

FREE: Our large illustrated catalogue.

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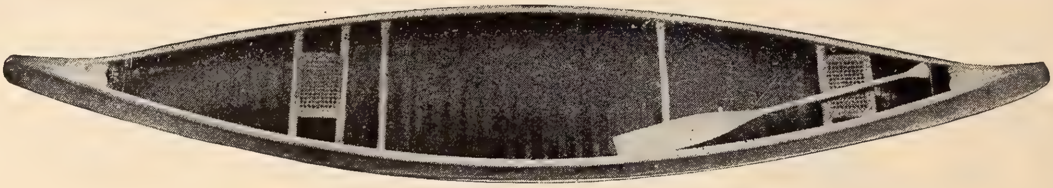
Racine Boat Manufacturing Company

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

OUR Turbine Motor Hunting boat, as shown above, is 16 feet long, draws loaded only 10 inches of water, is fitted with our 3 H. P. motor and *under-water* exhaust. No springs, no valves; no *clicks*—as noiseless as a Row Boat. Speed 6 miles per hour. Operation and satisfaction guaranteed for $275. Cheaper ones if you want them.



Our Canvas Cedar Paddling Canoe, as shown above, is 14 feet long, will carry four in a pinch and is built for service. A comfortable and easy paddler. Price, F. O. B., $30—no extras.

Our 15-foot Fishing Motor Boat is the "Limit." Has 4 foot beam, draws 12 inches, speed 6 miles per hour, seats four to five, will carry 1,000 lbs. 1 H. P. motor, operation guaranteed. Built of Cedar, natural finish, brass trimmed, a good troller, a good guide to the fishing grounds and a sure returner. We have them in stock at our various warehouses—price $165. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Our Still Hunter, as shown, 11½ feet long, 36 inches wide, built of White Cedar, will carry 600 lbs., weight only 80 lbs. Ample room under decks for decoys. Light weight, light draught, very stiff, very still and very cheap. Price, complete with paddle, $20, F. O. B.

Send 10c. for our 64-page catalog describing the others, and we will tell you the address of our nearest showrooms. If you haven't the stamps handy drop a postal.

Address; Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., (Riverside) Muskegon, Mich.

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Book on FIREARMS—Free

We want every out-door man or boy to know all about the famous **STEVENS** Rifles, Pistols and Shotguns. We therefore have compiled a valuable 140-page illustrated book, telling not only all about STEVENS arms, but containing useful and interesting information on hunting, shooting, sights, ammunition, how to handle and care for firearms, etc. This we will send you FREE for four cents in stamps for postage.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE STEVENS.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
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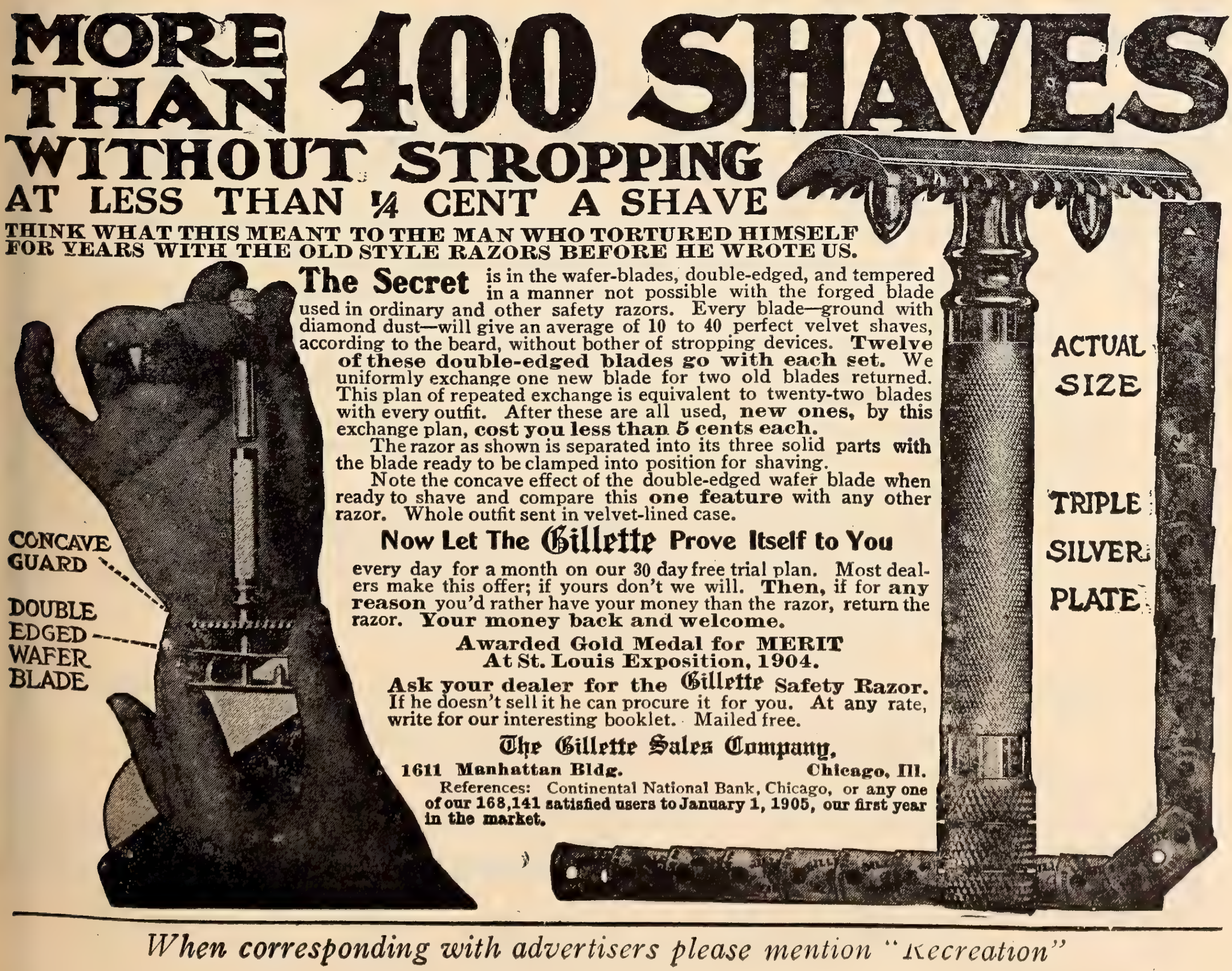


MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

AT LESS THAN ¼ CENT A SHAVE

THINK WHAT THIS MEANT TO THE MAN WHO TORTURED HIMSELF FOR YEARS WITH THE OLD STYLE RAZORS BEFORE HE WROTE US.

The Secret is in the wafer-blades, double-edged, and tempered in a manner not possible with the forged blade used in ordinary and other safety razors. Every blade—ground with diamond dust—will give an average of 10 to 40 perfect velvet shaves, according to the beard, without bother of stropping devices. **Twelve of these double-edged blades go with each set.** We uniformly exchange one new blade for two old blades returned. This plan of repeated exchange is equivalent to twenty-two blades with every outfit. After these are all used, **new ones,** by this exchange plan, **cost you less than 5 cents each.**

The razor as shown is separated into its three solid parts with the blade ready to be clamped into position for shaving.

Note the concave effect of the double-edged wafer blade when ready to shave and compare this **one feature** with any other razor. Whole outfit sent in velvet-lined case.

Now Let The Gillette Prove Itself to You

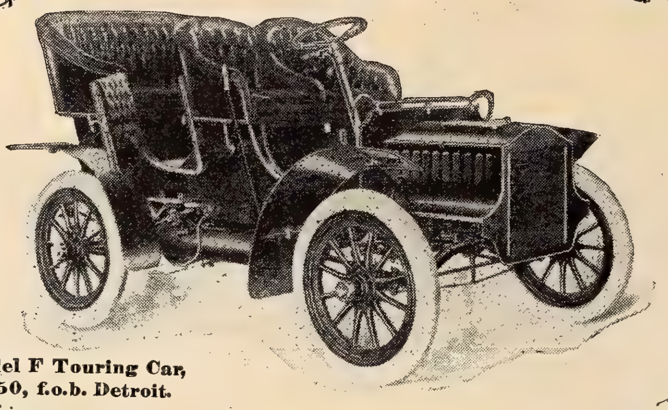
every day for a month on our 30 day free trial plan. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't we will. **Then,** if for any **reason** you'd rather have your money than the razor, return the razor. **Your money back and welcome.**

Awarded Gold Medal for MERIT
At St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. If he doesn't sell it he can procure it for you. At any rate, write for our interesting booklet. Mailed free.

The Gillette Sales Company,
1611 Manhattan Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

References: Continental National Bank, Chicago, or any one **of our 168,141 satisfied users to January 1, 1905, our first year in the market.**



Model F Touring Car, $950, f.o.b. Detroit.

HOW DOLLARS ARE SAVED WITH A CADILLAC

Among all automobiles the Cadillac stands pre-eminent for its low cost of maintenance. Simple, durable, common-sense construction makes it truly the "Car of Economy."

Because of simplicity of power-development and efficiency of transmission there is practically no energy lost in the Cadillac—a feature which alone reduces by a big percentage the cost of fuel, lubrication, etc.

The Cadillac mechanism is designed with a view to making it virtually *trouble-proof,* with the result that the liability of damaging the motor or its connections through a mistake in manipulation is reduced to a minimum. Absolute control at all times and under all conditions is maintained more easily—*with fewer things to think of*—in the Cadillac than in any other machine. This means that the Cadillac is the safest, the most reliable and most easily operated of all motor cars. The new medium-power touring car shown above is in every detail a notable example of art and skill in automobile building. The many features of beauty, efficiency and appointment which characterize it are found also in the other Cadillac models.

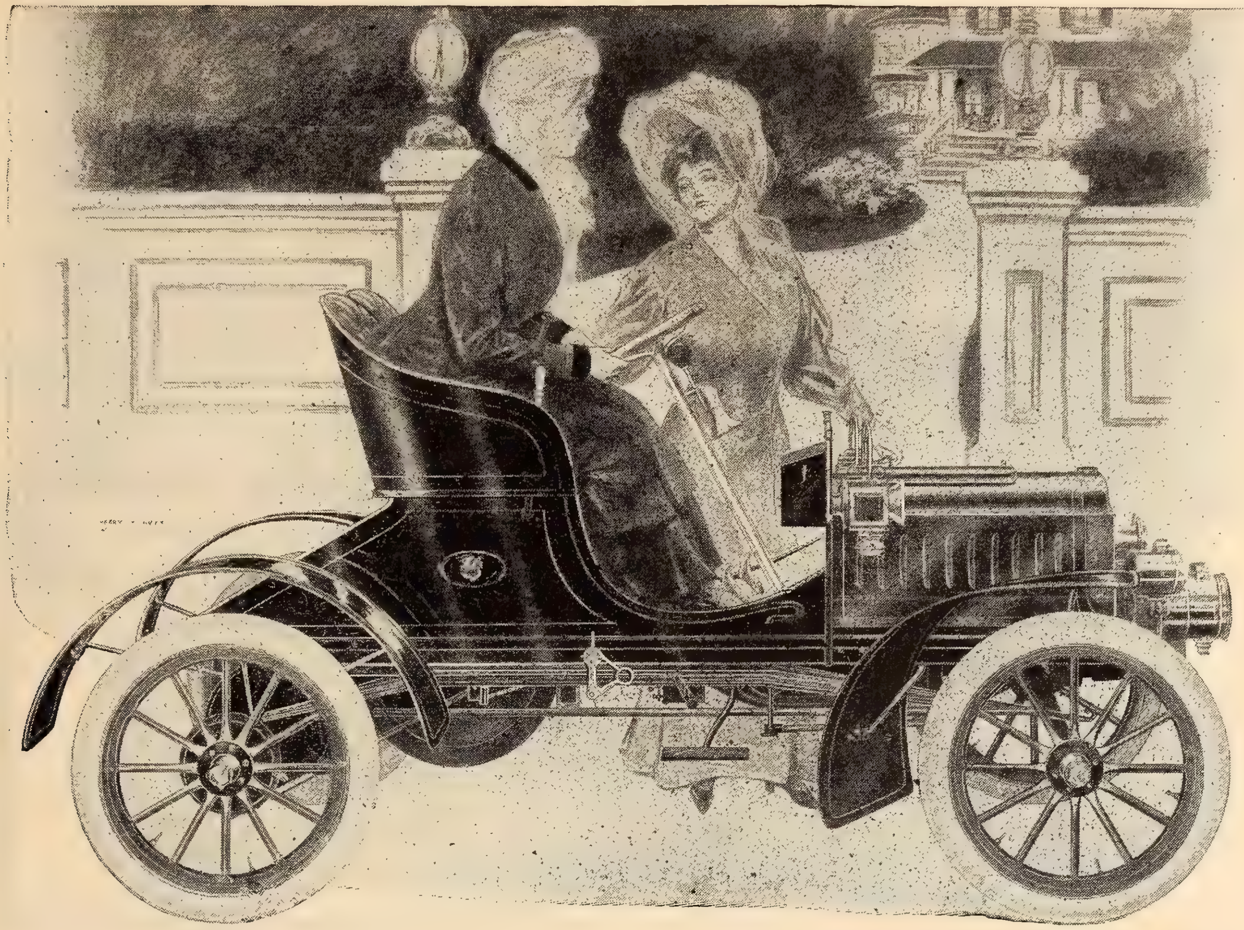
Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, $950.
Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, $900.
Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, $750.
Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,800.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog K and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Makes everyone your neighbor—the

OLDSMOBILE

has endeared itself to the feminine heart just as it has established itself in the business world, by the universality of its merit. Its ease of control and freedom from getting out of order make every woman its friend. John Lothrop Motley said, "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries"—the *Oldsmobile* is both.

Our line of light cars is the most complete ever built. Satisfactory to your ideas of style, your requirements for comfort, and to your pocketbook.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout,	**$650**	**Oldsmobile Touring Car, . .**	**$1400**
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Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car,	**$950**	**Oldsmobile Heavy Delivery Car,**	**$2000**

All prices f. o. b. factory.

Detailed specifications of any of these cars sent on request.

Send 10c. for six months' trial subscription to Motor Talk, a magazine devoted to automobile interests. Address Dept. 83

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Drawing by Henry Hutt.
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The Handy Autocar Runabout

Its remarkable ease of control and the limited space in which it can be turned and handled, together with its lightness and power, make the Autocar Runabout the ideal car for use in crowded streets, for short quick trips in city or country, and for all other two-passenger work.

Owners of large four or five-passenger cars find it economy to keep an Autocar Runabout to save wear and tear on their big cars when only two passengers are to be carried.

The Autocar Runabout is positively the best runabout built. It has a 10-horse power, two cylinder horizontal opposed motor; the motor is located under the hood in front, where it is instantly accessible; it has shaft and gear drive; three forward speeds and reverse.

New catalogue descriptive of Runabout (Type X), $900; Type VIII. Rear Entrance Tonneau, $1400, and Type XI, Four-Cylinder, Side Entrance Tonneau, $2000, and dealer's name sent on request.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

After Shaving

Bathe the face with Pond's Extract. Prevents soreness and roughness, allays inflammation, checks bleeding and prepares the face for the next day's shave. For the toilet nothing equals

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Old Family Doctor."

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Accept no Substitute

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The General Family Remedy
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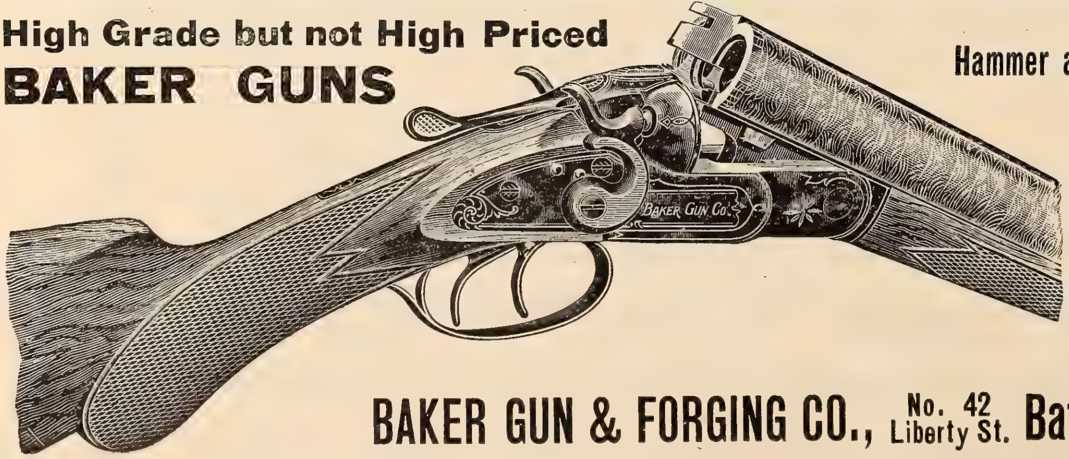
High Grade but not High Priced

BAKER GUNS


BAKER GUN CO.

Hammer and Hammerless

Built for Hard Service and to last a lifetime

Send for free Quarterly and 1905 Booklet fully describing all grades and prices.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO., No. 42 Liberty St. Batavia, N. Y.

SAVAGE SATISFACTION

—is a well known saying now-a-days. **Savage Satisfaction** had its origin in the superiority of Savage rifles over all other makes; and SAVAGE SATISFACTION continues because that superiority is rigidly maintained. You can bring down the game oftener with a Savage Rifle than with any other.

You ought to have a **Little Savage Hammerless Repeater**

Because It has a *Box Magazine*—practically always loaded.
It is *Hammerless*—that means perfectly safe.
It is *accurate*—for the bore is mechanically perfect.
It is *well-made*—Savage workmanship is the best.

When it comes to Rifles, you'll find the SAVAGE different.

**"No savage beast would dare to trifle
With a man with a Savage Rifle."**

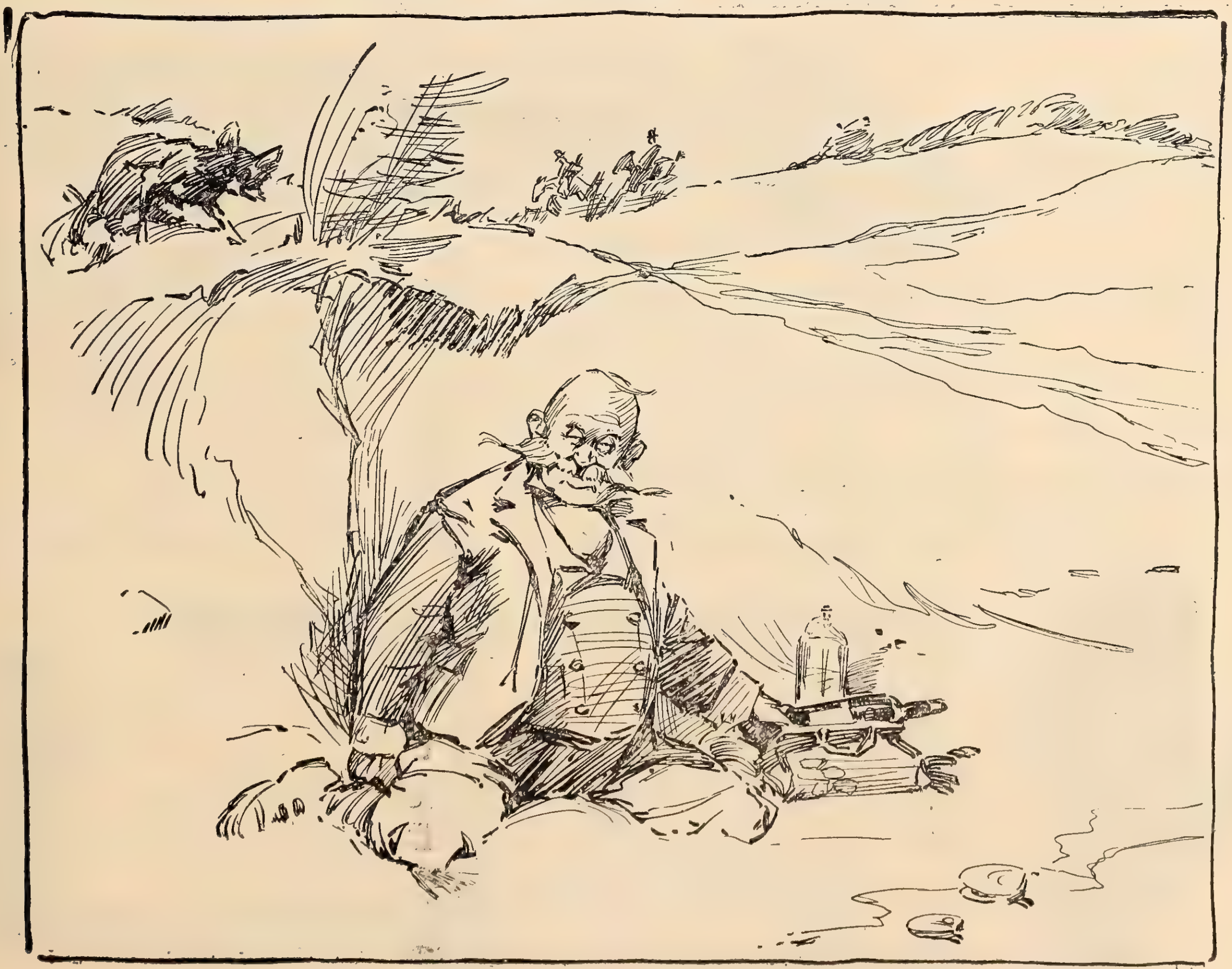
If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.

59 Turner Street - - UTICA, N. Y., U. S. A.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE

COL. BOOZE TAKES A VACATION.



I. Nothing like the fresh country air for true enjoyment. Flowers blooming, cow-bells tinkling . . .

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsman's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Absolutely waterproof and looks well and feels comfortable in fair weather. Made of cloth treated without rubber or paraffine. More economical than rubber—wears three times as long. Can be folded and packed and always remains soft and pliable. Patent bellows under the arm of the coat allows free movement with rod or gun. Well tailored and trimmed.

Samples of material and booklet free.

Order from your dealer or send us your breast measure for coat—waist and inseam measure for trousers, and we will express them, charges prepaid. Colors—Light Tan or Dead Grass Green.

Men's Coats, $5.00. Trousers, $3.00. Hat, $1.00. Cartridge or Business Vests, Corduroy Coats and Jackets, Ladies' "Duxbak" Coats and Skirts.

Special discount to dealers.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
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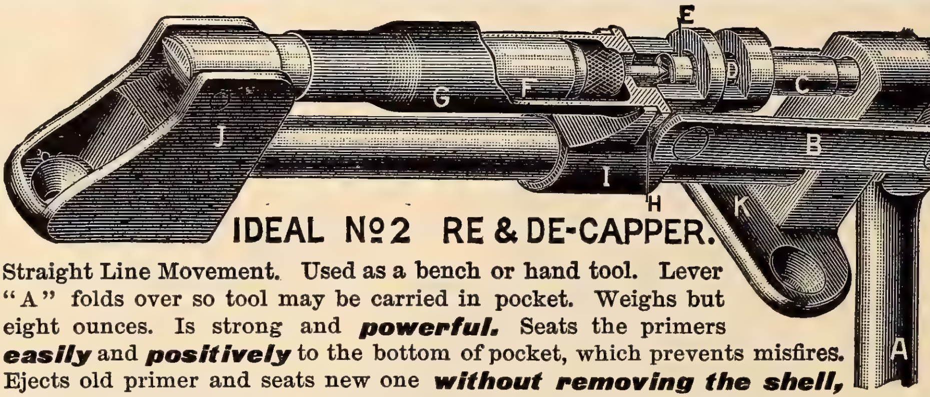
Ideal No. 2
Re & De-capper

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co.
San Francisco, Cal.
Agents for Pacific Coast



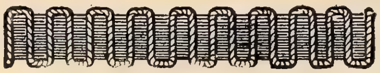
IDEAL No2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

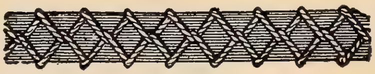
Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

THE REASON THE LUTHER HAND-MADE GLOVE WILL NOT RIP



Machine sewing cuts itself



Hand sewing cannot

A Practical Hunting and Driving Glove

Made for practical, comfortable, durability. No oil. No Odor. No Animal Glue. Practically seamless. Cannot Rip. Unaffected by moisture of any kind. If soiled, may be washed with soap and hot water, without injury. The Luther Fastener is adjustable, fits any wrist and cannot get out of order. Illustrated booklet, samples and self-measurement rule on application

No. 308 DRIVING GLOVE, postpaid anywhere $1.50, Made to measure, $2.
No. 320 GAUNTLET, " " 2.50, " " 3.

If you prefer to buy through your dealer send us his name.

J. P. LUTHER GLOVE COMPANY, 536 Pearl Street, BERLIN, WISCONSIN

Will Your Razor Do This?

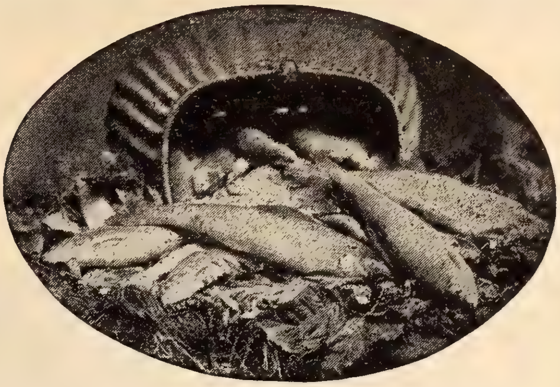
A well-sharpened razor should cut a hair held between finger and thumb and do it *at a touch*. Will yours? If not you need a Torrey Strop. A razor cannot be kept in the best of condition without the best strop, and the best strop is a Torrey Strop. No other strop has its wonderful sharpening qualities. Torrey Strops are made and guaranteed by the oldest and most experienced strop makers. They are made of the finest materials and made by a process known only to the Torrey makers.

TORREY STROPS

are made in all styles. Popular prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue of Torrey Strops, containing valuable information for those who shave, sent free.

J. R. TORREY & CO.
P.O. Box 44, Worcester, Mass.



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are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge your selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "R".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
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If interested in

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don't fail to write for circulars, of the best 20 ft. 5 H. P. launch on the market. Price $300.00 and up. Also knocked down frames for parties who desire to build their own boats.

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Rockford Illinois

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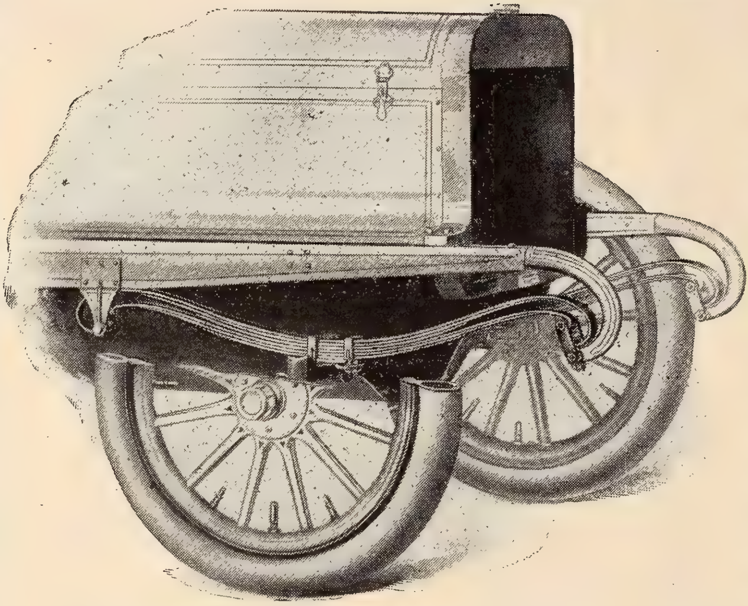
Why Winton Twin-Springs save Tires



A PNEUMATIC TIRE is just a sensitive Spring.

Its compressed air cushion responds to a thousand minor vibrations that never reach the Steel Carriage Springs.

And every vibration is a Bounce, in miniature.

There are just so many Bounces in the life of any Pneumatic Tire.

You may therefore figure Tire-cost at so much per bounce.

And, that cost is tremendously high when compared with the cost, per bounce, of Spring Steel.

But, the regular steel springs on Motor-Cars are too stiff to do the work of Pneumatic Tires.

Because, these steel springs must be made strong enough to receive the hardest shocks, with the heaviest loads.

Thus they cannot be made light enough—sensitive enough—to relieve the Tires of the million minor bounces per hour.

And so, the Pneumatic Tires must do 90 per cent of the springing.

That's why they wear out, and are such an expensive item in the year's running.

That's why the Twin-Springs of the "1905 Winton" were invented and patented.

Because, each of the four Winton Springs is really two springs in one, or eight springs on each carriage.

Note (in picture) that the car-body, and the Motor, ride (in the Winton) on the thin steel of the upper springs.

These upper springs are so sensitive that they respond even quicker than the Tires to slight vibrations, and minor shocks.

They thus do most of the "spring" work before the Pneumatic Tires can do it. In this way they relieve the Tires of about two-thirds the Bouncing that wears them out.

Figure that out in dollars and cents and you'll see its importance.

But, these sensitive springs would be impracticable on a car without the Winton auxiliary springs, which are shackled beneath them for emergency work.

When running over rough roads, or with heavy loads, the sensitive upper springs receive the support of the lower springs every time the Car bounces over a railway track, or over a "thank-ye-mum."

These auxiliary springs then come into action only when needed, relieving the Tires of their severest work and their most destructive strain.

Consider what these Winton Twin-Springs mean to the life of the Motor, as well as to the wear of the Tires.

Consider the double comfort they give in riding over average country roads.

Consider the greater speed you can drive a Winton at, when you know that the Motor, Tires and Passengers are insured against jar, by these compensating springs.

No other Car can use these Twin-Springs. Because, they are an exclusive and patented Winton feature.

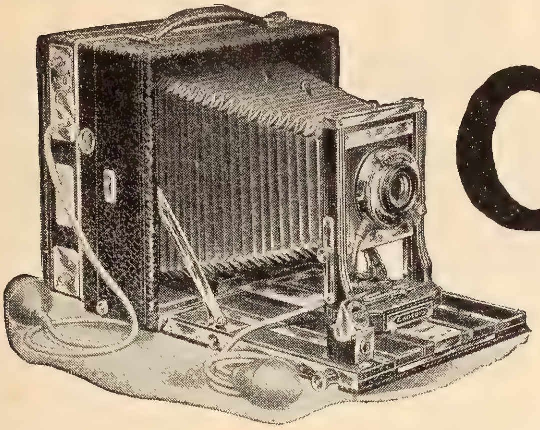
There are seven other features as exclusive as these sensitive springs, in "The Winton of 1905."

Drop us a line today and let us tell you about them.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
Dept. A Cleveland, Ohio

The ·WINTON·

16-20 H. P.	$1,800
24-30 H. P.	$2,500
24-30 H. P.	$3,500
40-50 H. P.	$3,500
40-50 H. P.	$4,500



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Secured by

Century Cameras

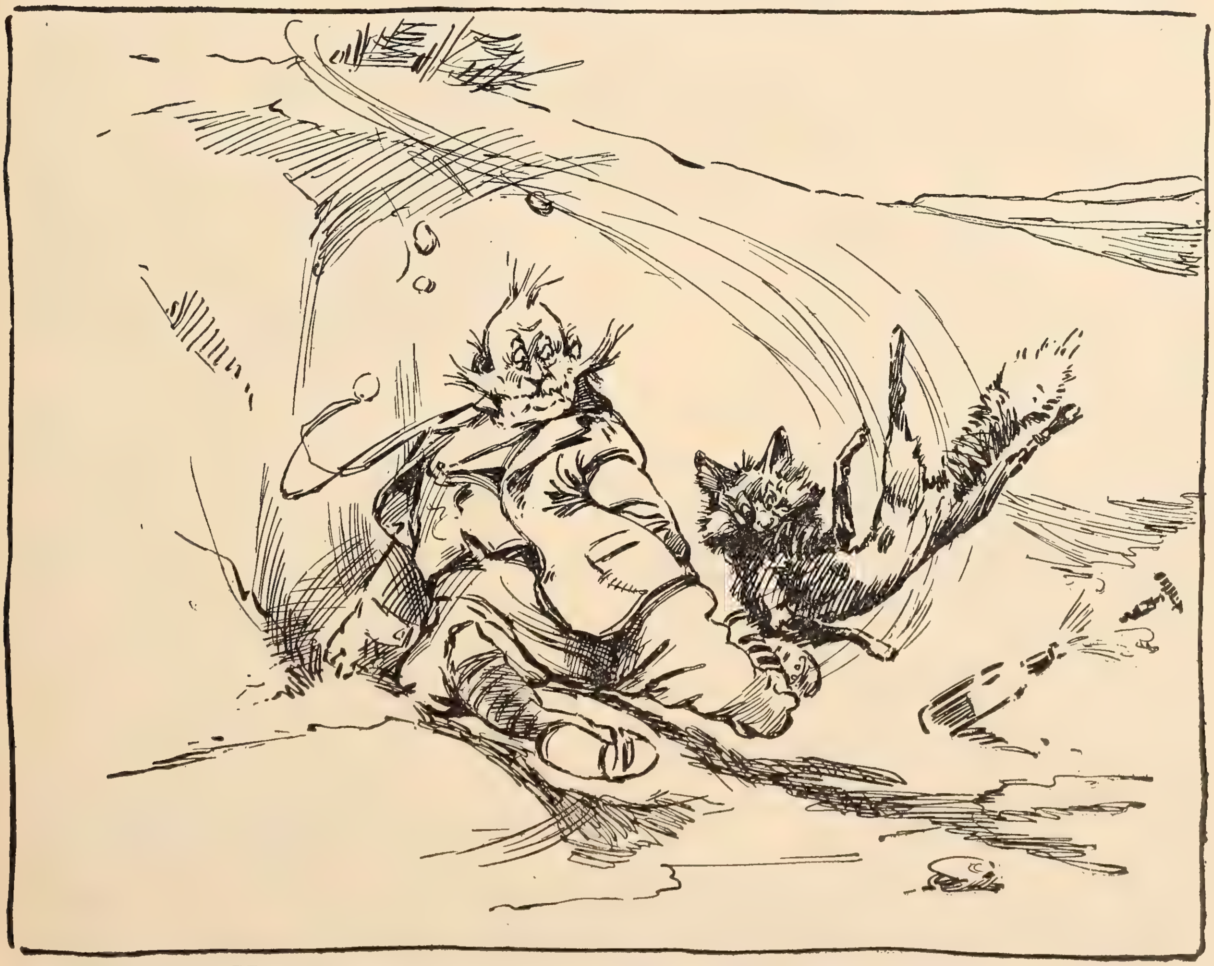
is stronger to-day than ever before. There are no cameras "just as good"—though every maker has attempted to produce a substitute for Century Quality. We make all kinds of cameras for plates and film.

Prices from $10.50 to $100.00.

Ask your dealer for a 1905 Century Catalogue—won't cost you anything, and it's well worth reading.

CENTURY CAMERA CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COL. BOOZE TAKES A VACATION—(Continued).



II. . . . Great Smoke!—the wolves are on us.

PIERCE MOTOR BOATS

"Always Dependable"

Guaranteed absolutely safe, seaworthy, speedy and comfortable. Elegantly built on graceful lines. Equipped with Pierce Noiseless Motor, Jump Spark Igniter. Inside reverse, solid propeller.

This 18-foot, 2 H. P. Pierce Motor Boat, complete as illustrated, price $235. Not rigged, $200. It will pay you to investigate this remarkable offer. We build boats to order and can save you money on almost any model.

Write for new illustrated catalogue and our special one week FREE Trial Offer.

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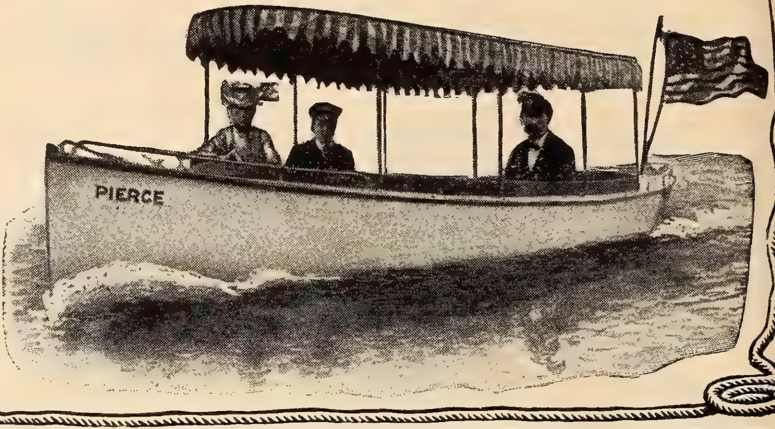
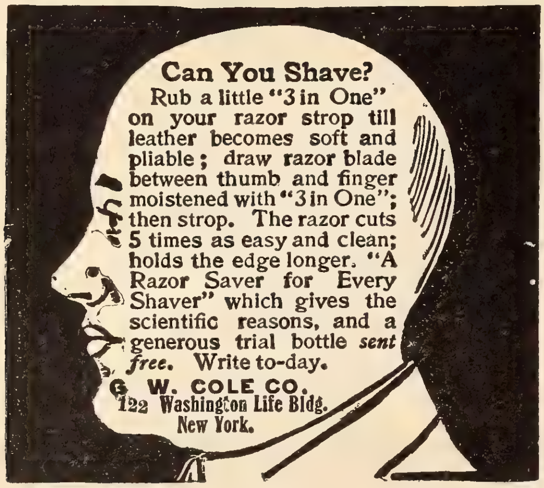
2804 Clark St. - Racine, Wis.

SIEGEL-COOPER CO., New York City, Eastern Representatives.



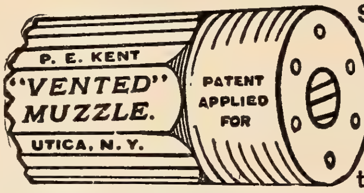


Can You Shave?

Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle *sent free*. Write to-day.

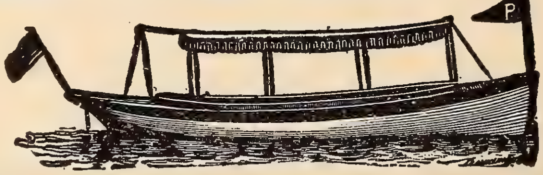
G. W. COLE CO.
122 Washington Life Bldg.
New York.

DOES YOUR RIFLE SHOOT O K?


P. E. KENT
"VENTED" MUZZLE.
UTICA, N. Y.
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Surprising Results are secured by using this new Improvement! It will please you, and improve the accuracy of your rifle. A stamp brings guarantee, circulars, terms, etc. A trial will convince you!

PALMER STATIONARY ENGINES



Gasoline Motors from 1½ to 25 h. p. *Launches in Stock.* 17 ft., $185.00. Send for catalog. **PALMER BROS., Cos Cob, Conn**

Bad soaps bite and sting. Use only Williams' Shaving Soap.

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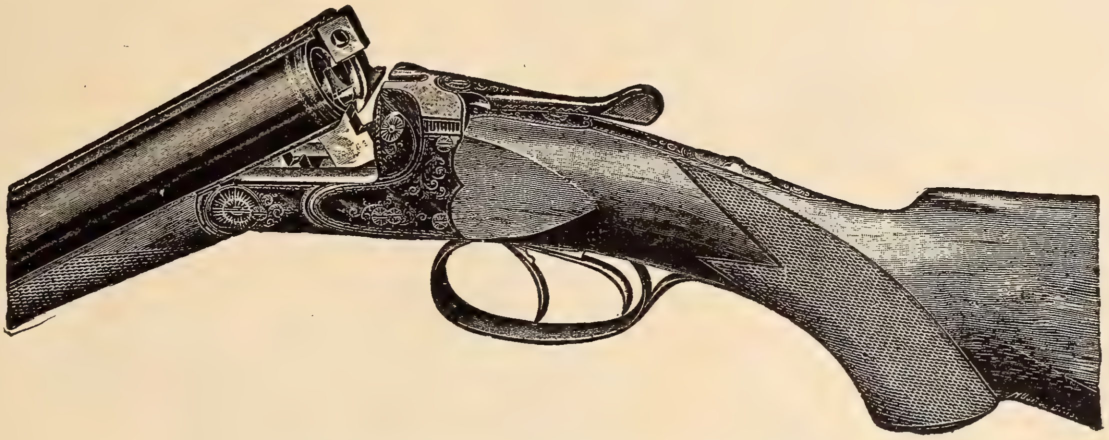

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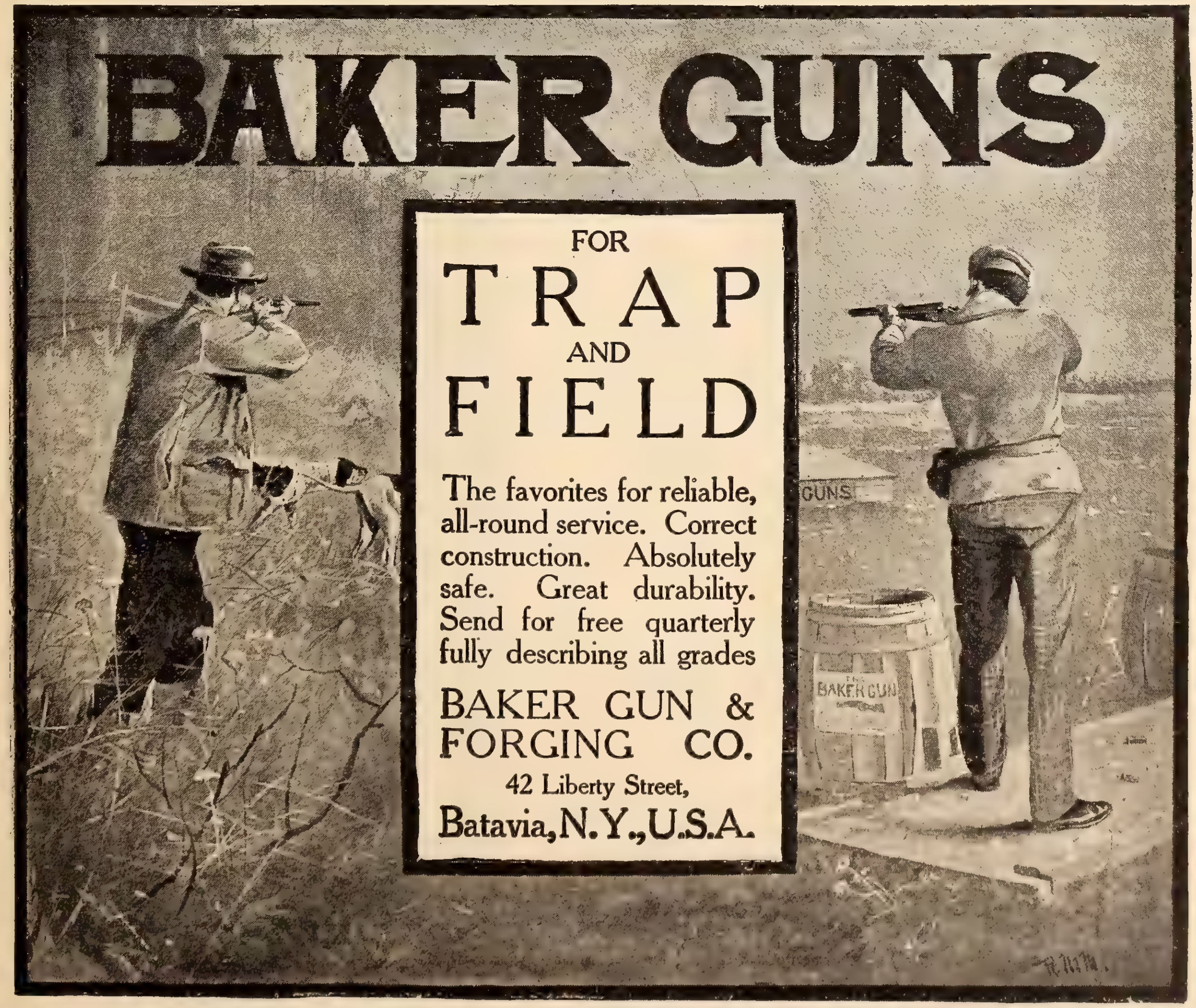

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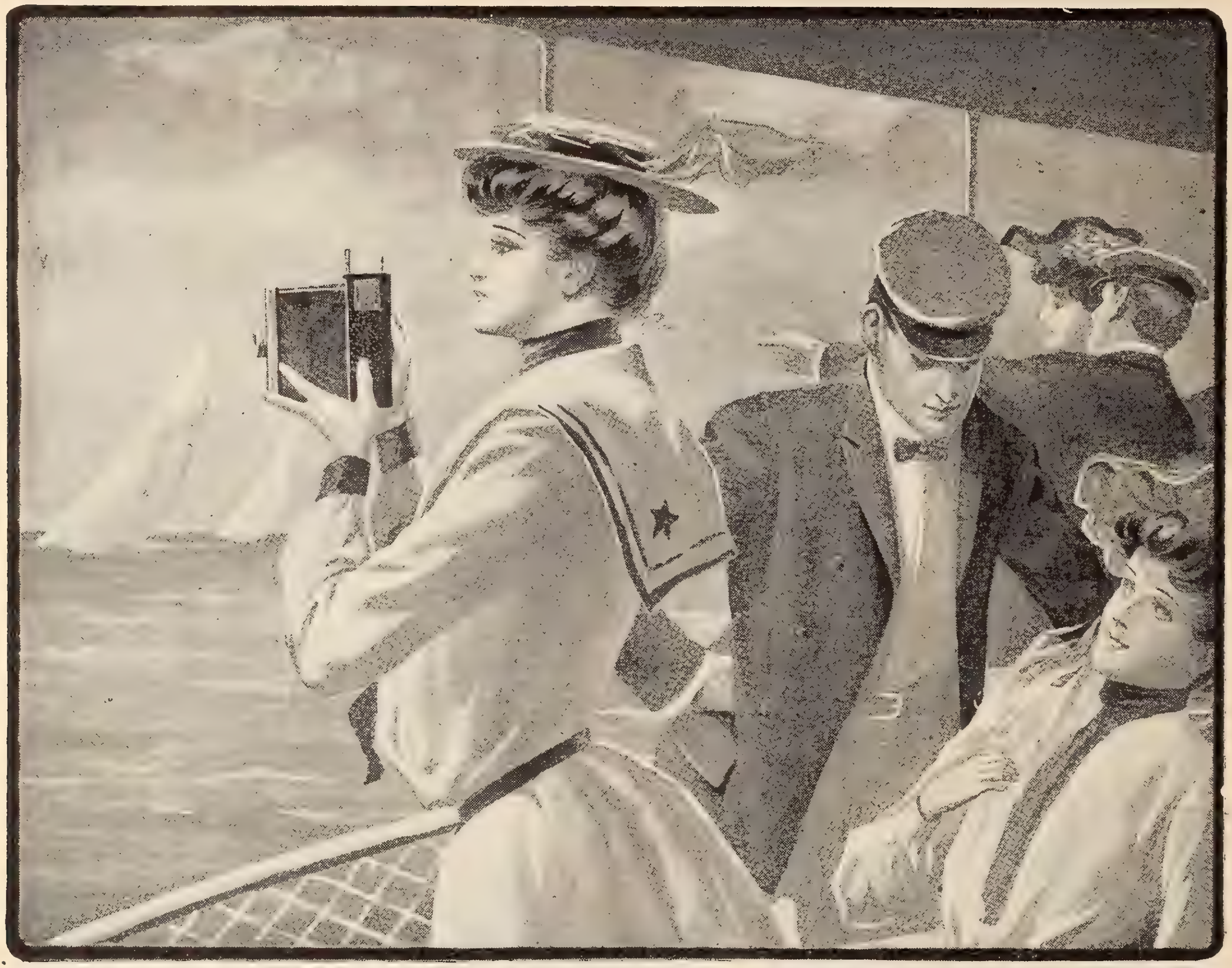

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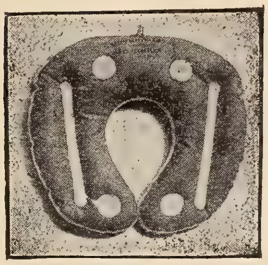

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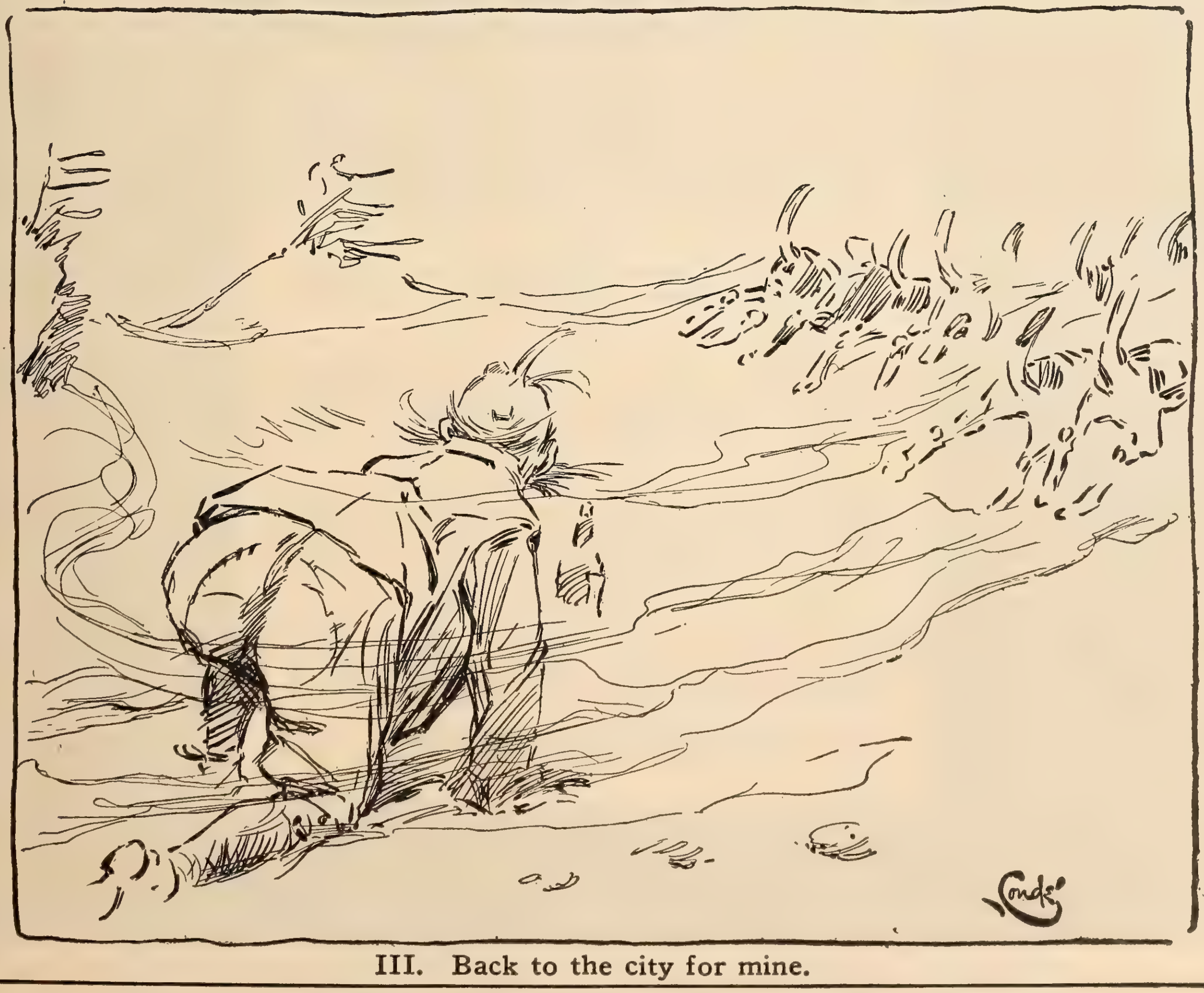

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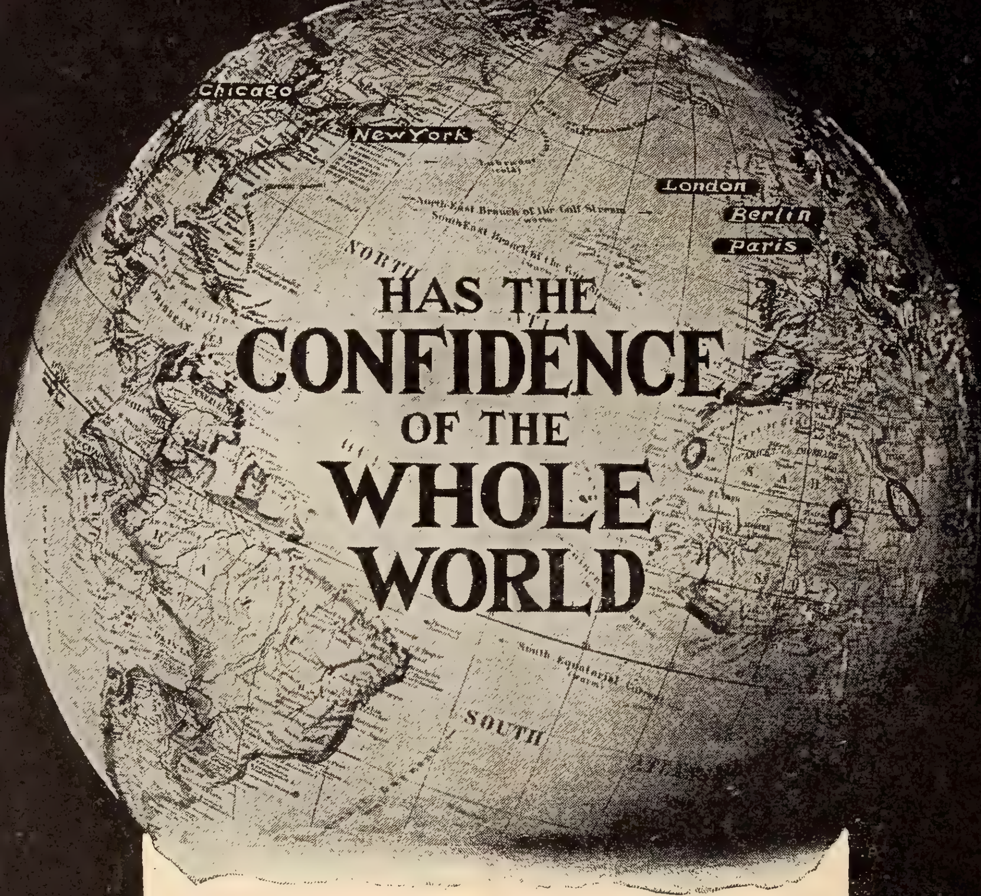

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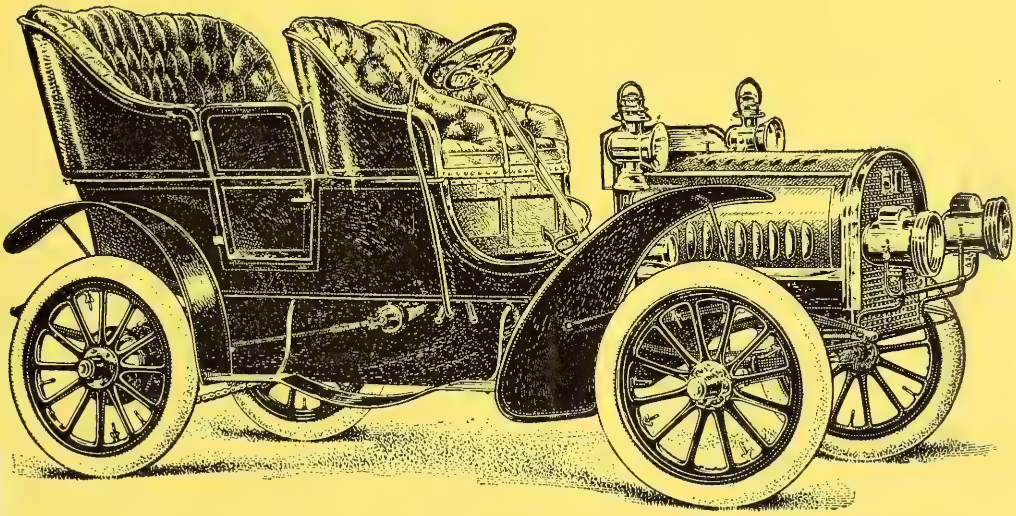

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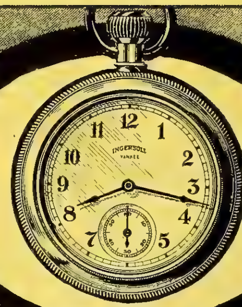

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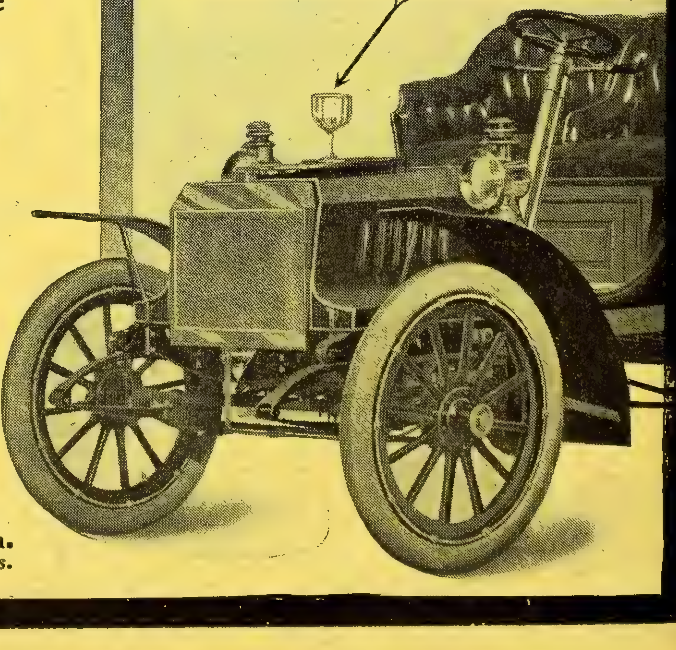

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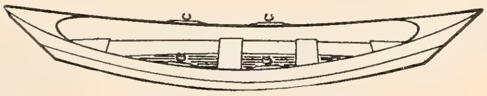
Cape Cod Squab Co., Box C, Wellfleet, Mass.

SKIFFS



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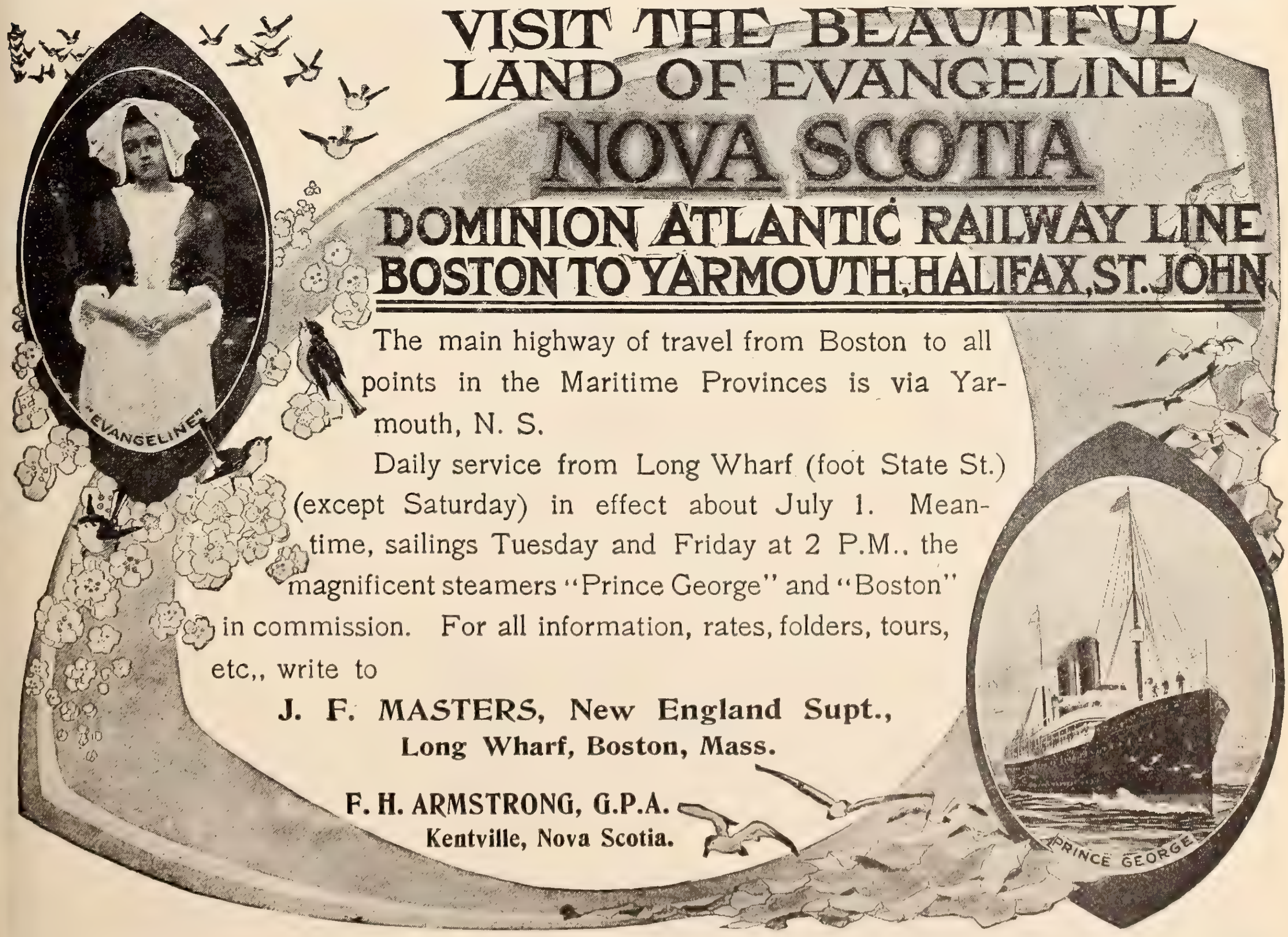

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Kentville, Nova Scotia.

of the year 1903, illustrating a virile MSS of his "A Bear Fight in the Yellowstone Park," the redoubtable, lovable, approachable Dan C. Beard, is the editor of Recreation! Here's How! to him.

A. J. Woodcock, Byron, Ill.

Editor Recreation:

I am greatly pleased with the March number of Recreation and welcome the change of style and manners. I am and always have been in thorough sympathy with the protection of game, but became sick and tired . . . I shall resume reading the magazine and continue as long as it is conducted on present lines. Much success to you.

E. L. Hayford, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

Editor, Recreation:

Your March number is a jim-dandy and deserves the praise of every sportsman in the country. I have greatly enjoyed its contents, and particularly the "Publisher's Announcement," which promises such treats in store for future reading. I heartily congratulate you on the first issue under the direction of the new editor. Keep up the good work and there is no reason why the future will not bring you rich returns and many new subscriptions.

S. T. Betts, Syracuse, N. Y.

Editor, Recreation:

The March number of Recreation just received, and it is certainly fine and to me much better than under the old management. I am more than glad to see the *game hog* dropped. The *legal way* is the best way to take care of him.

Howard M. Putnam, Fredonia, N. Y.

Editor of Recreation:

By some chance I just bought a copy of Recreation for March. To my unspeakable delight I find it has changed hands! Some years ago I used to take it; but have bought it only once in several months lately.

Though a clergyman I greatly delight in the woods and waters; and have for some fifteen years spent my annual vacation in the backwoods of Maine. As you may suppose, I hail with delight the change of management.

I note with pleasure your declaration of principles and purposes. It is, of course, not within my province to give you any advice. But I *may* promise you that if you will hold on to the one feature of the old Recreation that was valuable,—the discussion in a decent way of the value of different kinds of arms and ammunition and fishing tackle,—and not load its columns with "yarns" and preposterous *fish stories,* I shall at no very distant day become a subscriber. In the meantime I shall take pains to purchase each month's issue of Recreation at the news stands, and carefully read.

(Rev.) H. B. T., Bar Harbor, Me.

The discussion in a decent way of the value of different kinds of arms, ammunition, etc., will not only be kept up, but made even more interesting in the future.—Ed.

Mr. Dan Beard.

Dear Mr. Beard:—Your letter of the 16th, saying that you are not on our mailing list, is received. You are on now. In old times we had no especial ambition to receive Recreation, but recent events have changed our views. We shall look forward with interest to the forthcoming number.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
New York.

Dan Beard, Editor Recreation.

Allow us to congratulate you upon your acquisition to the throne of Recreation. . . . With the enterprise which you will undoubtedly display, we predict for you unbounded success.

Outdoor Life, Denver, Colo.

March 17, 1905.

Editor Recreation:

While I am a firm believer in having the game laws observed, I must confess that your otherwise most excellent publication, was injured very much in my estimation, by the radical stand it formerly took on this subject. Your intention, henceforth to allow the "game hog" to wallow in his own mire, is very much in accordance with my notions, I assure you and I can't but help feel that all real sportsmen will be glad to know that this feature of the magazine has been eliminated. Your announcement relating to your future policy is very refreshing to read and can't but help appeal to your many friends throughout the country.

L. R. Hensley, Hamilton, Ohio.

March 14, 1905.

Editor Recreation:

Just a line to congratulate you on your change of management.

I have been reading Recreation a long time, but feel free to say I was getting tired of so much "game hog" and am confident it would have been a slow death for the magazine; but am glad to note you are going to abolish that from now on.

I never saw such a "marked" change for the better, as you have shown in the first issue of Recreation under your new management.

Sam W. Patterson, New York City.

Vol. XXII **Number 5**

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR **TEN CENTS A COPY**

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1905

Cover Design	**Lynn Bogue Hunt**	
Sailed Forth in Search of Game	**Frontispiece**	**338**
Nests, Nesting and Nestlings . . . . Illustrated	**C. William Beebee**	**339**
Severe Straits	**Norman Jeffries**	**350**
Why the Gibson Boys Hid Out . . . . . . Illustrated by Roy Martel Mason	**Allen Kelly**	**351**
A Fight to the Finish . . . . Illustrated by Conde	**E. G. Chupney**	**356**
The Fairies	**Floyd Parker Wagaman**	**358**
When the Lines Run Free		**359**
To Him Who Waits	**Burley D'Pere**	
Trouble and a Fish	**Charles K. Young**	
A Canandaigua Whopper	**Louis F. Drake**	
A Mountain Tragedy . . . . Drawings by Bellmore Brown	**G. D. Warren**	**365**
Near to Nature's Heart . . . . Photographic Study by Laurence C. Randall		**369**
A Message	**Irene Pomeroy Shields**	**370**
The Trail of the Cavaliers . . . . Drawings by the Writer and Alden Pierson	**Lee Woodward Zeigler**	**371**
How to Start a Balanced Aquarium . . . . . Illustrated from photographs by the Writer and Drawings by G. Ryder	**L. B. Spencer**	**382**
Canoeing on the Delaware . . . . Illustrated	**Ralph K. Wing**	**389**
The Marsh . . . . Illustrated by the Writer and Charles Livingston Bull	**Walter K. Stone**	**397**
Comrade of Old	**Stacy E. Baker**	**401**
Automobile Notes	**Willard Nixon**	**402**
Delights of Archery		**405**
Sun Gunshots		**406**
Editorial Wanderings	**Dan Beard**	**408**

Guns and Ammunition	**412**	American Tennis	**423**
Letters from Our Readers	**416**	Hints About Salmon Fishing **Chas. A. Bramble**	**428**
College Athletics	**420**	Dan Beard and the Boys	**432**

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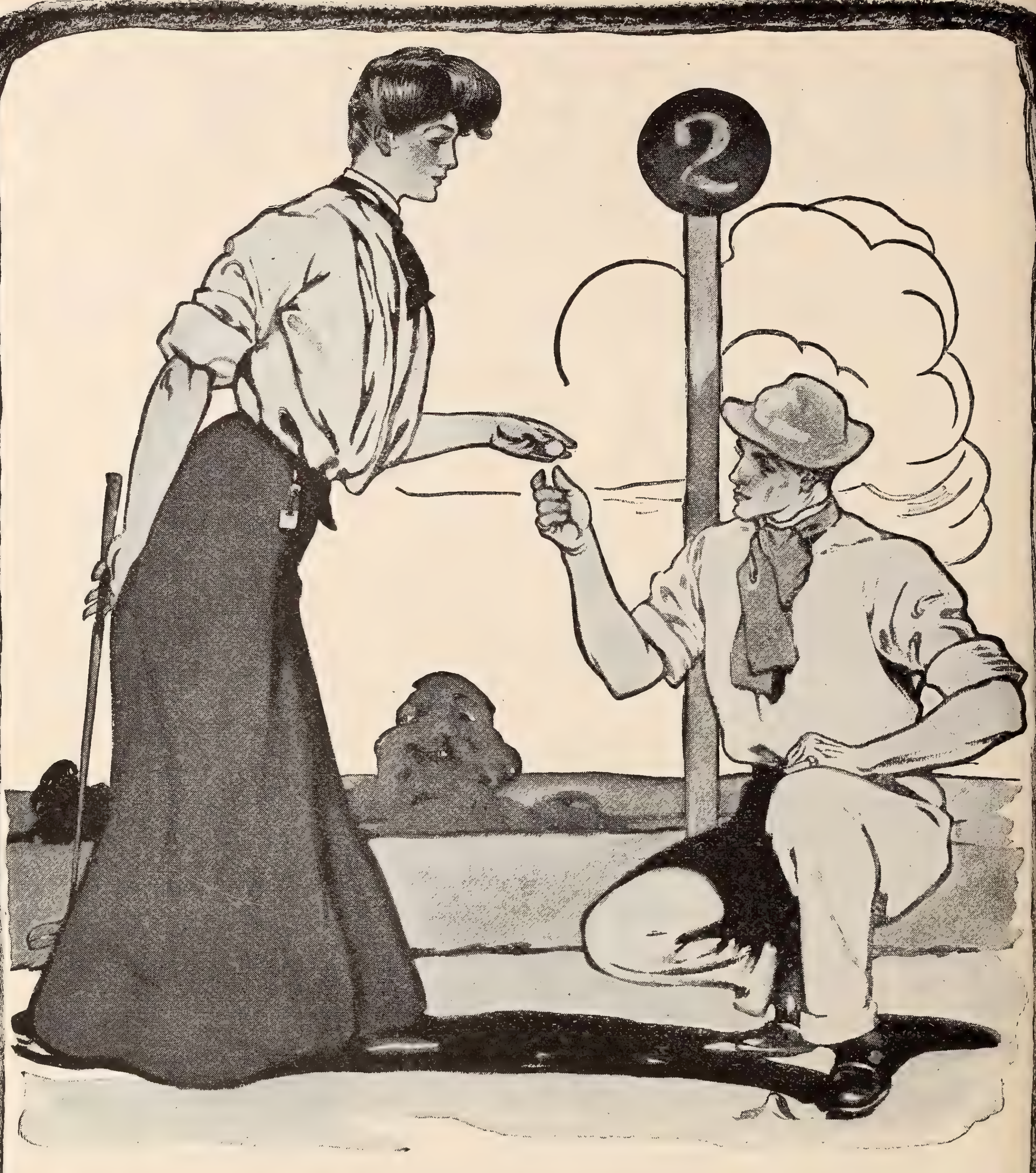

POCONO MOUNTAINS

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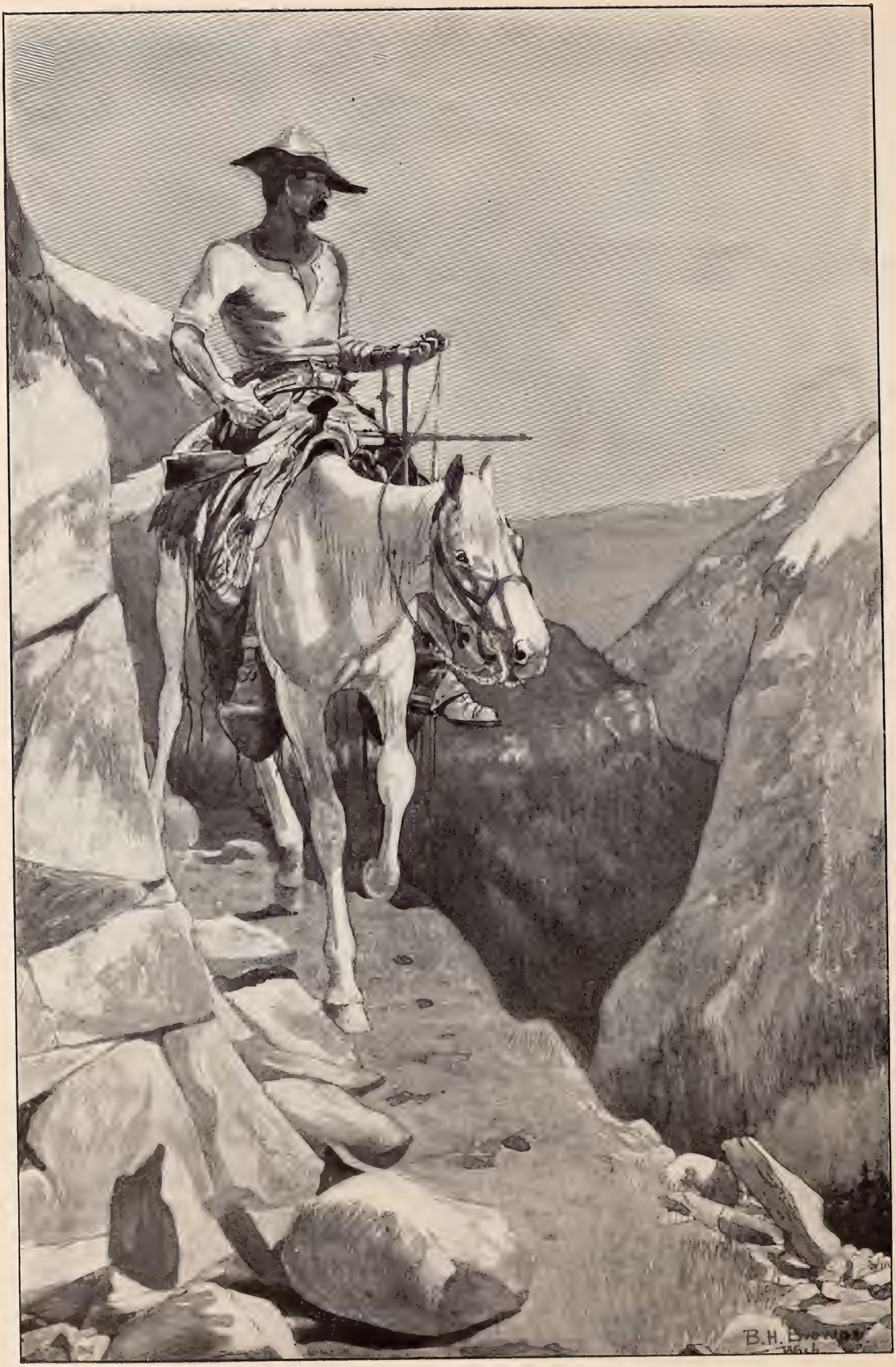


Sailed forth in search of game.—See page 366.

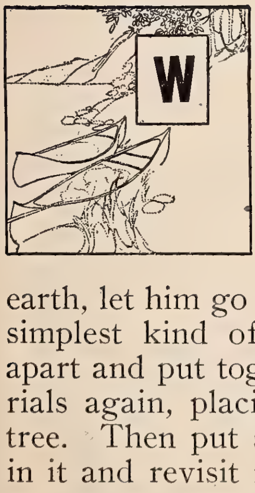
RECREATION

VOL. XXII. MAY, 1905 No. 5

NESTS, NESTING AND NESTLINGS

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

CURATOR OF ORNITHOLOGY, NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK



WHEN one has lived in the city for a year or two and has become absorbed in business and impressed with the greatness of human affairs upon the earth, let him go to the woods, find the simplest kind of bird's nest, take it apart and put together the same materials again, placing it in the bush or tree. Then put several small marbles in it and revisit it after the first wind or rain storm. The nest will have vanished, the marbles disappeared.

He may indeed take a handful of green, pliant twigs and weave them into a cup-like form which will last a long time; but one of the chief miracles of nest-building is the temporary and fragile character of the structures. By the exquisite judgment of the feathered builders, the tiny raft, cup or ball, of grass or sticks of clay, is often exactly adapted to the term of usefulness demanded.

We are all familiar with the queer little "dabchick," "grebe" or "hell-diver," as he is variously known,—the little duck-like creature which frequents our mill-ponds, and many of us have fired at him, only to see him mysteriously vanish, before the shot pellets have reached the spot where, a fraction of a second ago, he was serenely floating. Of all birds this one seems most born of the very water, and indeed we find that this is hardly a mere figure of speech.

When mother grebe is ready to lay her eggs, she searches out some retired spot among the reeds and rushes of a lonely lake, and there scrapes and pushes together a low heap of mud and decayed reeds. Here on this water-logged islet,—this merest semblance of a nest, she broods her eggs. A moose splashing among the nearby lily pads may send floods of water over the sitting bird, or the winds may disentangle the little raft of reeds, sending it scudding to the farther end of the lake, but the bright eyes of the mother bird never falter. She carefully covers her eggs with decayed leaves whenever hunger forces her to leave them. Although she does not weave the reeds, yet in some way they hold together until the last little grebe crawls to the edge and plunges off head-first. Or he may leap upon his mother's back and thus ride proudly forth into the world, exchanging the soaked, decayed leaves of his cradle for her feathers.

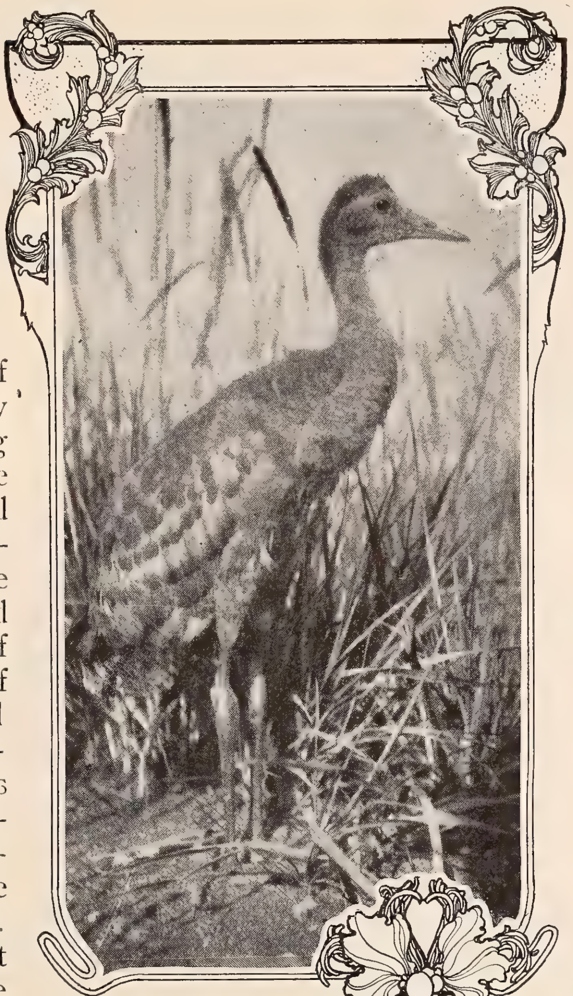
Leaving the shallows of the lake and passing to firmer ground in the nearby marshes, we find where the wild ducks have made their home, after their world's end wanderings. Here the brown garbed duck rounds out a grassy hollow, lining it with the softest down in the world, plucked from her own breast. But she too must leave her treasures to snatch hasty mouthfuls of succulent roots; and lest any evil eye may find them, she, and her mate too, add beakfuls of their breast feathers. When the bird slips from her eggs, she unrolls the gray and white coverlet of down and draws it carefully over them. A hungry crow or gull passing over, looks searchingly down, but the patch of dull feathers is not worth a second glance. Thus by the care of the gentle mother, the little ducklings within the shell know naught of chill or danger.

Truly the ways of birds are as varied as our own. Our nearest human neighbor, living in a house fashioned like ours, may decorate it with opposite taste; the little grebes are happy and content on a mat of slime; the ducklings twenty feet away are born upon a bed of softest down.

While there is left a grove of trees, or a marsh, and until vacations become an obsolete custom, we need never fear the lack of new facts to be sought for and discovered; for birds are ever doing new and unexpected things. For a year or two after the wild mallard ducks had begun to breed in the New York Zoological Park, nothing unusual was noticed in their habits, but lately the birds have united each year in what we may call a "nursery trust." Five or six ducks raise large broods early in the year and when the ducklings are about a week old, they are all turned over to the care of one of the mother ducks, while the others begin forthwith to lay more eggs and to hatch out second broods. Imagine if

NEST OF HELL DIVER — *By W. Stark*

you can, one solitary duck faithfully striving to attend to the wants of from sixty to seventy ducklings, all excitedly waddling after her! When on the pond her plump body is the focus over half a hundred tiny wakes, streaming behind her like the tail of a comet; and at night she is almost lifted from the ground and covered by the hosts of sleeping balls of down. The actual transfer and adoption of ducklings has never been observed, but the results are none the less remarkable. Even on the first day of the change the youngsters are as devoted to their new commonwealth parent as they were the day before to their several respective mothers.



YOUNG LITTLE BROWN CRANE (ALASKA)
By Alfred A. Dunham

A great many birds are contented to be dwellers on the ground floor; in other words to make their homes close to the earth, but dangers are many in such places and in all we find some special protection. The whitish eggs of grebe or duck would stand but little chance if the parent bird did not cover them carefully before leaving the nest; but what about the ruffed grouse, or the wild turkey, whose light-colored eggs are placed in open nests upon the ground? Nature has steeped the feathers of these birds in an essence of moss and leaves and lichens, until the grays and the browns and buffs of their plumage puzzle the keenest eyes. And to the grouse has been given such confidence in this resemblance, that the bird will crouch close to her eggs, almost until your hand is upon her. It would seem as if she never left them, even for food.

Not so the sanderling and the upland plovers, which carelessly leave their quartet of speckled beauties in the heart of some field of grass. But the carelessness is studied and the neglect of nest-building reflects no lack of parent love. If you are a skilful artist and can paint the lights and shadows of deep grass, you will find your imitation less realistic than the spots and splashes of color on the eggs of the sanderling—only bits of drifting withered leaves.

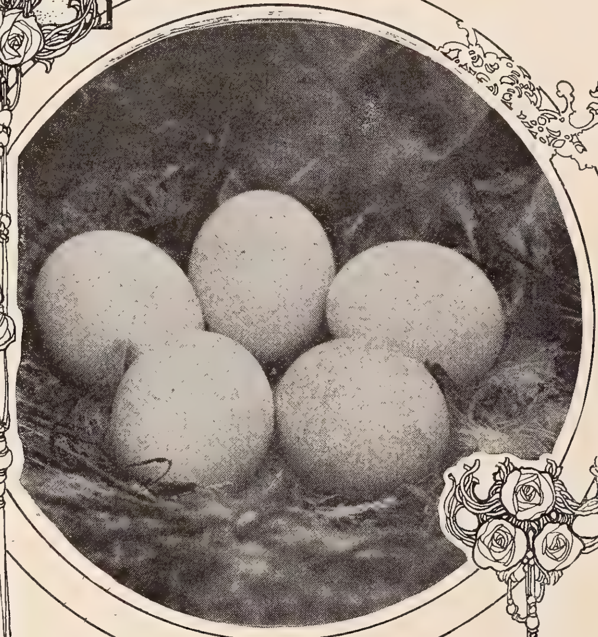
But all of these birds have this advantage: the young when hatched are covered with down and in a very few hours are able to run about. Strange to say, they almost instantly leave the nest. Hardly is their down dry when the young grouse or 'piper or duck, scurries or totters off through the grass and never returns. The brood keeps together and when night comes the mother hovers them wherever they happen to be. But a far harder task is before the ground nesting sparrow or thrush. The blind, featherless nestlings require days of careful brooding and feeding, and not only must the parents conceal their frequent trips to and from the nest, but at the approach of danger, they must signal to the nestlings, so that, from wriggling, eager creatures, with gaping yellow mouths,

HOME OF A WILSON THRUSH
By Herbert K. Job

they may sink back into shapeless nothings. Thanks to unerring instinct the young need never a second warning; however hungry, they drop into the nest at once.

But it is in trees that we find the most interesting nests, burrowed deep into the heart of the trunks, swung from the outermost twigs, or woven into some crotch of the branches. Give a sprawling, awkward young heron or egret to a man and ask him to select a suitable nest for such a bird, and he would choose the deepest and most softly lined. Place the little bird in such a bed, and even though you feed him with the choicest bits of fish, he will grow weak, his feet and legs becoming paralyzed, death soon relieving him of his miserable existence.

See what Nature provides for this tender youngster: A thin platform of hard, rough sticks loosely shelved in some tall tree. His egg and the three of his brothers and sisters would have rolled off the twigs at a touch and he can even look down to the ground through the filmsy structure. But the young herons take tight hold of the sticks, and when a sudden wind sends the whole nest flying, they grasp the nearest branch, huddling close together upon it. I



AT HOME WITH THE HAWKS
By George C. H. Warner

WHERE THE SPARROW LIVES
By W. C. Webster

have seen three small herons trying to balance themselves upon two slender twigs,—all that remained of their nest. For such birds, the stick nest is a necessity; for if they cannot have firm objects upon which to exercise their feet,—clasping and unclasping their toes,—their muscles will never develop. To put a young heron or crow into the nest of a duck is far more cruel than to kill the bird at once.

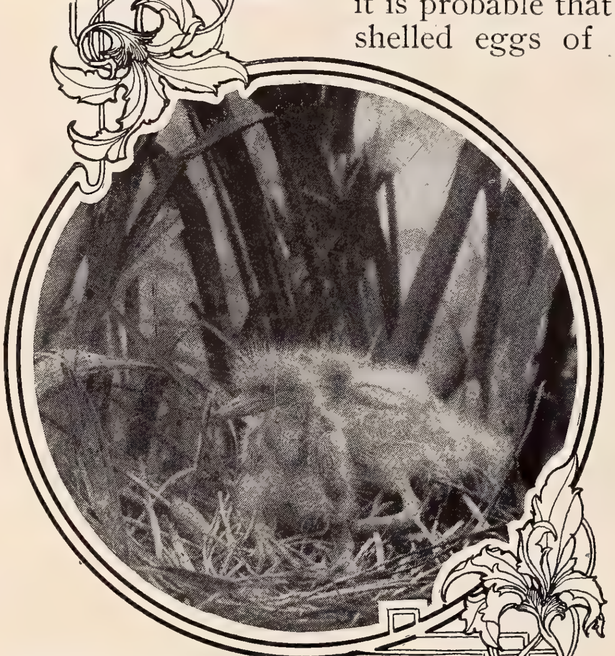
PRECARIOUS REST OF THE DUCK
By Alfred A. Dunham

THE LAY OF THE SANDPIPERS
By W. E. Carlin

Far out beyond where he would dare climb, the young heron sees a curious bag-like affair dangling to and fro from the very tip of a twig. The wind howls through the branches and the heron's home dissolves and falls to the ground, but the young orioles in their deep, snug chamber of woven grass, only swing in larger circles. If the tree should give way they would be dashed to the ground, but otherwise they are safe from all harm. Such a nest can often stand the storms of winter and I have sometimes seen three orioles' nests in one tree, showing by their varying degrees of dilapidation that they had been constructed during the past three seasons, probably by the same pair of birds. In the tropics, where Nature carries all her work to extremes, the orioles build nests three and four feet long, suspending

AN EVEN DOZEN OF RUFFED GROUSE
By W. J. Smith

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT (SPARROWS) *By H. Criswell*



BREAKFAST FOR TWO, PLEASE (EGRETS) *By J. M. de Ross*

them over the water, and many is the sousing a thieving monkey gets, when trying to climb out to the nest on the swaying, pliant twigs.

One of the most energetic of nest-builders is the marsh wren, in fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.

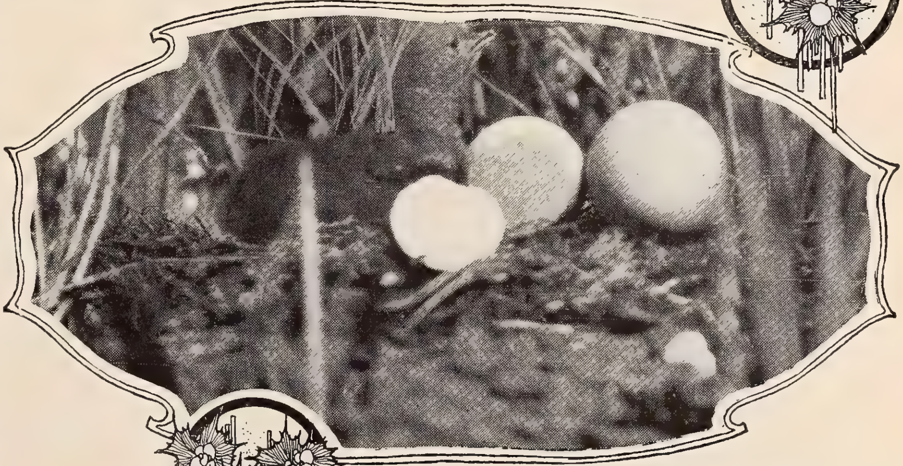
We must never forget, when we are examining a nest, that it is built with only two tools—two straight pieces of horn—the beak, which is to a bird what hands, fingers and machinery are to us.

It is interesting to try to imagine what the first nest was like. We know that many millions of years ago birds had long, lizard-like tails with a row of feathers down each side. They had teeth in their beaks and two or three thin, slender fingers in front of each wing, which they used, perhaps, as a bat uses the claw on its thumb. Lizards of to-day hide their eggs under pieces of bark, and it is probable that the leathery, thick-shelled eggs of these birds of old were placed in some convenient knot-hole in the great conifers which grew in those days. We see that many of their descendants have learned to make elaborate and beautiful nests, but others have clung to the old customs and in the nearest orchard we may find our friend the bluebird, car-

AWAY FROM HOME AND MOTHER (SANDERLING) *By W. E. Carlin* rying grubs and grasshoppers to her brood of young in the decayed hollow of an apple-tree.

Bird-nesting with a camera is one of the most fascinating of outdoor pleasures, and nowadays our museums are so large and so accessible, the Nature student devotes his time to watching the brooding mother and the young birds, not taking the nest until after they have left it. In all my experiences, the two extremes of nests which I have found were the ones which gave me the greatest pleasure. One was the tiniest home imaginable and so well concealed that only an accident revealed it. A hummingbird darted into an apple tree where there were no blossoms. The most careful scrutiny failed to discover any sign of a nest, but when I climbed to the top and looked down. I saw two white pearl eggs resting in a little thimble-shaped hollow. An instant later and the female was covering them, and then I would never have seen them.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE *By W. C. Webster*


MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN (NEWLY HATCHED BABY LOON) *By Alfred A. Dunham*

THE REST OF THE INNOCENTS (HAWKS)

Kingfishers, though bright of color and forever bathing in clear, cool waters, are hatched in a dark, filthy underground tunnel, upon a bed of ill-smelling fish-bones; but the hummingbird nestlings are quartered in a cradle which does honor even to the delicacy and fairy-like character of these feathered midgets. The busy bills of the parents snatch from the stems of flowers and the protecting sheaths of buds the softest of plant down, and for nails and rivets they rob the spider of his web, weaving the gummy strands around and through the little air-castle, Then to make complete the resemblance to a tiny knot-hole on the branch, they cover the outside with green lichens, tying them fast with more cobwebs. This is the least of aerial nests, and when the little birds had done with it, I broke off the twig and carried it home.

The greatest of all tree nests I have also collected, but in how different a manner! Close to the great breakers which roll in from the open Atlantic upon our coast, the osprey, or fish-hawk, makes its home, filling the topmost crotch of some weather-beaten tree with a great pile of sticks, pieces of oars and wrecked boats, net, seaweed, and, in fact, almost everything it can pick up in its great talons. The love of home which brings a pair of hummingbirds back to the same apple-tree season after season, draws the ospreys, year after year, to the same nest. Every spring they add more material to it, until at last, with a groaning crash, the overladen tree falls. But the spot is still sacred, and the birds use the great pile of fallen rubbish at a foundation and go on using it for years. I selected the nest which I wanted, the smallest and most compact I could find, and when loaded and crated it weighed, exclusive of the crate, just 410 pounds! Many of the larger nests must weigh a ton or more.

As varied in kind and character as are the nests of various birds, the nestlings are even more so, individuals from the same brood often exhibiting very opposite traits. If you would make friends with nestlings, do so before the parents have had a chance to warn them of the danger of mankind. If you can come secretly upon a nestful of young birds and carry one quickly away, you can teach it in an hour or two to take food from your hand; but if it has first crouched in terror at its parents' alarm notes, then it may starve itself to death in spite of all your efforts.

Young grouse are especially hard to tame, as they become independent almost as soon as they leave the shell. I have known young quail which were hatched under a bantam, to fly high up above their coop when only two or three days old. They looked like

THE WILD TURKEY'S NEST *By E. F. Pope*

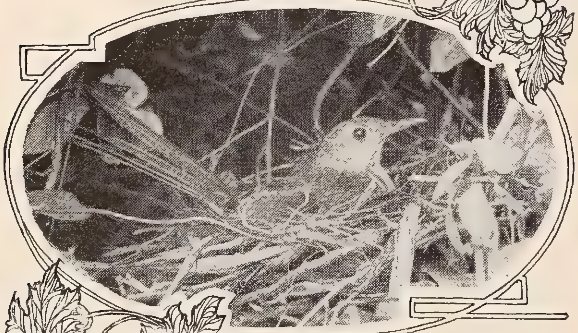
A PAT HAND (SPARROW HAWKS)
By Wm. H. Fisher

FOUR OF A KIND (CEDAR BIRDS)
By E. T. Wood

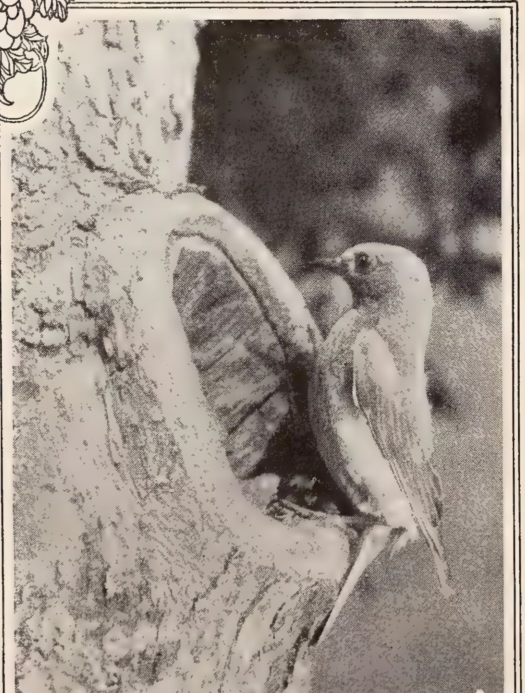
A BOBTAIL (WARBLERS) *By R. H. Beebe*

AN OLD FRIEND
By C. C. Speight

LICHEN COVERED NEST OF LITTLE MRS. HUMMINGBIRD *By Herbert K. Job*



MRS. BROWN THRASHER
By W. D. Gay



GOOD-BYE, CHILDREN (BLUE BIRD)
By C. A. Reed

rather large bumble bees, whirring through the air.

Some of the larger birds, if taken from the nest when young, make entertaining pets. I have a young crane which is as fond of a frolic as any dog, dancing and fluttering about, thrusting his head into one's hand, pretending to be angry and seizing one's finger in his beak, only to give it a gentle pinch, then dancing off eager to have a stick thrown to him. He will toss the stick into the air, catch it and bring it back for another game. Strange to say, cranes and vultures are among the most playful of birds, comparable, perhaps, in disposition to the bears among the fur-covered animals.

Young birds should never be taken from the nest unless one knows much about their feeding habits in captivity, and once taken and reared it is nothing short of cruelty to set them free again. For while in captivity many kinds of birds can be made perfectly happy, yet they will never have learned to find their own food, and if given their freedom the following fall or spring they will perish miserably. Cedarbirds, vireos and warblers are very difficult to raise, and should never be taken from the nest, but a song sparrow, robin, thrush or sparrow hawk, if well cared for, will become

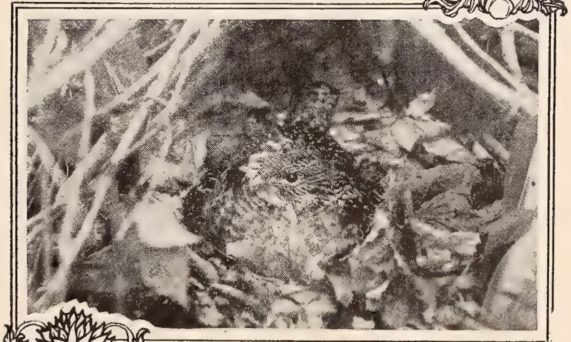
THERE ARE SOME JOYS IN BEING ALMOST INVISIBLE

tame, and if given the run of an entire room, will furnish unending amusement.

The sparrow hawks are cute little fellows, fierce at first, but soon learning to know their master, and one may easily teach them, when thrown high in the air, to return at a whistle or call. One may practice the long forgotten art of falconry, without its cruel accompaniments, by teaching the birds to dart after and seize a piece of meat thrown into the air. These little hawks should never be killed, as they are gradually becoming more and more used to our cities, where they may ultimately prove to be of inestimable value in exterminating that marauding foreigner—the English sparrow.

In studying birds or animals, it is well to keep in mind that when we seek only to kill, and that not for food, we are lower in instinct than the rapacious hawks and owls; but if we pit our eyes and our cameras against the bird, we may never fear of making too big a bag. The bird may have flown far away at the click of the shutter, but we have captured something which will be a joy forever, while the song of the bird still rings on and its mate and young are not left desolate to worry their little lives out in the endless struggle for existence.

FRANKLYN GROUSE
By W. E. Carlin



THREE DAYS MORE
By F. E. Farnsworth

YOUNG RICHARDSON GROUSE *By W. E. Carlin*

SEVERE STRAITS

NORMAN JEFFRIES

"I have seen black bass caught without bait, and even with the humble 'wum,' but the angler who is reduced to such severe straits is more to be pitied than envied."—Dr. James A. Henshall in "The Book of the Black Bass."

'Neath the sunken rock by the waterside
The old black bass and his children hide.
Just as the day fades into night
An angler throws a tinsel fly.
The cast is true, the drop is light,
A young bass lifts a hungry eye.
But the hook-scarred veteran bars the way
With a wave of his tail: "Back quick, I say:
You see if you look
There's quite a sharp hook,—
Swim free of the fly that is hatched in a book."

" 'Tis a knowing hand at the rod up there;
Lie low and mock at his gaudy snare."
A "Seth Green" next the angler tried;
A "Henshall" with a peacock tail;
Lure after lure he deftly tied
And cast and cast without avail.
These bubbles that break betoken no rise;
A bass laughs below with tears in his eyes:
"My friend out of sight,
You throw them all right,
But we're not dining out, we thank you, to-night."

'Neath the sunken rock, bass little and big,
On their tails are joyously dancing a jig.
"And now we'll eat," this old bass cries.
"See what draws near with tempting squirms.
This is, indeed, a glad surprise."
He bolts a bunch of juicy worms.

While orphaned bass are mourning for their sire
An angler takes a drink and builds a fire.
"Though Henshall may claim
It's not in the game,
There's no flies on the taste of this bass, just the same."

WHY THE GIBSON BOYS HID OUT

BY ALLEN KELLY.

Author of "Bears I Have Met—and Others."

Illustrated by Roy Martell Mason

GIBSON'S ranch was a tongue of the Mojave desert, a bay of that ocean of sand indenting the foothill coast line. The reason for its existence was a trickle of water in an "arroyo" at the head of the bay. By throwing a slight earth dam across the bottom of the arroyo, the trickle was converted into a water-hole, and possession of the water-hole gave Gibson command of several square miles of half-barren range on the hills constituting the desert frontier of the Los Alamos Cattle Company's wide domain. Gibson permitted none but his own cattle to drink at the water-hole; or, more accurately, perhaps, he claimed as his all cattle that watered there.

It was the tradition of the district, told not wholly in jest, that when Gibson located a quarter section of desert adjoining the Los Alamos range he started in the cattle business with one old steer and a rope, and "let Nature take her course." A bunch of two or three hundred cattle wearing Gibson's "pig-pen" brand— a running iron variation of the Alamos brand—spoke eloquently of the kindness of Nature to the trustful Gibson.

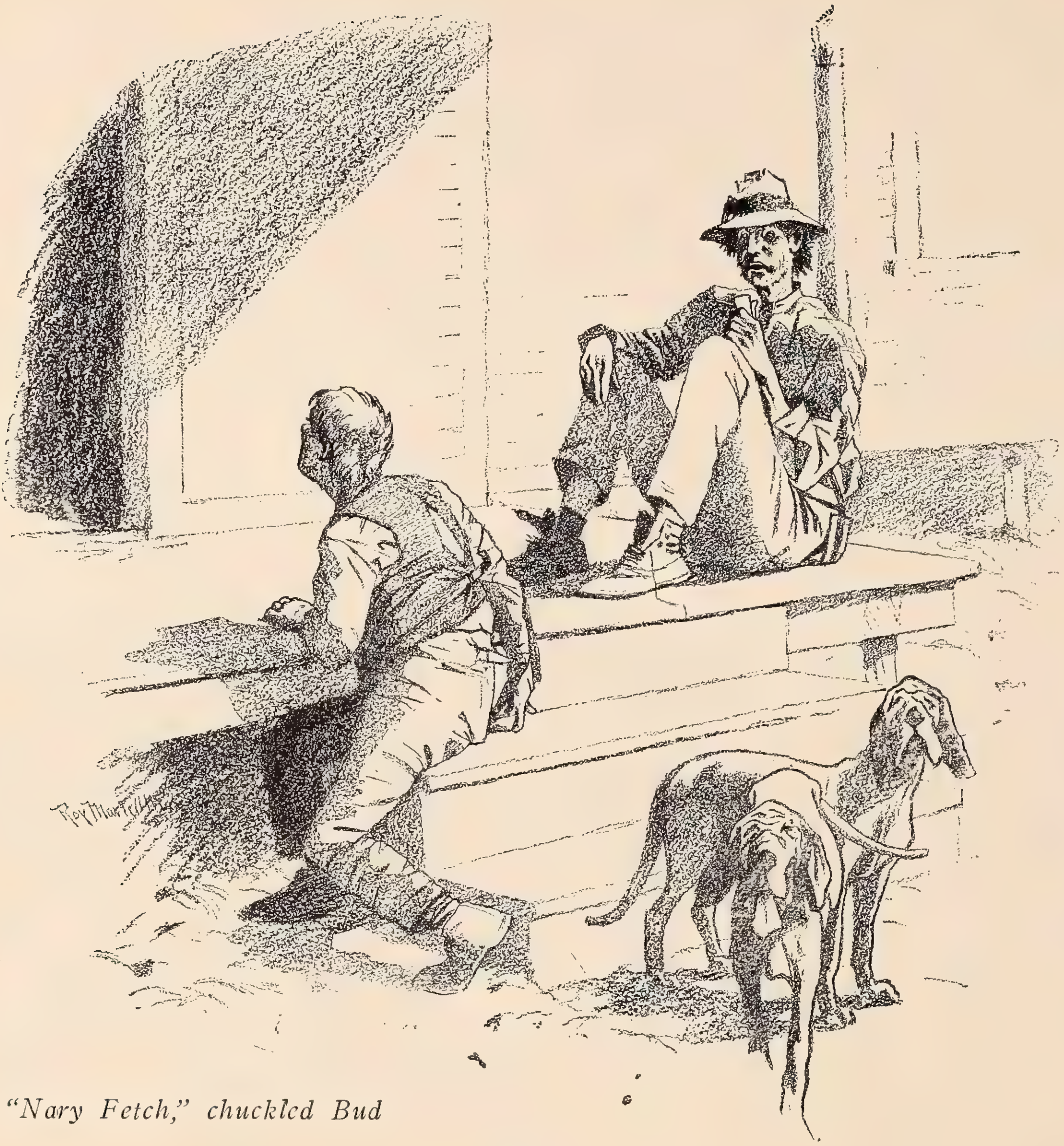
The Gibson ranch was a singularly desolate-looking place. Backed against a low hill of barren gravel, an unpainted house, two stories and a half high, with a steep pitched roof, stared out upon the desert through sashless windows, like the sightless eyes of a blind man. Mrs. Gibson's ambition, nurtured in an Arkansas shack, was to live in a white house with green blinds, and Gibson was "aiming," as he said, to gratify her long-cherished desire when she "up and died." Building operations stopped, the sashless upper-story windows were boarded inside, and Gibson and his three boys camped rudely in the rooms on the lower floor.

The house was set upon posts some four or five feet above the ground, for no apparent reason other than to furnish an excuse for a front porch and flight of steps. Fortuitously, the space beneath the house offered a shady retreat for pigs, chickens, hounds and other small live stock. Except that given by a fringe of dwarfed willows around the water-hole, there was no other shade on the Gibson ranch, or within sight of the place in any direction. There were no buildings other than the house, unless a rough corral of stockaded yucca logs might be considered a building.

My first call at the Gibson place was on a blazing day in September. I had been searching the edge of the desert for a small band of antelope, said to have been seen there, a remnant of the once numerous Mojave herd, and my horse needed water.

As I rode up to the house, I saw Gibson, a tall, gaunt, sandy man, sitting on the floor of the porch, his back propped against a post and his knees nearly up to his chin, calmly smoking a corncob pipe. One of the boys sat on the steps, where he could command a view of the interior of the house through the open doorway, and was so absorbed in something going on within that he paid no attention to my arrival.

The old man removed his pipe and moved it toward me in a gesture of greeting, while three or four hounds sniffed lazily at the horse's legs and



"Nary Fetch," chuckled Bud

eyed me with that profound solemnity that is seen only in the countenances of hounds and Supreme Court Justices.

"Light, stranger!" said old man Gibson, and as he spoke a shot was fired inside the house. "Three," said Gibson; "fetch him that time, Bud?"

"Nary fetch," chuckled Bud on the step, peering eagerly through the door. "Jim ducked it again."

"Dick never was no good at wing shootin'," mumbled Gibson between teeth set upon the pipe stem. "Snap shootin' with a pistol is a trick some folks can't never learn, ain't it, stranger? Four!"

Another shot echoed through the house, and Bud reported, laconically: "Missed."

By this time I had dismounted and was trying to see what was going on inside. Half way up the stairs leading directly from the front door to the second story crouched a young man, who held the spoke of a wagon wheel in his hand. Just as I caught sight of him, he stamped on the stairs to imitate the sound of one running up, raised his head cautiously to the level of the upper floor and ducked quickly just as a fifth shot rang out. A lock of red hair fell from the top of his head, and he put up a hand tentatively to his crown. Instantly he repeated his remarkable manoeuvre and was greeted with another shot, which missed entirely.

"Six!" shouted the man on the stairs, as he bounded up to the second floor, and immediately there was tumult in the house. There was the sound of blows mingled with growls and curses, and Gibson grinned and shouted cheerily: "Jim's got ye now, Dick!" while Bud sneered: "Dick's a bum shot, as I allers 'lowed he was."

Presently the disturbance subsided, and Dick and Jim came down stairs, the former wiping blood off his face and looking considerably mussed up.

"You all found out which on ye owns that hound pup?" growled Gibson.

"It's Jim's dawg all right," mumbled the subdued Dick.

"Then don't ye have no more argifyin' over it. If ye are goin' down to the drink to wash up, Dick, ye'd better take the stranger's horse and water him."

The incident was treated as closed by all hands, and the only explanation Gibson deemed necessary was the aside remark: "Boys will git peevish, ye know."

Some six weeks after my first acquaintance with the interesting Gibson family, the three boys turned up at my camp in the mountains, hungry and dishevelled, and made themselves at home for the night in the matter-of-course fashion of woods rovers everywhere. And of course they were welcome to whatever they needed.

After supper, Bud, with a very poor assumption of indifference, asked if I had seen or heard anything of the old man in that region, and all three were evidently relieved when I assured them that Mr. Gibson was not in that part of the mountains. There was a long silence, which I refrained from breaking with the questions that naturally came to my mind. I guessed that the boys would explain in time and would talk when they were ready.

Presently Dick announced, without any preliminary: "We're hiding out," and relapsed again into silence.

In view of the prevalent belief that the Gibsons couldn't tell the difference between a branded yearling and a buck deer, when they were hunting for the market, it might have been indelicate to ask why they were hiding out or who was looking for them. If the Sheriff was after them, I preferred to know as little of their affairs as they might volunteer to tell, or even less, and I did nothing to encourage confidences.

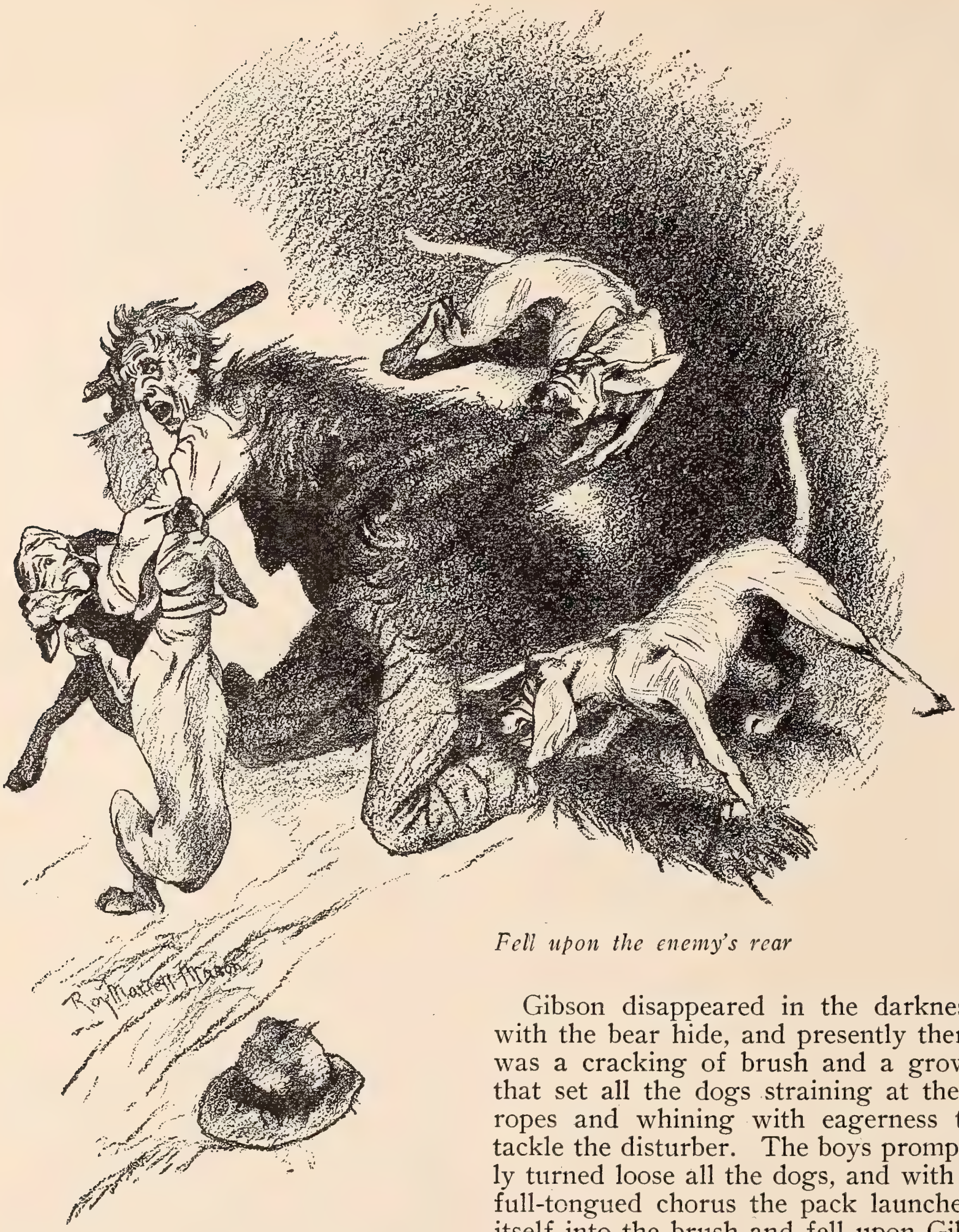
But soon Bud began to chuckle, and something like a grin appeared on the freckled face of Jim. "It was sure funny, anyhow," said Bud, and then the story came out over pipes. All three joined in the telling, and it was a loose-jointed, jerky tale, impossible to reproduce as it was told.

A week before they turned up at my camp, the Gibsons came into the mountains on their customary fall hunt for deer and bears, bringing their hounds along. They killed a small bear the first day and found the tracks of a large one, and that night in camp they planned the next day's hunt for the big bear.

Two of the hounds were inexperienced puppies, old enough to help in a bear fight but uneducated in the game, and Gibson was concerned for their safety in a mix-up with a full-grown grizzly. Some dogs have a natural aptitude for taking care of themselves and keeping out of reach of a bear's paws, but green hounds, if they have courage, are likely to fly at a bear's throat or ears, which is the very worst strategy or tactics conceivable.

Old man Gibson therefore announced his intention to give the pups a rudimentary lesson in bear-fighting before setting them on the trail of the grizzly, and gave minute directions to the boys, who were to assist him.

"I'll sneak off into the brush," he said, "and put on this fresh bear pelt, and when I come growling around camp you boys turn loose the pups and sic 'em on to me. Tie up the old dogs tight and keep 'em out of the game.



Fell upon the enemy's rear

The pups will go for my head, and I'll bat 'em in the jaw to teach 'em not to fool with a bear's front end. You boys encourage 'em to worry the hind end of that bear pelt good and plenty."

Such, in substance, were Gibson's instructions to his unlicked cubs of boys, and they of course promised to do as they were told.

Gibson disappeared in the darkness with the bear hide, and presently there was a cracking of brush and a growl that set all the dogs straining at their ropes and whining with eagerness to tackle the disturber. The boys promptly turned loose all the dogs, and with a full-tongued chorus the pack launched itself into the brush and fell upon Gibson in the bear skin.

The pups went for his head as they were expected to do, but the war-wise old hounds executed a turning movement, and fell upon the enemy's rear.

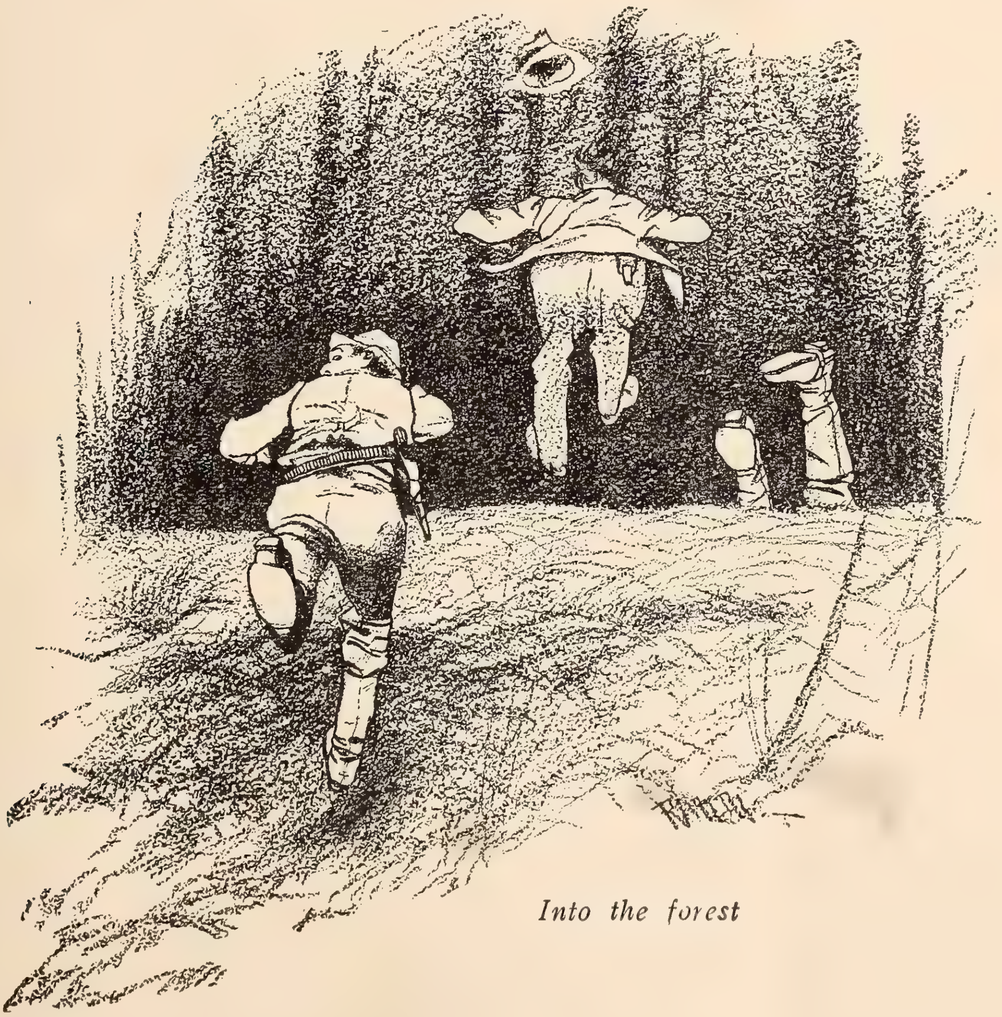
All talking, or rather shouting, at once, the Gibson boys gave what seemed to be a pretty fair imitation of the ensuing disturbance.

"Wow! What in thunder ye doin'? Down, Tige! Goldurn ye, leggo my leg! Bud, pull these dogs off'n me! Ouch! Help! Git out, ye consarned fool hound! Sic 'em, Jack! Bat 'em in the jaw, Dad! How's them pups gittin' along, Pop? Oh, I'll skin ye alive, ye devil's brats!"

Those were a few of the vocal accompaniments of Gibson's system of educating bear dogs. The rest were in "the tongue unknown to script," and, if I remember aright, there were some brutal semi-snarls and an "inter-hiss" mixed up in turmoil.

Some of the sounds from the thicket were so unintelligible to the Gibson boys and so fraught with menace, that when the old man chucked the bear hide to the tangle of dogs and made a break for his rifle, the boys fled into the forest and kept on running while their wind lasted. The last they heard from camp was the old man's voice pitched high in profane urgings to the hounds to take their trail, and blood-curdling threats of what would happen to them when caught.

That was why the Gibson boys hid out for two or three weeks, and, having seen a little of the crude ways of the family, I wondered not at all at their reluctance to meet the old gentleman before his legs were healed.



Into the forest

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

BY E. G. CHUPNEY.

There are two kinds of campers: men who, camping in a well-selected camping ground with a well-appointed outfit with all the comforts of home, try to bring on a few mild hardships for the fun of the thing; and practical workers who camp in the woods whenever duty calls them, and camp because there is no other way to live.

Ours was a working camp. There is a big difference between them. I have even heard a city camper go so far as to say that camping was no fun if you had a cook. He would not have found anyone in our outfit to agree with him. We all wanted a good cook and we had him. He ruled the camp with an iron hand, but no one ever grumbled; he was boss of the situation and we all knew it. Cook for a camping outfit is not a very high-sounding title, but the qualifications for the position are many and various. Mike had them all—all but one, he could not sing. Ten years a sailor and fisherman, he could spin yarns till bed-time every night; five years a cook in the Maine lumber woods, he could tell the biggest hunting stories on record and make a plum pudding out of corn meal and kerosene. His ready wit and good nature kept every one in good humor.

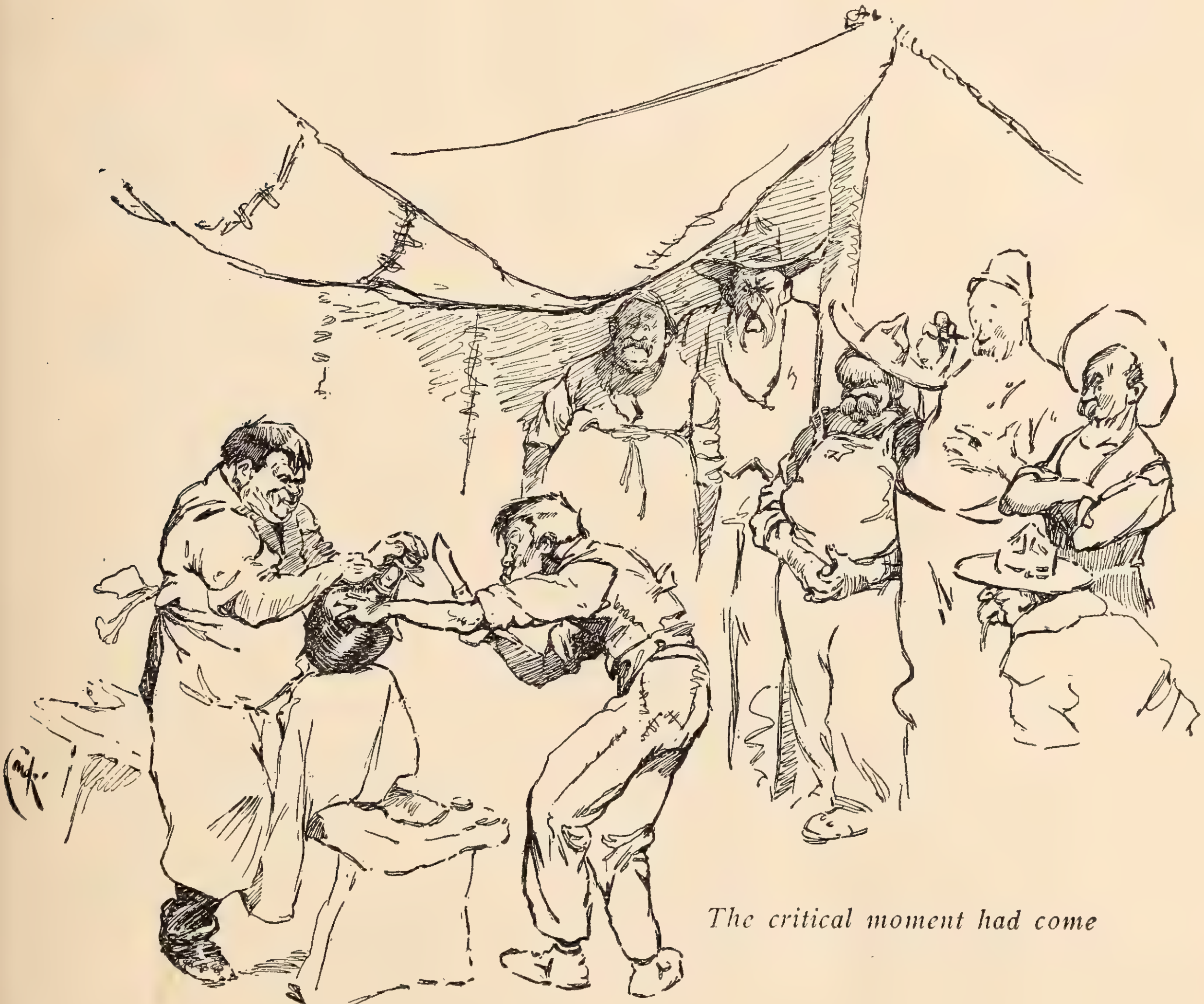
We had been eating baking powder biscuits for about a month—and the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt" was never more true than when applied to a baking powder biscuit—when something happened that was to be the source of many an evening's amusement in the old camp. We made a strike for light bread! A demand for light bread in the heart of the backwoods with a camp outfit which would have thrown most cooks into a towering rage and probably have gotten us a good cussing, but Mike was tickled to death with the suggestion. He would make some yeast!

No one ever knew exactly how he started that yeast, but that he had started it was soon evident to everyone. A suspicious-looking brown jug, located in a dark corner of the cook tent, gagged with a heavy wooden plug, and throttled with a piece of tar rope, would utter vicious, suppressed shrieks at the most unexpected moments. A man would stop his fork in mid-air as he gazed anxiously with open mouth into the dark corner. At every omnious warning Mike would go into a mild form of convulsions and gurgle almost as much as the jug. Rubbing his hands together gleefully, he would say, "Boys and boys, but that powerful stuff!"

This reign of terror had lasted a couple of days when Mike announced that he was going to open the jug at once. The news that the famous jug was to be opened spread over the camp like wildfire and the clans assembled to see the fun. Since no one wanted to be too near the jug or too far away to see the whole show, the attempt to find the exact distance for the best result caused a nervous shifting of the little semi-circular crowd in front of the cook tent. Mike was the most important man in the State as he strutted about the tent getting things ready for the conflict and laughing contemptuously at our fears.

We had always known that Mike was a great man according to his own accounts, but now he was proving it. When he finally picked up that jug there was a certain deference and respect in his manner that we had never before seen him accord to anything—alive or dead. He handled it gently at arm's length, while the audience saw to it that there was always a clear space in the line of the plug. Never before did an unholy, inanimate object—if that jug could be called inanimate—receive such respectful treatment.

Grasping the stopper cautiously with both hands, Mike called for a volunteer to cut the rope. An innocent youth from the Middle West, in somewhat cynical indifference, stepped forward. The rest of us stepped back. The critical moment had come. Mike braced himself for the shock and nodded to the youth to cut. Not a soul breathed as the old case knife slowly chewed its way through the rope. It was cut. There was a moment's silence while Mike slowly released his hold on the plug.



The critical moment had come

Mike's face fell, and a ripple of laughter ran through the crowd. We could not hear what Mike said distinctly, but what we heard was enough. He proceeded to investigate. There came a report like a full-grown cannon, a yell of agony as the youth reeled backward to the ground, the shriek of escaping gases and a geyser-like explosion obliterating the interior of the tent in pungent white mist.

When the air had cleared sufficiently to see anything, there was Mike, the jug on a bench in front of him, both hands clapped over the opening, and every muscle strained to repress its struggles. The youth sat in a far corner nursing his face. Both the men, as well as everything else in the tent, were completely plastered, but Mike was radiant.

"Boys and boys," he shouted, "but that's powerful stuft! Hand me that dish-pan, somebody!"

The crowd was wild with delight. "Swing to her, Mike! Hold her! Give 'em fair play! Watch her, Mike, she'll drown you yet!"

No one would help him to an unfair advantage. Every effort he made to move one hand cautiously toward the coveted pan was met by a scream of warning from the jug and a howl of delight from the crowd. A half dozen such attempts had failed. The jug seemed to have him where it wanted him, but Mike would not go back on the work of his hands; he continued to mutter between the intermittent geysers, "Boys and boys, but that's powerful stuft!"

The situation was becoming desperate. He had proved his ability to make "powerful stuft" all right, but could he break it in for use, that was the question.

Realizing the crisis, Mike prepared for a supreme effort. One more dying shriek and the jug was upside down in the dishpan. Mike beamed triumphantly on the cheering crowd. We all pushed forward to see the wonderful result—a scant half-pint of furious yeast raging frantically around the bottom of a large dishpan—defeated but not disheartened.

THE FAIRIES

BY FLOYD PARKER WAGAMAN.

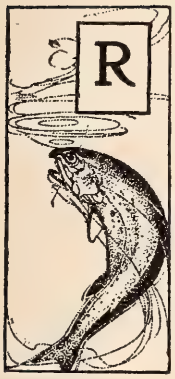
The fairy, Spring, awaking from her sleep,
  Lifts high her gorgeous head above the fleece,
And kisses with a touch so soft and sweet
  The crimson lips of twilight's western sky.
The frog discourses softly in the dell;
  The robin whistles as he flies to rest;
The heart is light, for cares are buried deep
  In mausoleums of forgetfulness.
The evening zephyr wafts a perfume sweet;
  'Tis nature's breath, the virgin breath of Spring,
And man, inhaling this, forgets his foes,
  And loves with kindly love his fellow men.
'Tis now, that smiling with a nameless bliss,
  With step elastic, eye so keen and bright,
The gentle maiden looks with loving gaze
  Upon her King—God's noblest handiwork.

WHEN THE LINES RUN FREE

Being short stories of lake and stream, of a fish that got away and one that didn't and of a big Dolly Varden that had to be sat upon

"TO HIM WHO WAITS"

BY BURLEY D'PERE.



REB and I had been in the Siwash country for several weeks fishing. We had had practically no luck at all, for not a trout was hooked, although we had traversed every branch of the Snohomish River. All the nimrods of the village came in day after day with strings of beauties that made our hearts ache and sent us to bed at night with a great desire and longing to show them that we could do a turn or two in that line.

We fished in the same holes, used the same kind of bait, hooks, lines and rods as the more fortunate fisherman did, but always with the same result. We fished when the tide ebbed, flowed and was on a stand, yet not a trout came our way. Evening always found us in a disgusted frame of mind, for all we caught was a dozen or so bullheads and a few suckers.

Naturally we were "joshed" a great deal. Much to the enjoyment of the daily loungers, every evening as we entered the hotel, the same question was put to us,—"What luck to-day, boys, bullheads, suckers or trout?" But our only retort was,—"It comes to him who waits." So we determined to open their eyes by catching a mess that would show up any brought into the village during the season, or admit that fishing was not one of our strong points.

Thus matters stood when one morning, bright and early, we shouldered our tackle, took a can of salmon eggs for bait, some lunch and hit the trail leading to Quil Cedar Creek, a tidal branch of the Snohomish, running through an Indian Reservation adjoining the village.

This creek was considered one of the most frequented haunts of salmon trout, and although we had visited it several times, we had never been fortunate enough to land a member of the tribe fit for food. Of course we were feeling very jubilant, as all fishermen do when their thoughts are filled with dreams of a big catch. Yet deep down in our hearts lurked the fear of the "water haul," for we had made it so often that it almost seemed to be the natural result of our day's outing.

Arriving at the creek we followed a narrow trail and soon found a spot, which any fisherman could tell at a glance, would be the haunt of trout, both large and small. A massive cedar, torn from its roots years before by a storm, lay half way across the creek and made a splendid perch from which to cast. The banks of the stream were lined with underbrush and shrubs which reached to the very water's edge. The overhanging branches of the firs and cedars cast their shadows almost across to the opposite bank. It was as beautiful a spot as one could find for fishing. The deep silence was undisturbed except for the occasional chirp of a chip-munk or the war-cry of a hawk.

We were not many minutes baiting, and ere long were casting among the shadows for any unwary trout which might be lurking in the shadows. The tide was flooding, a time when trout should be following the salmon on their way up stream to spawn. For an hour or more we cast and cast, neither of us getting as much as a nibble from anything but bull-heads or suckers.

Naturally our ardor was cooling, for it looked as though we were in for our usual bad luck. Suddenly I felt a slight tug at my line, not a rough jerk, but just a dainty little nibble, and I knew at once that it was no bull-head, for one of these gluttons gives one tug and down goes hook, bait and all; nor was it a sucker, for suckers are almost as bad as bull-heads. So I slowly set my line in motion and before I knew it my reel was spinning around at a stunning pace. Then for a few minutes I played the game all fishermen love, reeled and unreeled, waited and watched, till finally I landed him. Though not so very large, he was a beauty and to me served as an elixir.

I felt that our luck had changed, and it really had. Reb landed one, then I another, a third, a fourth, and so on till we had a string of beauties that would almost satisfy the heart and appetite of the hungriest Siwash. I proposed going home but Reb replied, "Just wait a minute, I believe there is a whale playing around my hook and I want to give him a try." I proceeded to get our catch and tackle together, and was so engaged when the sharp buzzing of Reb s reel attracted my attention. Looking up I witnessed a fight between man and fish that beggars description.

At once I knew he had hooked a monster of some kind, for no small fish could make a reel sing like that. Then the fun began,—down stream he went like a runaway racehorse, taking out fifty feet or more of line ere he could be checked. Then away he went in the opposite direction like a shot, at least forty feet up stream. Now he darted straight away, then in a circle. Sometimes he sulked for a few minutes. Reb all the while was keeping as much strain on the line as possible, for he knew his only chance of bagging that fish was to tire him completely out. Thus he fought for nearly thirty minutes, but to save his life he couldn't get that trout near enough to use the net. It was impossible to work either up or down stream, on account of the brush. It was simply a case of using tact in reeling. Finally his patience was rewarded, for although game till the last, Mr. Trout was compelled to give in from sheer exhaustion.

His last attempt to throw the hook was magnificent, even if it did end in his downfall. He had sulked for about five minutes, holding the line taut all the while, when suddenly the tension was slacked and he darted clear out of the water; that was where Reb had him, for before he struck again, he was reeled into the six-foot mark and was landed on the bank.

He was a beauty "Dolly Varden," covered with pink spots from head to tail. He tipped the scales at five pounds four, and was the largest ever caught in the Quil.

Contented and happy as two robins in the spring time, we gathered up our catch and plodded homeward. That evening we did not seek the back alleys and side streets; the main thoroughfares was none too good for us. Nor did we stop until that catch had been displayed before the eyes of our messmates, and we had had the pleasure of hearing them admire Reb's whale and admit that we could "fish a little."

Thus we proved the proposition, that "It comes to him who waits."

TROUBLE AND A FISH

BY CHARLES K. YOUNG

My first stop of any considerable duration was made in Klickitat County, in the State of Washington; and I had not been there long when I made the acquaintance of an old man by the name of Johnson, an old time frontiersman, who had started for himself in the wilds of northern Wisconsin and had drifted Westward with the tide of emigration until he found that he had spent the best part of his life looking for something "a little better," and at an advanced age had finally come to realize that the opportunities of his life had been passed by unheeded, till now. The old man is compelled to gain a livelihood by any odd jobs that chance to come his way.

I manifested a great deal of interest in the old man, and made numerous inquiries in regard to his methods of angling. One day, to my pleasure and delight, he accorded me a favor which he had never been known to grant to another person. Perhaps it was because I had shown such an interest in his past, present and future, that he invited me to go on a fishing trip with him to the Big Klickitat. I, being a "tenderfoot" from Kansas, expressed a doubt as to whether I could even cast a trout fly; but he wouldn't take no for an answer, saying he "would teach me," and "that my western experience wouldn't be complete without a day's sport with the speckled beauties." So, after canvassing my circle of acquaintances, I collected an outfit consisting of a hollow steel jointed rod, with reel and line; also a good sized fish basket. As I boarded the train that morning in July in company with my old friend, I could not help but think of the time, long ago, when, with a warped and knotty hazel pole and accessories, consisting of a twine string for a line and a few rusty fish-hooks, which had done service to the gentle art for a number of seasons, for it was with this crude outfit that I invariably succeeded in capturing a goodly number of sun fish, "craw tads," and mud cats, with an occasional terrifying "snapper" turtle from the muddy depths of the old swimming hole back in Kansas.

In due time, I found myself on the famous fishing grounds of Klickitat County undergoing the first lesson of the day in exercising my batting proclivities upon some seemingly demure, but singularly elusive, grasshoppers. I was informed the reason for laying in a supply of those innocent insects was to enable us to offer a tempting array of dainties to try the appetites of the gourmands of the deep blue waters. After knocking into insensibility a few dozen of the idiotic looking imps of the grass, we prepared for the real pleasures of the day.

My instructor and guide kindly helped me master the intricacies of a jointed rod and reel, and then proceeded to instruct me in the art of casting. Taking his own rod and selecting a promising point, he began the conquest with a few deft manipulations of arm and wrist, and soon convinced me that it was "as easy as falling off a log." But I had not the remotest idea that it was as easy as falling *off a rock;* or how infernally cold it was down in those transparent depths of limpid water. After gaining what I thought to be a point of vantage on top of a huge rock which jutted out into the stream, I proceeded to verify my conviction that it *was* easy, and as suddenly came to the unhappy conclusion that I was mistaken. When I attempted to cast that gaudy fly out to where I imagined I could see a monster trout rising to receive it, I threw my body forward at a dangerous angle, and with the hook in the back of my neck and a screech of pain, I toppled over and sank to rise immediately and strike for the nearest point of terra firma, which I reached none too soon, for I felt that I was rapidly congealing. Of course my rod sank, but it was firmly anchored to the back of my neck and the anchor came to land with me, and Johnson was enabled to save my rod and reel for future experiment..

Well, thought I, I've learned something, and "got damp, quick, too!" But after Johnson had extracted that harpoon from the nape of my neck, and bound a handkerchief around the wound, I watched him land a few small trout, and was induced to try it again myself. I was careful, however, not to get too close to the edge of the rock, and I tried to be more careful in launching my hook. But in some mysterious and unexplained manner I contrived to add to my discomfiture and growing feeling of imbecility by imbedding the hook in the rim of my straw hat, which article promptly swore allegiance to its newfound friend and sailed away to offer itself as a bait to any whale of the Jonah species that might have fondness for hay.

It was no doubt owing to the fact that angling on the Klickitat is still in the unprofessional stage that none of those monster leviathans have yet been seen in its waters. So my wayward headgear, under the persuasion of rod and reel, came back to its first and only love in a manner that reminded me of the times when I have towed a hideous mud turtle to the bank. It was not with a feeling of relief that I finally restored my erring hat to its throne.

After numberless futile attempts I learned to make some fairly respectable casts; but for some unknown reason the fish absolutely refused to give me the pleasure of venting my anger on them, while Johnson was all the time pulling them out in a manner that filled me with astonishment and a reverent admiration.

Having noted my fruitless efforts, he finally ventured to tell me to put on a different fly, but I had no better luck than before. "Try a hopper," said Johnson. It was with a conviction that a hoodoo was working against me that I produced a large gray grasshopper from a pocket of my wet garments and impaled him on my hook in a highly artistic manner.

Going up the stream to a spot where, about twenty feet from the bank there was a big boulder with the water boiling over and around it, Johnson said that "this ought to be a good place for a big fellow." I made several unsuccessful attempts to cast my bait directly over that rock, and was becoming discouraged when by a lucky cast I put it just where the water broke over the boulder, and the instant my hook touched water there rose to the surface the biggest trout I had yet seen. As quick as a flash it seized the grasshopper with the ferocity of a Kansas tornado, and before I could yield the reel to him, he had snapped my rod close up to the handle. As long as I live I shall never forget the experience of the next few minutes. The line was a good one and held. It was but the work of a moment to get hold of the broken tip, and, holding the two pieces in my left hand, I worked the reel with my right. With incredible swiftness the frightened fish ran out my eighty yards of line, and when brought to a stop by the elasticity of the rod, leaped bodily out of the water, giving the line a series of electric jerks that sent my heart with a bound into my throat. In an agony of fear, lest the coveted prize break loose and gain his liberty, I played him back and forth, the slender silken line cutting the water like a knife; meanwhile my reel was giving vent to spasmodic shrieks as he made one dash after another. However, I could see that his efforts were growing less energetic with each successive effort, and I was wild with joy when at last the reel forced my prize close enough to get hold of him and lift him out on the bank, where, without further ceremony, I sat down on him and rested, until my heart worked back from where it had got jammed in my throat to its normal position. I then gave vent to an ear-splitting war whoop of happiness.

What mattered it if my neck was swollen and bleeding?

What mattered it if my clothes were as wet and chilly as cold tripe to the touch? If all the woeful luck of fishermen for decades back had been mine, I was happy now; I had had the fight of my life and had come out victorious.

With wet garments and a lacerated neck encircled by a bloody handkerchief and a care free disposition, if the passengers on the home-bound trip did think poor old Johnson was some officer of the law who, after an exciting chase, had captured a vicious maniac, what did I care? My most dangerous trait was that of jumping in the river and giving a disconnected harangue about a big fish.

I have caught many trout since that, my first experience, and some that outclassed that fish in point of size, but the feeling I experienced when I made my first catch has never been duplicated in point of genuine pleasure and nerve thrilling excitement.

A CANANDAIGUA WHOPPER

BY LOUIS F. DRAKE.

While camping at Push Point, on beautiful Canandaigua Lake, last summer, there occurred one of the most singular fishing incidents that I ever saw. It was in July and the wind was in the South. When the wind blows from that direction—thank goodness, it doesn't very often—the mosquitoes are wafted from the big swamp at the inlet and make life interesting for the campers for miles along the lake. It was during one of these hot summer days that I pulled down from the "Eastnor" cottage, where some of our party were staying. On arriving at the camp I found all hands trying to get a little sleep, some in hammocks and others in the shade on the beach, but the winged pest with the hand-organ on his back wouldn't have it that way. As I approached the shore I could see arms flying and hear Sunday-school words coming from all sides.

"Say, boys," said Charlie, "there's no use trying; I can't sleep with all this buzzing going on around me. Let's go fishing; they won't bite so hard out there."

"Sure," growled the "Kid." "That's a good idea, and we can go down to Vine Valley and get some mosquito netting and some grub, too."

"Always wanting to eat, eh, Kid?" said Dick.

"Guess you would," returned the Kid, "if you didn't sleep more than I did last night!"

Off they went. Kid and Charlie were the fishermen of the party, the rest being willing to sail, swim or do nothing, but always ready to eat. After the fishermen had been gone some time, and nearly out of sight, I rigged up the sails on the *Hattie* and thought I would see what luck they were having. Reader, do you know of anything that beats sailing? I don't; that's why I don't catch more fish.

On this particular day the air, sun, wind and water were especially fine, and as I settled back and heard the water gurgle along the sides of the little craft and watched the sails pulling like "Sogers," I thought, "Oh, ye fishers! If you but knew the beauties of sailing as compared with fishing!" I presume they thought as they saw me coming, "Oh, ye sailor! If you but knew the delights of fishing!" But the fact of it is, they never saw me coming at all, so intent were they on pounding the bottom of the lake with a pound of lead. As I neared them I saw two other fishing boats acting in a singular manner. They were rowing around in a large circle, with their lines out. I heard the Kid call out to them, "What's the matter, Scott?"

"Lost a big one," came back the reply, "and he took six leaders and the sinker, and we are trying to hook them."

For the benefit of those not familiar with the "Seth Green" trout rig, I will say that the sinker is fastened to the extreme end of the line, while about 12 or 15 feet above is a leader about 15 feet long, and the same distance above that is another, and so on until four, five or six leaders are attached, as suits the fancy of the angler.

The "Kid," who was rowing, called out, "We will row between you and see if we can get hold of him." And, sure enough, as their boat was about in line, Charlie said, "Hold up, Kid; I've caught the bottom."

He certainly was fast to something, but that "something" was quite an animated article, as Charlie soon found out. The fish began taking line so rapidly that it was almost impossible to give it to him fast enough, even with the Kid rowing, and relief did not come until the fish took it into his head to change his course, thus allowing much line to be recovered. It was a fight of which to be proud, and shouts of advice and encouragement were given by the cupants of the other boats, while Charlie and the Kid were having the time of their lives with the fish. I never heard whether the fish was having a good time or not, but we will play he was. He would take out nearly all of the line and allow them to recover, as it suited his fancy. After about 15 or 20 minutes he at last seemed to be tiring and allowed himself to be drawn nearly to the surface of the water, although some distance away.

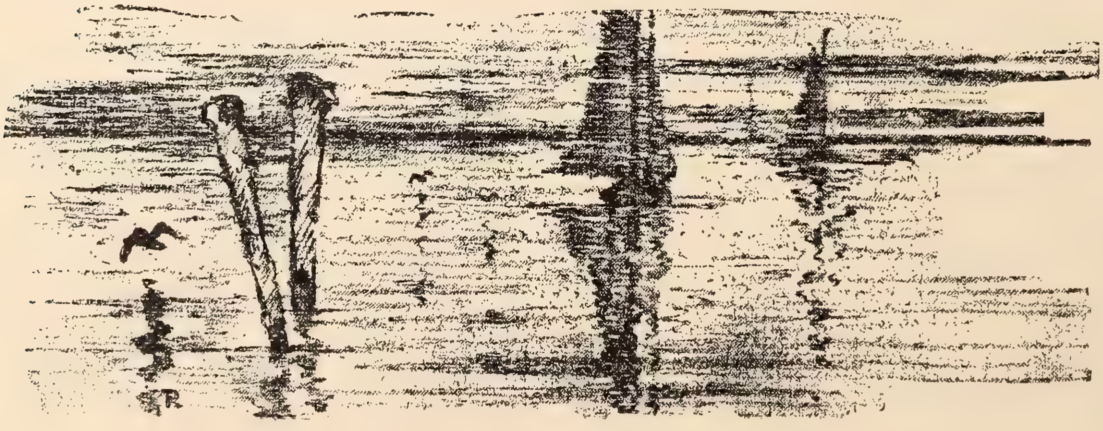
"Look! Look!" cried Kid. "It's a whale! It's a whopper! Now be careful, Charlie, and we will soon have him. Isn't he a dandy!"

But alas for human hopes! As they were drawing him carefully in, and the Kid getting ready with the gaff, his lordship suddenly took it into his head to go to the depths again, and such was the force of his rush that the line parted and he was free. On pulling in their line they found that the fish had taken away but one leader and that they had saved the other five, together with the sinker that had first been lost with him. On examining the recovered tackle, they found that one of their hooks had caught in one of the hooks of the other leader and that all of the fight had been made with the tackle hook to hook. Scott said the fish must have weighed 20 or 25 pounds, for he had caught a 15-pounder the year before, and that didn't put up anything like the fight that this one did.

It was *the* event of the season at our end of the lake and an ever-occurring topic of conversation for days thereafter when any of the participants met.

I trimmed my sails and leisurely beat back to camp, to be followed later by the lucky—or unlucky—fishermen, with their mosquito netting and other supplies. That evening, around the campfire, the incident was discussed and discussed, and the battle waged over and over again, while sitting in the smoke of the fire so as to be out of reach of the "pesky critters."

"Never mind, Charlie, if we did lose him, we had a bushel of fun, anyway. Now let's turn in and see if we can't get some sleep and be ready to try 'em again to-morrow." And all hands turned in to dreamland.



A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

BY G. D. WARREN.

With two drawings by Bellmore Brown

ON a dreary November day, I sat in my rude cabin near "Jackson's Hole," Wyo., polishing my 30-30 Winchester, grumbling the while with impatience at the very bad prospect of a try at big game. The sun was already past the meridian, and as this was my last day in the woods, the thought of being stormed in during the very best part of the day did not tally with former calculations. But my lucky star was not yet set, and about 3 o'clock the rain stopped and there were visible breaks in the clouds, and it seemed as though I would be able to carry out my plans of watching a deer trail which crossed a favorable part of the cañon within half a mile of my pine bough habitation. Noting the change in the weather, I at once made a "flap-jack," prepared some canned ham and a cup of coffee, and hastily swallowing this lunch, was soon astride of my horse, a splendid mount and my only companion; then with my trusty 30-30, I sallied forth in search of game.

On my arrival at the trail I found a convenient arroyo surrounded by underbrush, where I could picket Napoleon, my horse, out of sight and out of harm's way. This done, I cautiously made my way back to a cleft in a towering rock. The trail—which was the only crossing for several miles down the cañon—ran within twenty yards of the place, and from my position I could command a view of it for some forty rods in either direction. Here I concealed myself and lay in wait.

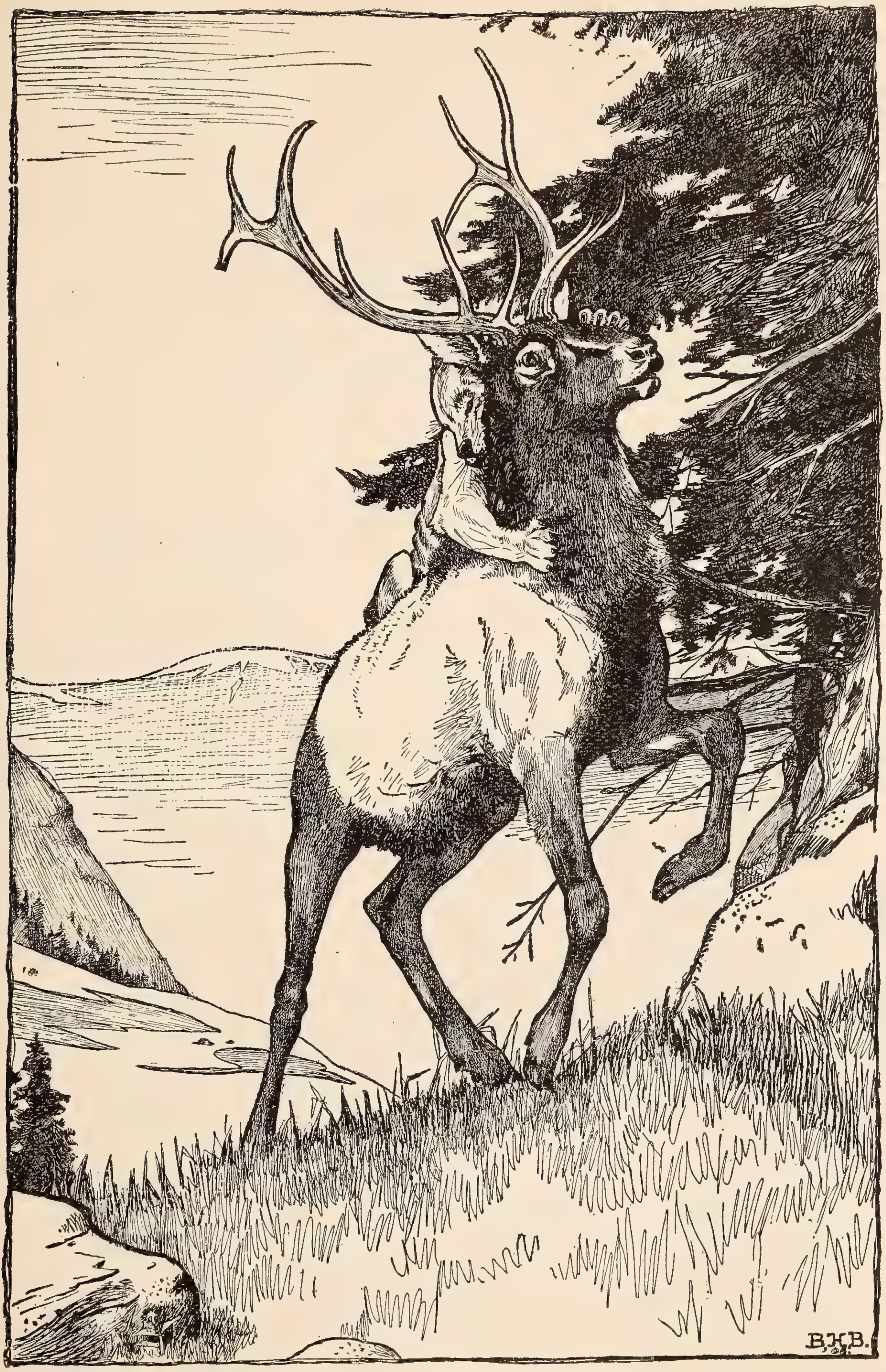
I sat in this position from about half past four until nearly six o'clock, without seeing or hearing anything to smack of game, and concluded to ease my nerves and pass the time by taking a draw at my pipe, as my position was favored by the wind coming from the trail toward me, which would carry the smoke in the opposite direction and prevent my presence being thus discovered by any possible denizen of the Rockies. It was not long before I had my briar going, and while I was right in supposing that I was immune from the acute olfactory nerves of animals crossing the cañon by the trail, yet I had not taken into account that while I was snugly cached, the smoke which I was emitting was rolling up the sides of the rock and making itself very much in evidence before being wafted away and disseminated into invisibility back of me.

I had been smoking probably some fifteen minutes when I detected the light, well-known tip, tip, tip of a deer which was circumventing my stand, by leaving the trail and climbing the side of the mountain, where he could get the wind from my direction. On hearing the light foot-fall of the deer, I became all attention and "stowed" my pipe and set the hammer of my rifle. However, there was no occasion for this latter move, as the rocky walls rose some fifteen feet on each side, and by leaving the trail, the deer had now reached a position which made it necessary for me to go out in front of the rock where I had come in if I hoped to get sight of the game. But this would make my position known to the animal, which I had no doubt was then standing in some well sheltered spot with nose, eyes and ears alert to catch the least move on my part, in which case it would be gone before I could take good aim; so I sat still and listened to the thump, thump of my heart. I had been tied down to my desk for three years and had not seen a big game track during all that time, and now realized that the "real thing" of which I had so many times dreamed was close at hand.

I remained in a crouched position for at least ten minutes, intently listening for further sounds, when far across the cañon I saw something move upon the scene before me. Straining my eyes upon the spot for some further sign of animal life, I could at first make nothing out. In the meantime, however, I heard the deer on the other side of the boulder give a snort and a stamp and then bound from a position not more than 20 yards from my rock. How in the name of Nimrod did the thing get so near without my hearing more of it?

When the commotion began at my back I again saw some movement down the trail in front of me, nearly a quarter of a mile away, and my excitement did not diminish when I saw something like an inverted dining chair move into a more conspicuous position, carried by a 900-pound elk. He had been attracted by the fleeing deer at my back, and there the splendid fellow stood, in full sight, his head erect with nostrils distended, giving me an oblique view of his body. Oh, Cæsar, what a beauty! Did I have the buck ague? Well, yes, just a little, and while he stood in such a magnificent pose, I wished that the distance could be cut in two! He was still safe from me. But he seemed to scent danger with the acute instinct of his fellows, and whatever his elkship's suspicions may have been, and whether he might have turned tail and scampered off to safer surroundings is a question, for while I was gazing at him in open-mouthed wonder and delight, he did the most unimaginable thing for his species.

Suddenly he sprang forward in the trail, laid his massive head-gear on his back, and apparently made straight for me. I have seen deer run when a hunter was pumping about three shots a second at it; I have seen antelopes, wolves and jack rabbits run in front of grey hounds, and they set a good pace; I have seen the Grand National, the Derby and other races of the best breeds of horse, but never have seen any living thing move as this bull elk did, coming to certain destruction. In my excitement I had raised to a standing position, which exposed my body from my belt up, and while thus standing with my gun ready to throw to my shoulder, I noticed another object in the trail directly behind the elk that seemed to be coming equally as fast. As the pursuer and pursued sped toward me, the former seemed to be about fifty feet long, with the dust curling up behind like the smoke from an express train. From my eminence I could see that the space between the oncomers was closing up, and by the time the elk had reached the cañon ditch and cleared it at a bound, it looked as though the pursuer flew straight over, but the ground rose as they ascended the hill after crossing the cañon, and it seemed to rise as an eagle would skim the surface of the earth in pursuit of a hare. I could now see that the gap had been entirely closed and the two animals doubled or came abreast in the narrow trail; then there was a slight interruption in the beautiful rhythmic race. The elk slackened speed, and the pursuer, which I now saw was a mountain lion, was in front, but turned so quick that for the space of the tenth of a second they were facing each other, and while the elk had only slightly checked his speed, he endeavored to clear his antagonist at a bound, but his reckoning was far short of success. He hurled his majestic body many feet from the ground; there was a swift move skyward on the part of the enemy, and when the elk came down he had eight feet of lion suspended from his neck. There ensued a short struggle, which brought them to a stop, not over ten rods from my elevated position. The motions of the two animals were



Eight feet of lion suspended from his neck

so quick and fierce that it was hard to distinguish elk from lion. First it looked like elk feet pawing the air, then a bundle of brown, then the elk on his feet with a writhing form under his antlers; then again the race was resumed a short distance in my direction, but with less speed and fainter effort than had been exhibited at the beginning. The lion quickly moved to the side of the fleeing quarry, and, taking him on the shoulder and breast with his forepaws, embedded his terrible teeth in the throat of the elk. The elk gave a stifled cry of pain and rage as he attempted to trample the enemy down. They were now coming uncomfortably close. The elk had swayed in his course and staggered from the path. With one mighty effort he tried to dislodge the lion by swinging his head up and down and striking with his fore feet, but his fate was sealed. As well might a rabbit expect to escape the eagle when once in its talons, as this monster elk to defeat his terrible foe. The great beast staggered laterally and fell, his shoulders bearing down the lion's haunches and hind legs, causing it to relax his death grip to pull itself from under the elk, which made a rallying effort and regained his feet. Once more the lion succeeded in fastening his teeth in the flesh of the elk, this time on the top of the neck, and the elk made a last feeble lurch forward and fell within ten feet of me, a badly excited and frightened individual.

After the first encounter I had let the breech of my rifle drop, while I held the muzzle with the other hand, pointing my own direction and standing at full cock, but I gave this little thought at the time, for I had been getting an exhibition of grand tragedy.

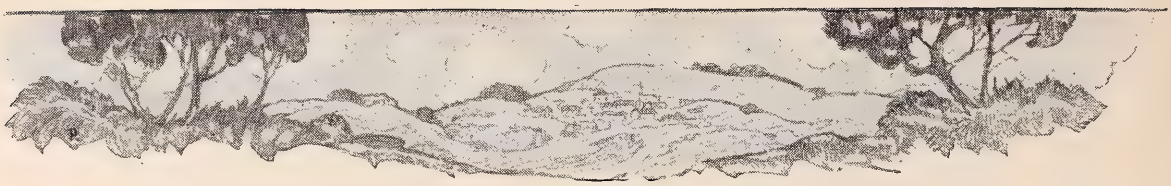
However, the combatants had come too close for me to thoroughly enjoy the battle; at the end of the last struggle I brought up my rifle, and ran my eye along the barrel until the lion was in range, but did not pull the trigger, for my excitement had subsided and I decided to withhold my fire and see the *coup de grace,* and the final scene will remain a vivid picture in my memory should I live to be as old as Methuselah!

The elk seemed to fall forward more from pain than from weight of the foe; whereupon the lion doubled itself up, resting both fore and hind feet on the elk's neck on either side of the lion's mouth, then the hind feet were pressed against the neck, embedding the claws deep into the elk's flesh, and, with a mighty effort the great cat not only broke the neck, but literally cut it half in two. The large, white sinew of the neck was severed by the lion's teeth and pulled loose from the head. The elk then rolled over on its side, and the lion began to lap the blood as it spurted from the great gap at the top of the throat. The great cat's tail was now towards me, and the chances for a good shot were questionable. I held my gun dead on the gentleman, waiting for any kind of a show either at his head or a perspective of enough of his side to cut two or three ribs and get at his heart and lungs, but he seemed to be in no great hurry to give me the opportunity. Finally he turned his head and looked up the trail. I shifted my rifle to catch a bead below and behind the ear, but my long wait with gun presented and the excitement had made me so shaky that my Lyman bead was dancing all over the brute's neck. I thought I would ease the gun down on the rock and so steady it, but while in the act of crouching, the lion turned his fore shoulders up the trail and began to belly down to the ground and to switch his long tail back and forth.

I had now got my gun on the rock and put one knee on the ground when Mr. Lion jumped up to his full height, humped his back something like a Tom cat, stretched wide open his mouth and hissed like an adder. I found his head with a steadied barrel and pressed the trigger. There was a flash and a keen but not very loud report. The lion squatted to his former crouching position. I threw in another cartridge and stood ready, but in a few minutes the old fellow made a spasmodic move, quivered under his foreleg and in his flank and then gave a convulsive forward motion which doubled his head back under his breast and then he rolled over on his side and was as dead as the elk he had so quickly killed, while I gazed down before me at the two monarchs of the forest, so different in form and character and yet so alike in native majesty, now limp and lifeless.

Near to Nature's Heart

Photographic study by Laurence C. Randall

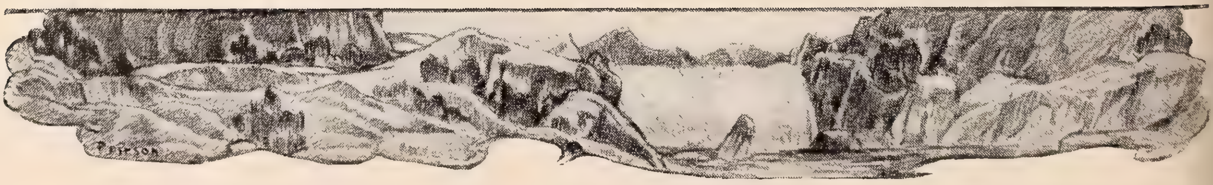


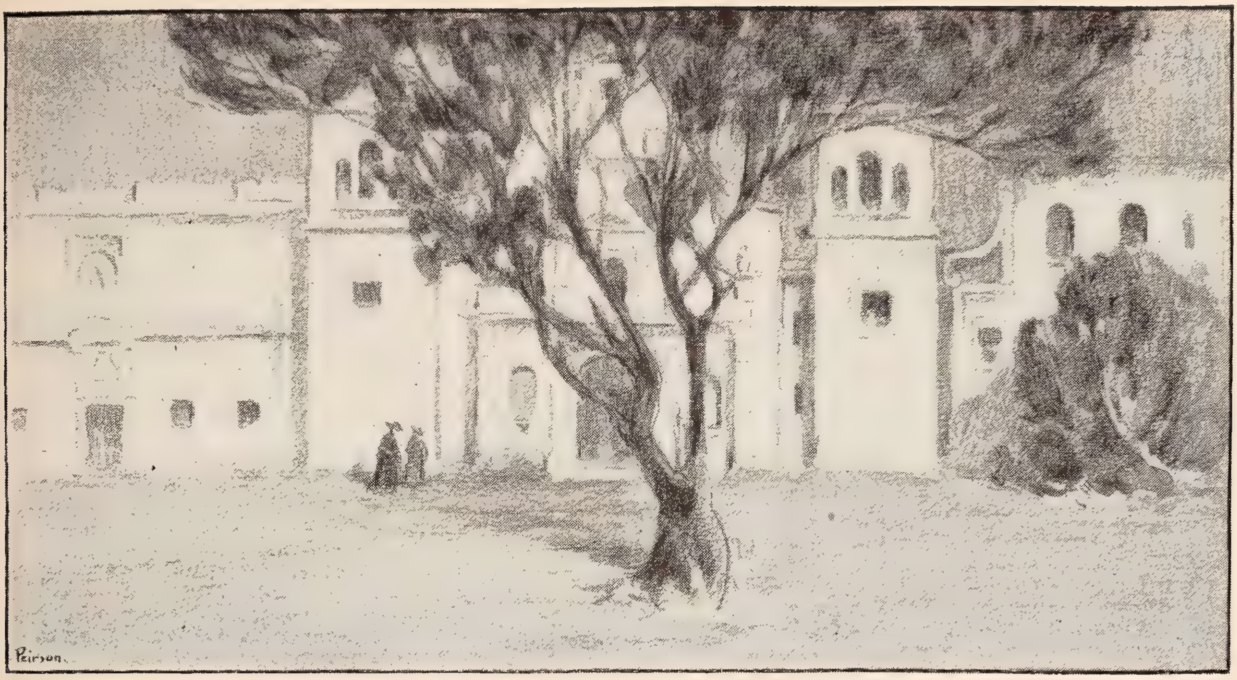
A MESSAGE

Irene Pomeroy Shields

North! To the North—all the robins are hieing,
Wild geese and bluebirds proclaiming the spring,
Down by the brook catkin banners are flying,
Phoebe and blue jay attempting to sing.
Stirs the sweet sap in the veins of the maple,
Heart of the crocus is showing its gold,
Soon blossoms will bourgeon on cherry and apple,
Sweet secrets of nature in spring time unfold.

North! To the North—all the south winds are blowing,
Bearing Love's message to bird and to bee,
Loosing the fetters that binds the brook's flowing,
Waking the dormant and setting life free.
Heart! Wilt thou heed what the wild things are saying?
Then haste to the lake bordered land of the pine,
Soul shall meet soul and forever go straying,
Through daisy strewn fields of eternal spring time.





THE TRAIL OF THE CAVALIERS

BY LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Drawings by the Writer and Alden Peirson.

MEXICO has been likened to Egypt, the Holy Land, to old Spain. The daughter of Castile, it is not unnatural that she should bear to the mother country a strong family likeness. But old as that phase of her civilization is—it is nearly four hundred years since Cortez landed with his Cavaliers at the point where he founded the city of the Only True Cross—it is built upon the ruins of one more ancient still.

With the exercise of a little fancy, the boats that surround our steamer as she drops anchor off the mole at Vera Cruz, filled with clamoring natives, urging upon the tourist all manner of tropical fruits, become the canoes that put off for a closer look at the strange craft with high poops and wing-like sails, which seem to the simple Indians to be visitants from another world.

The City of Mexico, or, as it is commonly called throughout the Republic, "The City," is the ancient Tenochithan, the home of the lordly Montezuma, and the scene of the last fierce struggle, led by the heroic Chief Guatemotzin against the invading Spaniards, of which so many memorials remain. Where stands the parish church of San Hipolite, existed, in the year 1520, the second line of defense on the causeway that connected the city with the mainland. At this point, during the retreat of the Spaniards upon the memorable Dismal Night (la Noche Triste), the

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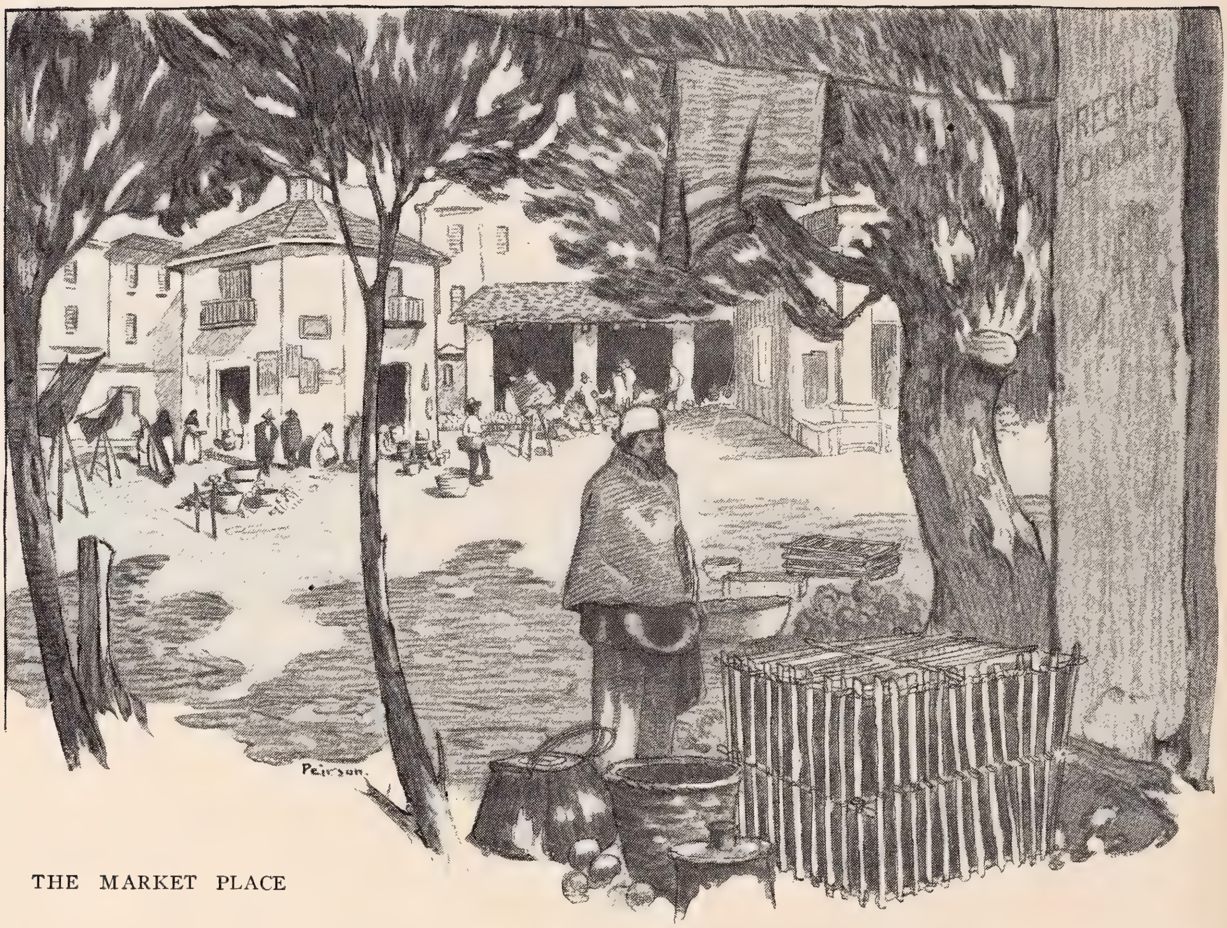
Note.—In complying with the request of a number of readers, we have been much interested in the preparation of this article. Seemingly, our subscribers who travel are turning their eyes to new fields or very old fields which have not been thoroughly covered by the tourist armies. There are a lot of things yet to be learned about the North American continent, even by those familiar with the country, things which have been accepted as our own with quasi-satisfaction. If this timely article opens the eyes of our readers, then we will feel that in answering the question asked us we have accomplished a double purpose.—Editor.



THE MARKET PLACE

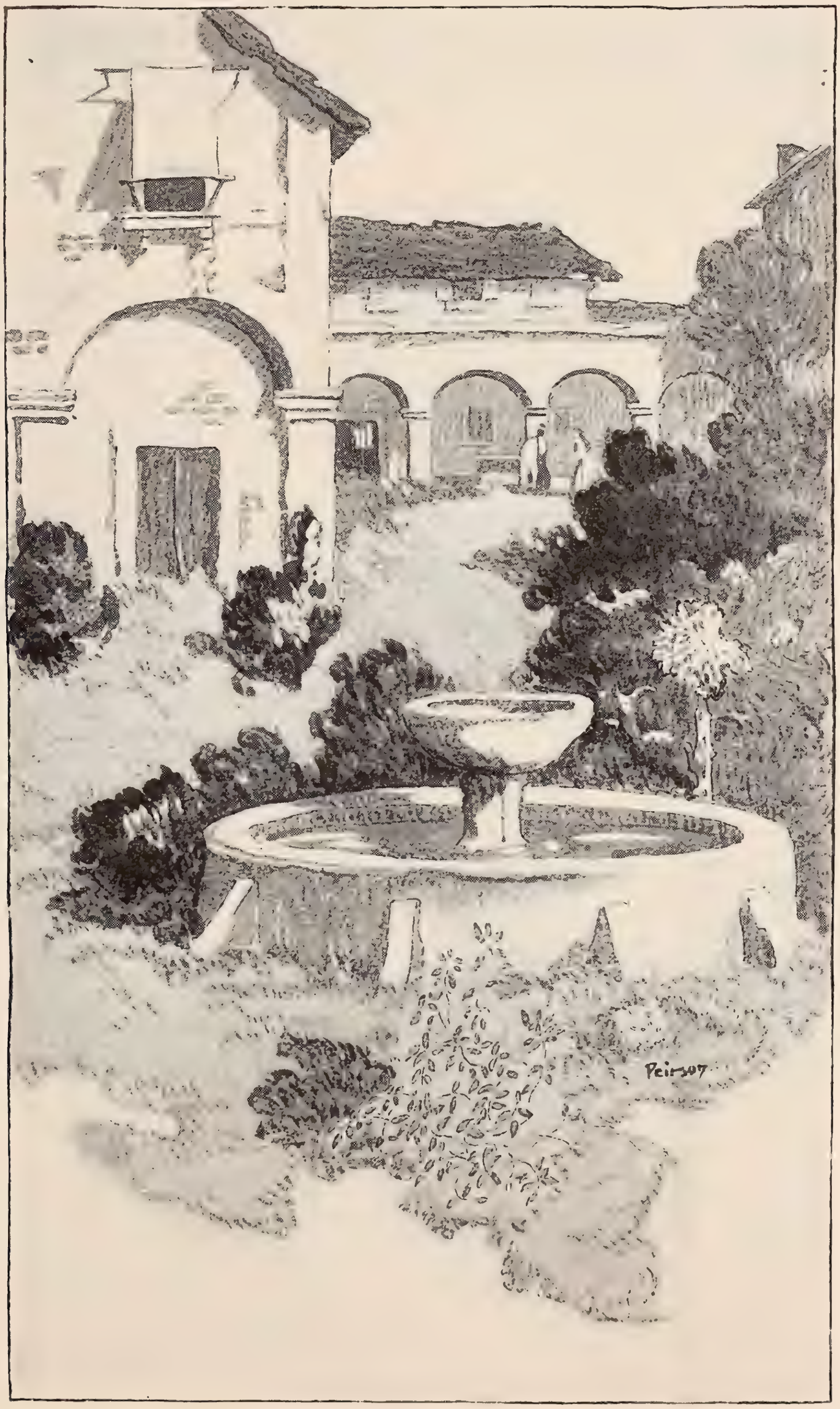
slaughter was greatest. And here Juan Garido, one of the survivors of that night of horror, built a little commemorative chapel of adobe, to be replaced later by the present church, begun in 1599. There is a tablet and inscription upon an exterior angle of the wall, and the local name of the "Church of the Martyrs," the acceptance of which euphemistic title depends upon the direction of one's sympathies.

One of the first spots to claim the visitor's attention is Chapultepec, rising, as it does, a bold promontory of rock, from the level plain. It has witnessed the burial of Aztec kings, and its palace and citadel, in former times, the scene of vice-regal splendor and the seat of two short-lived empires, are now the official residence of Mexico's patriot-president. The remains of the old viaduct which served to connect this stronghold with the Tenochithan of Montezuma's day are still pointed out, as well as of the one the Spaniards built.

Everywhere the air is heavy with tradition; of tales of bloody struggle between aborigine and invader; patriot revolutionists and the power of old Spain; of acts of charity and faith on the part of good men and women; of condescension on the part of Heavenly personages; of apparitions of Saints and Angels and Madonnas! of holy wells and enchanted waters, each with its voluminously authenticated miracles, there is no end. And, alas, even accounts of public burnings and *autos da fe,* held when that scourge of mediæval Mexico, the Inquisition, had Mexico in her bloody grip.

It is pleasant to turn from the latter dark memories to an account like that given of San Juan de Penetencia, where, when an earthquake shook that part of the city and the church began actually to tumble about the ears of the worshippers, an image of the Child Jesus that stood upon the altar, raised its arms and stayed the fall of a great arch of masonry, that otherwise would have crushed hundreds beneath its weight.

upon December 12th, which date the church has consecrated to the celebration of the Miracle of Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe. Here, upon the festival of their patron Madonna, the Indians gather by the thousands from all parts of the country to celebrate the

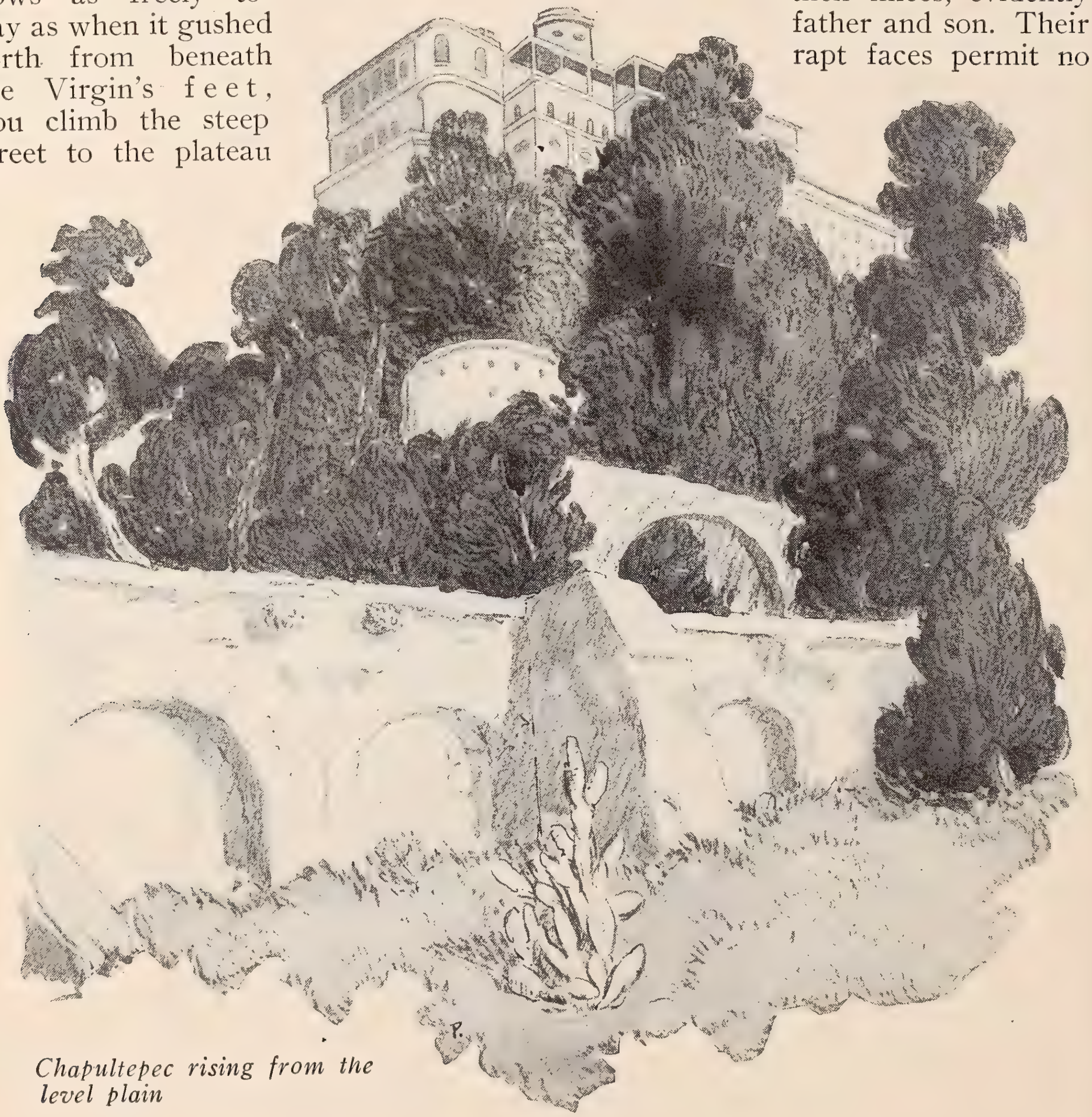


A COURTYARD IN GUADALOUPE

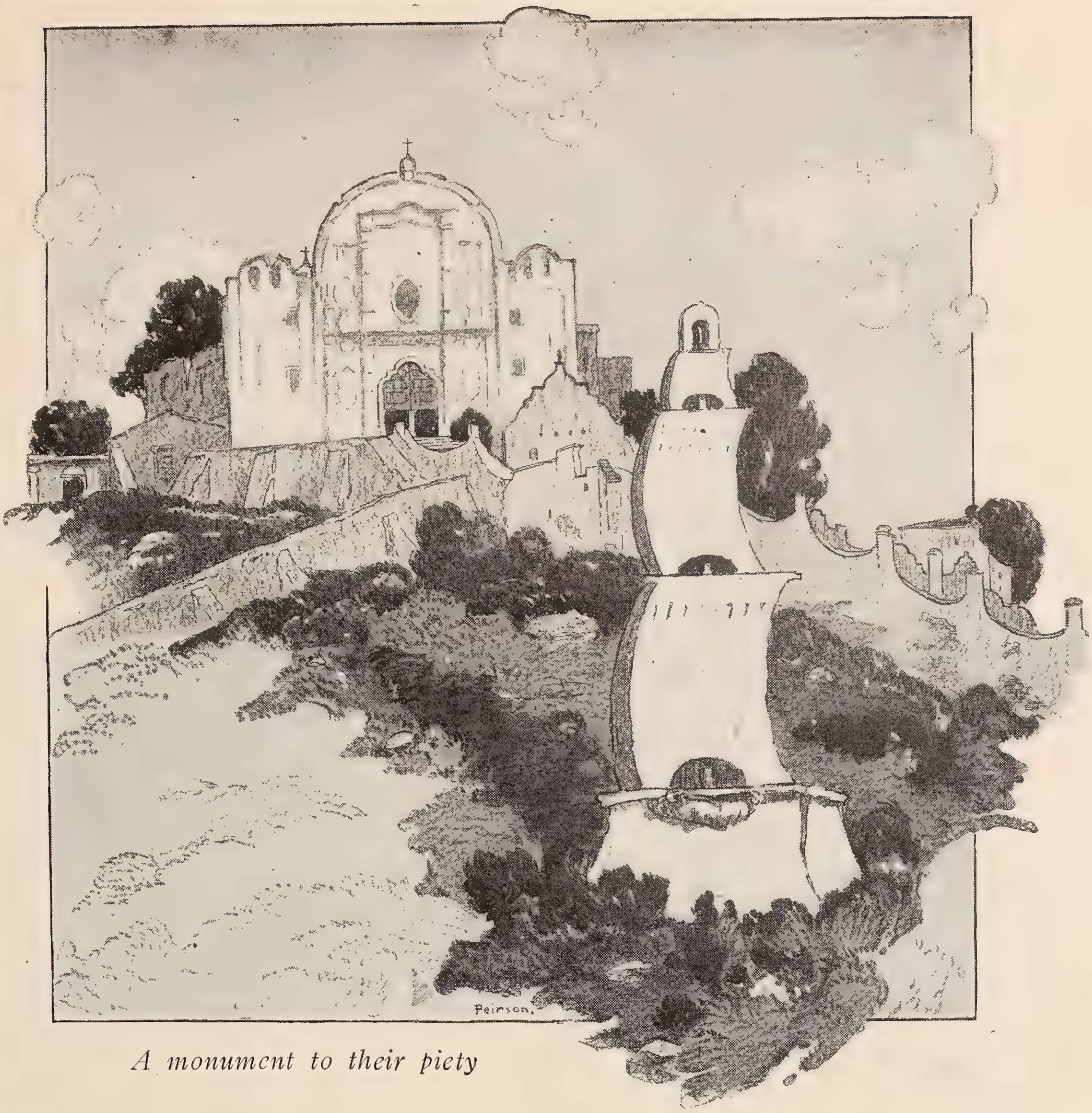
Within a half hour's ride of the capital stands, chapel-crowned, Guadaloupe Hill, the shrine of native worship and the Mecca of the annual pilgrimage holiday in their own way with little or no assistance from the priests, who give the church over to them wholly. Whether in their ceremony lingers any trace of the rites with which they were wont to worship Tonantzin, "The Mother of the Gods," to whom the hill was sacred in Aztec times, the good fathers will not say.

But the Virgin of Guadaloupe is by popular adoption, as well as by papal bull, the patroness and protectress of New Spain. Her image has been borne upon the banners of patriots and her name upon their lips—a battle cry.

Leaving the little "chapel of the well," where the miraculous spring flows as freely today as when it gushed forth from beneath the Virgin's feet, you climb the steep street to the plateau upon which is built the great collegiate church, where the sacred picture is kept in her tabernacle of many colored marbles, guarded by a massive silver railing; amid her treasures of gold and precious stones, that make her shrine the richest in Mexico. Beyond, up the stone steps that lead to the crest of the hill, is *Capella del Cerrito* (the Chapel of the Little Hill), which marks the spot where Juan Diego cut the roses which sprang from the rock as a sign to the unbelieving bishop of that day. As you stand looking out over the city and the plain beyond, the mind filled with religious images, two peasants come toiling up the stairs upon their knees, evidently father and son. Their rapt faces permit no



Chapultepec rising from the level plain

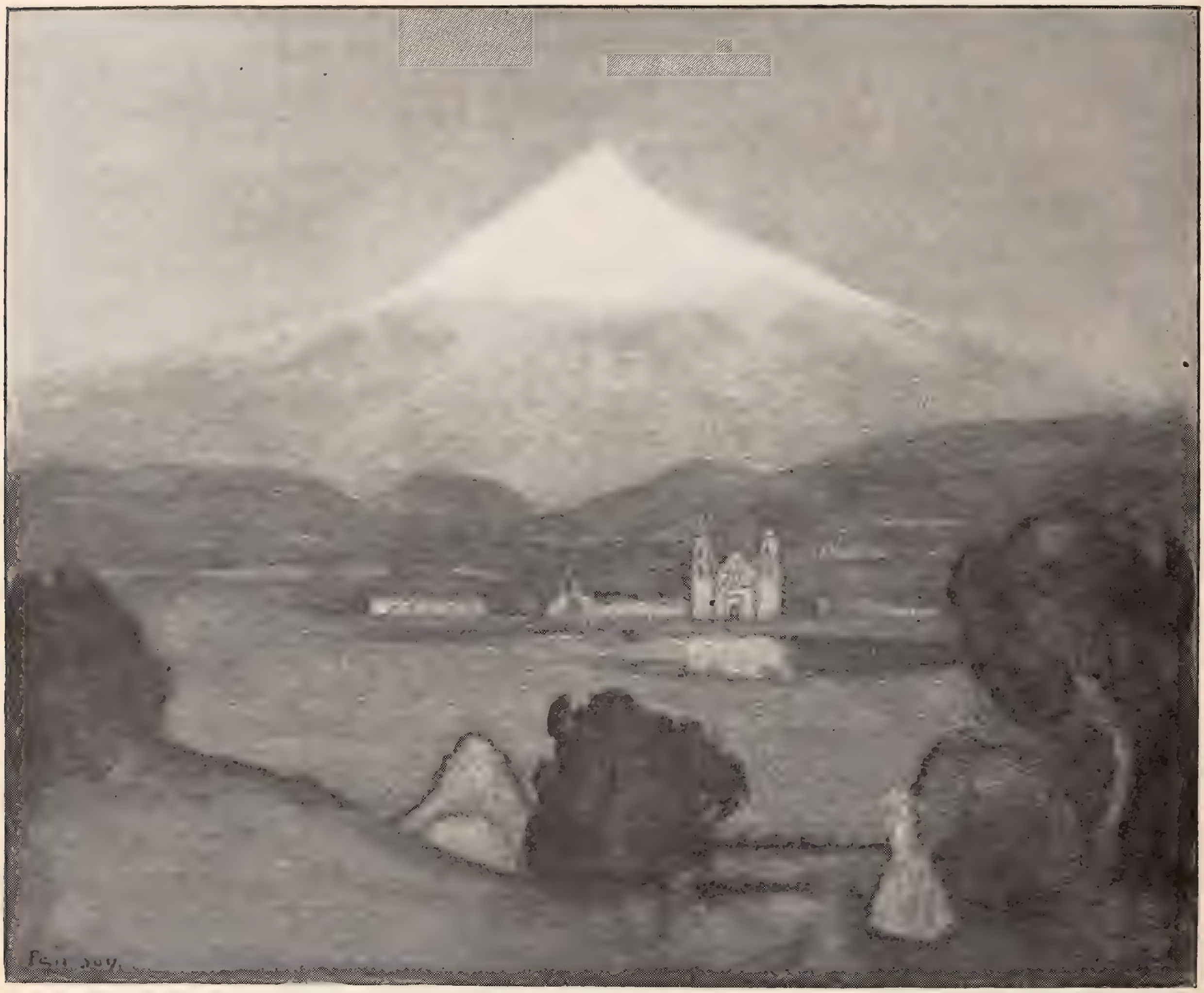


A monument to their piety

doubt of their sincerity, and it is with reverence that you watch them enter the chapel door, still upon their knees. They are *cargadores;* you can see where they have left their bundles at the foot of the hill, after having come many a mile out of their way to pay their homage to the spot where they believed the Virgin had once actually stood.

Half way up the hillside, within a few feet of the staircase, there rises a curious structure of stone and adobe, which, as we caught a glimpse of it over the parapet, seemed to resemble a galley under full sail. Within this is supposed to be actually the mast and yards of a ship, erected by a grateful crew to commemorate their rescue from peril at sea. The story is told that, beset by a norther upon the gulf, and in peril of foundering, they vowed to the Lady of Guadaloupe that if she would intervene to save them they would set up their mast and sails at her shrine in token of their gratitude. Accordingly, coming to land next day, they unshipped their mast, and with the spars and sails as they were, dragged it laboriously through the summer heat over the hundreds of miles of mountain and plain that lie between the sea coast and the City of Mexico and erected it upon the hillside. That it might be the better preserved from the ravages of the elements, they built about it a covering of stone. There it stands, near the steps of the laborious ascent, a monument to their piety.

Elsewhere, in every city or town of the Republic, the churches are not less impressive. On every side they raise their storied towers, throw out their massive buttresses. The clamor of their bells is with you always. Richly carved doors, brought from Spain in earlier days, stand open. You enter, to be awed by the magnificence of some great altar like that of the Cathedral of Pueblo, the "City of Angels," or that of the great Cathedral in Mexico City, or are startled by some realistic carved and painted effigy of souls in purgatory, or are charmed by the mellow tones of a set of pictures in gilded frames attributed to some early Spanish master, that adorn the walls. Or, again, in some bare rural interior, one comes upon an altar quaintly decorated with drawnwork or artificial flowers: woman's work, and speaking to your heart of woman's love and faith. The effect is not always beautiful; indeed in some of the finest interiors there is much that strikes your taste as bizarre; but you never lose sight of the fact that it all means something, and has a place in the daily life of those you see coming and going about you. And somehow you are never amused, even when in the effort to bring the facts of their religion home to the understanding of the people, the priests have approached near to the dividing line that a sense of humor is supposed to draw. For instance, in a remote district, at one time overrun with bandits, there is said to be in the parish church a life-sized figure of our Lord dressed

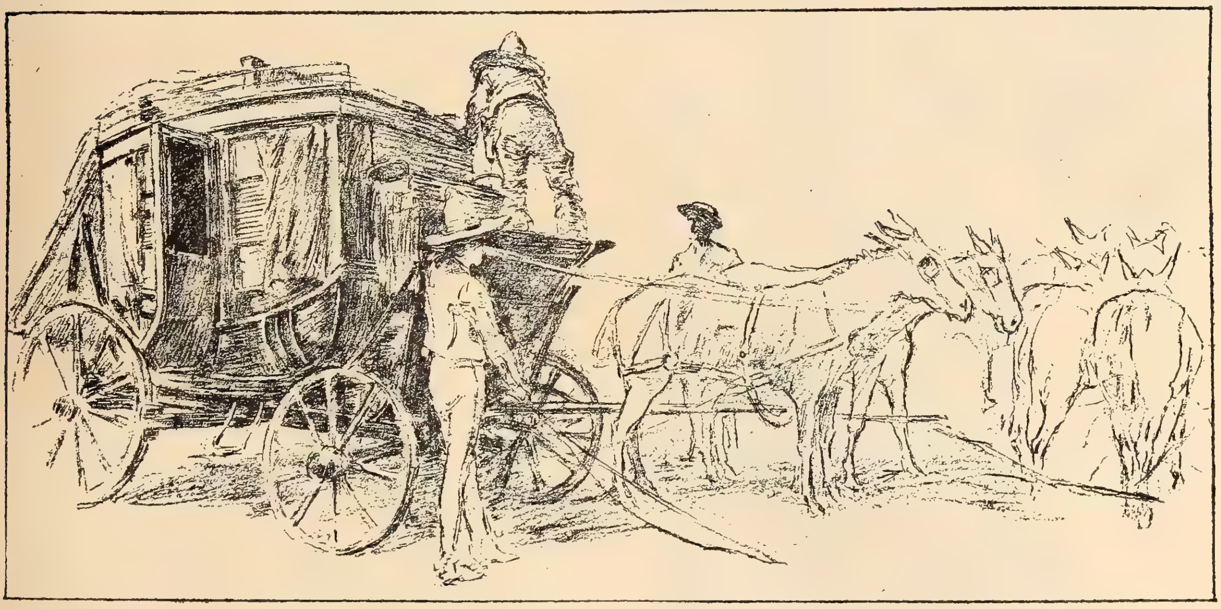


POPOCATEPETL

as a rurale or mounted policeman, sombrero, pistols, spurs and all.

The most striking feature of the church architecture is its richness of ornament, and this it owes to the Spanish architect, Cherriguera, by whose name the prevailing style, a sort of Renaissance, is known. He flourished during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and it is from this period that most of the Mexican church edifices date, though there are to be found many built a century earlier. Perhaps in this antiquity lies the greater part of their charm, or it may be in the fact that they play so intimate a part in the life of the people. The peasant kneels upon the brim of his straw sombrero upon the tesselated pavement, the high-bred mantilla veiled *senorita* trips in rustling black, across their courts, her staid and sharp-eyed duenna laboring behind. And everywhere is the parish priest, a beneficent figure, genial and much beloved, a worthy man withal.

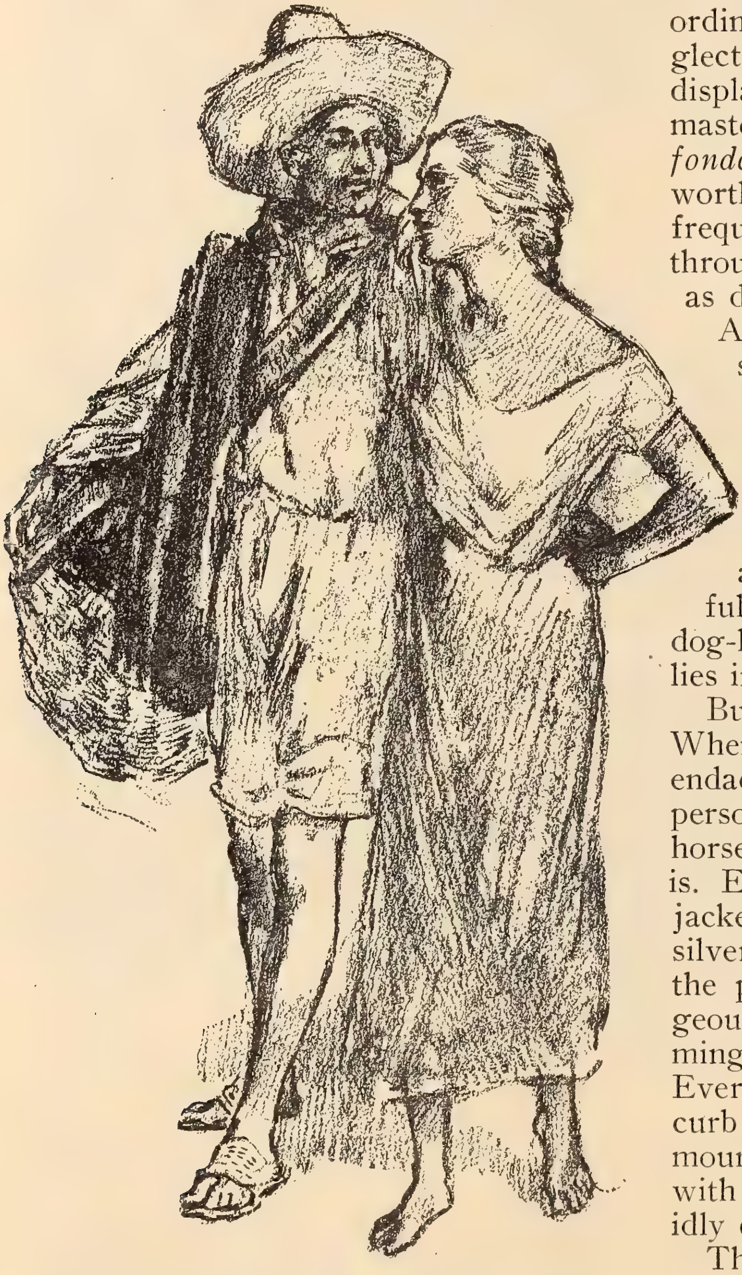
With the rapid increase of railways throughout the Republic, the old methods of travel are disappearing. But to penetrate to some distant ruin of Aztec temple or Spanish monastery, one must now and then resort to the lumbering old-fashioned *diligence,* or piece out his journey upon one of the wiry little Mexican horses. Of the *dilegencias,* once the universal means of travel, few remain, but those few are unchanged from what they were a century ago, and in fact some of them, from their antique structure and dilapidated appearance, might well be over a hundred years in actual age. The body is swung upon leather springs, and wobbles in a way that brings one at times in rather violent collision with one's neighbor, a condition not always to be desired in Mexico. It makes fresh air on the driver's seat to be preferable to traveling inside, although the latter is technically considered first class.



The lumbering, old-fashioned diligence

I shall not soon forget the difficulty in obtaining such a seat I had upon a trip to Cuernavaca. Not that there was not "plenty of room on top," but my ticket called for first-class accommodations. These, I found, I was to share with two fat *senoras,* of mixed blood and more than doubtful ideals upon the subject of cleanliness, and a superannuated bullfighter, the latter easily known by the little cue he wore, tucked up under his flat brimmed hat. My soul was filled with dismay, but it was only when the happy thought occurred to me of exclaiming that I was desirous of seeing the vistas, that I could overcome their protest against the unheard of solecism of a first-class passenger riding second.

But the railroad will never entirely banish traveling on horseback. This is the traditional means of getting about, and the broken and mountainous character of the country often makes other expedients out of the question.



Near to one's idea of savage beauty

There is little about your thin, stunted, yo-necked and cat-hammer steed to remind you of the fact that he is descended from the great war horses of old Castile. But, perched upon that mountain of leather, the Mexican saddle, he bears his rider as easily as his ancestor bore his weight of armor-plate and pride. And although his faithfulness is apt to be, at the hands of the ordinary "greaser," rewarded with neglect and even cruelty, he universally displays a sagacious carefulness of his master. He waits patiently outside of *fonda*[1] or *pulqueria*[2], and when that worthy is too lazy to dismount, which is frequently the case, he even trots through the low doorway and out again, as demurely as a cat.

Alas for romance, it is no uncommon sight to see him picking his way home through the dark with his rider so drunk as to be unable to more than keep his seat; or when the cargo of *pulque* taken aboard by that worthy is too heavy to allow even of that. The faithful horse watches over its master with dog-like faithfulness as the inebriate lies in heavy slumber by the roadside.

But his station is not always so mean. When his master is some wealthy haciendado, who endeavors to realize in his person the chivalry of old Spain, the horse is at his best, and a gallant best it is. Enveloped in crimson *zerape,* his hat, jacket and trousers a glory of gold or silver embroidery, he sweeps by us in the prismatic sunshine like some gorgeous tropic bird, the jingle of silver mingling with the clatter of hoofs. Every part of his outfit, pistols, spurs, curb chain and bit, are silver or silver mounted, while his sombrero is adorned with his monogram or initials cut solidly out of precious metal.

The haciendado is the feudal lord of the countryside. If you give him an opportunity of displaying his hospitality he fills the part. He is an imposing figure, accompanied by a heavily-armed retainer, as he dashes up to the doorway of the

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[1] Grocery store or restaurant.

[2] Saloon.

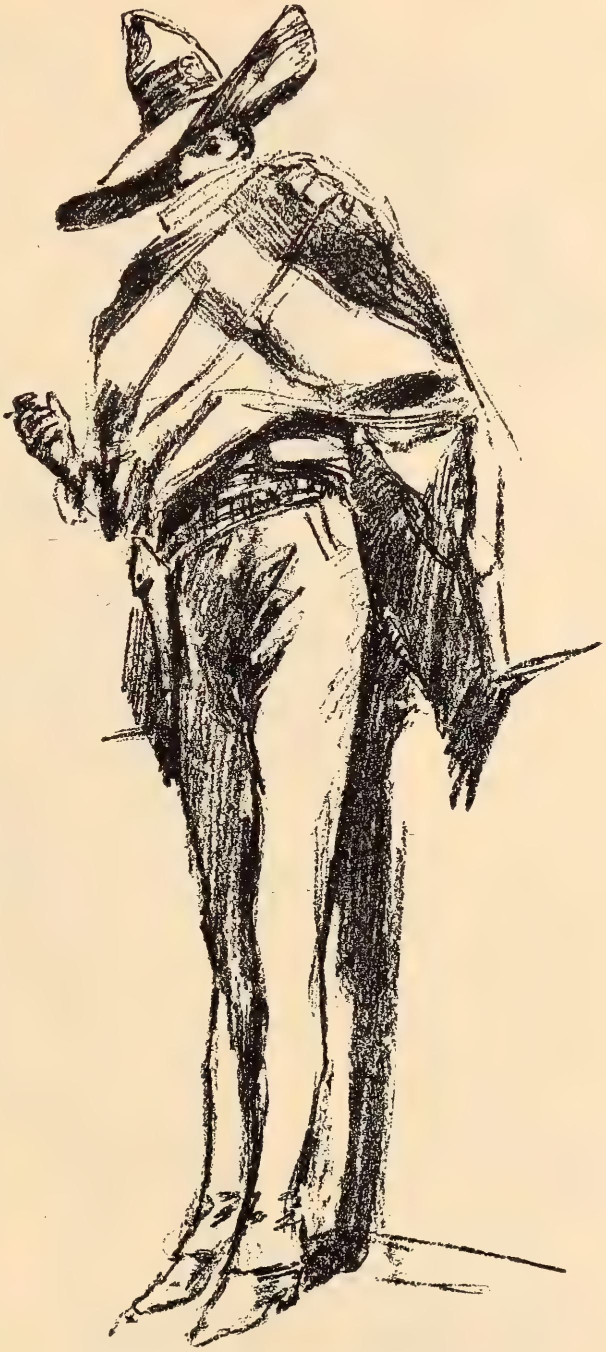
Palazo Municipial, and, reining his horse upon his haunches, springs to the ground, throws his rein to his equerry and strides within. Or when, standing within the patio of his stately home, he welcomes you in his lordly Castillian language, which has suffered no degeneration, and tells you all his house is yours.

The peon of Mexico bears little resemblance to our Northern Indian. He is extremely well-made, deep-chested, square-shouldered and muscular, in feature strongly suggesting the Italian peasant. But in his erect figure there is no likeness to the misshapen body that generations of toil have bred in the latter.

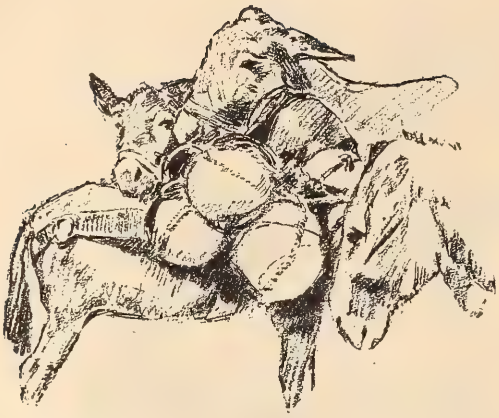
His womankind are altogether charming. The younger women especially, with their deep eyes, oval faces and unspoiled figures, approach very near to one's ideal of savage beauty.

It is in the extreme South, upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that the most beautiful types of native women are encountered. They are straighter, taller, more lithe, and their bronze faces have a nobler cast. Whether this is due to the simple life more nearly resembling what it was of old—or, if you like, more savage—is a matter of conjecture. To me it seemed not unlikely that the more intimate contact with the conquering race, and a consequent more poignant realization of their dependent condition, in the more settled parts of the country, might have brought a falling off from the original fineness of a race that has left so many evidences of enlightenment. That they do realize their peonage, no one upon whom their melancholy faces have once been impressed, can doubt. Even when they smile, which they do readily enough, it is with a haunting wistfulness difficult to forget.

Every Mexican town can boast of her Alameda and a band. In the afternoons of Sundays and feast days, and usually Wednesday evenings, the belles and beaux of the place gather and promenade. They have no more curious custom than this, nor is it likely that it has a parallel anywhere else in the world. The men form in a long line of two abreast, and circle around the outer edge of the park, and the women in a similar ring, revolving, as it were, within the other, walk slowly around in an opposite direction. In this way every Romeo will see his Juliet several times in the course of the evening and exchange glances with her, may even find opportunity for a hurried whisper.



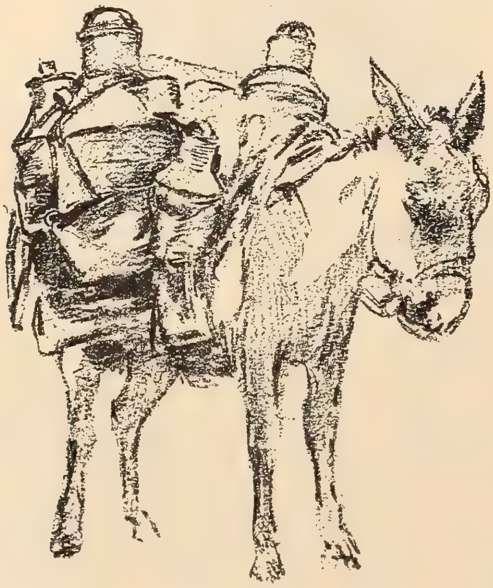
The Mexican is a dramatic figure



Patience

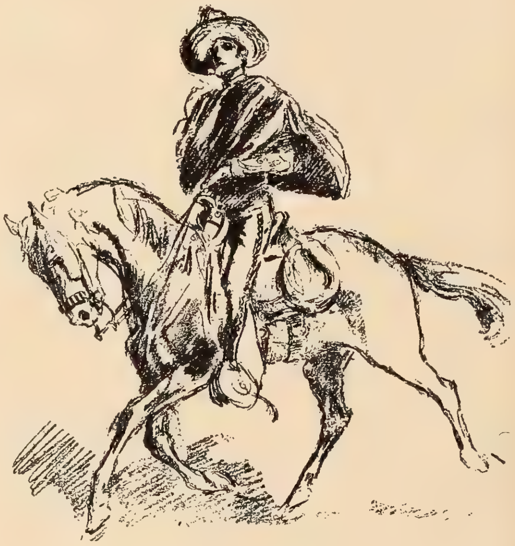
It is a picturesque sight, for all classes are to be found in the procession. For the most part the men wear the national embroidered jacket and breeches of leather, great cloth sombrero and high-heeled boots or shoes, with ridiculously pointed toes. The explanation of this distressing custom must lie in the equestrian traditions of the country.

At 4 o'clock the crowd begins to line the sides of the Puerte de San Francisco and other streets leading to the Passeo, and wait for the carriages which at this hour form in procession and proceed at a slow and dignified pace along a never varied route. They are filled with the glowing beauties of the mixed Spanish and Indian blood. To see them in their highest perfection, they say one must journey to Jalapa. "La Cuidad de la Flores," it takes its name as much from its beautiful women as from its profusion of orchids, growing in the public streets. The belles of the city are wondrously beautiful in their dark and graceful fashion as they wave their fingers in salute to their waiting admirers on the curb.



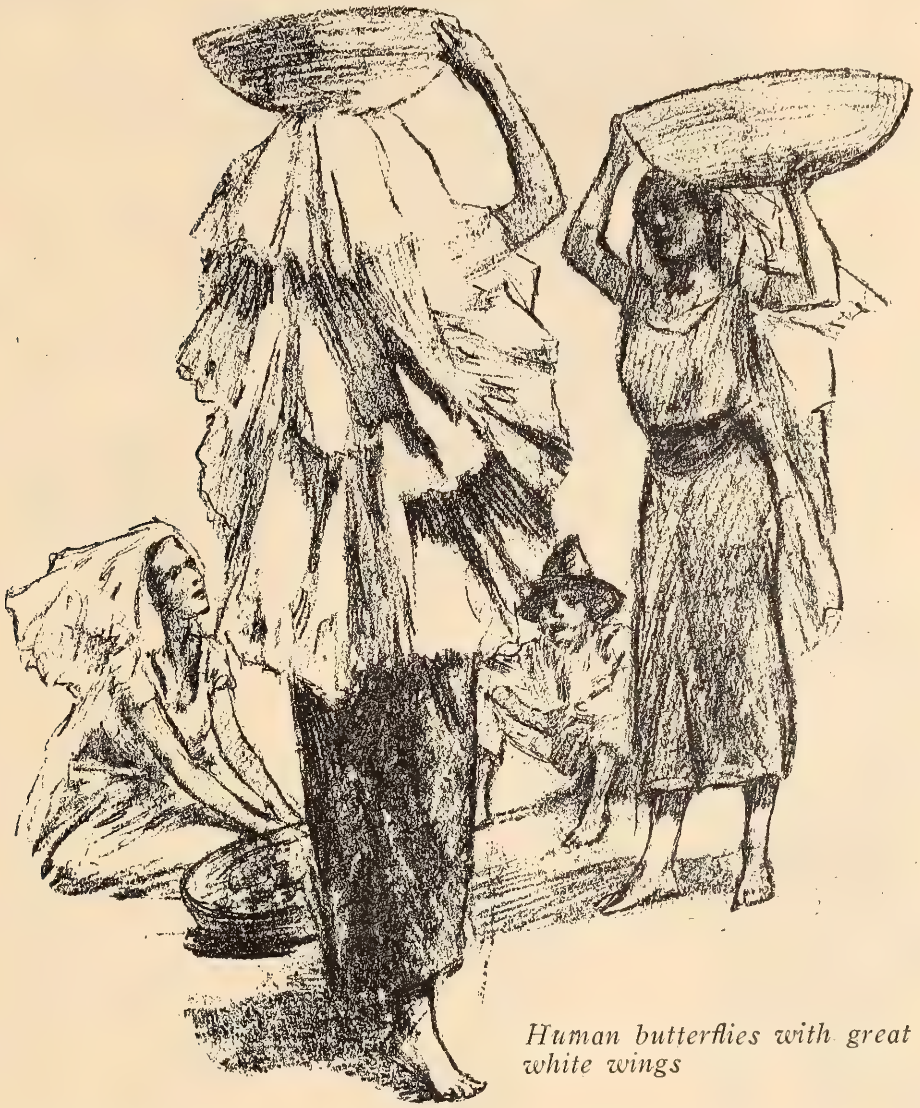
Milk

The Mexican is a dramatic figure. He may be a *vaquero,* a wealthy *haciendado,* a bank clerk or a shopkeeper, but he wraps his *zerape* about him and draws his sombrero down over his eyes and regards you with an air like that of the brigand. When the band is playing soft airs from Italian operas in the *Alameda,* and the orange trees spread their amorous perfume, if you dare to look too curiously beneath the *reboso* of a passing fair one, you may learn how fierce a Mexican man can appear. Mexico is a land of lovers; lovemaking is in the air, and everywhere dusky lovers walk arm in arm. You turn sudden corners, and surprise hurried embraces.



Jingle of silver and clatter of hoofs

But the women of the Isthmus! A stranger visiting for the first time the market place of Tehuantepec is astonished at the beauty of the scene. On all hands, keeping guard over their wares, sit or stand the human butterflies, with great white wings. This



Human butterflies with great white wings

illusion is due to the head dress, which is in the form of a priest's alb or upper garment of snowy white lace. Stiffly starched and standing out in all directions, it waves gently as they pass to and fro, their bare feet making no sound upon the hard earth. If they have a burden, it makes no difference, except that it displays to greater advantage their shapely brown arms and waists; for they manage to carry huge water pitchers without disordering in the least their fairy-like headgear.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire, towards the horizon. Around, the air is amber-tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelopes the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow-capped crest, deepening in tint, until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller, and is gone. Night has come!

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot-laden. "*Adios, Señor.*" Their soft-voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.

How to Start a Balanced Aquarium

By L. B. Spencer.

Drawings and decorations by G. Ryder

Photographs by the Writer.

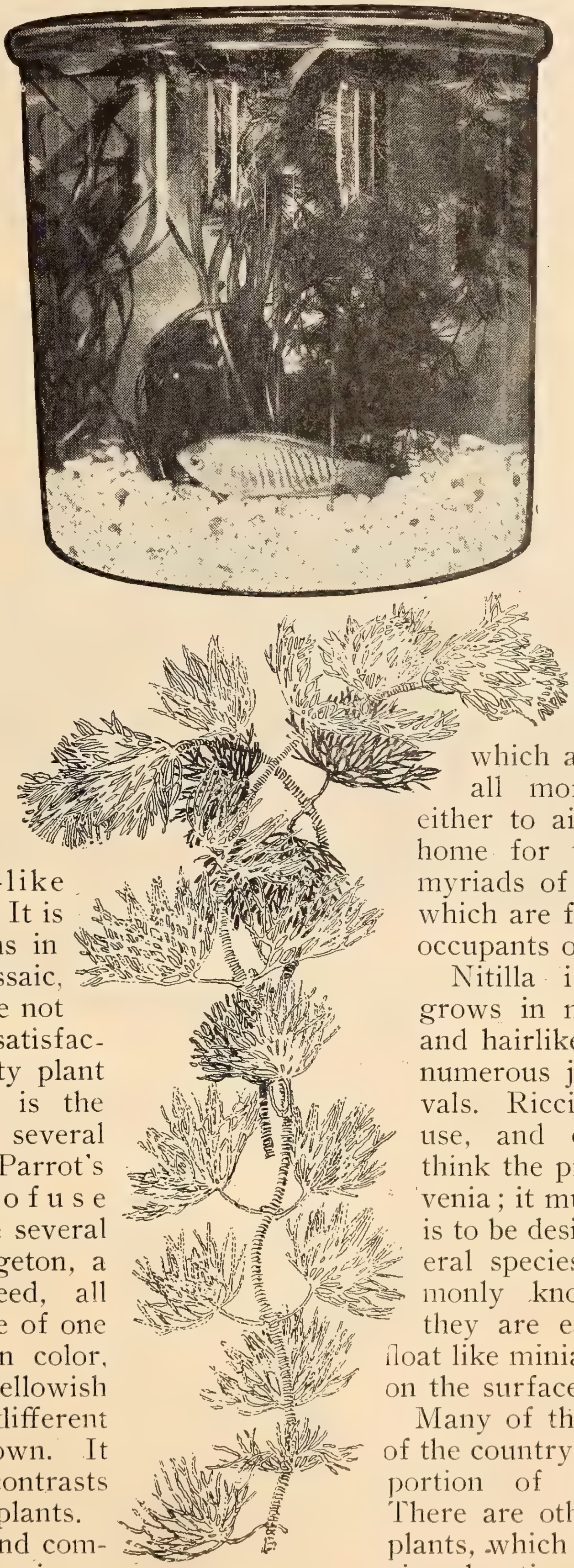
Many owners of small aquariums, having a few goldfish as inhabitants, make it a practice to change a part or all of the water more or less often, so that the fishes may not die for lack of air. But suppose that the person that cares for them forgets to change the water, or does not do so often enough? The fishes will die. Then, again, many people take the fishes out of the aquarium with the hands or a net, and wash the interior, putting in fresh water, then returning the fishes. The poor little things will soon be handled and washed to death.

There are fresh-water aquaria at the New York Aquarium in which the water has not been changed for more than three years, and they are at the present time in splendid condition. The loss by evaporation must necessarily be supplied by adding fresh water once or twice a week. All this is explained by Mr. Spencer.—Editor.

To Start a Fresh Water Aquarium.

Round glass aquaria for the house, holding from two to twenty gallons, can be had at very reasonable prices. From three to eight gallons are convenient sizes. Aquaria, oblong in shape, with iron frames, glass sides and ends, are preferred by many people. Glass globes are not at all desirable; it requires more labor to keep them clean inside.

For the bottom of the aquaria, use clean washed "bird gravel," though if a little coarser, it is preferable. The gravel looks neat and clean, the plants necessary to maintain the balance thrive



FRESH WATER BALANCED AQUARIUM

The fish is a *gourami*, a native of Europe. The grass-like plant is sagittaria, the other a Parrots' Feather.

very well, and it is easily kept clean. About two inches of gravel will be necessary to hold plants down.

There are several species of plants which are good aerators: one of the best is shown in the illustration and is a grass-like plant known as Sagittaria. It roots firmly in the gravel, offshoots grow in different directions for a short distance, then roots run down into the gravel, and a new plant grows. In a few months there will be Sagittaria sufficient for another aquarium.

Another grass-like plant is Valisneria. It is found in the streams in the vicinity of Passaic, New Jersey. I have not found it to be very satisfactory. A very pretty plant which grows well is the Milfoil. There are several species; one, the "Parrot's Feather," is a profuse grower. There are several species of Potamogeton, a common pond weed, all useful. The foliage of one species is varied in color, light green, with yellowish shades of pink, different shades of red to brown. It is showy, and contrasts prettily with other plants.

Another useful and common plant is anacharis, or water thyme. It is a profuse grower. A beautiful plant, of which there are two species, is commonly known as Fontinalis. It is a moss-like plant. One species is very fine and delicate, the other with which I am familiar is coarser and grows much larger. They are found on stones, partly decayed logs and roots, in running streams.

Cabomba is a good plant for the aquarium, and can generally be procured through the year. Of floating plants there are several species, which are very pretty, and all more or less useful, either to aid aeration, or as a home for the propagation of myriads of minute animal life, which are food for some of the occupants of your aquarium.

Nitilla is very pretty. It grows in masses, is very fine and hairlike, except that it has numerous joints at short intervals. Riccia is in quite general use, and does very well. I think the prettiest of all is Salvenia; it multiplies rapidly, and is to be desired. There are several species of what are commonly known as duckweed; they are easily procured, and float like miniature water-lily pods on the surface.

Many of the ponds and brooks of the country furnish a large proportion of the plants named. There are other species of water plants, which can be found in various locations, and might be good aerators, but one needs to be watchful lest some of them make trouble in the balanced aquarium.

Do not take risks. You will probably not use more than three or four species of plants at one time; if well rooted, they will stay down when buried in the gravel. If not, it will be necessary to wind a strip of sheet lead loosely around the bottom of each small cluster of stalks, before placing in the gravel. The lead need not be conspicuous.

A little rock work will add much to the beauty of the aquarium, and furnish fine hiding places for the fish.

GROUP OF BROWN ANEMONES *Metridium marginatum.* The fine plant-like fronds are a species of hydroid.

It is well to exercise care when putting in the water, that the plants may not be disturbed. Let it stand for a day or two, at least, before adding the animal life, that the plants may have time to begin their function of supplying air to the water.

There are many species of animal life which can be collected from waters in the vicinity if the person so desires, or they can be purchased from dealers in stock for aquaria. Some of the most beautiful and best adapted for a balanced aquarium are small goldfish. There are several species of the sun-fish family. All are very pretty and thrive well. The fresh-water stickleback is fairly hardy, and, if well cared for, will build a nest and produce young, but the stickleback is a great fighter and makes trouble with his neighbors. For amphibians, tadpoles are easily procured and are interesting.

The oddly acting acrobatic little newts are the best, and will afford more pleasure by their comical antics than all the other members of your aquarium inhabitants, and they can be found in almost any pond or small lake.

Snails are useful, as they are something of scavengers. They will eat some of the small particles of food which the fishes leave. The best kind is *Physae;* they are common and will breed in the aquarium. Another species, the *Planorbis,* does fairly well. There are other members of the snail family which may be used, but it is best to be cautious at first and not try to keep too great a variety of animals unless you have had considerable experience.

Be sure never to overstock your aquarium with animal life. Always have an abundance of thrifty

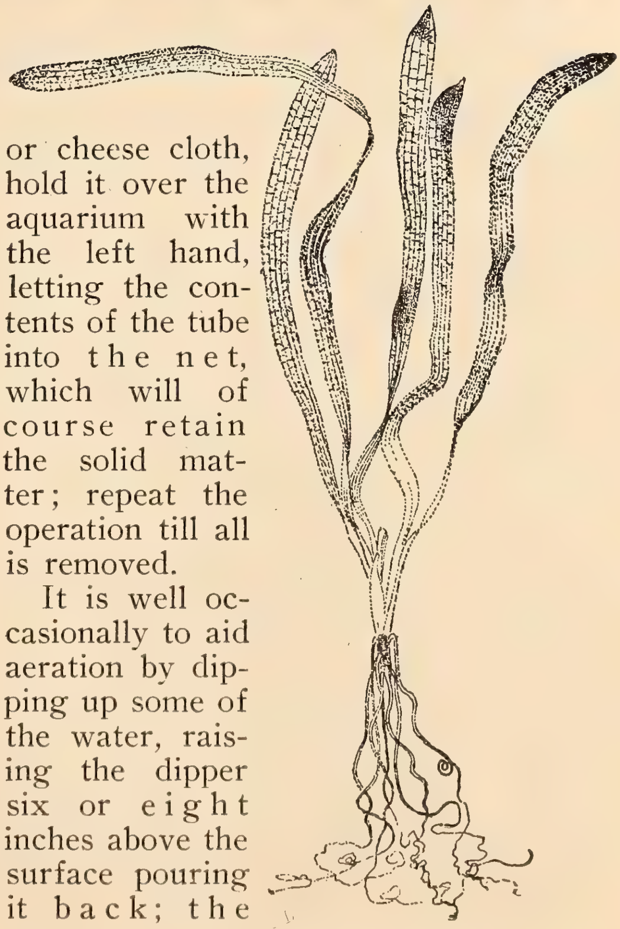
LIVING CORAL *Astrangia danae.*

growing plants. Then, if there should be several cloudy days in succession, the plants will be a virtual reservoir of oxygen during the time and the animal life will not suffer from lack of air to breathe.

In feeding the animal life, great care should be taken not to overfeed. Take time and see that the food is being eaten; if not, stop feeding, for if you expect to keep the water in a healthy condition all dead matter must be removed a few hours after feeding, or decomposition will take place and kill the stock.

Use for the purpose a glass tube with about three-eighths of an inch hole; place the thumb tightly over the upper end, insert the lower end of the tube in the water over the substance to be removed, raise the end of the thumb slightly; the water and dead food will instantly rise in the tube; press the thumb down quickly, and remove the tube. If you do not wish the water to waste, use a small net made of scrim, or cheese cloth, hold it over the aquarium with the left hand, letting the contents of the tube into the net, which will of course retain the solid matter; repeat the operation till all is removed.

It is well occasionally to aid aeration by dipping up some of the water, raising the dipper six or eight inches above the surface pouring it back; the stream of water



SAGITTARIA

will carry back air. Avoid as much as possible the disturbing of the plants. A fresh-water aquarium does not require sunlight.

For cleaning the inside of the glass, use a pad made of wood about two inches long by one and a-half inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. If the aquarium is round, shape the flat sides of the block to fit the curve of the glass; make a hole in one edge, cover the block with two or three thicknesses of soft woolen knit goods; insert in the hole a slender rod of wood. All dirt or confervae (vegetable growth) is easily removed by rubbing the glass. If you wash the pad often, the water will not get soiled. The growth of confervae on the side of an aquarium need not be removed, as it is a good aerator. If, after several months, perhaps a year or more, the plants have grown to excess and the gravel has become somewhat foul, you may remove the animal life carefully to some receptacle, then siphon the water into buckets, soft rubber tubing being best for the purpose. Take out the plants and wash the gravel.

After cleaning the inside of the glass, return the gravel and plants. It is well when returning the water to raise the dipper pouring it in, as previously stated for "aiding aeration."

Now, you are ready for the animal life. Avoid re-setting a fresh water aquarium as long as possible, as it disturbs the rooted plants. If the water is clear and the animal life appears healthy, do not disturb it. A few suggestions may not be amiss in regard to the size and number of fishes, newts, and tadpoles, which should be maintained under favorable conditions in a four or five gallon balanced aquarium. Fishes from one and one-half to two and one-half inches long, three or four; newts, four or five; tadpoles, if they are not too large, three; snails, six or eight. As the newts breathe the air above the surface of the water, they will not be detrimental to their gill-breathing companions.

MAINTAINING A SALT WATER AQUARIUM.

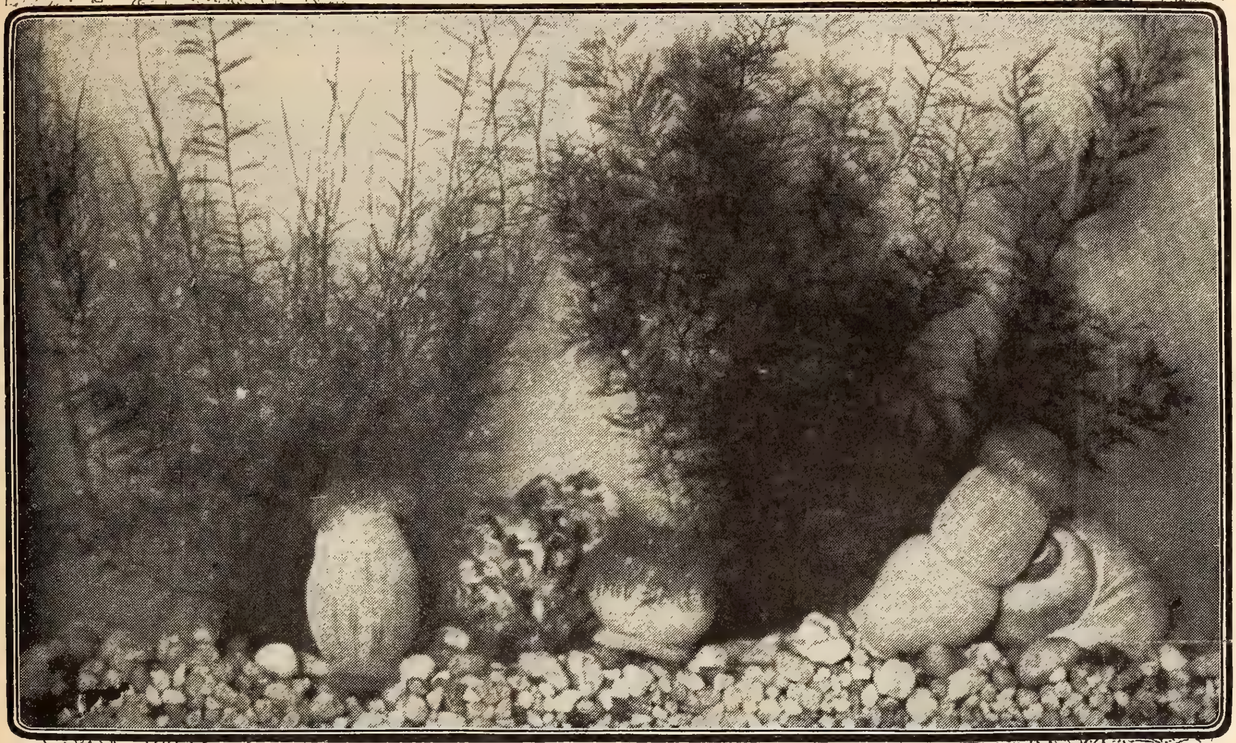
A salt water balanced aquarium is somewhat more difficult to stock and keep in a healthy condition than one of fresh water. But it is the writer's experience that there is in reality no comparison between them, as there are such a large number of species of animal life which can be procured and kept in a salt water aquarium, and nearly all of them are intensely interesting to observe. A wonderful field it is for the study of the characteristics of many of the lower orders of marine life.

In many respects the manipulation and care of a salt water balanced aquarium are the same, or similar to one of fresh water. Use beach gravel at the bottom, about one inch in depth. Part of it may be quite coarse, as small anemones will attach to the pebbles and the bottom is much easier to keep clean. It is well to place some pieces of rock in the aquarium near the front. They will add to its beauty, and make a home for your unattached anemones, though those are often found attached to pieces of rock or pebbles of a suitable size for a small aquarium. If this is the case, put them in place before putting in the water; you will find this much easier.

I do not know from personal experience about the practical use of manufactured salt water. There are several formulas for making it, but if I were living inland, several hundred miles from the sea coast, and wished to start a salt water aquarium, I would have the water shipped to me from the sea coast. I should not attempt to improve on nature.

The practical plant for the aeration of the water is the so-called "sea-lettuce"—Ulva latissima. This can be procured in tide pools and sheltering coves near shore in shallow water. Having the gravel and pieces of rock with the anemones placed in the aquarium, carefully fill it with water, that you do not disturb the unattached anemones, if there are any. The Ulva grows in very thin sheets and is ex-

The *Sagartia Modesta,* or white anemone, which burrows in the sand to the tentacles.



tremely tender when young, therefore, it requires careful handling. Use small pieces of cork to float it, allowing a portion to hang down near the bottom on the rear of the aquarium. This arrangement makes a beautiful background, and shows the anemones and other life to the best advantage.

Cover about half the surface with the Ulva, leaving the front part for light. Solieria is a pretty plant for the bottom of the aquarium; its color is a beautiful red, and it makes a handsome contrast to the green Ulva. A species of coral can be procured on the New Jersey coast, at Long Branch and vicinity, in Long Island Sound, and I have had a specimen from Woods Holl, Massachusetts, which lived in my aquarium four years. The Polyps are very interesting to study, particularly for students. Several species of tropical coral can be kept alive for years in a balanced aquarium,

Oysters, clams and mussels can be kept with sea anemones and coral, but shrimps, small hermit, horseshoe and blue crabs would best be by themselves, for they will rob the sea anemones of their food. Of the Annelids or worm family, I have had Serpula live and thrive for years and Sabella for many months, also the tube-worm, Cistenides. The Sea-Squirt lives well.

Sea anemones must be fed with the soft portion of a clam or oyster. Take a little at a time on the end of a slender rod, tapered to a point, and place it carefully in contact with the tentacles, near the centre of the disk, where the mouth is situated. Corals will require it chopped very fine. Crabs and shrimp will take it from the bottom. It is well to accustom them to come to a particular location each time.

Anemones are apt to move out of sight to the back of the aquarium; but it is best to keep them in view and thereby avoid possible trouble. It is very difficult to give any practical rule as to the number of animals to stock a marine aquarium. Use plenty of Ulva and take care that it is in good condition. The beginner is apt to use too much animal life at first. Again, I caution the reader: "be careful." Try a few specimens at first, watch the condition of the water and animals. Practical experience is the best teacher. Do not be discouraged if some of the fishes and other animals should die. Many die in their natural habitat. You will surely be rewarded with success by persistent effort.

The student of biology will find a varied and fertile field for study in the life which can be maintained in a salt water balanced aquarium. The unexpected oftens appears. By close observation, perhaps months after stocking, some of the species of hydroids, annelids, acidians, and small crustaceans may be discovered, none of which had been at first seen.

For those who desire it, here is Gosse's formula for making artificial sea-water:

Common Table Salt	81	parts.
Epsom Salts	7	"
Chloride of Magnesium	10	"
Chloride of Potassium	2	"
Total	100	"

One pound of this mixture, carefully dissolved in water, and then filtered, will make about three gallons of sea water.

SALT WATER BALANCED AQUARIUM

With two kinds of anemones and living coral. The plant beneath is the common rockweed.

CANOEING ON THE DELAWARE

Log of a Family Trip Down 200 Miles of Splendid Water

Photographs by the Writer

By RALPH K. WING

WE took a Morris canoe and launched it at the confluence of the Beaverkill and East Branch, in Delaware County, New York. Twenty-five miles further down stream the waters unite with the West Branch and form the technical source of the Delaware River.

There was a jolly lot of city people living at the boarding house when we launched our canoe, and they were all much interested in our preparations, and encouraged us by remarks such as “Waves as high as this room,” “Rocks that will break your boat to kindling,” “Murder and suicide combined to take your family down that river.”

BREAKING CAMP

But we ran the gauntlet, and, getting away, received the official blessing of all the occupants of the house at the point of embarkation, as we glided out into the current. When passing under a railroad bridge, a few hundred yards beyond, we found that our friends had taken a short cut and were there before us to make us targets for showers of rice and old shoes.

The canoe was 18 feet long, 37 inches wide and weighed 100 pounds. On the inside the cedar was ribbed and planked, making it smooth, water-tight and easily kept clean.

Three miles down the stream from our starting point we made our first camp, so that we might take ample time to get our paraphernalia in working order. Hancock was reached the next day. Chehocton (Shehocing meaning the union of streams) was formerly the appropriate name of this place. Hancock was the name of the township, but now the old Indian name is lost and we call the place Hancock.

Thickly wooded mountains press the river close on both sides. Numerous small streams, many of them stocked with trout, throw their contents into the river. From the wild and walled-in character of the banks, falls or abrupt descents might be expected. But, strange to say, while always swift and full of rapids, the heavy and dangerous runs on the Delaware are fifty miles or more from our starting point, thus giving the novice a chance to get initiated.

At Equinunk, Pa., our next stop, 153½ miles from New York City, by Erie R. R., we found a hotel close to the water. Here we were reminded of the day of the week in time to go to church. Next to renewed health, the most immediate effect of this moving on out-of-door life is the inability to classify time, places or events. All is so the antipodes of one's ordinary home routine that the happenings of one minute are lost in the wide-awake receptiveness for what the next may bring.

Mountains here on the main Delaware seemed as before—jealous of the space occupied by the river. A niche had been hewed in them for the railroad to follow, while casual roads and houses appeared to be hanging on to the steep sides by suction. The river itself, full from recent rains, playfully, yet not angrily, jostled and shoved us along from one piece of rough water to another.

We had passed through the country made famous by Cooper's novel of the "Last of the Mohicans," and were now in the hunting ground of Old Bill Quick, the Indian hater. It was in this neighborhood that he gathered his collection of Indian heads—ninety-nine of them! He had vowed to make it a hundred, but death took him before he had killed the one more Indian necessary to complete his collection and make good his vow.

Just below Calicoon we came upon a bevy of dames and damsels ranged in a semi-circle at the water's brink. Paddling straight at them, we said:

"Look pleasant now, please; we are going to take your picture."

What, then, was our dismay to find that a fair maiden already had a wire-wound, high-velocity, smokeless-powder camera trained and primed upon us. The situation was saved, however, with an exchange of addresses and a promise to exchange views when developed.

IN EASY WATER

We were accommodated that night at Milanville, Pa., by a wealthy farmer, M. L. Skinner, whose house is on the verge of Cochecton Falls. This is a wild tumble with a bad name. The river seems to have hewn a course through solid rock, and to have used a hammer in the operation. The work of ordinary erosion is apparent, but in addition angular, jagged fragments are set in all positions with the bewildering confusion of a volcanic crater. On the western side is a high, rock girt, forest-clad bank; on the other, ledges and broken masses of granite, suggesting forcibly that if the mighty current could do this to the resisting cliffs, it could much more readily pulverize a frail canoe.

Cochecton Falls is a depository for undesirable debris. The name is an Indian one and means increase. Owing to the sudden narrowing of the river in this plunge, everything floating or shoved along in the lesser but always swift current above is rammed into this hole and has a chance to lodge among the opposing sharp and fractured rocks. Among such bric-a-brac were the parts of a steel bridge which had been carried out by the unprecedented freshet of the previous spring, to say nothing of quantities of barbed wire.

The Cruiser's family stood on the shore with camera ready. He remembers confusedly paddling like mad to keep steerage way, desperately trying to hold seat and course, of being lifted, dropped, jerked up again and shoved from all sides at once, and slapped in the face with a drenching dash of water, such a sensation as of a man tossed in a blanket and dropped into a pond.

Bridge No. 9 (Erie Railroad) is the first bad place. The bridge was being replaced and the river full of false work. First we were for hugging the Eastern shore, but the thought that in the shallows of such a current the slightest contact would spell disaster, impelled us to head straight for the heavy waves and deepest water. Big rocks and sharp turns in a place like this necessitate the straining of every muscle to hit a pace far in excess of the swift flow to put your boat where your judgment dictates. Timidity, hesitation means loss of control and destruction. Scream after scream of estatic delight from the little girl and her mother, as the canoes rose far out of the water and then slapped down like the snapping of a big sail on a tacking boat, attested their appreciation of a sport that in comparison would make polo or football seem games for invalids.

The next worth mention is Rocky Rift. Here is a fall and flow quite as great as the other rapids, but a wider river, hence less water and more rocks.

The stern paddler, always the helmsman, stands up just as the water breaks into white caps. He can figure where to start in, and his channel as far below as he can discern the height and character of the waves. Beyond that, in a long rapid, as these were, he must revise and construct his course as he goes along.

Canoeists, don't listen to croakings. After a reasonable apprenticeship you are able to read a rapid as you would an open book. Possibly in swift water we pass five million rocks, any one of which might have put an end to our trip, if not to us. At different stages of the water various rocks are covered or uncovered, and the waves, channel and character of the rapids entirely altered. All these dangerous rocks were known to the old-time raftsmen of the Delaware, and all were named, but with the decline of the lumber business the names were forgotten. Instructions thus are of no value. Many of the farmers along the river have run rafts of lumber to tidewater, but this they did at freshet height, the waves being mostly smoothed out. Hence their information has no relevancy to the canoeist. He must rely on his own initiative absolutely. Even when several boats go together, the helmsman of each must not let his judgment be affected by the course taken by any of the others. It is this essential of self-reliance that makes river canoeing so fascinating.

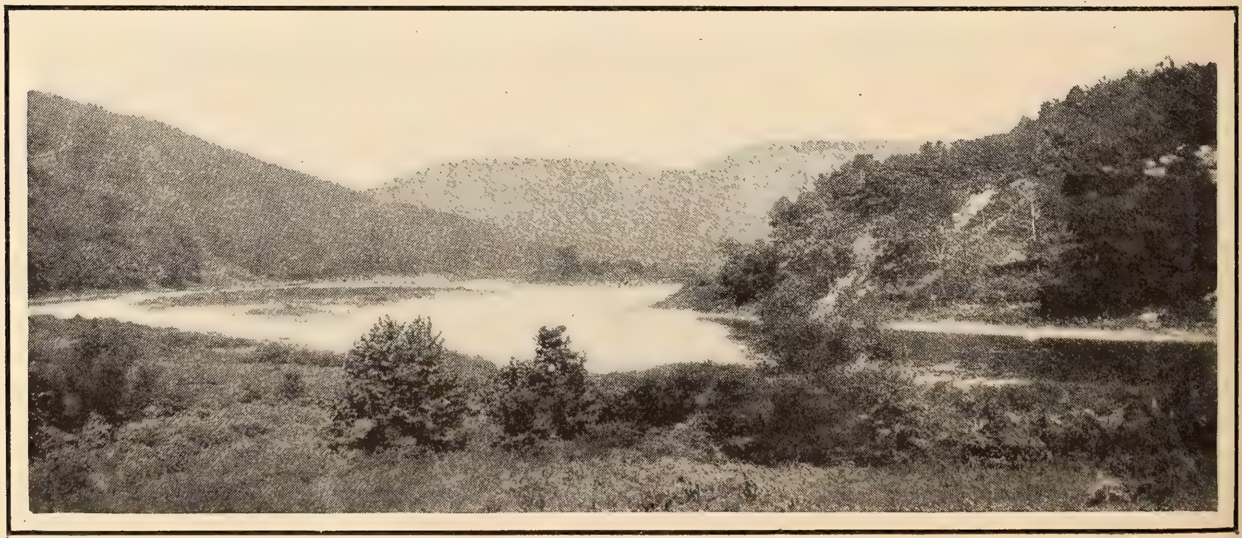
At Lackawaxen the river by that name joins the Delaware, and the united water flows over a dam, and is provided with an apron over which rafts can go at high water, and the venture-

A CAMP ON THE RIVER BANK

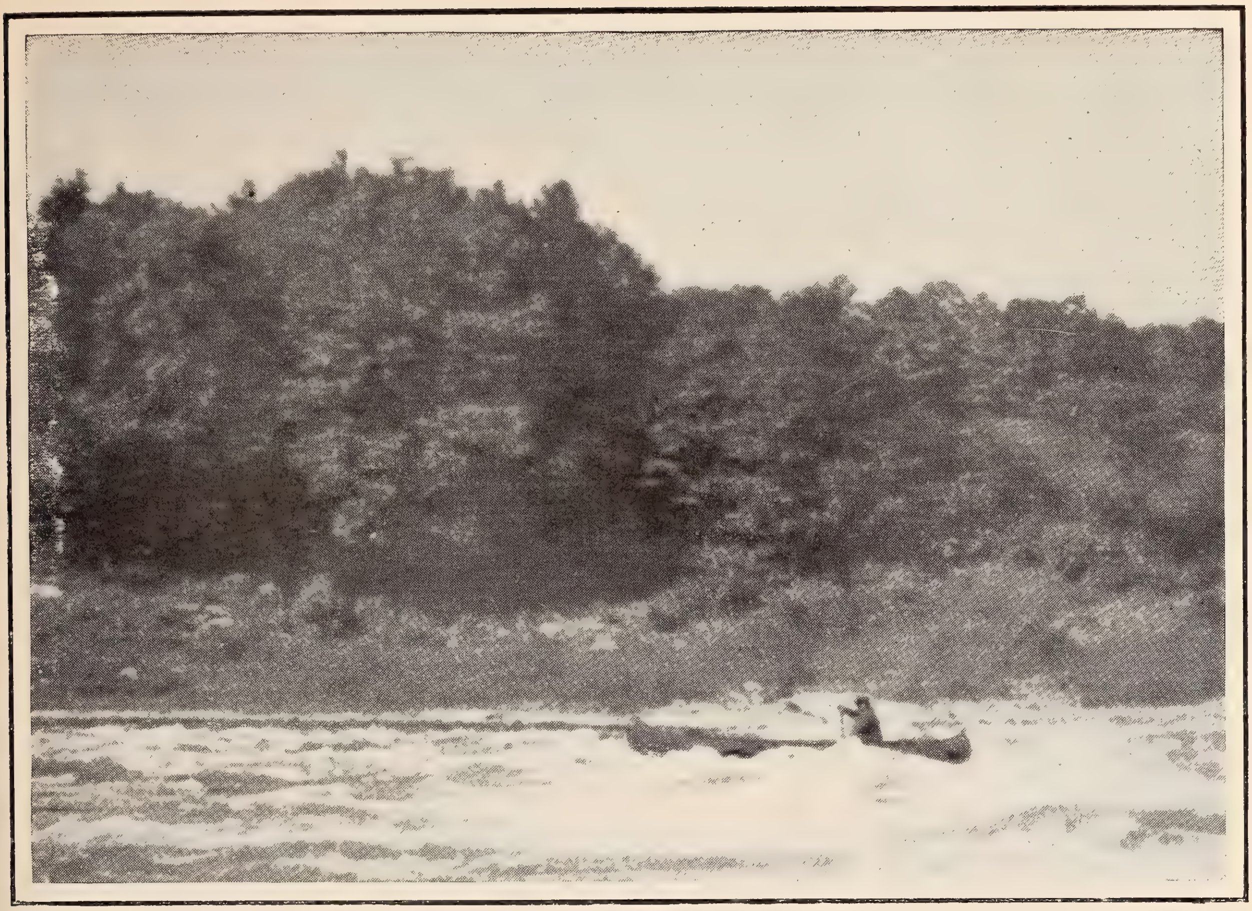
some boatman at any but the lowest. The lady members of the family went on ahead, and the Cruiser set out for the roughest and most picturesque consecutive twenty-five miles on the Delaware, the interval to Port Jervis.

At the foot of the apron is an immense returning wave or "comber." The waves of rapids are made by the impact of very swift water against that lest swift or at rest. Hence they curve backwards, being vastly more difficult for a boat to ride than the uniform undulations of non-flowing water. It will be seen that as the river lowers, such waves must increase in size as a result of greater declivity and correspondingly greater velocity of flow being concentrated in localities. Some years ago, at quite low water, a leading member of the Brooklyn Canoe Club lost his life going through a five-foot wave here. We got it about three feet high and while it occasioned a thrill, the risk was not great and we escaped without a wetting.

From Lackawaxen to near Port Jervis the Erie Railroad skirts one bank and an abandoned canal the other; where the latter is still intact, it is used as a road. As we ran the much talked-about



THE RIVER AT EQUINUNK, PA.



SHOOTING COHECTON FALLS

Cedars and Shohola Rapids, a delighted audience behind a team of fast horses cheered us to the echo. Here the narrator pushed on to overtake his family, who had gone by railroad to Sparrowbush, an up-river suburb of Port Jervis.

Shohola passed, a rapid was encountered that half way down seemed to have no channel whatever. On every side rocks presented in a broadened river. Waves as well as stones in rapids are stationary, but the canoeist, flying onward, feels himself at rest, and they apparently driving with wind-like speed straight at him. These rocks whizzing up river like spent cannon balls from all sides, with the writer as a target, kept him so busy dodging with the canoe that it is beyond his power to tell just what transpired.

The culmination of the fun is Mongaup Rapids. Here the river in a funnel-like contraction one-fifth its average width shoots its whole volume in a jump with a force sufficient to float a crow-bar. The dash is made against a rock so deeply submerged as to be a negligible quantity, except in its external manifestations in the hugest comber on the river. The great thing hangs, a towering, roaring menace, seemingly to the navigator, suspended midway between the water and the clouds, demon river sentinel that all must encounter that pass that way, since there is no channel save through its watery core. It is an ordeal that only a well-built, lightly loaded and rightly managed craft can pass.

Two miles more of rapids, tempestuous but full, deep and devoid stones that the alert cannot dodge, and Sparrowbush is reached, where really dangerous water ceases for over fifty miles. Here the river ends its tantrums by plunging against a tremendous cliff on the western shore, bold, towering rocks traversed by cascades and decorated with flowers and trees, making setting for the river at which the guests of Eddy Farm, low-lying on the bank just opposite, never tire of looking.

The patriarchial proprietor, J. R. Patterson, is a typical riverman. All his life in the spring freshets he has run rafts from head waters down to market, and is now well on the shady side of seventy.

AN EASY SLANT IN QUICK WATER

Below the saw-mill rift bridge of the Erie Railroad the rapid rushing stream washes the precipice, called Glasshouse Rocks. These rocks are fantastic in form and consist of irregular columns standing a few feet from the real face of the cliff and many feet high.

Port Jervis is quickly passed, and here we bid adieu to the railroad. It is here that the first great stretch of alluvial lands is encountered, with their attendant longer reaches of still water, where ordinary boating can be indulged. This is the tourist, the summer boarder part of the river. Some distance from the river now are the mountains. Especially on the Pennsylvania side, abrupt, rocky declivities of great height present, and the characteristic of the section is the numerous ravines cut through them transversely by tributaries of the river. But the mountains and the large pleasure travel on the splendid macadam roads are lost in the distance to the voyager, hidden also by the now frequently trench-like banks cut out of the intervening rich bottom lands.

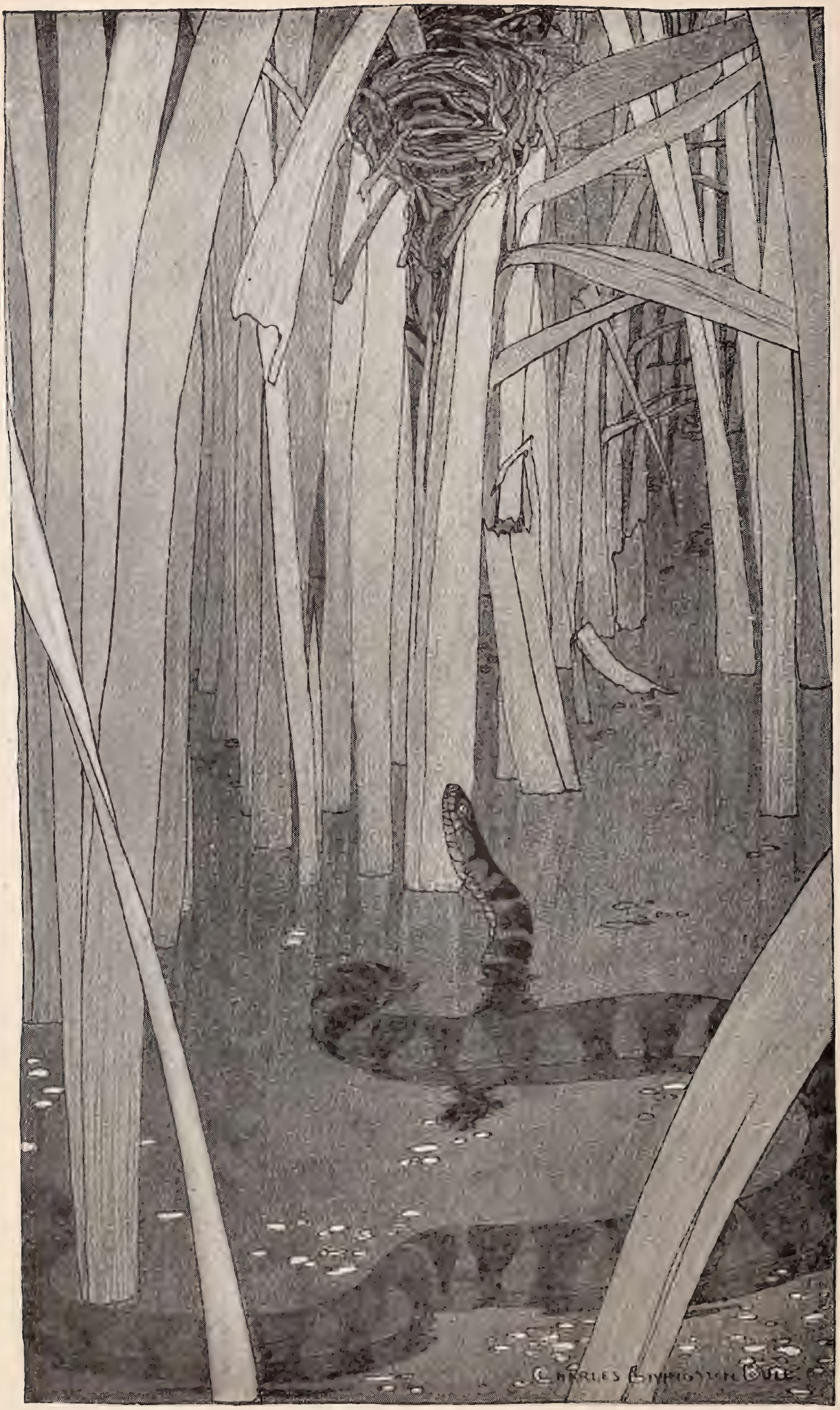
What might pass for an escaped wind-mill, with its arms violently revolving in a gale, was described heading up stream. Boats going down river, boats of fishermen at anchor and boats pulled up on shore had been passed. But one deliberately breasting the riffles from choice, even comparatively slight as they were here, was a new experience. This one was a canoe with two college boys that had already come all the way from Easton, clothed in glad smiles and bathing suits, swinging in unison double-bladed paddles, working off stream and getting up muscle, paddling when they could, wading and carrying when they couldn't.

To our "Boys, you're going the wrong way," they replied, "Oh, we are coming back some time when we get enough."

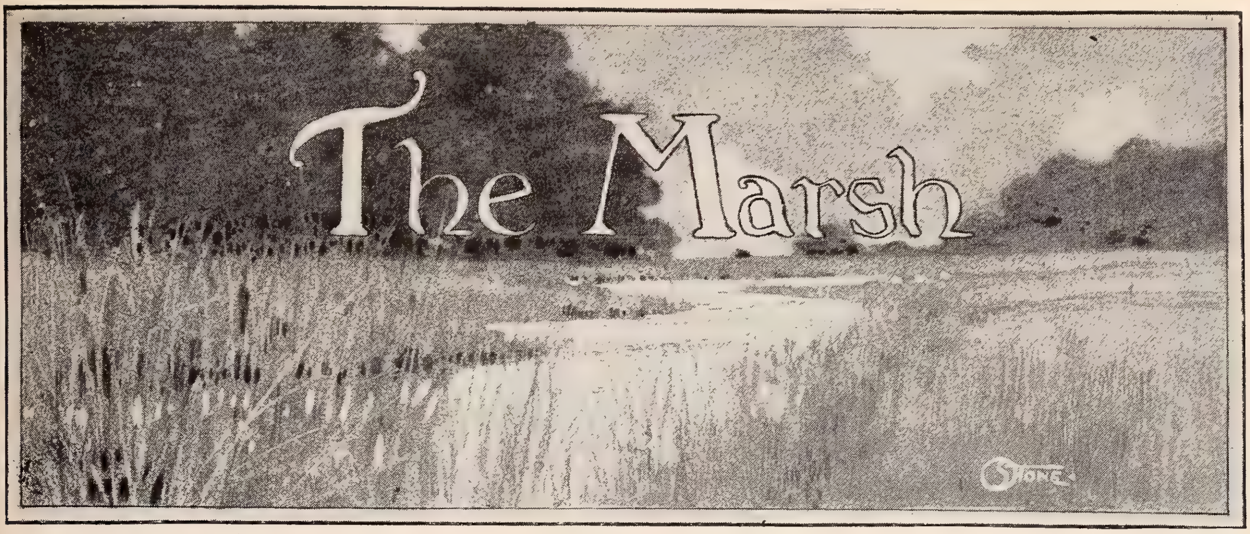
Nearing Milford at sunset, we learned that suitable accommodation in the town lay too far from the river. Hence we made for a model farmhouse close to the New Jersey shore. Overjoyed to find that they would keep us, we brought everything up to the house and sat down to supper.

One long, glowing day of travel remained, mellow with August haze, permeating and enriching surpassing scenery as cream a dish of peaches. Slowly the landscape in perspective unfolded before, staid lingering with us, then reluctantly lost itself in our wake. Down between the mountains, as they came closer and closer together approaching the Water Gap, we seemed to be drawn as a feather by a draught of air. And our medium was as clear. Through the water at any depth, as we progressed, the bottom stood plainly revealed, suddenly rising and then again falling away so quickly as to make one dizzy. All the while in the constant flow objects upon it slipped behind, subaqueous scenery to correspond to the glorious change of moving pictures above. Thus through fleets of islands, by rich fields laden with harvest, past mountains rising loftily in their man-defying mantle of unbroken green, we triumphantly concluded our journey as the sunset lights worked changing colors o'er this bit of paradise plucked in heaven to ripen on earth—the valley of the Delaware.

A STOP FOR DINNER


CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Why do they bar the doors of their snug cottages?



The Marsh

By WALTER K. STONE

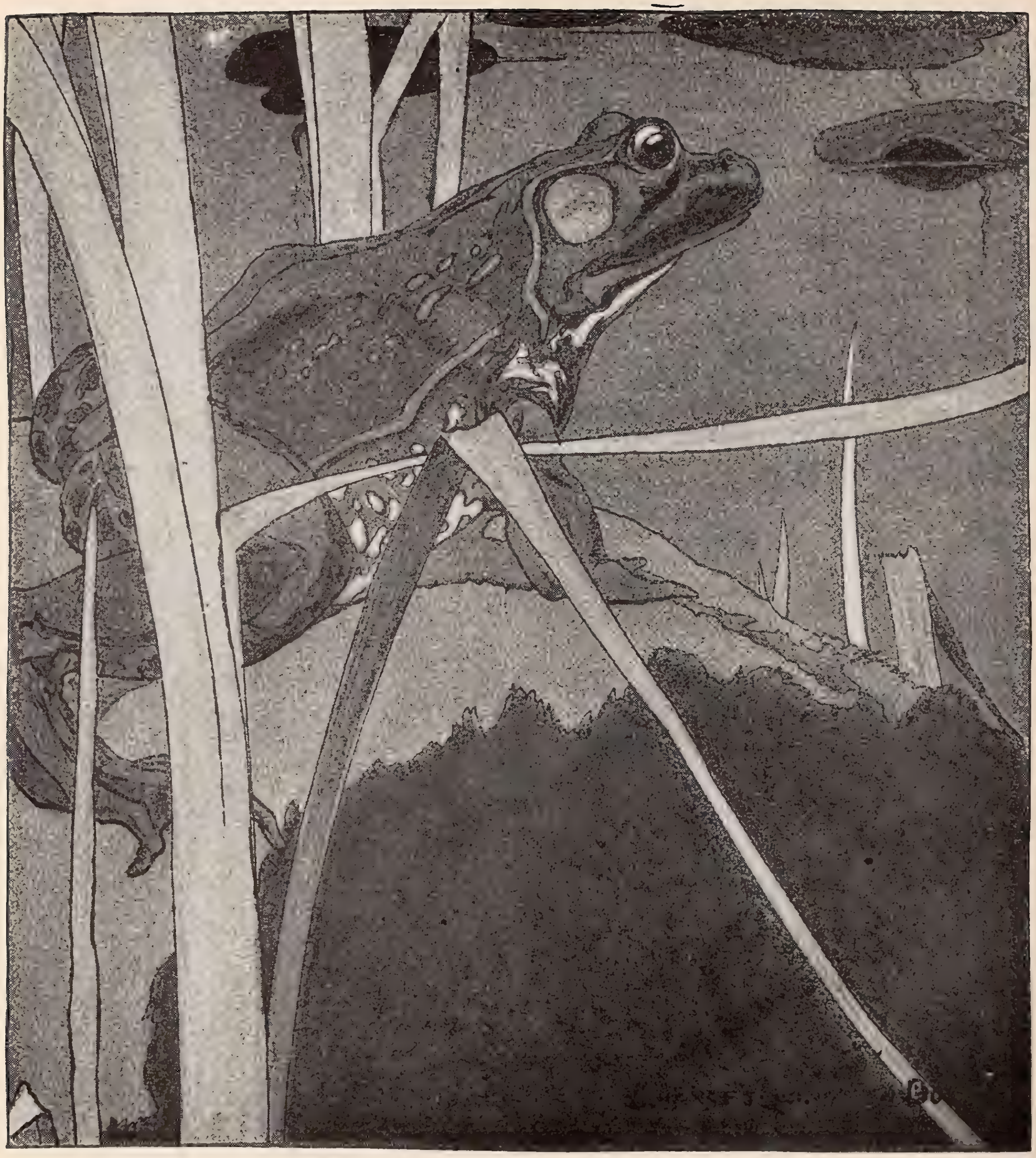
Illustrated by the Writer and Charles Livingston Bull

The marsh and swamps are associated in most minds with malaria and stagnancy, not with melody and sweetness. This is an injustice to the marsh, for it leaves one side of its character—the bright side—out of consideration. I think, however, that there are many elderly boys who are with me in my love for the marsh. I might rather say a marsh, for each of us has some particular marsh where in his earlier boyhood days he has found, besides mosquitoes and stagnation, melody, the mystery of unknown waters, and the sweetness of nature undisturbed by man.

As a boy our marsh was as far as I could go from civilization. The depths of the wood held its secrets, to be sure, and the mysterious call of the Wilson's thrush lent a wildness that has not ceased to pervade the old wood even to-day. There were spots overgrown with fern and carpeted with thick wet moss where the skunk cabbage and cowslip grew rank among the alders; where one could say, surely man does not live near this place—but the tinkle of the cow-bell dispelled the illusion.

Even to-day when we push the "punt" through the reeds from the clear river into the twisting channel of the marsh, we have left civilization. The great ranks of the cat-tails shut out the view of the outside world; the distant sounds of civilization only accentuate the isolation. It is the land of the Indian. At any moment we fancy that we may see an Indian canoe round a bend in the channel. If we do chance to meet a gunner he does not look out of place.

The marsh has not changed in the slightest since the Seneca Indian speared fish there. It is not only as old as the hills but literally much older. We are living in a bygone time. A little green heron flies across the water. How wild he is; nothing has tamed him. He is the same now as always. He does not nest in the orchard or meadow, or make other concessions to Man, but holds himself aloof. He does not come to our doors for food. His food is still abundant and all he asks is to be let alone. There is a dignity about him which seems to say, "If I let you alone why do you bother me? I do not trespass on your land, why do you come to my home? Nor does he intrude himself. Occasionally we meet him along our little meadow stream, but he makes no advances. As we meet him suddenly, how indignant he seems because we have disturbed his hunting. Like a Pontiac, he is jealous of his ancient domain and resents intrusion. He retires, however,



Where the frogs bask and pray to their sun gods

throwing back a cry of disdain. Here is the last stand of primitive nature in the settled country. Here is the last stronghold of the untamed. The bulrushes rise in ranks like the spears of an army surrounding and guarding the colony of the marsh. What a bold stand she is making. She lets man cross her reservation, but camp? never!

There seems to be a kinship between the voices of marsh dwellers. Most of them seem, to my ear, to have a muddy aquative note. The frog's boom sounds, like some great stone dropped into the water. The little marsh wren's song is the babble and tinkle of water running out of a silver flask. The heron's cry seem to have contracted a hoarseness from the damp. The notes of all of the marsh birds have a muddy or liquid sound which is characteristic, and seems in accord with their surroundings.

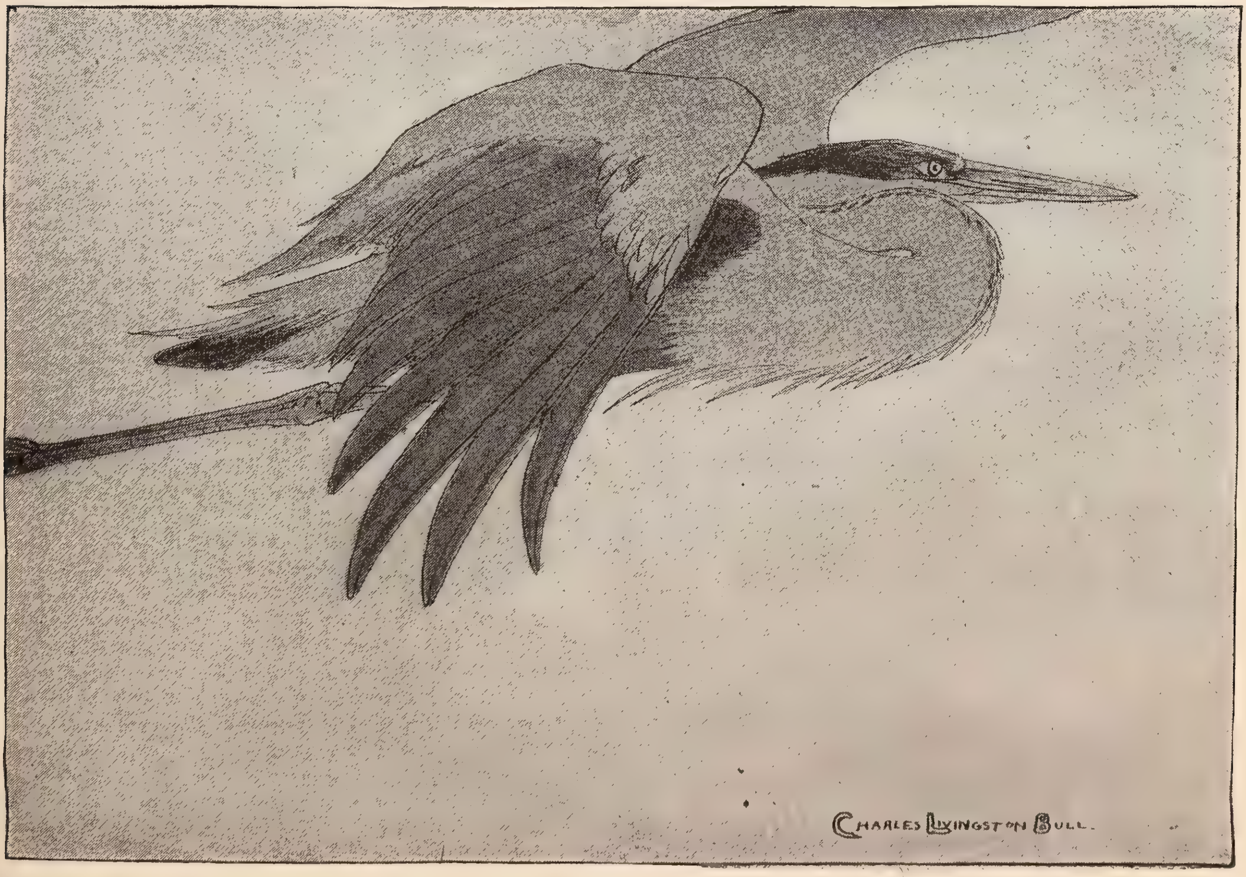
The blackbird seems to be the one connecting link between the highlands and lowlands. One sees other citizens of the marsh in the upland. The flight of the great blue heron from one feeding ground to the other—what a fine sight it is! He does not tarry over the foreign territory, nor does he hurry. With neck and head furled close and his legs straight out behind, he pursues his course, neither swerving nor looking to right or left. A crow's flight may or may not be straight, but the heron's always is. His is the calm course of one with a purpose, unmindful of other matters. The blackbirds, however, are more neighborly. They forage in the foreign territory, returning at night to sleep.

In nesting time, the red wing is indeed a citizen of the lowland. His voice is as distinctive of the marsh as the croak of the frog. It is one of the first sounds that greets the ear from the distance. What a beautiful sound is his clear whistle with its liquid break! Indeed, one might say that he is the only singer of the marshlands. His is not a sustained song, but the exuberant expression of a happy soul, in a few beautiful notes.

The little marsh wren, according to many writers, has no song. No song, forsooth! As well say that the farmer boy's whistling as he follows the plow, or the sailor's chant as he hoists the sail is not music! All are the songs of the lowly, the melody of those glad to be alive and out in the free air.

When man goes to the marsh, the marsh retires within itself as a turtle retreats into its shell. With the exception of a few blackbirds and marsh wrens babbling the nest secret and an occasional frog croak, all the inhabitants have retired. The spotted turtle has slid from the decayed log as the boat pushed through the reeds. The heron has flown at your approach, and the little sora rail has scuttled into the reeds.

Remain perfectly quiet and let the marsh regain its composure. You have been the sorely disturbing element. One by one the tenants of the lowlands will


Charles Livingston Bull.

His is the calm course of one with a purpose

The fire-fly lamps glow along the rushes

take up the trend of their business where it was interrupted.

All about the lily-pads make a green carpet on which the frogs bask and pray to their sun gods. The little sora rail again runs along the lily-pads, looking for his food in the form of small snails. The blackbirds and wrens go about their home business, the turtles again come up to their positions, and a muskrat swims across the channel.

A squeal and splash—a shining fold above the lily-pads — and we have viewed a marshland tragedy with the luckless frog and villain black snake as chief actors. One hopes that the little colony of marsh wren homes on stilts above the water, like the ancient lake dwellers of Venezuela, have no enemies —that Sir Black Snake is satiated with the hapless frog—but fear must lurk, or why do they bar the doors of their snug cottages? This curiosity and the habit of building dummy nests is proof that the wee birds are pitting their wits against the cunning of some enemy and suspicion rests on the serpent.

As evening approaches and the shadows from the bordering woodland point long fingers across the marsh, the blackbirds straggle back from their feeding grounds and settle, clattering, among the reeds. Their clattering gradually dies down and night settles on the marsh. Night on the lowlands is indeed beautiful. All sounds have ceased save the booming of the frogs, which only accentuate the loneliness of it all. Only the distant whistle of a locomotive dispels the idea that it is wilderness. The fire-fly lamps glow along the margin of the rushes. The frogs are in full chorus now. The great bulls beat their tomtoms and the small fry fill in the chinks with shriller cries. How remote the scene and how savage the chorus!

There is a quality in the frogs' serenade that strikes in one's mind the chord of sadness, in another the chord of contentment. To me it is the chant of the savage, just as the hoot of an owl or the bark of a fox brings my mind back to the wilderness.

We have been occupied with thoughts of the world when out of the night comes the soft croon of a little screech owl and we are brought back to nature at once. Our cities are new—this cry is almost as ancient as the hills. It belongs with the soil beneath our towns. It is the spirit of the past crying to us. Old books carry us back to our racial periods, but this cry takes us back of all books. So the dirge of the frog is the cry of the spirit of river and marsh land. That old bull's croak, how old he must be, probably great-grandsire of the lesser fry. He must be ancient. At least he is the chief exponent of the ancient order of things.

Our robins and blue birds are of the orchard and the home of man, but who can claim neighborship to the bittern or bull frog? There is nothing civilized or refined in the hoarse croak of the great blue heron. They are all barbarians and their songs are of the untamed wilderness.

The moon comes up over the hills. The mosquitoes have become savage. The marsh has tolerated us as long as it cares to. We begin our retreat as orderly as possible. The night hawks swoop down and boom as they pass overhead. One feels thankful that the mosquitoes are of some good in being food supply to so graceful a bird. The outlet passage into the river is hard to find, but at last we pole and paddle into it.

As we are paddling along the channel, the voice of the bittern booms over the marsh. It seems to come from above, below—on all sides, a wonderful reverberating sound. We are glad that we waited. No wonder the farmers call him "stake-driver" and "plum-pudding." For once these are rather descriptive, though inadequate common names.

A water snake glides across the channel, leaving a silver wake in the moonlight. The frogs "plunk" into the water as we push past. A night heron rises from the margin of the river and slowly flops away. The bittern booms again as we row down the peaceful river and we leave the marsh land to its ancient and rightful owners.

COMRADE OF OLD

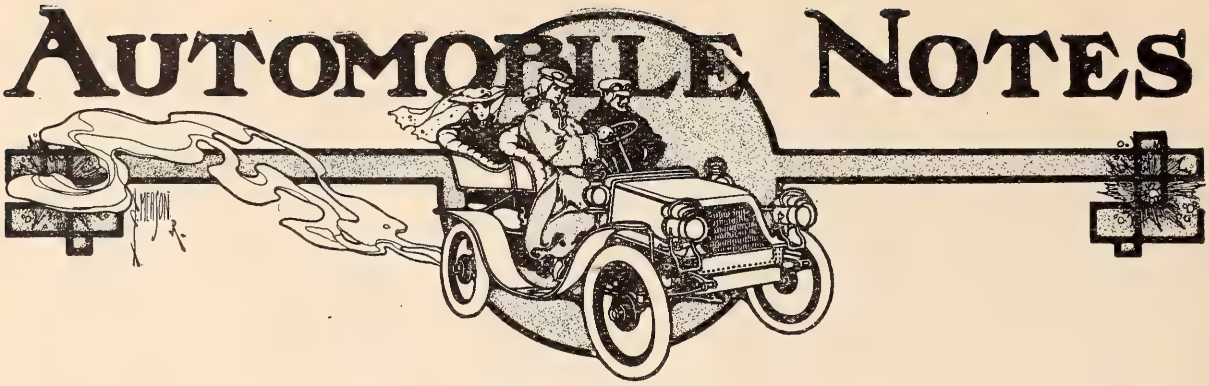
BY STACY E. BAKER

Comrade of old, come back to me,
The careless youth you used to be;
  Come back, and banish for awhile
  Your frowns, and let those stern lips smile;
We'll jaunt the aisles of memory.

Come back, the meadow winds blow free,
And, with the brook that threads the lea,
  They call you from your long exile,
    Comrade of old.

Here, by the pond, the willow tree
Becks, with its arms, alluringly;
  Come back, a truce to court, and trial—
  Doff, for a week, the frock and tile,
And come, the boy we long to see,
    Comrade of old.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES



WILLARD NIXON.

THE ROADS.

Recreation stands firmly for good roads—good roads for the farmer, for the automobilist, for the horseman, for the bicyclist, for all who travel on the highway. The roads in this country are pretty bad. When they are not snowbound or mud-wallows, they are thick with dust. and deepened sands. Snow, mud, dust and sand are not friends of the automobile and will never help its development, and though bad roads may be unavoidable for years to come in many localities, it is a crying shame that the average road in the United States is so much inferior to the average road abroad. The automobile was never meant to run over rough surfaces any more than the locomotive, trolley car or a billiard ball, and it is a great credit to automobile manufacturers that cars stand up the way they do, and run with such absolute reliability. The more touring is done, the more will people understand how really bad are our roads. Publicity is a fine weapon, and the more said about good roads, the better the chance that something may eventually be done.

ELIMINATION TRIALS.

This month the American Elimination Trials for the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race will be held in this country. Heretofore these have proved a farce, and it is likely that this year's performance will be of little interest compared with what will be exacted of the competing cars in England and France. In the latter country the Elimination Trials are almost as important as the Gordon-Bennett itself, and this year promises to be more interesting and exciting than ever before. The gossip from France is limited, but evidently the Moss and Renault firms will not compete. The same is true in England. At the present writing it looks as if the three American cars which have been entered for the Gordon-Bennett Race will be all ready and well "tuned up" in time for the Elimination Trials. Herbert Little will drive one of the Pope-Toledo cars, but it is not known as yet who will drive the other. It seems certain that Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, will not drive his Locomobile, but will delegate this task to some expert—Joseph Tracy, of New York, a well-known professional, has been named as a possibility. From present indications the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race this year will be the most exciting ever held. President Loubet, of France, has signified his intention of being present, and there will undoubtedly be the usual representation of the royal families of England and Germany. Abroad an event like the Gordon-Bennett Automobile Race is a great event, and all work together to make it one. In this country it was almost impossible to hold a similar long-distance race on Long Island, but as time goes on, we shall undoubtedly overcome the prejudices of our country people and have some really good long-distance road races. There is probably nothing in the world that is quite so exciting or impressive.

For years the writer has held that these long distance races among cars of unlimited horse-power were of little value either as an advertisement for the industry or as a means of gathering experience for the manufacturers so as to enable them to build their cars better—that is, stronger and lighter, cheaper and more reliable. There is no doubt but that the weight limit of 1,000 kilograms, or 2,204.6 pounds has resulted in the production of very light cars equipped with enormous motors and that such combination is freakish and impractical, and that results obtained from noting the performances of such juggernauts have been of limited benefit to the builder of automobiles.

However, the writer has had occasion lately to see a great deal of the building of one of the American challenging cars, and realizes better than ever before that there is much sound practical common-sense behind the 2,200-pound weight rule. No manufacturer wants to build a frail car for such a tremendous trial as the Gordon-Bennett Race; strength is just as important as speed. The problem, of course, is to build a fast car, one that will maintain an average of sixty miles an hour easily, that will come under the 2,200 pounds limit yet be perfectly strong and reliable. This combination cannot be secured hap-hazard. Slip-shod methods absolutely preclude the possibility of making a good car, and the greatest skill is required in the designing of parts so that they will be very strong and at the same time very light. My thoughts all along on this subject were to the effect that any good manufacturer could stick a big motor in a light chassis, and with proper luck and skilful driving make a first-rate showing, if not win the Gordon-Bennett. It also seemed more logical to limit the size of the cylinders when limiting the weight of the car, or by some other rule limit the production of useless freaks. I am willing to say, however, that the 2,000 pound-rule is a just and a very simple one, and that the production of these big racing cars is valuable experience for the manufacturer.

A. A. A.—AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.

The American Automobile Association, kit and caboodle, has been to the repair shop this spring, and with what seemed to be very gratifying results. Messrs. Lee, Morrell, and Batchelder might be likened to a new fly-wheel, a new engine, and a new transmission gear, respectively, for the old A. A. A. machine.

Mr. Elliott C. Lee and Mr. Robert Lee Morrell are delightful gentlemen, enthusiastic pioneer automobilists, and singularly well fitted for their positions. Mr. Lee is the new president, and Mr. Morrell is the new chairman of the Racing Board. Mr. George Batchelder, with his long newspaper training and experience in executive work in National bicycle organizations, should prove a valuable man for the post of secretary.

With these active and capable officers in charge, the old A. A. A. machine ought to run better this year than ever before.

A CIRCLE OF SHOWS.

Since the big national show in New York last January, there has been a succession of similar exhibits in all of the large cities, and the great number of exhibits and the serious, curious crowds which have examined them reflect the tremendous interest in automobiles in the country this year.

The automobile show is an excellent thing. It gives the small manufacturer an opportunity to do excellent advertising at very little expense, in many cases it is the one great opportunity of the year for him to display his wares to advantage. It is equally valuable for the large builder on account of the big business which is sure to be done and the number of cars which he can sell if his product is all right. The show is of great value to the purchaser because all of the cars in which he is interested are brought together under the same roof, and he may study them carefully, comparing their good points, and he may then later try such cars on the road for a short run so as to compare their respective running qualities, hill climbing abilities, etc. And, of course, the show is of great value to the uninitiated.

Many people cannot decide at the show, and it is small wonder. The cars look alike; the salesmen are all equally plausible, and the trial rides may not settle the matter. Of course those who do not purchase promptly need not expect prompt delivery, as a general rule, and that is why shows are so valuable from a business point of view and why so much business is done at them.

Apropos of this matter of choosing an automobile, RECREATION cannot put itself in the position of recommending any particular types of cars, but subscribers are invited to send into this department all the questions that they may wish relative to automobiles.

SELECTION OF AN AUTOMOBILE.

One of the most interesting things concerning automobiles which I have come across recently is the publication of a large number of letters from users, giving their reasons for selecting the particular type of car which they purchased. These results were received in reply to a circular which was sent out by The Autocar, asking for the opinion of automobile users as to the value of reliability trials, endurance contests and such public competitions.

The general opinion seemed to be that the performance of cars in public trials had very little weight with the prospective purchaser; the disinterested advice of personal friends who had had much experience with automobiles was by far the best guide to the largest number; others had been greatly assisted by the advertising of some of the automobile firms and by the demonstrations of trial rides given by the manufacturers or agents. Every one of these letters was extremely interesting, and the collection brought out the fact that the average purchaser must be sorely puzzled in these days as to just what car is most suitable for his purpose.

INTEREST IN STEAM CARS.

One of the best shows held this year was at Boston. The number of exhibits was larger and the floor-space greater even than at Madison Square Garden. The ample room, and quiet and uniform decorations provided an atmosphere of dignity and modified commercialism which was entirely lacking at any of the other shows in the large cities. The real interest, however, at the Boston show, not shared by the others, was the large number of steam cars and the interest shown in them. For the past few years steam cars have not been as popular as gasolene cars, but some of the new models shown at Boston, however, were exceptionally good and sold well, and although Boston has always been a big steam car center, the interest this year was obviously greater than ever before.

This is important, as it shows that many thinking automobilists appreciate that steam power has certain peculiar advantages which are too great and too many to allow the power to be discarded.

The disadvantages of a steam car are really few; a certain definite time is always needed to get up steam; there always must be a flame underneath the boiler; the water supply to the boiler is something that has to be regulated carefully by the operator, and the vehicle has a limited radius on a tank of water unless the condensing system is used, in which case undesirable complications are introduced. On the other hand the advantages of the steam car are many: it climbs hills wonderfully; runs with absolute quietness; and there is little shock or vibration from the machinery. Steam power is well understood; there are no mysteries connected with it, and troubles can be easily located when they occur. As to reliability, steam undoubtedly stands at the head of all powers.

THE SIDE ENTRANCE.

This year the side-entrance tonneau body is the most popular style, and in fact has swept everything else before it. The form of body is a good one; it provides two places for entering and leaving the car, whereas the rear entrance tonneau or the front entrance tonneau has but the one; further than this, the seats can be more advantageously exposed, and the entire space under the rear tonneau seat can be used as a storage place. It would appear that the craze for side entrance bodies and long wheel bases is being carried somewhat too far, for there is no great advantage in the elongated wheel base beyond the fact that it insures easy riding, but for that matter it is likely that beyond a certain point the long wheel-base doesn't add at all to the comfort of the passengers. The disadvantages of the long wheel-base are that the car is harder to manœuvre; it is more difficult to drive it in or out of a crowded garage; and I have heard that on some narrow country roads drivers of cars having exceptionally long wheel-bases have found it practically impossible to turn around. Abroad the automobile manufacturers and the body-makers are endeavoring to reduce the length of the wheel-base and at the same time, use a side entrance body. There is no doubt that there will be a reaction in favor of a moderate wheel-base, and for that matter a more or less increase in the use of the rear entrance tonneau, which is certainly very compact and can be made very light and still have great strength. The side entrance body is weakened in the middle where the greatest strain occurs. However, the side entrance body seems to have won the heart of the public, and will doubtless always be the more popular form.

CAPE CART HOODS.

One noticeable feature about automobiles this year is the falling off in popularity of the canopy top with sliding glass front and movable side and rear curtains. This form of covering is being substituted very largely by what is known as the cape-cart hood,—a light strong folding top made of khaki or some form of water-proof cloth specially suited for the purpose. Doubtless the reason for this is that the cape top is very much lighter than the canopy top, and anyone who has driven an automobile very much realizes the great importance of keeping a car light and the disadvantages of overloading it.

The point is simply this: the automobile is more or less of a sporting proposition; something like riding a horse, and anyone going out for a horse-back ride doesn't take along an umbrella, a mackintosh, and a pair of rubber boots. Most automobiles carry storm covers of rubber cloth, and few tourists fail to provide themselves with poncho coats—a combination which keeps out the water better than any combination of glass, wood, and rubber curtains. Wind resistance is something that must not be forgotten, and a heavy canopy top with the glass lowered and all of the curtains closed in affords much resistance to the wind. Thus the power required to drive the car is greater, and the mileage on a charge of gasolene is proportionately reduced.

GOOD ROADS AND BAD ROADS.

An automobilist who does a great deal of touring told me, the other day, that he preferred dirt roads to the best macadam. "I always feel a sense of pleasure and relief when I leave one of the main traveled macadam highways and drive my car over a dirt road," said he. On questioning him, it did not transpire that he preferred the home-made road because it was pretty or more secluded or because he could drive his car faster over it or for any other similar reason. He simply liked to drive his car over the soft country dirt road rather than the macadam. I wondered if many automobilists shared this peculiar point of view. It doesn't seem likely, and it is to be hoped not, most decidedly.

A large amount of money and energy has been expended in this country not only to improve the roads but to try and arouse some enthusiasm regarding them and to precipitate a general movement for their betterment. If the average automobilist allied himself with the average farmer, the prospect for good roads in this country in the next decade would be pretty hopeless. If the farmer thinks the dirt road is just as good as macadam and the farmer prefers it because it doesn't hurt the feet of his horses, what are we going to do? It isn't likely that many automobilists prefer a soft road to a hard one, and in districts where macadam roads have been thoroughly well tried out by the farmers they never want anything else. I would like to hear from some of the readers of this department who are interested in the good roads movement.

A NEW COAT?

How does the car look? Does it seem dingy or out of style? Do you feel like selling it?

If you have any such feeling, get bids on the cost of touching up the paint and revarnishing the body, wheels, and running gear, and though automobiles are said to deteriorate rapidly, you will find that the startling manner in which a coat of varnish will improve the appearance of the car is well worth the money it costs. The machinery of the car may be in every way as good as new, but the outside of the car may look as if it had been through the New York-Pittsburg endurance run. A coat of varnish will make it look like new although it won't make the car run a bit better. In general, then, if your car is running as well as it did when you put it away for the winter, let the machinery alone and do not spend time and money in trying to make adjustments any better than they are. Instead, put the money in a coat of varnish and take the car and go out in the world with it and have some fun.

A TIMELY WARNING.

There can be no doubt that the average automobilist, when he first gets a high-powered touring car, is apt to make a fool of himself. He is not happy unless he is running the car at full speed all the time. Just at present the purchaser of a car is sure to take into consideration, when he buys a car, whether or not it can climb hills well on the high gear. And what does this mean? Only that he wants to go fast all the time, change gears as little as possible, and if the car will climb hills on the high gear without slacking speed, so much the better. Last year this was the case with many drivers. They had their first big car, and the fascination of letting it out caused them to commit all sorts of minor barbarities and discourtesies and break all the rules of the road. There is altogether too much of this sort of thing, and it will decrease only when automobilists become used to driving powerful cars fast and get over the excitement of it. It is a noticeable fact that the men who have driven cars the most and who know the most about them and who like to get the best of them, are the men who drive at a moderate rate of speed all the time, and who don't mind being passed on the road by a car which can not go as fast as theirs?

I prophesy that in the coming summer there will be more infractions of road rules than ever before, simply because the season of 1905 is probably the biggest selling year that has ever been known in automobile circles. Consequently we may look for some decidedly unpleasant legislations a year from now unless owners and chauffeurs are more careful and considerate than they have been heretofore.

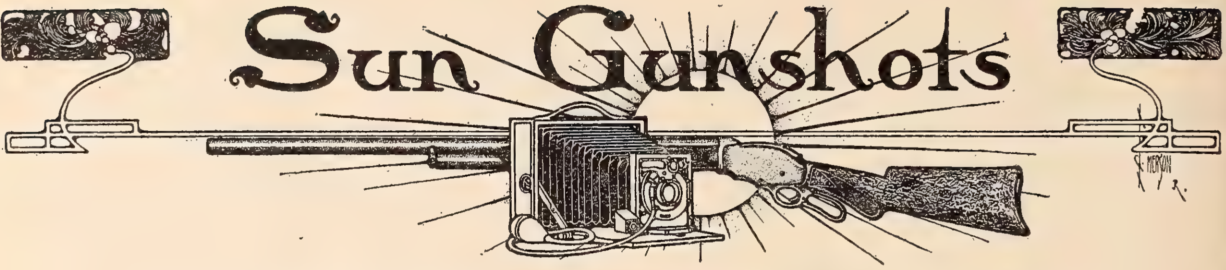
DELIGHTS OF ARCHERY.

The country boy has had one great advantage over his city cousin. Those of us who had the advantage of a rural boyhood had at some time our bows and arrows. At first they were made for us by an elder brother, or friend. Then we began to make our own, probably first from a piece of barrel hoop, then of hemlock, ash or hickory. They were crude things, but gave us great pleasure, and with our home-made arrows, helped us pass many happy hours, shooting at marks and at small animals and birds. Then we did not know that the weapons we were using were pre-historic in their origin, and had been used as powerful weapons of war.

Boys will always have bows and arrows among their playthings, and boys and girls of larger growth, and men and women, will have their bows and arrows. Ever since the bow ceased being used in war and hunting, it has continued to be used as a means of recreation. And there is no finer. It is adapted to the old and the young, and few sports hold devotees more firmly.

The National Archery Association was organized in 1879, and the first tournament held in Chicago that year. Since then there has each year been a national target meeting, held in Cincinnati, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Washington, Niagara Falls and other cities. Last year it was held at St. Louis in connection with the Olympic games. This year, it will be held in Chicago in August.

Anyone interested in the sport can obtain information as to the coming meeting by addressing the President of the Association,



Sun Gunshots

For the Sportsman-Photographer and the Photographer-Sportsman.

THE COMPETITION.

We would again call attention to our Bimonthly Competitions. The full list of conditions and prizes offered were given in our April issue. The first competition closes June first. Anything received after that date will be entered in the next competition. We particularly want live pictures. Be careful to read the conditions, as they must be

HOW TO BUY.

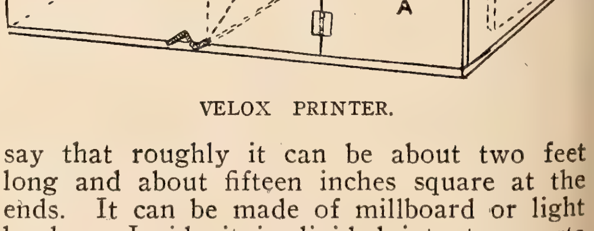
The purchase of a camera is probably the most important detail in the whole experience of a photographer. Too many go at it in a haphazard fashion, paying altogether too little attention to the purpose for which the camera is needed. After having helped many friends and strangers in the choice of a camera, I have come to the conclusion that it does not pay to buy an instrument except from a dealer. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of second-hand boxes to be bought for a mere song, and that is what they are usually worth. A good instrument costs money and a good lens costs more, and unless you are a photographer or well acquainted with the various makes of cameras on the market you are very apt in buying a second-hand machine to purchase some old style for which you will find it very difficult to get supplies. For instance, there used to be a camera made that took a 5x8 picture, and you will often come across a second-hand camera of that make now. But do not be tempted into buying one, for you will hardly ever be able to buy plates or paper cut to that size. Many of the box cameras that were so much in vogue three or four years back called for special sizes, 4x4, and so on. Leave them severely alone, and when you buy, go to a dealer with a reputation and take his advice.

OVERWORKED SOLUTIONS.

Most photographers make a mistake in attempting to overwork their solutions. A plate costs money, so does printing paper, either of them considerably more than the cost of the solutions used to develop or fix them, but somehow the amateur thinks it more economical to use the developer and hypo bath over and over again, even at the risk of spoiling a good negative, rather than use a fresh developer with each plate. Hypo is about the cheapest chemical used by the photographer. The average bath will not cost more than a cent, therefore, make it a rule to discard the fixing bath at the end of each day's work, and do not use the same bath for fixing plates and paper. With developers use only a little quantity at a time, sufficient to fully cover the plate in the tray. If you are using pyro use a fresh lot for each plate. If metol or similar developers two or three plates can be developed with the same lot, but never more.

VELOX PRINTER.

In printing velox, bromide or similar rapid papers, it is a great convenience to have some kind of printing-box, to contain the light and so protect it that we can work in the darkroom without fear or inconvenience. Such a box in a simple form is depicted herewith. I have not given any dimensions, but would say that roughly it can be about two feet long and about fifteen inches square at the ends. It can be made of millboard or light lumber. Inside it is divided into two parts by a screen of ground-glass or a framework of two or three sheets of tissue paper.



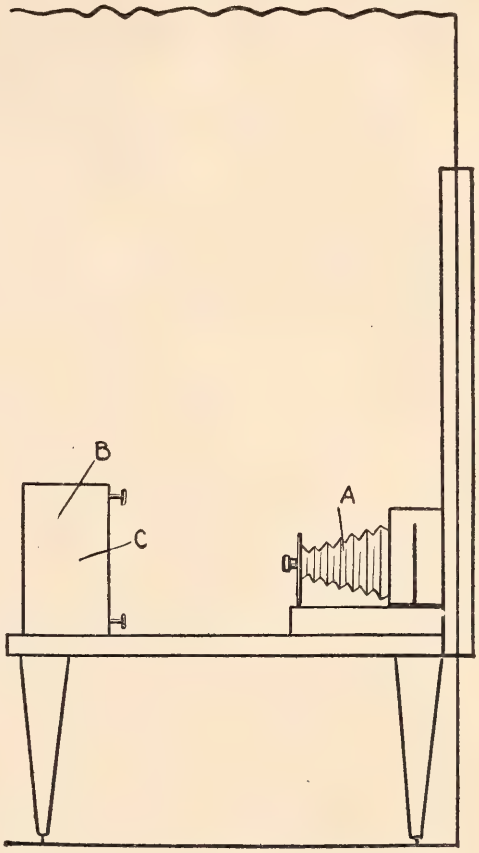
VELOX PRINTER.

Of the source of light. D is an electric bulb, controllable from the outside, nothing further than the box, the screen and a door, A, through which to put the printing-frame is necessary. If, however, we have to use gas or an oil-lamp, we shall need some kind of a chimney at E, to lead off the heat, and at the same time prevent the light streaking into the room, and also a hinged flap C, made of a wire frame covered with some opaque paper or cloth and fitting snugly up against the screen B. This flap is operated by a small handle outside, and when the printing frame F, has been put into the box, it can be turned down so as to allow the light to reach the print. The screen, B, serves to diffuse the light and give an even exposure. Of course the door can be at the top or the side, and the whole box can be placed on brackets on the wall, or rested on a table. You will find it a very handy apparatus, also, for lantern-slide making by contact and if your dark-room is large enough to contain it, you certainly should have such a contrivance in it.

TO MAKE ENLARGEMENTS.

One of our readers, Mr. W. A. Mason, tells us how to make bromide enlargements with an ordinary camera and without the aid of any other apparatus than that which the amateur can fix up for himself. The camera used should have a removable back.

Choose a room which can be made perfectly dark. The windows can be blocked up with several thicknesses of brown wrapping paper or with anything that is light-proof. In the window covering make an open space the size of the negative to be enlarged from. Put the negative in a kit made of cardboard or wood. Make this kit fit over the back of your camera so as not to admit any light into the camera except through the negative. If the camera has too short a bellows to make the desired size of enlargement you can build an extension to the back of the camera with cardboard. See that the glass in the window is clean at the opening. Never try to make an enlargement while the sun is shining on the window unless you put a white curtain on outside and away from the window. Place your camera with the back containing the negative to the opening in the window. Block out all light, give the lens a full opening and focus on a screen or board to which the bromide paper is to be fastened. A good sized box is as good as anything else to pin the paper to. Cut out a piece of white paper the size of your bromide paper and pin on the box. Regulate the size of enlargement by moving the box back and forth—the further away the bigger the image. Focus on the white paper. Stop down until the image is very sharp. Close the shutter of the lens and pin up your bromide paper where the white paper was. With good daylight and stop F. 32 give an exposure of ten to thirty seconds according to the density of the negative. The correct time can be found by exposing on small strips of bromide paper and developing. Develop and fix the paper the same as you would velox, but, of course, in ruby light only.



A. CAMERA BACKED UP TO WINDOW.
B. BOX SUPPORTING BROMIDE PAPER.
C. BROMIDE PAPER.

MONOTONOUS TRANSCRIPTION.

The bulk of amateur photographers are apt to fall foul of the difference betwixt a picture true to Nature and a mere transcript of a scene. The man who fixes up his camera, gets every leaf and blade of grass as sharp as a needle, and takes off a glossy print showing abundant detail, is prone to think he has succeeded in producing a naturalistic photograph. Such a print, although perhaps true from the mathematical standpoint, is totally wrong as a record of visual impression; it may be an accurate transcript of the objects in front of the camera, but it can never be a sympathetic rendering of Nature. Exact transcriptions may be very desirable in architectural and record work, but the photographer who wishes to achieve a pictorial result aims at suppressing detail and getting sentiment into his picture.

Editorial Wanderings

Dan Beard

For pure sport, for the search of truth, health and happiness with no condemnation without a hearing, to listen carefully, to speak cautiously and to be gentlemen without the necessity of tailor-made clothes—that is our aim, nothing more.—Dan Beard.

THE TRUSTS.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of game. This is by some considered a little old-fashioned, but it is nevertheless good doctrine and one we can safely depend upon to solve all problems of justice and fair dealings in the game field. Recreation has nothing to do with political parties, with the trusts or with the labor unions or scabs except when any of these try to govern the game fields and trespass upon the domain of Recreation, then we propose to look upon them as a common enemy of our family and on the principle of self-protection being nature's first law we will not hesitate to rap them with all the power of our pen, backed by the moral and political force of our army of readers.

THE FISH TRUST.

Mr. George B. Catilin, in the Detroit *Tribune*, asks shall the Fish Trust be permitted to control the lakes, and says:

> To permit any single trust organization to secure absolute control of the business of the great lakes would be against public policy. . . To permit a fish trust to establish a monopoly of the business of the great lakes is to consent to similar abuses. It would mean an arbitrary dictation of prices to the fishermen who take the fish and to the retailer who sells them to the consumer—the lowest possible price to the fisherman, the highest possible price to the consumer. It means the placing of millions of people under tribute, to perhaps a score of men, for the sake of making them multi-millionaires.
>
> Such an organization could control supply. It could control inspection and make it a farce. If it saw fit to pursue the destructive policy of quick realization, it could bring about just such conditions as now prevail in the Atlantic coast fisheries. Indiscriminate fishing without a well organized system for collecting and distributing the daily catch, and a close monopoly, would seem to be things that are equally to be avoided. The people want the food fishes preserved for all time. They are willing to pay a fair profit for the taking and handling of the catch, and in addition they are willing to spend the public money freely in the work of propagation of species that can be so perpetuated. They are not willing to propagate fish at their own expense and at the same time to allow a single close corporation to exercise a monopoly to the detriment of all who are not sharers in the profits of the business.

Mr. Catilin is right in his summing up of the conditions, and we hope that the people of Michigan and her sister States will see to it that the plans of these would-be trust promoters are nipped in the bud.

OYSTER TRUST, TOO.

Now comes the news of a scheme to control the shell fisheries of Long Island, in other words, an oyster trust, if we are to believe the following report from a daily paper:

> Plans for the organization of a syndicate to control the oyster fisheries of Long Island Sound are said to be approaching completion, about 68 per cent. of the seed growing grounds being included in options already given to the projectors. one of whom is G. A. Morrison, of New York.
>
> It is said that more options will be secured and that in about ten days the company will be incorporated with a capital of $10,000,000.

Other reports tell of a lobster trust.

There are certain tendencies which have developed within the last ten years, and which are the direct result of the segregation of immense fortunes in the hands of ill-balanced people. These tendencies all lean towards depriving the great American public of their national and natural right of pursuing happiness in search of game and fish. It is the dream of some of the moneyed few, that the European idea of private game preserves with no public shooting or fishing shall be inaugurated in this land. Fortunately for the rest of us this tendency, like the people who advocate it, has paresis at one end, gout at the other, and Bright's disease in the middle.

Nevertheless, the dream will be realized unless we watch and guard our rights and privileges. The law long ago decided that all the things attached to the ground belongs to the landlord, but the courts have not yet ruled that the creatures who inhabit the land are the property of the landlord, and the readers of Recreation must see to it that no such ruling is ever made.

OUR WEALTHY FRIENDS.

A word to our wealthy but thoughtless friends. You are constantly complaining that it is impossible to bring the "muckers" and farmers to a proper and respectful observance of the game laws, and there are no doubt good grounds for this statement; but you who complain are responsible for the rebellious state of mind on the part of the "muckers" and farmers. By your own arrogance and disregard for the rights of others you have conveyed the impression that the game laws are made for you alone, and did we so think, we would join the "muckers" and poachers in their rebellious regard for what they think to be class legislation.

One of Recreation's most difficult tasks is the effort to counteract these erroneous impressions regarding the game laws.

All Americans have an equal right to the American game, and in using the term American it is intended for the whole continent and not for that portion included within the imaginary lines which bound the United States.

We advance this self-evident proposition not to create discussion, but as a firm, rock-bed foundation upon which to base our laws for the preservation of game and fish, a foundation at which neither the farmer, trapper, poacher, or even the multi-millionaire can cavil.

Drive this idea into the heads of the public, teach them that they have a proprietary right in these things and they will take a personal interest in upholding the game laws.

We do not mean that there will not always be law breakers, but the law breaker will then belong to the same class as house breakers and common criminals, and not include otherwise respectable law-abiding citizens.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Public sentiment is much stronger than any enacted law, and a law which is not backed up by public sentiment, and the outgrowth of it, is necessarily inoperative. For years the Audubon Society has been at work building up a sentiment for the preservation of harmless birds, and according to the *Millinery Trade Review,* the promiscuous slaughter of birds, especially those of the songster variety, for the decoration of women's headwear, is gradually ceasing, as nearly all milliners are now encouraging the use of plumage plucked or shed from live birds. This season the plumage utilized will be ostrich feathers and those from the Bird of Paradise. Both varieties of plumage can be secured without murdering the birds themselves. Quills, too, will be largely used, particularly those of the argus and other birds of the pheasant type. The male members of the pheasant family are always decked with magnificent plumage. The pheasant, while classed with the game varieties, is extensively domesticated, and therefore its plumage generally can be secured without violence to the bird itself. When wings of the pheasant appear upon hats, of course it will be understood the bird was killed during the game season.

Owls' heads will also again be brought forward. This is possibly a mistake, as there is no more inoffensive or useful bird than the owl. His hoot may not be pleasant, nor yet his stare very agreeable, but he commits no acts detrimental to the interest of humanity. The woman who wears an owl-head upon her hat should understand that while the bird is proverbial for wise looks, it has less brains than any other member of the feathered tribe. But more than the man who killed it and the woman who wears it.

The Millinery Trade Review's remarks are most encouraging, and are the direct result of public sentiment. Just as soon as the public begins to look with horror on these grewsome ornaments just that soon will all women utterly refuse to wear dead and dismembered birds on their hats. We are sorry to see that this looks like an intention by the *Review* to deceive its readers where it speaks of the plumage from the Birds of Paradise and says it "can be secured without murdering the birds," which would imply that the birds were caught alive, plucked and allowed to go free, when the fact is these birds *are killed and skinned for the trade,* and are being rapidly exterminated by the plume hunters. The imported pheasants and ostriches are now practically domestic fowls, and as such do not particularly interest us.

FARMER OR MUCKER?

Here is an extract from the Henry (Ill.) *Republican,* which shows in what contempt men, who are not classed as either muckers or farmers, hold the game laws:

> Deputy Game Warden Trunk was in the city recently, looking after certain violations of the State game law and by

chance caught a bit of information that led to the arrest of Mayor Hutchins. As the story goes, a boy with a pair of mallards confronted Mr. Hutchins with the proposition that if he would buy him a box of shells the mallards would belong to him. The game warden went to Mr. Hutchins and asked from whom he got the ducks; he claimed he did not know his name and would not give up the ducks. A search warrant soon got possession of the ducks and the warden caused the mayor's arrest; but there was no case, Judge Melick called it off.

It is really too bad that a case could not be made out against this high official, because had he been convicted the moral effect would have been great and widespread. As it now stands the people in that section will say that there is one law for the high and another for the low, and this is the state of mind most dangerous to our aims.

PURE THOUGHTLESSNESS.

One of the irritating obstacles which Recreation meets in the warfare for the preservation of game is not the individual who, becoming blood mad, slays more than his proper share of game, but the thoughtless editor, whose pen encourages this sort of thing and also spreads the belief that the game laws are made for a few dude sportsmen.

A sportsman, mind you, has as much right to be a dude as anyone else, but the laws are not made for him as such but for him as one of the citizens of this country. It would wake up the Trenton *Times* a bit if our Jersey men would turn on a flood of letters condemning the absurd stand taken by this paper against the wise law prohibiting the sale of game. Here is what this paper says editorially in its effort to distort public sentiment:

> It seems scarcely possible that any considerable number of men can take seriously the proposition to prohibit the sale of game birds absolutely in New Jersey, yet we are told that the Kaiser bill has the support of most of the sportsmen of Essex and Passaic counties, and the formal endorsement of the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State. The measure is said to be aimed at "pot hunters" and intended to afford better protection to the game birds.
>
> No sane person—outside of those who have the time, inclination and means to permit them to go on hunting trips, and the fish and game wardens who get a living out of the State can expect the Legislature to spend anywhere from $25,000 to $50,000 to furnish sport for a few.
>
> The best way to protect game will be to repeal all laws upon this subject, wipe out the Fish and Game Commissioners and their wardens, and pass an act forbidding the killing of birds during the next five years. As between the disdained "pot-hunters" and the "thoroughbred sport" the people will prefer the market gunner.

Small minded people will always say "we might as well kill the birds, for if we don't the gunner North (or South, as the case may be), will kill them, and we have as much right as they to shoot." Here is a case where the people have a misty idea of their rights, but misuse the fact to make a bad argument.

We must be charitable to these people because of their ignorance. At the same time if we make this excuse for our brother editors who advocate market hunting we will incur their anger and resentment. Editors do not like to be called ignorant, and, as a rule, they are not, hence the very few who advocate market hunting must do so, not because of their ignorance, but because they have been perverted by mixing in politics until they are mentally unable to distinguish right from wrong.

MORAL IDIOTS.

There are people who are color blind and cannot distinguish red from green, and some to whom everything in sight is gray. These people are dead to color. There are others who are so deaf that the report of a gun makes no impression on their rudimentary ears. These people are dead to sound. There are others to whom sentiment is but another name for nothing. These people are dead to sentiment. There are paralytics whose bodies are devoid of all sensation. These people are dead to physical feeling. But when one is dead to sight, dead to sound, dead to sensation and dead to sentiment, they are dead to the world and their worthless clay is buried.

There are those who are alive to sight, to color, to sound, to sensation, and even to sentiment, but to whom principles and morals are but meaningless words, and these people are Moral Idiots.

We must not expect to enlist Moral Idiots in our cause unless we can show them that it is to their own personal advantage that the game shall be protected, and fortunately this may be done.

THE PRESIDENT ACTS.

We have the President with us and Canada has at last agreed that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Canada is always inclined to be fair minded, and we are rejoiced to hear that she has at last consented to stop spring seining in Lake Champlain.

It will be recalled that in a letter to the secretary of the North American Fish and

Game Protective Association, Minister Prefontaine declined to prohibit the issue of spring seining licenses to Canadian fishermen. The matter was then taken up with President Roosevelt, who was understood to be willing to see what influence he could bring to bear upon the Canadian authorities so long as Vermont and New York had agreed to stop spring seining on their part, and it is believed that this new decision of Minister Prefontaine is the result of negotiations from Washington.

EFFECTIVE SUPERVISION.

The Commissioner of Game and Fish of Indiana proceeds with his work in a thoroughly business-like way. Unfortunately, spring shooting is still allowed in Indiana, but the limit bag of twenty-four ducks is strictly enforced. To see that the provisions of the law are carried out the commissioner, during the flight of the ducks, patrolled all of the shooting territory in the state, the deputy game warden being kept on duty continuously. Few violations were reported in consequence.

NO HUNTERS ALLOWED.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is taking active steps to prevent hunting parties from invading Indian Territory. Instructions have recently been issued to the marshals of the territory to confiscate all guns, ammunition, buggies, cooking utensils and other paraphernalia belonging to hunting parties. The Chickasaw nation, the nation which has been foremost of all the Indian tribes in carrying out the provisions of the law, has suffered severely from the encroachment of hunters from the neighboring states. This new action will, undoubtedly, result in protecting the game for the Indians.

"ARBITRARY" POWER.

"The Victoria (B. C.) *Times* is much perturbed over a section of one of the recently proposed measures for the protection of game in the province which provides that any person found committing an offense under the act in question may be apprehended without a warrant by any game warden, constable or officer of the peace and may therefore be taken before any justice of the peace to be dealt with according to law. The *Times* argues that this measure places arbitrary power in the hands of the officers—a power which may be distorted and exercised to a mischievous extent. We call the attention of the *Times* to the fact that there is nothing arbitrary in this, for even a private citizen may arrest anyone caught in the commission of crime or law-breaking; and we do not agree with the editor in his strictures upon the intent of the provision in question. Game wardens and peace officers must be clothed with power to arrest when violations of the law occur within their jurisdiction, for many of the violations occur thousands of miles from the nearest court, and if such delay must be observed before arrests are to be made, the guilty parties will have plenty of time to escape.

The proper way in which to protect the public is to enforce the severest penalties for officials found guilty of using their powers to a mischievous extent.

THE HEIGHT OF SELFISHNESS.

In an editorial on the slaughter of robins in Virginia, the editor of the Newport, Virginia, *Press* gives vent to some of the most selfish, unsportsmanlike, and narrow-minded utterances we have ever read from the pen of a Southern editor. He says: "The robins certainly can not be of any material benefit to the farms of Virginia, for they do not remain in this section long enough to kill any of the insects which prey upon the growing crops. We see no reason why the robin should be protected in Virginia."

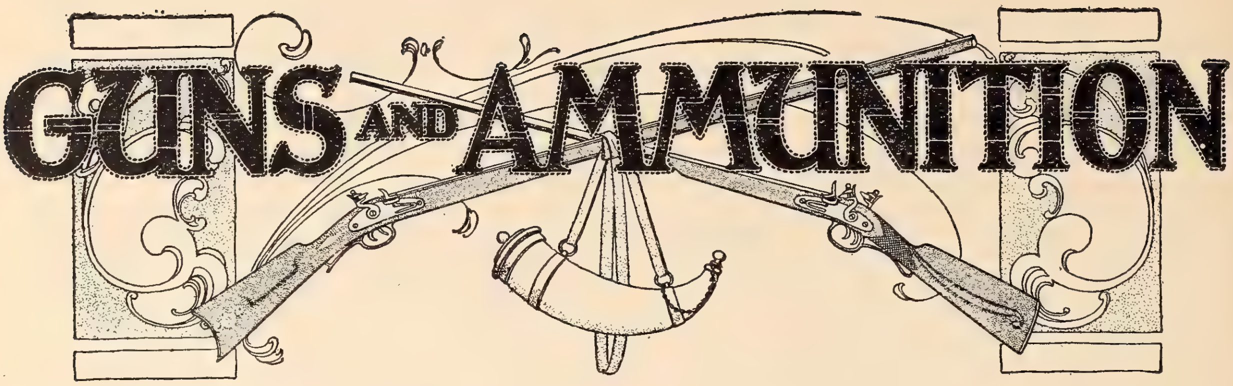
According to the text of this editor, anything which does not benefit Virginia must be destroyed, irrespective of the fact that two score states to the north and south will be injured thereby. We believe that this editor's own argument is sufficient to condemn him among his thinking constituency.

BOOKS.

"Miss Badsworth, M.F.H.," is the title of a book by Eyre Hussey, illustrated with some very good pictures by G. D. Armour. The book is English and all about hunting. It is strenuous, but its strenuosity is of a foreign kind, all about the fox chase, artificial hunts which do not appeal to the American except in old and thickly settled districts like Long Island and Virginia. Don't misunderstand me, the fox chase, or even the merry run after a scent bag dragged over the fields is exhilarating and exciting outdoor sport, but it is a sport where "pink" coats and proper dress play a more important part than the fox or even the anise seed bag. The latter are only the excuse to wear the clothes.

The book is "sporty" and will appeal to "sporty" people. The heroine rides astride as all women should.

The book is dedicated by permission to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, and one cannot help wondering if the Duke is really graceful. These titles are funny old things but useful in their way as life preservers, which often serve to keep a person's head above the social tide who might otherwise sink to the plebeian bottom. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.



GUNS AND AMMUNITION

THE RIFLE FOR GAME SHOOTING.

Editor Recreation:

Choosing a rifle is very much like choosing a wife, and, happily, all men do not fall in love with the same woman. It is the same way with rifles. If there were a demand for but one make of rifle we should be in the hands of a monopoly, that would certainly charge us, at least, $100 apiece for our weapons.

All the standard makes of American rifles are thoroughly efficient upon American game. We have nothing on this continent that can resist the persuasive powers of our rifles in the larger and more powerful calibers. If we had rhinoceri and elephants we should be forced to go in for more powerful weapons than those that are in demand, but as these animals are not found to-day upon the North American continent we may leave them out of the question.

Certain points of excellence all successful rifles must have in common. They must be accurate, and the standard of accuracy upon this continent is higher than elsewhere. European sportsmen for years stuck to the double express rifle, a decidedly inaccurate weapon at the longer ranges, and not a weapon of precision even at 150 yards. Its great merit in their eyes was its power, and its handiness, which made it balance like a double shot gun, and the European's weapon is, after all, the double barrel, twelve bore, for comparatively few do much rifle shooting at game. Our North American hunting is so different in character from the jungle shooting of India, and the stalking in the Highlands of Scotland, that it was quite inevitable it should create a demand for a very different type of rifle.

Too fine a rifle is a mistake. All our big game hunting is done in the wilder parts of the continent, where the sportsman and his weapon are exposed to the attacks of the elements let loose. A rifle that would serve its purpose admirably if turned over to an attendant to clean every night, might fail at our work, we having no attendant to carry the said rifle snugly wrapped in what one of my Indians used to call its "Gun coat," until wanted. A superbly finished double rifle, costing some $400, is a very desirable piece of property, but when you have to knock around in a canoe, or with a pack train in the mountains, and both yourself and your rifle are wet for days at a time, with no chance to do much cleaning and drying off, any of our factory rifles would be a much more efficient weapon. The stocks are stronger, the barrels stouter, and not so liable to injury through some casual blow.

The regular factory butt is the so-called rifle butt, somewhat narrow, and crescent-shaped, fitting on the upper arm instead of bedding against the shoulder muscles as the shot gun stock should do. It is quite a matter of personal choice which butt to use. The rifle butt has, perhaps, some advantage in the case of a man who always shoots standing, and never at moving game, but it is not to be recommended for shots at animals in motion, nor for snap shooting, nor when the charge is a heavy one. The rifle stock should have more bend than the gun stock. A gun stock for quick wing shooting can hardly be too straight, and during the past twenty years the tendency among crack shots has been to use a straighter stock, so that, instead of drops of three and one-half inches, a great many men now use one of two inches, but with a rifle it is somewhat different. You have to get your eye right down to the breech. Something you need not do after a little practice, with a shot gun.

A rifle that is very light at the muzzle often balances as pleasantly as a shot gun, but this lightening of the barrel can be carried too far. A rifle that is very light forward vibrates more than a stouter barrel, and, moreover, in very rough travel a stout barrel is an undoubted advantage, as it is so much less liable to damage. Great care of barrels should be taken, but, as a matter of fact, they have to suffer many abuses, and are often used for purposes for which they were never intended. For instance, the U. S. Cavalry troopers have been known to use the carbine to unlatch gates, using the foresight as a hook to slip under the latch. Such treatment would permanently injure a delicate weapon.

Since the advent of modern high powered ammunition, there has been a continual tendency toward a shorter barrel. The old Kentucky rifle had an enormously long barrel, and even ten years ago the average barrel was several inches longer than it is to-day. In the case of magazine rifles for high powered ammunition, the barrel may be cut down to twenty-four or twenty-five inches, the weapon remaining an extremely accurate and powerful one at all ranges. A single shot rifle should have a longer barrel than a magazine rifle, otherwise, either the rear sight will be too near the eye, or else the distance between the sights will be so short that it will be difficult to aim accurately. It is true there is a way around this difficulty; we may use the Lyman or other peep sight on the tang, but in very rough travel these excellent sights sometimes come to grief. It is not always the sight that is the best in the gun store that will prove most valuable at the end of a three months' shoot in the Rockies. Personally, I prefer the Lyman sight for actual shooting to any other, but there is no denying that it occasionally comes to grief owing to its exposed position.

There are innumerable sights, many of them possessing considerable merit, and for target shooting any one of them may be chosen, but for game shooting where strength is requisite, it does not do to select the sight that, however admirable, is easily broken.

I have no use for the so-called buck-horn sight. In fact it seems to me to possess about all the bad qualities that a rear sight can possibly have. It creates a blur and it hides the game, while it is very difficult to always take in the same amount of foresight, so that there is apt to be a good deal of vertical error in the shots. I prefer a square topped sight, with a small "V," and a single platinum line leading to it from the center of the barrel. This enables you to catch your sight quickly. I consider that the Mauser and Mannlicher rear sights are better patterns than anything manufactured in this country, and I should like to see American manufacturers adopt them.

As the rifle barrel has become shorter, the tendency has been to lighten the weapon. The modern, high-powered rifle, burning smokeless powder, recoils so lightly as compared with the old-fashioned black powder rifle, that we are able to dispense with two or three pounds in weight, especially, as the high-grade, steel barrels now manufactured have a strength and tenacity utterly unknown to the soft iron and steel tubes of previous generations. The rifle as one finds it to-day, is a very perfect and delightful piece of mechanism, but it has not, nor will it ever, apparently, reach its final development. After the single shot came the repeater, and now the automatic is with us, and all the great powers of the world are busily engaged in trying to perfect an automatic mechanism that will give them the advantage in the next war. And a man might as well attempt to stop the tide from ebbing and flowing as the march of mechanical improvement in this country, where more than in any other the mechanic is king.

Walter J. Edwards, Ontario, Can.

THE PULL OFF OF SHOT GUNS.

Editor Recreation:

The lightest trigger pull I have ever known of in a twelve bore gun was one and a half pounds—and thereby hangs a tale. The gun in question was made by a well known firm of manufacturers, its weight being seven pounds, fourteen ounces, and it had full choke, hammerless, thirty-inch barrels, being intended for wild fowl shooting over decoys. Unfortunately I said nothing as to trigger-pull, and when the gun came to hand I found the locks discharged at barely one and a half pounds pull.

At a target the gun shot well and pleasantly, and in the blind I had no fault to find, although the extremely light pull-off bothered me somewhat, accustomed, as I had been, to a pull of four pounds, but one day last December I got all I wanted of one and a half pounds trigger pull.

The snow lay fairly thick in the swamps, and the rabbits were making well worn trails, being, as usual, especially active on moonlight nights, so in company with a young friend and a couple of rough terriers, I went out one fine morning in quest of B'rer Rabbit. I had loaned the new gun to my companion and was carrying my old gun with the four pound pull.

The first shot fell to me. The lad rested his gun against a tree at full cock without slipping forward the safety bolt, and retrieved the rabbit. I, in the meantime, picked up his gun and went to meet him with it. Happily, I never allow a gun to point at anything I do not expect to hit, or the result would have been disastrous, for, as we met, I let the butt of his gun rest lightly on the snow, yet even this slight jarr caused both barrels to go off, the charges passing between our heads.

The weather was cold, there being probably about twenty degrees of frost, and the locks were a trifle too well oiled, and no doubt the viscid oil clogged the notches in the tumbler, and so prevented the sear from getting quite home. This, possibly, caused the accident, but I have never had such a thing occur with a gun of ordinary pull-off.

For Northern work, where guns may be exposed to heavy frost, I think a gun should have a pull-off of four pounds for the right lock, and four and a half pounds for the left lock, as the finger acts to better mechanical advantage in the latter case, causing the pull-off to seem equal.

Practical, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

SELECTING A PISTOL.

Editor RECREATION:

I don't get into the woods very often and when I go I like to make combination trips. That is, I like to take a small rifle or pistol with me on a fishing trip, so if the fish don't rise I can shoot at targets. I am thinking of buying a new pistol. What do you suggest?

H. S. Caprell, Red Oak, Ia.

Your question is one not easily answered. There is almost a bewildering choice of pistols fit for the purpose. If you prefer a Smith & Wesson you may buy one with a six-inch to ten-inch barrel chambered for the 22 L. R., 32 S. & W., C. F., or the 38 S. & W., C. F.; in Stevens pistols you have a choice between the new model pocket rifle with detachable stock up to the eighteen-inch barrel, chambered for the 22 L. R., 25 R. F., and 32 long R. F., or the Diamond Model, six to ten inches, chambered for the 22 L. R., or the Stevens tip-up with three and a half inch barrel, chambered for the 22 R. F., or 30 R. F., and, also, the three famous pistols known as the Gould, Lord, and Conlin models, which are to be had with barrels up to twelve inches, chambered for all the cartridges already mentioned, except the 25 R. F., and, in addition, specially chambered for the 22-7-45. The Colt and Iver Johnson revolvers should not be overlooked.

Finally there is the new Remington single shot pistol, which is chambered for the 22 rim fire, or the 44 S. & W. Any of these pistols will be found thoroughly satisfactory.

ANSWERING MR. CECIL.

Editor of RECREATION:

I saw Mr. Cecil's inquiry and would say in reply, if he fancies the sixteen he certainly will make no mistake in buying one. In regard to the shooting of the two gauges, twelve and sixteen, both made for ordinary field work and loaded with standard charges, the difference, when fired at usual sporting distances, is very slight, the advantage naturally resting with the larger of the two gauges.

If Mr. Cecil does not fancy the sixteen over any other gauge and if money is not a consideration, a twelve can be built in the high grades with twenty-eight inch barrels, weighing six pounds; a thoroughly tested type of gun, one that will stand years of hard wear and tear and yet be perfectly safe and still not in the feather weight class. The standard load for the twelve is three drams and one and one-eighth ounces, and for the sixteen, two and three-fourths drams and one ounce, but gunmakers and powder manufacturers are now advocating smaller charges of shot in both guns, one and one-sixteenth in the former and fifteen-sixteenths in the latter.

With a sixteen it is true you save something in weight of ammunition. A properly constructed sixteen weighs six pounds, but this saving is more than offset by having a gun inferior in its charge and execution to a twelve, for despite any assertion to the contrary the sixteen can not equal the twelve, both being bored alike and each using charges standard to their respective gauges.

What is admitted to be one of the most deadly charges ever fired at game, three drams and one ounce, is handled to perfection by a light weight twelve, certainly not by a sixteen gauge.

In regard to boring of barrels, it is a matter of fancy, too; but it is generally conceded that for field work in the hands of an ordinary shot, improved cylinder right and modified left, or both barrels slightly choked, cannot be improved on. If much bush shooting is indulged in both barrels may be improved cylinder. It is here, again, that the twelve shows its superiority over the sixteen for, owing to the shot occupying a longer space, in the latter gauge it does not shoot as well as the twelve when cylinder bored. In regard to length of barrels the adopted standards, twenty-eight and thirty inches, can not be improved upon, as they shoot better than any other lengths of barrel, besides tending toward accuracy of alignment.

I thoroughly agree with what Mr. Cecil says in regard to purchasing a perfectly safe hammerless gun. I have had the same experience as that gentleman, but in my case it did not take me long to dispose of the weapon. It was a fair grade; one, too, costing a trifle over $80 cash. On another occasion I had a hammerless explode in my hands through closing it up too quickly, the top lever being driven into my hand, making a nasty wound. This has been my brother's experience also.

It is up to you American sportsmen to say whether dangerous weapons shall be imposed upon you, guns that some day may go off accidentally and perhaps kill you, your brother or your friend.

H. E. S. Hunt.

A PIECE OF GOVERNMENT FOLLY.

Editor RECREATION:

Frequent hand-to-hand conflicts in the Russian-Japanese war, between troops armed with the high-power rifles which were expected to banish the bayonet and reduce war to long range shooting, have upset the theories formulated by experts after the Boer war and demonstrated the usefulness of cold steel as an instrument of wholesale homicide. Therefore, distribution of the new Springfield rifle has been deferred, and the so-called experts of the War Department are considering the question of adapting a practical bayonet to the weapon.

In many respects the new army weapon is a botch, but no other feature is quite so ridiculous as the "rod" bayonet. This alleged bayonet is supposed to be both cleaning-rod and man-sticker, but it is a combination futility. It is shorter than the barrel, and therefore cannot be used as a cleaner. The point is shaped like a drill for boring metal, and is not sharp enough to penetrate clothing readily. The rod is smaller than an ordinary lead pencil, and when fixed as a bayonet it protrudes only about ten inches and is held in position by a weak spring catch, which a light tap from an opposing bayonet would release, thereby causing the rod either to fall out entirely or to retreat into the socket. As a weapon, the rod is ridiculous; as a menace, its moral effect upon rioters would be about equal to that of a brandished umbrella stick.

The rifle itself is a marvel of clumsiness and bad balance. It is needlessly heavy for its length, and the weight is not well distributed. The stock is crudely fashioned and looks like the first attempt of a poor carpenter to make a gunstock with a handsaw. A flint-lock musket of 1776 was a better-finished, neater-looking arm. If it is intended that the soldier shall grasp his rifle by the barrel and use the butt as a club, perhaps the stock is well designed. Certainly the butt, swung by strong arms, would be a better weapon than the absurd rod-bayonet.

The excuse for making military rifle stocks crude and clumsy is that they are subjected to rough usage and need to be strong, but no soldier's weapon gets any rougher treatment than the sporting rifle sometimes gets in the hands of a big game hunter in the mountains. Yet the makers of sporting rifles have not found it necessary to mount their barrels on pieces of two by four, roughly hewn to the approximate shape of a stock. The government armorers and ordnance boards could, if they would, learn much from the men who make and use small arms for hunting. Indeed, what little they do know about barrels, sights and ammunition has been hammered into their dense official heads by civilian riflemen.

Shortening the barrel of the military arm, for example, was announced as a great idea evolved by officialdom, whereas the efficacy and superior convenience of the short barrel had been demonstrated years before by sportsmen, and recognized by the makers of sporting rifles. It has taken the military mind a long time to grasp the idea that a rifle is put into a soldier's hands to shoot with, and that shouldering, presenting, and grounding arms in one, two, three order is not the only end to be attained.

Among the glaring defects of the new Springfield is the elevating sight, which is weak, unsupported when raised and liable to be knocked out of place. The aperture or peep hole in the rear sight, for long range shooting, is so small as to be practically useless in action. A speck of dust will put it out of business.

The merits of the piece are the strength and simplicity of the bolt action, the reduced length of barrel, and the perfection of the system of rifling, assuming that the bore is as good as it is represented.

Allen Kelly.

We print the foregoing, most willingly, as we believe in the "open court," but we should like Mr. Kelly to name a single military rifle made by any foreign power, that is, in his opinion, better stocked than the new U. S. rifle. The rifle was a bold experiment in more than one detail, and will, no doubt, have to be modified, but the old adage "nothing venture, nothing have" applies to governments as well as to individuals.

FEATHERS AND NOSE-RINGS.

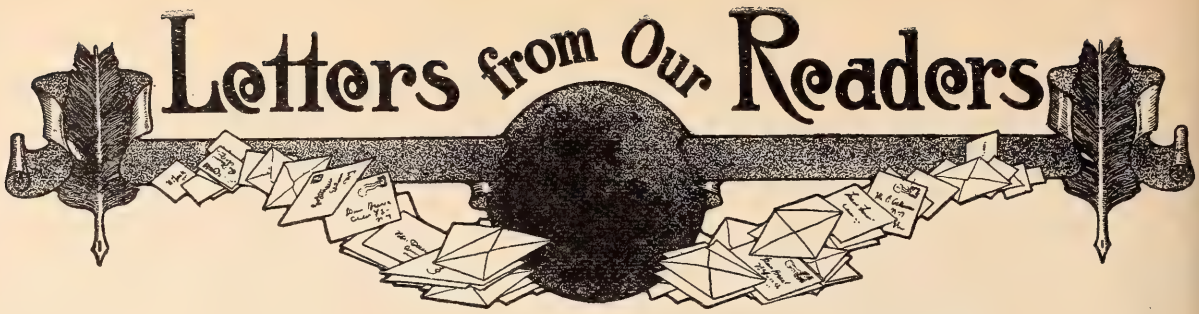
From the German press we learn that an association of young men in Berlin, who are opposed to the practice of women wearing birds on their hats, have adopted a unique crusade in their campaign against this practice. First of all, the woman who uses bird plumage on her headgear is to be warned by a circular sent to her address, the circular containing the information that, if she does not voluntarily refrain from wearing the hat it will be removed by force. We can see the finish of these well-meaning young Germans if their plan is carried out in facts; but the movement may serve its purpose by attracting attention to this barbarous custom, a memory of the time when women, in addition to feathers, wore nose-rings.

A CREDIT OVERLOOKED.

Dan Read, Esq.:

In the story of the black sheep country that you published in your April number there was an illustration of an Ovis Montana head from Southern British Columbia. I made the drawing from a head owned by W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, Wash. Mr. Sheard gave me permission to draw the head and I should have given him credit.

Belmore H. Browne.



Letters from Our Readers

RAVENS KILL DEER.

Editor Recreation:

I read with interest Mr. Gilmore's recent article in Recreation regarding the diminution of game of all kinds, and the deer in particular, the agencies to be charged with the crime, and his theory that the bobcat is, in a measure, responsible for the disappearance of deer all over the country. There is another destroyer of game which Mr. Gilmore did not mention and which is not known to nine-tenths of the hunters of to-day. That is the big, blue-black Rocky Mountain raven, a hundred times more dangerous to the beasts of the forests than the eagle, on account of his rapacity and superior numbers.

In the winter of '83-4, while I was mining in Dry Gulch, near Nogal, New Mexico, I watched for almost two hours a flock of these pests dispatch a blacktail deer. We were short of meat and I was out to kill a deer or bear. The task, although a pleasant one, as it was a diversion from our daily routine, was simply a matter of business, for there was so much game in New Mexico then that killing a deer or bear was of little consequence.

It was in December and the north sides of the mountains were covered with snow. I started from camp early, and ten o'clock found me several miles away on the south side of Church Peak. I dismounted to rest my horse, and while trying to sight game on some distant hill, my attention was attracted by the caws of what appeared to be about 500 ravens a mile or more to the west, in great commotion. I had often seen as large flocks of these birds in the mountains previous to that, but never, until that day, knew the purpose for which they gathered. It was apparent that they were up to some mischief. They took turns diving down at something, I did not know what. Sometimes two or three went down together and quickly rose with loud calls. As they were gradually drifting toward me I concluded to ascertain, if possible, what they were doing, so I led my horse behind a boulder and sat down to await results, holding my Winchester carbine, an old .73 model.

By that time most of the birds had come over the mountain and settled down in the canyon beyond the first ridge from me, and their dismal caws almost ceased.

It soon became evident they were getting nearer. The noise they made grew louder, and as it reverberated from hill to hill and touched the lofty pines on the distant mountains, a somewhat excited feeling crept over me. I shaded my eyes with my hand and gazed long and steadily in the direction the birds were coming in an endeavor to see what they were after. As they reached the ridge, almost half a mile away, I saw a deer bound over and down the mountain side in my direction, a continuous line of ravens urging him along by well directed prods on the back and rear. Stumbling and falling now and then the poor animal finally reached the bottom of the canyon, where he took refuge under a small cedar tree and butted and pawed at the ravens as they literally covered him. Presently he could stand the persecution no longer and made another break for liberty, passing within ninety yards of where I was, the birds meanwhile making the hair fly. I could see that the poor animal was almost prostrate and I was tempted, for a moment, to shoot it and put it out of its misery, knowing full well that it was only a question of a short time when it would have to die; but my curiosity to see the finale overcome that desire, and when they had disappeared around the mountain a short distance, the ravens making the day more hideous than ever with their cries, I got on my horse and rode around to see how the fight, or, rather, flight was progressing. There, not over 300 yards away from me, was the deer rolling and tumbling, sometimes up, but most of the time down, covered with ravens ten deep.

This procedure lasted ten minutes, when the deer ceased to rise again. I approached slowly, thinking that my presence, when within a reasonable distance, would frighten the birds away; but I was mistaken. They were too much interested in their prey. They were mad, intoxicated with delight, and my appearance only served to intensify their excitement. When within about twenty steps several of them made passes at me, but a few shots into the blue-black mass caused them to seek a safer distance.

As I dismounted I saw the deer, a spiked blacktail buck, raise his head to his side and fall back as before. I approached cautiously and saw that the birds had pecked out both his eyes. Thinking he was down for good, I knelt at his head and reached for my knife, to end his suffering; but as I placed my hand on his under jaw to pull his head back he made a sudden start, throwing me back on the ground, and as quick as a flash he was up. I grabbed his front leg, he made another lunge forward and we both rolled down the hill thirty feet together, first one on top and then the other. If I had not had a good grip he would have got away from me. During the melee the ravens swarmed around us in a threatening manner. I finally got out my knife and cut the deer's throat, knowing that to turn him loose would be certain and a more painful death. I cut the horns and shoulders off, also the tenderloin along the back and tied them to my saddle. After that I covered the carcass as well as I could with rocks and sticks and started to camp, but not before I had killed about fifteen ravens with what few cartridges I had.

J. D. Lea, El Paso, Texas.

NOT SO SERIOUS.

Reports received by us this month would indicate that the stories printed all over the country in newspapers, with reference to the destruction of quail during the past winter were somewhat exaggerated. While it is true that a great deal of game was killed by the cold, yet our correspondents seem to think that there is a plentiful stock still left for next season.

Fish, however, seem to have suffered severely, especially in the Northwest, where many of the rivers were frozen so deep that many fish perished. At one point in Nebraska Deputy Game Warden F. C. Nicholsen found thousands of dead fish, among them being over four hundred bass, averaging in weight two pounds each. The game wardens of the Northwest will take steps to prevent a recurrence of this unfortunate experience.

WHERE WILL THE GEESE GO?

Editor Recreation:

Where may the wild geese go to spend the winter? They raise their young away up yonder on the bottoms of the Kuskoquim and other northern rivers, where the green grasses afford them nourishment and where the summer climate is all they can desire, but when the gozzlings are large enough to fly the cold winter comes on, and the old geese lead the way, as they always have done, to southland's warmer climes. The valley of the Sacramento has been a great winter resort for them and when vast areas of land were covered with honkers and whitened with the flocks, men were hired to slay them by thousands, and yet they come.

Not in such great numbers as once, but they come to be slaughtered. The ducks are killed by thousands and when the market hunters are asked why they kill so many, their reply is because there are so many to kill. They seem to think the fowls are everywhere and don't realize that there are few places where they can find such green foliage in mid-winter as in California. I have witnessed their flight from the North and I, too, have followed to southern climes to see wagon loads of those fowls in the markets of San Francisco.

The days of the wild fowls are numbered and that old familiar honk is gradually growing less frequent, and as they now stand on the plain with necks stretched up their pathetic call seems to ask, "O, where may we spend the winters?"

California game protection legislators made a feeble effort last season, but met with great opposition. They should be encouraged until market hunters are taught that it is a crime to kill for the market and unnecessarily exterminate their winter visitors,—the wild fowls; but, will it ever be done?

Addison M. Powell, Seattle, Wash.

Yes, if we all unite and make the demand for federal laws protecting migratory birds.—Editor.

A SHEEP IN A LION'S SKIN.

Editor Recreation:

I have searched in vain through collections of snakes and in pages of works on natural history for a snake that I once encountered in the San Gabriel mountains of Southern California. The snake I speak of is small and slender, a little more than two feet in length, as I remember it, and marked like the Harlequin snake, with the exception that the alternating bands are red, black and pure white. The bands are about half an inch wide and the colors very brilliant. The head is narrow, the tail pointed, and so far as I could judge from brief examination, the scales are not like those of the common venomous snakes.

A native Californian, of Spanish descent, who was with me declared that the snake was venomous, but I doubted it; and after trying in vain to induce the creature to strike by poking a lead pencil against its nose, I refused to kill it, as my companion advised, and allowed it to go unharmed.

The Californian called the reptile a "corral" snake—not "coral" snake, as the books name a cousin of the Harlequin found in the Southwest. The name is derived from the idea of the Mexicans—correct or otherwise—that the snake frequents "corrals." If the naturalists can identify the snake I have described and tell us something about it, some of us who are not quite sure whether or not the creature is dangerous will be interested in what they have to say.

Allen Kelly.

Here is an interesting letter from a most interesting man, a man who knows wild animals, big game and snakes as they appear in their natural state before being upholstered or bottled up for a museum, but he is mistaken about the coral snake. The snake he describes properly belongs with the harmless King snakes and is one of those strange instances found in animated nature where, for protection, or some other purpose, a harmless creatures mimics a dangerous one. That the coral snakes are poisonous scientists have demonstrated, but the snake Mr. Kelly describes is not venomous. The white markings are nominally yellow. However, color in reptiles is often variable. I have known the same species of rattlesnake to vary from a light yellow and brown to almost sooty black and have even killed them half black and half yellow and brown. In the case mentioned by Mr. Kelly the yellow bands were evidently so faintly colored as to appear white.—Editor.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD IN CAMP.

It is very generally supposed that before you can make bread you must have yeast. Consequently, parties going off on a camping expedition, away from civilization, generally take a good supply of yeast cakes. But, when a lad, I learned from an unusually intelligent cook in a lumber camp how to do without these cakes. His plan was as follows: He would search through a hardwood grove for some nice, clean pieces of longwort, a species of lichen growing upon the bark of the rock maple and also, I think, on the birch. Having selected his leaves, he would place these to steep in lukewarm water near the stove, but not near enough to become hot. Leaving them all night, he would pour off the water in the morning and mix up a batter of flour which he would place in a warm tin, covered with a cloth, at some little distance from the fire. This would be the leaven, "or sour dough." In about twelve hours it would be sufficiently worked for use. Then flour would be added, keeping a little of the sour dough back, for future use in making bread. This would be mixed over night and in the morning would be ready to bake.

As will be seen from this description, the first operation was somewhat tedious, but after the leaven had been secured once it was always easy to keep the baking going. A small piece of leaven would raise a sponge of enormous dimensions, and a little piece was always held over. I remember, that, on one trip we made in the depth of winter, when camp was moved every night, a small piece of the sour dough used to be wrapped most carefully in a cloth and placed inside the cook's shirt bosom. This was to prevent the frost getting at it. I have kept the sour dough from freezing by wrapping it in cloth and burying it in the middle of a sack of flour. He only made his original leaven once, and by its aid carried on the process of fermentation throughout a long, cold winter—the bread he made was perfectly delicious.

Hank Hennings.

Hank's idea of a lichen yeast cake agrees with science, for a lichen is a complex organism, comprising a fungus part and an algæ part, living together in symbrotic relation, each performing its part in the growth and sustenance of the lichen. The fungus part is quite similar in structure to the yeast plant.—Editor.

AGE 8.

Dear Mr. Dan Beard:

I am a little girl eight years old and I read Recreation and want to write you a little story.

Once two little girls and their mother went fishing and caught a great many fish. What a good time they had! When it was time to go home they were very sorry. Their mother told them that they could go fishing again to-morrow, so they caught 1,000 fish; when the next day came they hitched up the mules. That day they caught 2 000 fish; and that night they went home feeling very happy and told their father what a good time they had, but the fish did not look happy.

Florence Falk, Monroe, La.

AGE 83.

Editor Recreation:

I have been reading Recreation for several years and I congratulate you upon the improved appearance of the last two issues. I am particularly interested in your shooting items, for, while I used to be a good fisherman, I am getting along in years, in fact past Dr. Osler's chloroform stage, years ago. I shoot a little, driving to the field behind an old mule. I use a 28 gauge given to me by my grandson two years ago, and although it would have seemed but a toy to me earlier in life I find that I can stop the birds about as well as I did when I carried a heavier gun. Our country here affords splendid cover and if it were not for the palmetto it would be ideal. Last November I got a dozen plump birds within the radius of half a mile and had ten of my twenty-five shells left, not so bad for a man of eighty-three, eh? I would like to hear from some of the old-time southern sportsmen through the columns of Recreation.

L. C. J. DuBignon, Brunswick, Ga.

THE SNEAK BOX.

Editor Recreation:

Dear Sir—Allow me to congratulate you and your associates upon the wonderful manner in which you have handled Recreation. I have not missed a number and I know just what work that means when an entire new outfit takes charge of an old publication; but it is not of this that I meant to write. I have been a duck hunter since I was old enough to carry a gun and I write to ask if the peculiar duck boat known as a sneak box is not a Long Island invention?

Wishing you all success, I am,

Abraham Allen, Dover, Del.

The sneak box was invented by an old duck hunter and boat builder of West Creek Village, New Jersey, nearly or quite seventy years ago. The first boat of this description was built by the inventor for his own use. He wished to have a boat which lay low in the water and could be propelled by oars or sail in either deep or very shallow water and the sneak box was evolved by him to fit these requirements.—Editor.

PHENOMENAL SHOTS.

Editor Recreation:

No doubt most of your readers have either made, or seen made, some very wonderful shots, but I doubt whether any of them have witnessed a more extraordinary one than I saw in the Cypress hills, some ten years ago.

There are a good many ranchers in the Cypress hills now. In fact, they are pretty well stocked up, but ten years ago there was much vacant land, and many jumping deer. I was part of an outfit that was looking up ranching land for an English gentleman who was going into the business. He was with us, and had bought a double .500 express by Rigby, one of the crack London makes. This rifle had one fixed sight for 150 yards range, and a single flap good up to 250 yards. Beyond that it was not sighted, as the heavy charge of powder, light bullet, and slow twist, rendered it an inaccurate weapon at any longer distance.

One of the boys, known simply as "Jimmy," was a remarkably good rifle shot at a standing mark, but was not accustomed to the English rifle, though he had borrowed it on the day in question. We had been riding about leisurely all day—just the two of us—and were within a couple of miles of the camp, late in the afternoon, before we saw anything to shoot at. Then Jimmy spied a large jumping deer on a ridge across a wide gully. In a second he had thrown himself out of the saddle, and was taking a careful shot at the deer. I am not sure that he even had the 250 yard leaf up, but as soon as he had fired, the deer sprang in the air and rolled over dead.

Allowing for all inequalities in the ground the deer was 475 paces, say 400 yards, from where the shot was fired, yet it had been hit behind the shoulder, and about half way down, with the 340 grain, hollow-point 500 bullet. Where Jimmy had aimed I cannot pretend to say, but I am quite certain that he did not see the deer when he fired because had he done so the shot would not have gone half the distance.

Alex. McDonald, Medicine Hat, N. W. T.

This opens up an interesting field and a collection of wonderful shots would make good reading. If any of our readers have instances of this kind let us hear from them. But do not draw a long bow just to see if you can not tell the biggest yarn. What we want is the real thing.—Editor.

AGAIN THE WILD PIGEON.

Editor Recreation:

In your March number I observe a communication from Mr. Law, of this town, regarding wild pigeons, and your comments thereon. I am quite satisfied that Mr. Law is mistaken in regard to having seen these birds in this vicinity. I believe that the birds seen by him were wild doves. These birds are plentiful along the boundary dividing Montana and Assiniboia, and, though not numerous, are found, usually in couples, as far North as the fifty-fourth parallel, possibly beyond. In the fall of 1880, at Battleford, on the North Saskatchewan, I saw five passenger pigeons sitting on the branches of a dead tree, and was told that a number of them had been seen in the neighborhood, during the previous summer. But, since that date, although I have shot over all parts of these immense territories, I have never seen one, nor although I made diligent inquiries, could I discover that any had been seen. As a boy in Western Ontario, I had seen these birds in countless thousands, and have always been interested in their disappearance.

As bearing on this question, I had a conversation last year with Mr. Parr, of the Government Telegraph Service, Ottawa. Mr. Parr had spent some months of the previous year in a trip of inspection along the North Atlantic, and he stated that he had seen large numbers of wild pigeons along the coast of Labrador. Mr. Parr was positive that they were the passenger pigeon, he having been familiar with them in Ontario years before.

Yours truly,

J. S. Macdonald, Qu'Appelle, N. W. T.

Doves are so often mistaken for the wild pigeon that no observations on this subject are of value unless the observer is known to be a well-posted and scientifically careful man. We hope to publish the observations of some of our Labrador readers on this subject in an early issue.

There have been a few pigeons reported in the United States which are probably authentic, but it appears that this beautiful bird's fate is sealed and he must soon live only as a memory.—Editor.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

Did you ever try picking winners?

It's hazardous work, but mighty fascinating. Once you start, you can't stop. It's worse than gambling. You've got to pick 'em every race that starts and, right or wrong, you keep on picking 'em.

I caught the fever ten or fifteen years ago and have had it ever since. One year in the Mott Haven championships, I picked, a week before the games, forty-two men to finish one, two, three (there were fourteen events then, and fourth didn't count). Forty of those men were placed. There were three reversals, and the points came out correct within four. These Yale took from Penn, and, as Mike Murphy was coaching Yale, this was to be expected. That's the best I ever did, and so good, that no failure could discourage me now.

You'll forgive the personal pronoun, I hope,— if I promise not to offend again,— when I say that I only use it to explain why I am going to pick 'em now.

It's an almost hopeless task to try to pick winners for the Penn Relay Carnival. It's quite the biggest event of the year, in one sense, and, considering the caliber of the contestants, deserves all the attention and interest it arouses. The difficulty of predicting results can be appreciated when conditions are considered.

First: it's a month off, as I write, and much can happen in a month to upset calculations. Second: any of the teams or individuals are liable to be off their form at the early date, and many undoubtedly will be. Third: there will be uncertainty until the day of the races as to the starters, as teams are entered and withdrawn at the last minute. Fourth: with no outdoor practice whatever to date and no competitions it is impossible to tell what dark horses may develop.

All this makes prognostication difficult, but it doesn't make it less interesting.

THEREFORE:

This is safe: Records will go. With favorable conditions, new figures should be made in every championship. Two teams in the mile can break records. One, maybe two, can do so in the two mile. One certainly can in the four mile.

The winners: One-mile, Chicago; two-mile, Yale; four-mile, Michigan.

A decided Western tinge, but warranted by results in the past. The doubtful one is Chicago, depending on Pennsylvania's condition. Penn in form could probably win. She may be in form, but it's improbable. Harvard, Yale, Georgetown, Columbia, and Wisconsin are expected to compete, but none should beat Stagg's team.

Chicago has eight men better than 52. She could run two teams close to record. The quartette to be selected depends on whether or not Blair and Hogenson run the hundred. If they don't, both will do better than 51, while Gorman is good for 50. Lightbody, the Olympic distance champion, will do 51, and Taylor, Eckersall, Quigley and Barker can all shade 52. If a better quartette than 3.22 is not gotten out, we miss our mark.

Penn's team can do 3.21. Taylor is good for 49, Hyman 50, and Green and Shaw 52, in form. But Taylor has been ill and has just started training. Green has been out of the hospital, where he was operated on for an abscessed thigh, a very short time. It is unlikely that these men can be in shape so soon. Still they'll make a good fight.

Yale and Harvard will have fast teams and so will Columbia.

YALE'S PHENOMENAL QUARTETTE.

Yale in the two-mile hasn't a rival in her class. The time made at Buffalo by her team is marvelous,—7.58, indoors. Outdoors it must be bettered. Parsons is wonderful; Hill scarcely less so, and Burnap and Cates above the average.

Cornell has a fast team. Against any other opponent she would win. Rogers, Munson, Overman and Poate can do close to 8 minutes. Princeton expects to make a strong bid. Michigan hopes to, and Columbia thinks she has a good chance.

The four-mile has twice been won by Michigan. With three old men back, Waite, Doane, and Stone, and a better man to replace Kellogg, her old star, it looks like three times, sure. Coe has done 4.29 indoors. Rowe has done 4.32, and they have a third man good for 4.34 who will not get a show.

Cornell is strong in the four-mile, but in the same position as is Pennsylvania in the mile. An injury to Magoffin, and New-man's injury, together with the necessity of running Poate and Munson in two races, may cause her withdrawal.

Princeton will have a team that will take a lot of beating, and Harvard and Yale will both be strong. None of these can touch Michigan's time if the Wolverines are in top-notch form.

THE SPECIAL INVITATION EVENTS.

The winners look like: 100 yards, Schick, Harvard; high hurdle, Catlin, Chicago; pole vault, McLanahan, Yale; shot put, Rose, Michigan; hammer throw, Shevlin, Yale; broad jump and high jump—open.

Blair and Hogenson of Chicago can worry Schick. Annis of Michigan, a freshman from Exeter, is said to be a yard better than even time. Dear, Penn, and Rulon-Miller, Princeton, are 10 second men.

Catlin's 15 3-5 is better than any hurdler in the East can approach. Fishleigh of Michigan can probably beat any Eastern man. Vonnegut and Ashburner of Cornell, Amsler, Pennsylvania, Torry, Yale, and Castleman, Bowdoin, are the best of the lot.

McLanahan is said to vault 12 feet. Behr and Adriance of Yale, Wilkins, Kennedy and Clark of Chicago, and Jackson of Cornell, have all done 11 feet 3 inches indoors.

Shevlin will have to extend himself in the hammer. Parry and Tobin of Chicago throw 145 and 140 feet. There are several Eastern men who approach 140.

In the shot, world's figures are confidently expected. Rose is scheduled to meet Coe. Both have beat 48 feet in competition. Coe's 49.1½ was disallowed. If the two men contest, the keenest interest will center in the result. There are five men better than 44 feet. Dunlap, Michigan, has beaten 45. Schoenfus, Harvard; Feuerback, C. C. N. Y.; Boyd, Penn, and Porter, Cornell, are the others.

The broad jump will see a pretty contest with Friend, Chicago, 22.4; Weede, Penn, 22.1; Hubbard, Amherst, 22.4; Sheffield, Buffalo, 22.3; Green, Penn., Stangland, Columbia, the champion, is uncertain, because of his injury.

De Laney, Wisconsin, if he comes East, could win the high jump with 6 feet.

EARLY RECORDS IN BASEBALL.

Baseball promises no differently after the first fortnight's play than before the season started. Harvard and Princeton look strong, about of equal caliber, and developing slowly, rather than rushing work. Yale is woefully weak in the box and only fairly good in batting, with a good fielding team. In batting they have not yet struck a gait. Pennsylvania is weak in everything. Cornell and Columbia are more or less dark horses, still uncertain. Of the smaller colleges, Lafayette promises best on the strength of her good record in the South. The caliber of the teams she played is undetermined, however.

Fordham looks to have a very strong team. So does Manhattan. Georgetown is probably under average, and Holy Cross not so strong as last year. The late opening of the New England season makes it impossible to judge of the strength of the various teams. They start with the perennial college baseball prospects—"unusually bright."

Virginia in the South appears to be either strong or in unusually good form for the early date. The West is getting under way very slowly.

HARVARD ROWS CORNELL.

In its beneficial effects on college athletics in general it is difficult to overrate the importance of the decision of the Harvard authorities to row a 'varsity race with Cornell on the Charles on May 27. This action is the logical sequence of the annual second crew race arranged by the Cambridge and Ithaca colleges two years ago, which threatened for a time to involve intercollegiate rowing in an all-around quarrel that would have been as unseemly as it would have been regrettable. It is safe to say that that danger is passed, for, while Yale may not look on the new arrangement with satisfaction, it is sure that all other sporting men welcome it.

Yale has been accustomed to regard the right to meet Harvard on the water as inalienably hers. Taking on Cornell, looks like an invasion of the Blue's prerogatives. Time doubtless will bring her to see that the general good quite overbalances her personal loss and she will probably look on the race in the end with favor.

That it will in any way affect the Yale-Harvard race a month later is ridiculous. Even though Cornell should badly defeat Harvard and the other colleges at Poughkeepsie badly defeat Cornell, it will not lessen for Yale men the interest in the New London event. Yale has all along maintained that her desire was to meet Harvard alone—that she did not care to test the strength of the other crews and was not concerned with the question of a college championship. Certainly this race cannot affect that attitude if it was sincere and Yale has no right to object that her big race is dwarfed in importance by the superiority of Cornell—if demonstrated.

YALE ON THE HUDSON.

Most rowing men have known for years that Cornell has been stronger on the water than Harvard, and that most of the other crews rowing at Poughkeepsie were as well. This knowledge has not lessened Yale's satisfaction in her annual victories on the Thames. If her glory is lessened by the demonstration of the fact that her opponent is inferior, she should not complain. Premiership can only be fairly won in open competition and Yale's position is therefore anomalous.

But we do believe this represents the best Yale opinion. The New Haven men are thorough sportsmen and more or less justified in wishing the time-honored race at New London maintained inviolate. The greatest good we hope from the new arrangement is therefore that it may bring Eli to see the wisdom of joining the general collegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, while continuing the dual race with Harvard, introducing a condition similar to that obtaining in track athletics where the dual meet in no way interferes with, or is lessened in importance by, the general intercollegiate championships. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, though unlikely for some time.

What is not an improbable effect is the arrangement of a race between the Columbia 'Varsity and Yale. This would serve the political purpose of somewhat offsetting the Harvard-Cornell meeting and would seem, therefore, to appeal to New Haven peculiarly. At the same time it would be of decided benefit to both the participants. Here is hoping it may be arranged next year.

Yale already has a race prior to the Harvard contest with the Naval Cadets. While the Yale crew is not called a 'Varsity crew that is really what it is. Annapolis also meets Pennsylvania, Georgetown and Columbia. What if Yale should be badly beaten in this race, while the Middies lost to all three of their other rivals! Wouldn't that seriously reflect on Harvard's caliber if the Crimson were later defeated by the Blue? Bosh; on the face of it. So let's hear no more of it.

THE AMERICAN HENLEY.

The reason for the arrangement of a 'Varsity race between Harvard and Cornell at this time, was a desire to forward the American Henley project at Philadelphia on the same date. If any undertaking deserves success this certainly does. That complete success has not previously attended it has been largely due to the apathy of the colleges. An effort was made after last year's event to obtain the unanimous support of college oarsmen this year and as a result of this effort both Cornell and Harvard agreed to help.

In consequence the crews from both colleges will be sent down to Philadelphia to race in the Intercollegiate contest. Yale is also expected to send a crew. The entry of Pennsylvania and Columbia is assured, and there is a possibility that Syracuse and Georgetown will be represented. This leaves out only Annapolis and Wisconsin of the rowing institutions. Of course the Middies are out of the question, since Government regulation forbids them leaving Annapolis for such contests while it is too much to expect that the Badgers shall send three crews to Poughkeepsie, a distance of 1,500 miles, in June and send a second crew to Philadelphia a similar distance a month before. Even without these two the race assumes a national importance.

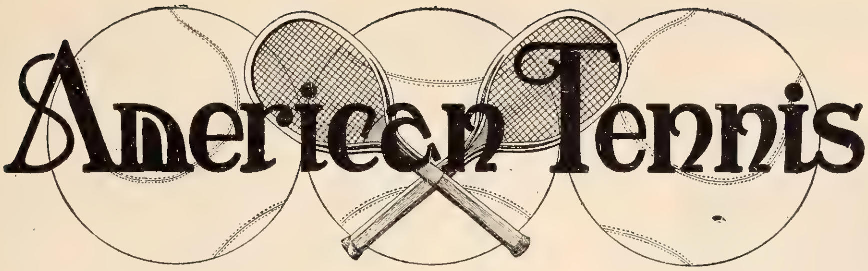
This importance is enhanced by the elimination of the name "second crews." A continuance of such a designation would undoubtedly affect the race. The regulations adopted for the contest disposes of the difficulty satisfactorily. No oarsman is eligible to row in any eight who has previously represented his college in a 'Varsity event at either Poughkeepsie or New London. This makes the eighth junior crews and yet maintains the 'Varsity caliber. It also serves the useful purpose of stimulating rowing activity by bringing out new material that has no chance of regular positions and lining it up for future 'Varsity timber.

HARVARD'S CREW COACHING.

Reference was made above to the inferior quality of Harvard crews to the Poughkeepsie eights as a class. That statement merits explanation. It is a well known fact that for years Harvard has been consistently beaten by Yale and beaten badly. Her aquatics have been in a chaotic state in which success has appeared impossible. First her difficulty appeared to be the existence of an evil similar in general outline to the bureaucracy of Russia. She was dominated by a social element as fatal to success. This difficulty eradicated, her coaching system became the object of attack.

The graduate idea was substantially violated by the introduction of Fred Colson as coach. But Colson had not the power necessary to success, for in rowing, above all other sports, a coach must be absolute. From this start the introduction of Wray was an easy step and while Wray may or may not be the man for the place the effect of putting him in supreme charge cannot but be beneficial. A big improvement in Harvard rowing is sure to follow and when the proper man is found, if he is not already at hand, the Crimson is sure to win her share of victories.

Harvard's difficulty has long been, as President Eliot aptly styled it, "The unintelligent intelligence of her management." This was demonstrated must forcibly in her persistent aversion to a professional in charge of her teams. Success in this day can only be attained when instruction of the best character is secured. This means lifelong study such as Mike Murphy has given athletics. Such devotion to the cause deserves recompense and there is no reason why a man who gives his time to technical sport should rank lower than the man who, as physical director, looks after the development of the students' work in the gymnasium. And no one would think of regarding Dr. Sargeant, for instance, condescendingly.



American Tennis

In inaugurating the new department, American Tennis, we would be lacking in appreciation of what is due literary fashion if we omitted the "foreword."

Therefore, we wish, in introducing ourselves to the lovers of the game, to state briefly to them the reason for our being, the purpose we hope to serve and the part that they must play to bring our plans to successful issue.

First, we are official. By mandate of the Executive Committee of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association we are its mouthpiece. We are honored in the choice and accept the position with due appreciation of its responsibility. Through us are made announcements of engagements undertaken by the Committee for the advancement of the game. Through us are made public fixtures, rulings and conditions governing future events. That in itself were reason enough for our being.

Second, besides carrying our bulletins to the waiting ears of the tennis world, we will comment on current topics of interest, review events of importance, criticise play and plans —even though they be the plans of our sponsors—and generally do all that in our power lies to forward the sport in America.

In our bulletining alone will we be official. Our criticism, our comment, will be unofficial. It will be impersonal, but fearless and forceful in support of true sportsmanship, and of that which we believe of greatest benefit to the game. It will consider topics of interest to the expert and to the tyro. The champion will find no more prominent place in it than the modest match-player, save for his greater activity. It will discuss and diagram styles of play and suggest means whereby individual skill may be increased. In all this it will know no bias.

This is our purpose.

Third, Now for your part. We wish you to read our announcements and notify us promptly of any plans of your own that are not noticed; to read our comment on current happenings and suggest other topics that occur to you; to read our reviews of important events with an eye single to our disinterestedness; to criticise our criticisms with a relation of our helpful purpose, and above all, to speak your mind freely to us on any and every subject pertaining to the game. Without your co-operation through communication with us we cannot be successful.

INDOOR TENNIS.

The experiment of indoor tennis at the St. Nicholas Skating Rink advances the opening of the playing season in New York nearly a month. The novel idea suggested to Mrs Barger Wallack and undertaken by her has met with general favor. Socially, the game is growing steadily in popularity and the St. Nicholas movement suggests that it is not unlikely to be taken up extensively in new quarters. With interclub activity aroused to an unprecedented extent, we may hope for a boom year.

The success of the plan thus far indicates that it will in future be an annual feature. The idea of having two months indoor play in April and May is very attractive. By the class arrangement it is possible for a great many players to enjoy its advantages while general interest is maintained by the daily tournament play.

The various tourneys attracted an unexpectedly high class entry. The Men's Doubles in particular showed especially high caliber. The detail of its play will be noticed in the June issue.

The arrangements proved exceptionally satisfactory. The green canvas covering of the floor afforded a much better court than has hitherto been enjoyed for indoor play. It will undoubtedly be extensively adopted in future.

The tournament arrangements scheduled as we write for the remaining month (subject to changes which may subsequently be found necessary) are as follows:

April 26, 27, 28.—Girls' Doubles, arranged by Miss Ethel Cowdin.

April 29, May 1, 2.—Southampton Tournament, Mixed Doubles.

May 3, 4, 5.—Women's Class A Singles, arranged by Mrs. Barger Wallack.

May 6, 8, 9.—Mixed Doubles (Handicap).

May 10, 11, 12.—Girls' Junior Doubles, arranged by Mrs. Chas. S. Brown.

HOLCOMBE WARD.

Champion, with Wright, American Doubles, and Champion American Singles

May 13, 15, 16.—Mixed Doubles (Handicap), Tuxedo.

May 17, 18, 19.—Women's Class B Doubles (Handicap).

May 20, 22, 23.—Mixed Doubles.

May 24, 25, 26.—Women's Singles (Handicap).

Too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Berger Wallack, who is mainly responsible for the adoption of the idea, and Metropolitan tennis devotees will be deeply grateful to her.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

The plans now under consideration by the sub-committee of the Executive Committee of the Tennis Association, preparatory to the sending of the American team to England to compete for the right to challenge for the World championship, are awaited with keen interest. The personnel of the team is now occupying the attention of the Committee, and while no announcement will be made until next month of its selection a decision will be reached long before that time.

An effort has been made to secure an accurate idea of the sentiment of the leading players by a careful canvass, and with these views at hand a tentative choice will be made. It is possible that the three or four men likely to go abroad will spend two or three weeks in practice play at Norfolk, Virginia, returning in time to participate in invitation tournaments being arranged for them, so that by the time they are ready to sail for England they will be in first-class shape.

It is now proposed that the men shall informally meet at Longwood about the 10th of May for a week's hard practice. An invitation tournament will be arranged in which they will contest to be played at Orange on May 24, 25, 26. An invitation event at Knollwood on May 27 will afford a further opportunity of match play, while the tournament arranged at the Germantown Cricket Club in Philadelphia for May 29, 30, 31 and June 1 and 2 will be the next event. The Crescent Invitation Tourney on June 5 will probably carry them up to June 9 and chances favor them sailing on the 10th.

MAY COMPETE INDIVIDUALLY.

At all events the team will sail between the 10th and 10th, arriving in England certainly by June 24 for two or three weeks practice on the other side. It is likely that individually they may compete in either the Northern championships at Liverpool or Manchester, or in the English championships at Wimbledon. That, however, will be a matter of choice with each man and will be determined by their condition on arrival and a dozen and one odd things that may influence them.

Play opens at the Queen's Club in the International contest on July 8 and continues there until the fifteenth, when it shifts to Wimbledon. The challenge round is played at Wimbledon on July 21, 22 and 24, so that the team will return to America in time to participate in the Longwood tournament on August 7.

Upon the interpretation of the English rules governing the International contest depends, in a measure, the selection of our team. This can only be determined by further trans-Atlantic correspondence and necessarily means delay. A list of suggestions for rule-changes has been received from England. Some of

BEALE C. WRIGHT
Champion, with Ward, American Doubles.

these are admirable, others of doubtful value. Negotiations must determine which shall be adopted. Upon the decision relative to the nomination of contestants for the matches depends our choice.

THREE OR FOUR?

In event of a four-man team being sent to England the present rule requires the nomination of the men to play singles and doubles three weeks in advance, and permits of no interchange of contestants except in event of accident or illness. The men selected for singles must play only in the singles, and the men chosen for the doubles only in the doubles. This is a distinct disadvantage.

In case a three-man team is chosen it will be possible to delay the nomination of the players until the night before the match. This will necessitate one man playing both singles and doubles, and in view of the draw, will mean that he may have to play twelve consecutive matches in as many days, a physical and nervous strain that few men could survive. Considering, then, that the important and the hardest games would be played last, it might defeat our chances.

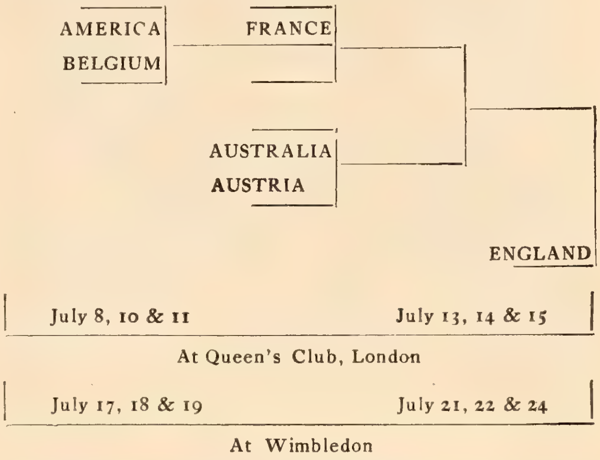
Should the "over-night rule" be construed to mean that the players might be named the night before the beginning of each tie and not before the first tie for the entire series, it would be possible to so shift the men that the necessity of this severe strain on any one would be removed. The third best singles player could be used against the weakest opponent, and the "repeater," so to say, might be rested.

For instance, America and Belgium are drawn to play in the first tie. They will meet on July 8, 10 and 11. Nominations must be made on July 7. Should we win we are drawn to meet France on July 13, 14 and 15. If we are allowed to name our team against France on July 12 we obviously enjoy an advantage that we do not have if compelled to say on July 7, who shall play in the French match. The effect that this construction of the rule would have on the question of the personnel of our team can be readily appreciated by those in the know.

THE UNFORTUNATE DRAW.

The misfortune of our draw is largely responsible for our predicament. There are five challengers, necessitating three byes. America and Belgium were drawn for the preliminary match. The winner meets France, while Australia plays Austria. The probabilities are that Austria will default, leaving Australia practically a second bye and enabling her, without a contest, to play the survivor of France's match with the American-Belgium winner for the right to challenge the holder of the title, England. The advantage enjoyed by Australia is obvious, and the difficulties confronting America and Belgium as apparent.

Here is the draw:



English opinion credits Belgium and America with the strongest of the challenging teams. American opinion favors the French over the Belgium. It is, of course, not known who will represent either country, but it is assumed that Messrs. De Borman and Lemaitre will again play for Belgium, and Messrs. Ayme and Decougis for France. In spite of Belgium's success last year Americans believe that France is stronger.

As before stated, it is understood that Austria will default. It is believed that Australia, thus assured of playing for the right to challenge will really be the weakest of the four contestants. Although not certain, it is believed that the Antipodes will be represented by Messrs. Eaves and Dewhurst. Dr. Eaves will be well remembered in America. Dewhurst is the young collegian from the University of Pennsylvania whom Leroy, of Columbia, defeated for the Intercollegiate championship. Neither is in the same category with any of the men whom we consider sending.

OUR CHANCES.

Our chance of winning against France and Belgium is acknowledged to be excellent, so that we may be said to be confident that we will meet the Dohertys as challengers. If we are ever to regain the Davis Trophy we will hardly have a better chance.

In this connection our previous appearances in England may not be amiss in review. Since the early eighties when Dr. Dwight and Sears played abroad with indifferent success and O. S. Campbell tried out English strength in 1892, the trips of Larned in '96 and of Ward and Davis in 1901 are most interesting. Larned attained some success in the smaller tournaments, but after advancing well up at Wimbledon he was beaten for the championship by Herbert Baddeley and was rated at the end of the year several notches below the top of English players. The difference in his game then and now is well understood. Clarence Hobart did fairly well with the English player H. A. Nisbet (who visited America in 1907, it will be remembered) for a partner in '98 and '99, in doubles, but the first really good showing abroad was that made by Davis and Ward.

Their efforts were crowned with repeated successes against every English pair prior to the championships with the exception of one practice match with the Dohertys. In the championships they easily defeated all comers and won the right to challenge. The meeting with the Dohertys was a memorable one. On the first day a draw battle was waged until play was interrupted by rain and on the play-off next day they were only beaten after a close and exciting contest by three sets to one.

THE TROPHY.

The Davis trophy was offered in 1900 and won by America against A. W. Gore, and E. D. Black, and H. R. Barrett in three matches, 10 sets to 1. Black won one set from Dwight Davis. Davis and Whitman represented America in the singles and Ward and Davis in the doubles.

In 1901 there was no challenger, but in 1902 Dr. Pim and the Doherty brothers came to America and contested at Bay Ridge. Whitman and Larned represented the United States in singles and Davis and Ward in the doubles again. Whitman beat both Dr. Pim and R. F. Doherty, the latter in straight sets, the former 3 to 1. Larned beat Dr. Pim in straight sets, but was defeated by R. F. Doherty in a memorable five set match. After losing the first set to the American pair the Dohertys won three sets and the match.

In 1903 the cup was lifted after well remembered contest, while last year in England there were three challengers, Austria defaulting and Belgium winning from France the right to meet the holders. The Dohertys had no difficulty in retaining the trophv.

The addition of America and Australia to the list of challengers this year gives an even greater interest to the event.

En passant, let us quote what our English cousins say of F. B. Alexander, who has just returned from Europe after having won the championship at Nice:

"Mr. Alexander has notably developed an American 'screw service' which none have been able to return effectively. In turn he met and defeated E. R. Allen, C. G. Allen, and Ritchie. Mr. Alexander's service is delivered with a very puzzling screw and it is difficult to tell which way it will break. It is very fast and has good length. He follows it with lightning-like rapidity to the net and pounces on a weak return, smothering this promptly. He is a telling volleyer and is first class overhead. His game is thoroughly sound and of a high order. It is to be regretted that he was unable to stay on for the Monte Carlo Meeting, when he would have the opportunity of measuring himself against our finest players."

FIXTURES FOR 1905.

SCHEDULE OF TOURNAMENTS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE U. S. N. L. T. A.

MAY.

6. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Interscholastic Championship.

6. New Haven, Conn., Yale Interscholastic Championship.

6. New York City, Columbia Interscholastic Championship.

13. Princeton, N. J., Princeton Interscholastic Championship.

19. Brunswick, Maine, Bowdoin Interscholastic Championship.

27. New York L. T. C., New York City, Manhattan Doubles, Open Singles.

29. Invitation Tournament at Philadelphia.

29. New Orleans L. T. C., Gulf States Championship.

29. Longwood, Boston, Mass., New England Intercollegiate.

29. Bachelors' L. T. C., Washington, D. C., Southern Championship.

31. Brae-Burn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, State Championship. Doubles.

JUNE.

3. Tuxedo T. & R. C., Invitation Tournament.

5. Crescent A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., Invitation Tournament.

5. Merion C. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pennsylvania State Championship for Women.

5. Norfolk C. C., Norfolk, Va., Virginia State Championship.

12. West Side T. C., New York City, Metropolitan Championship.

12. Catonsville C. C., Baltimore, Md., Maryland State Championship.

12. Merion C. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pennsylvania State Championship for Men.

13. Hartford G. C., Hartford, Conn., Championship of New England.

17. Longwood C. C., Boston, Massachusetts State Championship, Singles.

19. Baltimore C. C., Invitation Tournament.

19. Morris County G. C., Morristown, N. J., Invitation Tournament.

20. New Haven L. C., New Haven, Conn., Open Tournament, Challenge Cup.

20. Philadelphia C. C., Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, National Championships for Women, Singles, Doubles and Mixed Doubles.

24. Woodlawn T. C., Chicago, Ill., Open Tournament.

26. Orange L. T. C., Orange, N. J., Middle States Championship.

30. Pacific States L. T. A., San Rafael, Cal., California State Championship, Men's and Women's Singles.

JULY.

1. St. Louis A. A. C., St. Louis, Mo., Missouri State Championship.

1. Aztec Club, Chicago, Ill., Illinois State Championship.

3. Siwanoy T. C., New Rochelle, N. Y., Open Tournament.

3. Agawam Hunt, Providence, R. I., Open Tournament.

4. Canadian Championship, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

5. Hollywood G. C., West End, N. J., Open Tournament.

8. Edgewater T. C., Chicago, Ill., Open Tournament.

15. Kenwood C. C., Chicago, Ill., Western Championship Doubles; Western Singles for Men and Women.

17. Seabright L. T. & C. C., Seabright, N. J., Invitation.

18. Sedgwick Farms L. T. C., Syracuse, N. Y., New York State Championship.

24. Westchester C. C., Invitation Tournament.

24. Minnetonka Club, Lake Minnetonka, Minn., North Western Championship.

31. Nahant Club, Nahant, Mass., Invitation Tournament.

31. Nashville T. C., Nashville, Tenn., Tennessee State Championship.

AUGUST.

1. Town Club, Milwaukee, Wis., Wisconsin State Championship.

1. Rock Valley T. C., Rock Valley, Iowa, Iowa State Championship.

1. Norfolk T. C., Norfolk, Conn.

7. Longwood C. C., Boston, Mass., Eastern Doubles Championship and Fifteenth Annual Longwood Tournament Singles.

7. Sioux City T. C., Championship of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas.

7. Excelsior T. C., Bristol, R. I., Championship of Bristol County (Limited).

7. Inter-Mountain L. T. A., Championship of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho. Men's and Women's Singles and Doubles, at Salt Lake City.

7. Atlanta A. C., Atlanta, Ga., South Atlantic States Championships.

8. Old Pine G. C., St. Johnsbury, Vt., Vermont State Championship.

14. Newcastle O. & T. C., Open Tournament. Courts of the "Wentworth," Newcastle, N. H.

14. Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I., N. Y., Invitation Tournament.

14. Log Cabin Club, Macon, Ga., Georgia State Championship.

14. Swimming Club, Bar Harbor, Me., Maine State Championship.

14. Niagara Lawn Tennis Club, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada, International Championship, Canada and United States.

16. Tacoma L. T. C., Tacoma, Wash., Pacific Northwest Championship, Fourteenth Annual.

21. Omaha F. C., Omaha, Neb., Championship of the Middle West.

22. U. S. N. L. T. A., Newport, R. I., National Championships in Singles, East vs. West Doubles, Championship Doubles, and Interscholastic Singles Championship.

28. Ohio L. T. A., Cincinnati, Ohio, Tri-State Championship (Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky).

29. East Jersey, Elizabeth T. & C. C., Open Tournament, Elizabeth, N. J. (East Jersey L. T. A.).

SEPTEMBER.

2. Pacific States L. T. A., Del Monte, Monterey, Cal., Pacific Coast Championships, Men's and Women's Singles and Doubles and Mixed Doubles.

4. Niagara L. T. C., "International," Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

4. Catonsville C. C., Baltimore, Md., Open Tournament Challenge Cup.

4. Nyack C. C., Nyack, N. Y., Open Tournament.

4. Orange L. T. C., Orange, N. J., Invitation Tournament.

11. Hudson River L. T. A., Hudson River Championship.

18. Englewood F. C., Englewood, N. J., Open Tournament.

25. Bachelors' L. T. C., Washington, D. C., District of Columbia Championship.

25. Morristown F. C., Morristown, N. J., New Jersey State Championship.

OCTOBER.

2. Merion C. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Intercollegiate Championship.

3. Longwood C. C., Boston, Mass., Women's Singles, Doubles and Mixed Doubles.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

23. Seventh Regiment L. T. C., New York City, Indoor Championship.

Among the practical books, "Self-propelled Vehicles," by James E. Homans, A.M., is about as thorough a discourse on automobiles as any one could well ask for and filled from cover to cover with carefully drawn diagrams and illustrations of all the various parts of these modern machines. The book was written by a studious and careful man and one who goes down to the roots of things before he talks of them. Published by Theo. Andel & Company, New York.

FISHING

HINTS ABOUT SALMON FISHING.

By Chas. A. Bramble.

Salmon fishing is caviare to the multitude, and yet it is so far ahead of any other fishing that it seems a pity more anglers can not enjoy it. Unfortunately, salmon rivers are not found near any of the large American cities. Moreover, they are, if at all accessible, worth a great deal of money. The cost of reaching them is very considerable and salmon tackle runs away with much money. It is a game for the wealthy, and, into the bargain, requires a good deal of leisure time.

The salmon rivers of Eastern America, with the exception of the Penobscot, are all north of the Canadian boundary line. Twenty years ago it used to be a tradition that salmon would not rise in any of the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy, and it was thought that no good fishing could be enjoyed excepting upon such streams as discharge into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Now, we know better. The Tobique, a large tributary of the St. John, flowing into that river from the central and mountainous region where it has birth, gives excellent fishing to the members of the Tobique Salmon Club.

Again, the St. Croix river, which during the greater part of its length forms the boundary between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, yields a few fish to the fly each season. Also, the many rivers flowing into the Atlantic along the Labrador and Newfoundland coast are, as is well understood, excellent rivers, though the former are so inaccessible that few have thought it worth while to fish them.

Salmon seem to require an education before they will take the fly. The ordinary, uninstructed fish of the wilderness invariably rise poorly until they have been whipped over for a few seasons. The rule sems to be, that the more a river is fished, the more free rising the salmon; wherein they differ from trout, which become very shy in a much-fished stream.

On account of its proximity to the large cities of the Atlantic seaboard, New Brunswick has been most sought, and is, consequently, better known than either Quebec or Newfoundland. All the rivers of the Province are leased, with the exception of the Quatawamkedgwick, a branch of the Restigouche. This latter stream is kept as a spawning ground for the Restigouche, as most of the salmon turn up this branch when seeking their spawning beds in the fall.

NEW BRUNSWICK RIVERS.

A list of the New Brunswick Salmon Rivers, giving the prices paid for them, and the names of the lessees is as follows:

LEASES.

(*To Expire on March 1, 1907.*)

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER—From Mouth of Upsalquitch to Toad Bk. *Harry B. Hollins,* $300 per year.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER—From Tracy's Bk., to Little Cross Point. *Archibald Rogers,* $1,000.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER—From Little Cross Point to Quatawamkedgwick River. *Archibald Rogers,* $1,000.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER—From I. C. R. Bridge up to Mouth of Upsalquitch, and from Toad Bk. to Tracy's Bk. *Restigouche Salmon Club,* $6,400.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER—The Rafting Ground Reserve. *Fred. W. Ayer,* $50.

PATTPEDIA RIVER—West Bank. *Restigouche Salmon Club,* $100.

(*To Expire on March 1, 1912.*)

TOBIQUE RIVER—*Tobique Salmon Club,* $50.

NEPISIGUIT RIVER—From Mouth up to 11-Mile Tree. *Edmund B. Osler,* $500.

NEPISIGUIT RIVER—From Great Falls to Head of River. *Goerge E. Armstrong,* $60.

NEPISIGUIT RIVER—From 11-Mile Tree up to Great Falls. *George West Jones,* $405.

NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER—From Little Falls to lower line of Lot A. *Miramichi Fish and Game Club,* $100.

NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER—From Mouth of Big Sevogle to Little Falls. *Miramichi Fish and Game Club,* $70.

NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER—From upper line of Lot C to Flaherty Brook. *Miramichi Fish and Game Club,* $75.

NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER—From Flaherty Bk. to the Heads of River. *Miramichi Fish and Game Club,* $110.

LITTLE SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER—*Dr. A. G. Gerster and Moses Williams,* $150.

JACQUET RIVER AND BRANCHES—*Thomas Malcolm,* $50. (This stream is particularly good for trout.)

BIG SEVOGLE RIVER, AND PART OF THE NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI—*Jacob Weidman,* $140.

UPSALQUITCH RIVER AND BRANCHES—*Thomas Malcolm,* $1,600.

RENOUS AND DUNGARVON RIVERS—*James S. Neill,* $80.

QUEBEC RIVERS.

Quebec has more large salmon rivers than any other of the Canadian Provinces, and many of them are wonderfully good. Unfortunately, however, some rivers that once were excellent now hardly hold a fish. Practically speaking, there are no tributaries of the St.

Lawrence above Quebec City that amount to much. Down the Gulf the good rivers are nearly all leased, and the angler should be wary of listening to the fairy tales that are spread by interested parties who have salmon rivers to lease that do not contain salmon.

The rivers flowing into the Bay Chaleur from the Gaspé peninsula are the pick of the lot, the Grand Cascapadia being second to no river in the world. It used to be reserved for the use of the Governor General, but has been leased of recent years to the highest bidder. The fish run large, even larger than those of the Restigouche, 35 to 40 pound salmon being abundant.

The Bonnaventure is another noble river.

The northern shore of the St. Lawrence has some famous waters, including the Natasquan, and the Mingan. A list of all the rivers on the north shore would occupy too much space, and, moreover, would be of little service to the wandering fisherman, as they are mostly leased for long terms of years.

NEWFOUNDLAND RIVERS

Originally there never was a better country for the fisherman than the Island of Newfoundland. Salmon thronged every river, unless prevented by falls they could not surmount, but for a couple of hundred years the settlers did all they could to bar the rivers with nets, and seemingly tried to catch the very last surviving salmon in many of them. But about twenty years ago a change for the better set in, Admiral Kennedy, of the British Navy, having been largely instrumental in bringing this about, through his indefatigable exertions in the cause of protection.

Within the last ten years Newfoundland has been discovered by the American salmon fishermen, and now it is becoming quite fashionable to put in a month or two on the island in the summer.

The partial protection that has been afforded the rivers is already having its effect, and the fishing is improving steadily.

The salmon are of a fair size, and are increasing in weight, doubtless because they are now permitted to live longer lives than formerly. The best rivers in the vicinity of the Newfoundland railway are the Great and Little Codroys. Harry's Brook is another capital stream. The Humber is also a magnificent river; and the same may be said of the Exploits and Gander. These rivers are all most accessible, and by many of them,

POLING UPSTREAM ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

there are hotels or stopping places, so that the fisherman need not go into camp unless he so desires.

More remote from civilization, and consequently less accessible, are the salmon rivers of the south shore, comprising those flowing into Fortune Bay, and the Little, White Bear, Grandy and La Poile Rivers.

The northern rivers are only to be reached by the Newfoundland Company's fortnightly steamers, or else by yacht. They are, naturally, very little fished and may be recommended when the more accessible rivers shall be overcrowded, but at present this is not the case, nor is it likely to be true for another generation.

There is more wading to be done in Newfoundland than in the mainland rivers, as they are small and rocky, generally, and often unfitted for canoeing.

The season in Newfoundland is from June 5th to September 15th, but the best fishing is previous to August 1st.

HOW TO FISH.

Salmon fishing differs so much from trout fishing that it has been said an absolute beginner at fly fishing will learn to take *Salmo salar,* more readily than will a trout fisherman who tries the nobler fish, after years of practice with the smaller one. This I doubt, but I know that a very different style of fishing is needed. There is really no such thing as "striking" in salmon fishing, and if you keep a tight line and raise your rod as soon as you feel the "pluck" of the fish, you will be doing your whole duty, and it will be up to the fish to do the rest. There is no occasion for the swift strike by which one hooks a shy trout inclined to rise a trifle short. The salmon is such a weighty fellow, that when he turns to go down after taking the fly, his momentum drives the hook in above the barb, with very little assistance on the part of the angler, provided the line be fairly taut.

A salmon pool may be of any shape and form; sometimes it is not a pool, but merely a "lie" behind a ledge or a boulder, but it is never very deep. As a rule, a fish will not rise to a fly, through more than six feet of water, and perchance a capital pool may not be more than three feet deep.

The angler should begin at the head of the pool with a line less than twice the length of the rod, casting across and diagonally downstream, and allowing the fly to sweep around, working the rod tip, from across to downstream at the end of the cast. The most fatal moment is just as the fly swings round to assume a position directly downstream of the angler. The fly may be worked slightly as it swings, and also for a second or two after it has reached the end of its course. Then, if no rise has happened, the line should be lengthened by a foot or two and the cast repeated, these proceedings, eventually, resulting in one of three things: a rise; the pool being fished out; or as much water covered as the angler can manage without shifting his stand.

With a canoe at command the proceeding is more simple. The fisherman begins with a very short cast, and when he has a line out not longer than about three times the length of his rod, the canoe is dropped slowly down the current, covering fresh portions of the pool at early cast.

If a fish rises and is missed, or misses the fly, it is customary to give him three or four minutes' rest; and if this does not succeed the fly is changed. As a rule the first rise is the best, but I have known eleven successive rises, ten of them being short, and the eleventh a tiger-like rush that ended in a well-hooked fish.

Excepting in very large streams a hooked fish should be played from the shore, and in the end it pays to hold the fish hard from the start. As a general proposition the sooner a hooked fish is gaffed the less risk there is of losing him.

Near the edge of the pool, or shore, make your gaffer stand perfectly still, about twenty feet downstream, and work the exhausted fish over to him. If he be an experienced assistant he will remain calm and resourceful, ready to take advantage of the first opportunity that may present itself, to slip the gaff into the salmon's shoulder. I prefer to gaff from above. Others always place the gaff underneath the fish with the point up. A quick stroke and the fish should be impaled upon the gaff, which is raised and turned over by the same movement of the wrist.

Now, be very sure to kill your fish by a rap on the back of the head with the "priest," a short, handy little club kept for the purpose. Then remove the fly with a disgorger, if necessary, and see that the men place the fish in the shade covered with spruce boughs, to keep the flies off.

The foregoing is merely an outline of the art of salmon fishing, but it may, perhaps, serve to send some angler satiated of trout and bass to a northern stream, where he may alone learn the joys and trials of salmon fishing, by actual participation.

THE ROD.

All the earlier English authorities advised the use of a long, heavy rod—greenheart or lancewood—and eighteen feet long. Rods were made as long as twenty-one feet. Even today, British anglers use much more ponderous, and probably more powerful rods than Americans prefer, though the influence of American ideas has been very marked, and such cane rods as Hardy and Farlow turn out show plainly their near relationship to those of Leonard, Conroy, Abbey and Imbrie, and other New York makers, and are a contrast to the weaver's beams yet in favor on certain remote Highland rivers.

This difference in preference is partly the result of the divergent national temperaments, and is partly owing to our fishing being a summer sport in sheltered waters, and one rarely involving long casting, as, perhaps, nine out of ten pools may be fished from a canoe. The British angler may wet a fly as early as February, and keep at the game until late autumn, whereas Canadian rivers—to which we must look for our sport with one exception—are never in season until June, and all angling must stop by mid-August, after which it would be illegal.

But when I mention June as the opening month, I should add that the rivers of Western Nova Scotia are exceptions to this rule. They, alone, of all Canadian rivers, permit the use of the fly in early springtime, as they are free from ice two months earlier than the streams flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But as they are small and heavily fished, they can not compete with the rivers of New Brunswick, Quebec and Newfoundland.

On the rough, blustery days of a Highland spring, a powerful rod and a heavy line are needed; since a light rod could not handle a heavy line, and no human power could cut a light one into the teeth of a squall. Then the North British, and many of the Irish rivers, as well, must be fished by wading, and to fish the pools out long casting is often imperative. Local conditions have caused the salmon anglers of the British Isles to go in for a rod that seems akin to a flail, if judged by American standards.

As a contrast, let me take a typical day on a Canadian stream: The mist is off the water, and a scorching July sun is rising behind the pointed firs lining the banks. Not a breath of air is stirring, not an airt ruffles the surface of the pool, mirror-like excepting where the ring of a rise shows the lay of a good fish, and the splash of a kingfisher's dive, where another salmon smolt has been sacrificed to the needs of the chattering, unwelcome yet ubiquitous rascal. The big micmac canoe has been pushed off; a swarthy, sturdy fellow at either end, provided with an unshod spruce pole; the expectant angler reclines more or less gracefully, his back against the center bar, lots of "dope" on his neck, face, and hands, and pipe in mouth, for the mosquito is abroad and the black fly is hustling for business. Soon the pool is reached, and after a cautious sneak close to the shore up to its head, the canoe is turned broadside to the current, and held in position by the poles of the men. Ten yards below, a swirl in the water shows where a big boulder —one of those "erratics," besprinkled so abundantly over Southeastern Canada, by the ice of the last glacial period—forms a shelter behind which is a famous salmon "lie."

No need here for powerful rods or long casts. A girl could get out line enough, and, once hooked, the fish may be followed, at least as far as the first fall, two miles below, and even a fresh run, twenty-pounder will hardly give us such a chase. The man who would select an eighteen-foot Greenheart for this work could not understand his art, for neither the strength nor the length are demanded in this case.

Occasional rivers—exceptional ones—require other implements, and later on we will consider some of them; but, as a rule, the successful Canadian angler relies upon skill, not brute force, and accomplishes his end all the more certainly by so doing.

The typical, I almost wrote standard, American salmon rod is fifteen feet long, weighs about twenty-three ounces, and is made of split bamboo. Such rods are pleasant to fish with, and possess a snap and elasticity that quickly reduce the most obstinate salmon to submission. Unfortunately, they are of necessity costly, and—even more unfortunate—extremely liable to injury through rough handling or neglect. Hence, many veteran anglers have gone back to solid wood rods, of Greenheart, noib, Bathabara, lancewood, hickory and ash, though these rods, as built in the United States, are much shorter and lighter than those of British manufacture.

But, after all, if one does not object to their cost (and salmon fishing is a rich man's game), nothing can be better than the split bamboo of crack workmanship, for the general run of fishing from a canoe. Protect it from damp when not actually in use; treat it at all times as though you loved it; and I feel assured you will never regret your purchase; on the understanding, of course, that you went originally to a maker with a reputation to sustain, and paid him his price. No second-rate bamboo rods should be taken to a salmon stream. The game is too noble a one to play with shoddy tackle.

As I have said, exceptional rivers demand exceptional rods, and wherever much wading has to be done, long casts made, and big fish held in the pool they were hooked in, "by the hair of their heads," if necessary, commend to me the two-piece, single-splice, greenheart rod, known as the Castleconnell. This rod was evolved by Irish wit on the banks of Shannon, and for my own use on a wading river I ask for nothing better.

Rods, when not in use, should be laid in a trough, and in camp these are made of birch, or spruce bark, and supported at short intervals by forked branches stuck in the ground, in some shady spot, a covering of bark being placed over the rod to ward off dew and rain.

The shortest rod I have ever used for salmon was fourteen feet six inches long, and the longest eighteen feet. The little rod did excellently, in fact is about the best rod I have ever owned. The butt is ash, the middle and top joints greenheart, and the joints are ferruled. I had a short trolling tip made, and used this rod for salmon, trout, and lake trout fishing indiscriminately, and it has never failed me. Its weak point is its lack of casting power, and I could never do much with it when after salmon on a wading river. Some anglers prefer a twelve-foot rod for canoe fishing, but I consider this too short.

The eighteen-foot rod was simply a nuisance on any river I ever fished on this side, though in Norway, and on the Cumberland Eden, it did well enough. But I think I should have fared at least as well with a shorter and lighter rod. European rivers need, however, such enormous flies, and coarse leaders ("casts," they call them across the pond), often of triple gut, that the rod must be heavier and more powerful than is necessary on a Canadian stream.

THE LINE.

Lines are either tapered or untapered. Theoretically the latter are to be preferred, but, in practice, I am convinced the untapered line is equal to all requirements. It has a distinct advantage in casting across the wind, insomuch as it is not blown so far to leeward as the lighter line. Some prefer a double taper, the greatest diameter being fifteen yards or twenty yards from the end; in fact, in this, as in almost all other questions, you will find a difference of opinion among men whose skill is undeniable, and who obtain eminently satisfactory results by methods and tackle that by no means agree with accepted theories. The man behind the rod is just as much a factor as the man behind the gun.

Sizes Nos. D, C and B in enameled silk are those usually selected, the heavier and thicker rod requiring the thicker line.

THE REEL.

There is not room for much difference of opinion as to the reel best adapted for salmon fishing. Strength and capacity are needed, and these are found in the plain check reel, of large diameter. If, in addition, the barrel be narrow, it will give speed in winding, especially as the last few coils are being taken up. Excellent as the multiplyer is for many kinds of fishing, I much prefer a plain check for salmon, and this preference is shared by most experienced anglers that I have known. Of course, men and good fishermen too, will be found using multiplying reels, but I fail to see the advantage they gain by so doing.

No reel is fit to go on a salmon rod unless it will hold at least one hundred yards of braided, silk-enameled line, of a size suitable to the strength of the rod. The reel generally seen in the outfit of a veteran salmon fisherman has a diameter of four inches to four and a half inches. In order to save weight, they are made of German silver and hard rubber and, no doubt, this combination is the best for our light fishing. A heavy eighteen-foot Greenheart is, however, better balanced by a metal reel, and these latter reels are stronger, more durable, and much lower in cost, but few are sold on this side of the Atlantic, as an eighteen foot rod is not needed on Canadian streams.

THE FLY.

Much ingenuity has been misplaced in evolving patterns of salmon flies, and much good paper spoiled in proving that the fish take the fly because they are hungry, and also in proving (equally conclusively) that they do nothing of the kind, but are merely toying with the pretty and fascinating little thing that has just appeared to them for the first time. After all, what does it matter? The fish certainly do take the fly, though they are, unfortunately, curiously inconsistent and changeable in their appetites. I believe in a fair stock of patterns, but many anglers lose more than they gain by overstocking their books, as changing flies too often wastes a lot of time. I should not be afraid to tackle any Canadian River with some such collection as the following:

(1) Jack Scott,
(2) Silver Doctor,
(3) Black Fairy,
(4) Durham Ranger,
(5) Grey Monkey,
(6) Orange Body,
(7) Claret Body,
(8) Green Body.

The foregoing are a fine lot of flies for any river, but the fisherman should have them in each size likely to be of possible use, as my experience is that size is even more important than pattern. The extremes for Canadian streams are 3/0 down to No. 8 O'Shaughnessy. The former is only used when the water is unusually turbid, and the latter when the pools are low and clear, usually late in the summer. I much prefer the O'Shaughnessy to the Sproat, or any other hook, and do not believe in double hooks, excepting, perhaps, in the case of Nos. 6 and 8, for heavy fish. One hook of the double often seems to act as a lever during the sudden rushes made by a vigorous fish, to force its companion's hold to give way. Ringed hooks are the fashion in Scotland and Ireland, and flies tied on them certainly last longer than when tied on hooks with gut loops, but otherwise they are not an improvement.

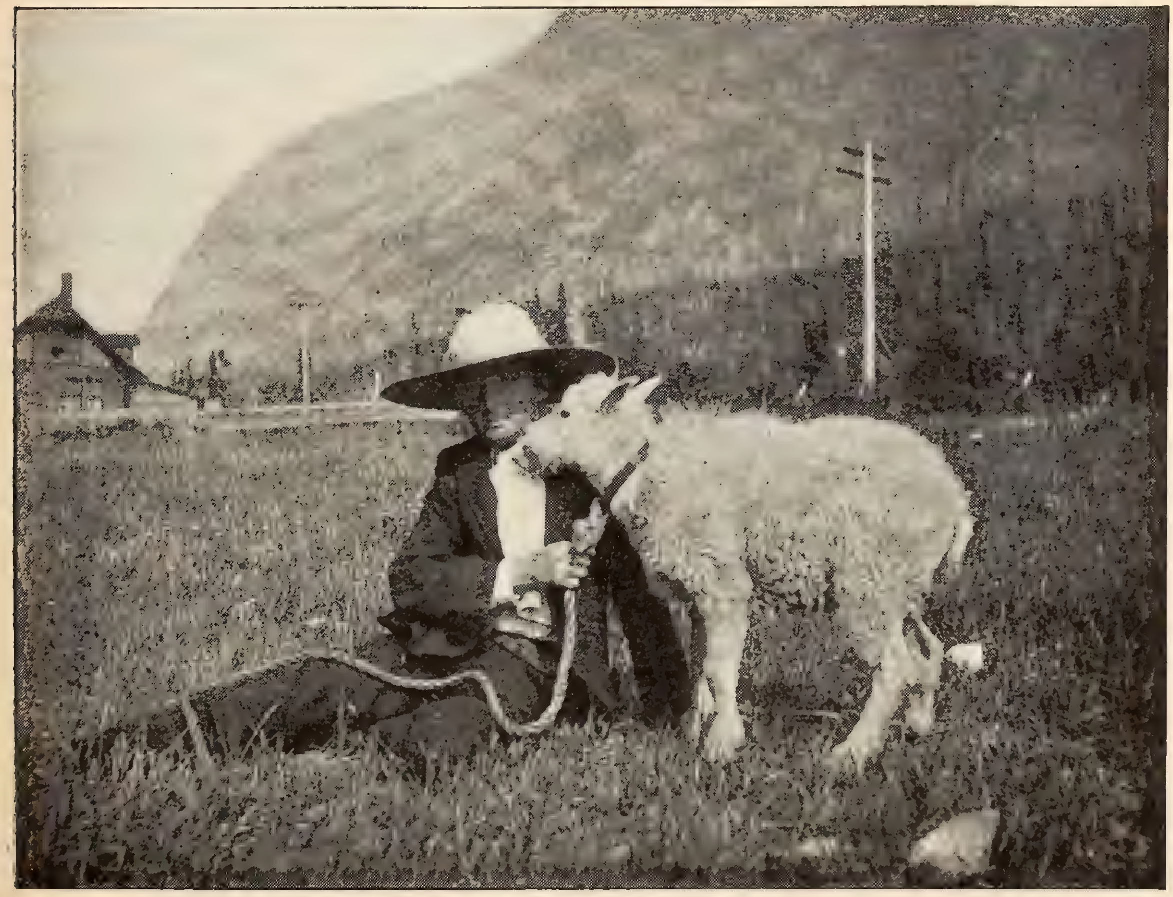
NOTE.—In the June issue Mr. Bramble will continue his hints on salmon fishing and will discuss the leader, the gaff and waders. We regret that the article, because of its importance and interest, could not be printed entire, but lack of space prevented.—EDITOR.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS.

Anything which brings nature nearer to us, and gives recreation, innocent and refined, is an influence for good.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

Over in Canada the people make many of the same mistakes that they do on our side of the line, and one of them is that they do not fully appreciate the artistic value of native products. Consequently we find Swiss guides in Swiss dress on the grand American mountains, when long-haired men with buckskin clothes would be much more appropriate, picturesque and decidedly American. But the Swiss guides are good fellows and know all about mountain climbing. It was two of them, Halsar and Bohm, who caught the little Rocky Mountain goat kid which I photographed while it stood at the foot of its mountain home at Field, British Columbia. The youngster, Harold Castle, who is holding "Nanny" in the photograph, is an American from Honolulu. I want you boys to look well at this picture, for I doubt if any of you ever saw a live rocky mountain goat, and this photograph is unique, being, as far as I know, the only one ever published of a live Rocky Mountain goat kid. The Swiss guides caught Nanny on Mount Field, on the 29th day of May, in 1900. The little creature had then been born but a few days, otherwise they could never have caught it alive, as by the time the goat is a fortnight old it can follow its dam anywhere, and when I photographed it it was perfectly capable of taking care of itself.



COMRADES

But, boys, within a few years there will be no beautiful pronghorn antelopes, no grand buffalo, no stately elk, no mountain sheep and no big game of any sort, unless we unite and form a strong society for their preservation. I have a proposition to make, and that is that we now form a society to be called,

THE SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

Some of you are subjects of King Edward and some subjects of no ruler, each and every one being a little King Edward himself, in other words, a citizen of the United States. But whether we owe allegiance to the brave old British lion or the fierce American eagle makes little difference, we are all boys together and are going to unite in one brotherhood for the preservation of our brothers in fur, scales, feathers and bark.

Let me tell you that when you are united and each lad working for the cause, you will find that even President Roosevelt and King Edward will be more than glad to serve you and earn your support and commendation, for those men know that the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow.

Form yourselves at once into local branches and write to me and I will see that there is an appropriate badge, constitution and by-laws made for the organization, and will also devote this department to your service and entertainment. Let me hear from you immediately, so that we may have a good start before the season is spent. Then ho for the woods and the canoeing company and fishing excursions of the brave Sons of Daniel Boone, and when we grow strong enough in numbers, we will hold a CONVENTION of delegates from each branch and do things which will make the grown-up men sit up and take notice.

DO WILD BIRDS TALK ENGLISH?

Dear Mr. Beard:

Dear Sir—I see in books on Nature, and even scientific books, certain words and phrases attributed to birds. In your opinion, do they ever speak unless like the poll parrots, they are taught? Please answer.

Lon Thrasher, Nelson, B. C.

No. Wild birds do not use our language, but by the use of a little imagination we can make it appear to us that they do. Of course, a Frenchman would make them talk French and a Spaniard Spanish, but we put the sounds in English, as it serves us to identify the birds by their notes and often, as in the case of Bob White, gives the bird its name.

The blue jay is a great elocutionist and gives utterance to many unlooked-for remarks, but the one most often heard in the woods relates to the possession of a *chee-tidley-enk*, just exactly what sort of a creature or thing this is no one can tell, but whenever I am in the wood I hear the jays exclaim *"chee-tidley-enk—got him."* To which the meadow lark in the pasture clearing replies, *"Oh-so-cheap,"* with a most sarcastic drawl on the so and an inflection on the cheap. As a rule the meadow lark says his say while perched on a fence post and he talks with his mouth wide open. There are a lot of little people in the thickets who are always in such a hurry and talk so fast that it is difficult to tell what they say. There is that gayly colored little fellow, the red start, crying *"T-wet wee-whee-whe-whisett,"* and the dainty summer yellow bird, who has something to say in the same line and much in the same manner. What he wants is wheat and although he never eats it his constant cry is *"Wheat, wheat, wheat, T'weat wheat, wheat, wheat!"*

The chestnut-sided warbler must be thinking of the sound he hears at the trout brook when the fisherman makes a long cast far down in the swale I heard him exclaim:

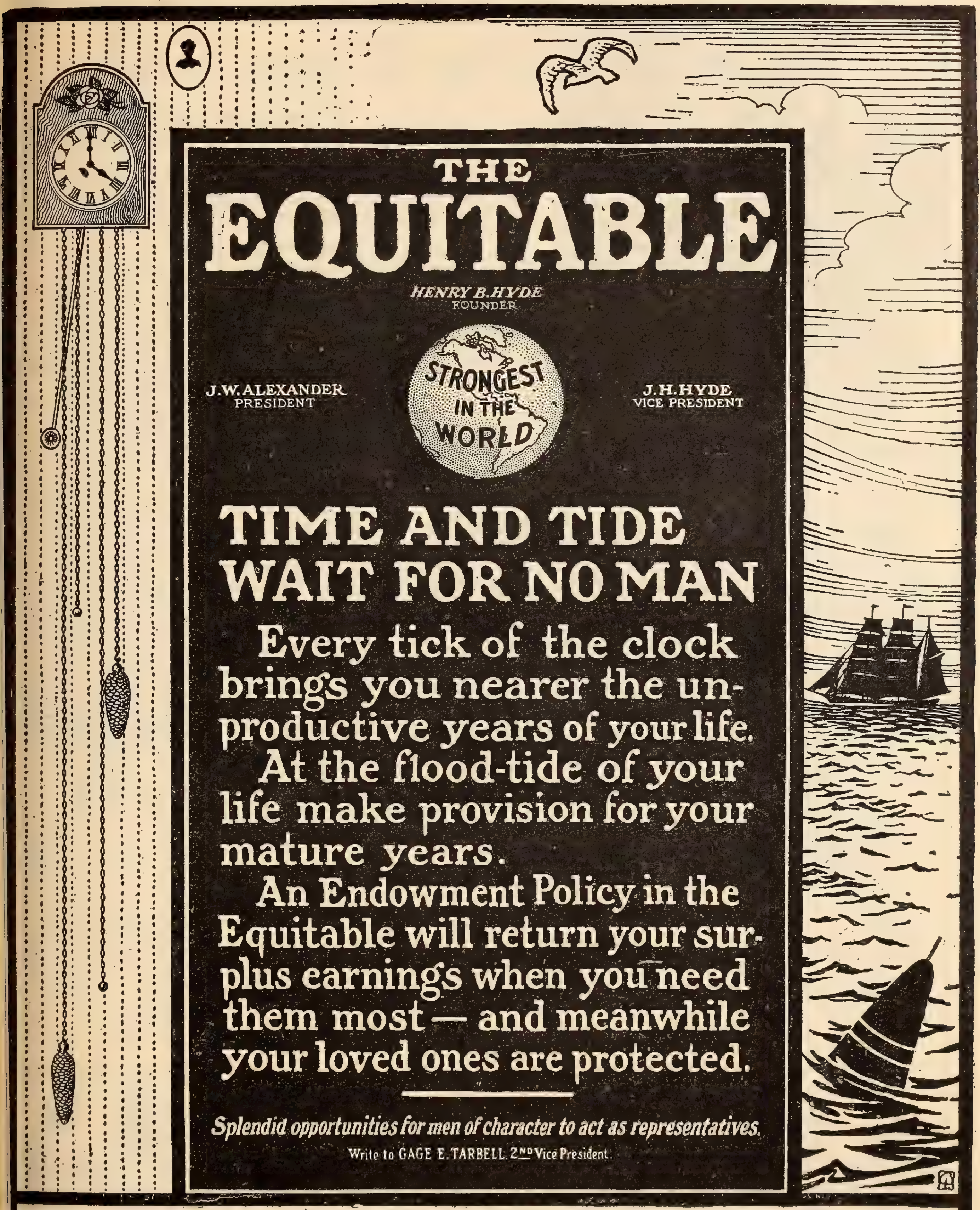
Whish! Whish! Whish! whis, whis, whis! Up and down the tree trunks the prettily marked black and white creeper runs, then of a sudden flits to the small end of a branch and in creeper language tells you how good he feels.

"Chee wee, eweet, eweet, eweet!" is what he says and the Maryland yellow-throat all arrayed for a masquerade ball with a black velvet mask answers: *Tw'-wi'-cheete, we-cheat, we-cheat, we-cheat, we-cheat, we-cheat, too!"* Of course he does not mean for one to understand that he is a real swindler, but he probably thinks that the black mask disguises him and thus he is cheating you by hiding his identity.

But these little folk all talk very much alike and it is a relief to hear the clearly enunciated words of the brown thrasher. He is a handsome long-tailed fellow and sings with deliberation; his throat does not swell like a canary when it sings. The brown thrasher talks with a mouth action much the same as a human being, turning his head from side to side as he sings. His favorite perch is the top-most branch of a tree at the edge of a pasture or field and there you may hear him cry:

Quick! Quick! Quick!
Look a-here, look a-here!
  There, there.
Yellow link, yellow link;
Pretty bird, pretty bird!
Wheat oh, wheat oh!
  Tweet, tweet!
Tu-r-r-r, w-r-r-r
Whe-ah-whee-ah!

If the trail gets a little hard or if you get the "blues" climb up to our office and we will let you read some of the letters we get from our boys. You will be surprised and delighted at the true and gentle touch of these young readers. Their little stories, crudely told, will take you back to the green fields and the old woods of youth.



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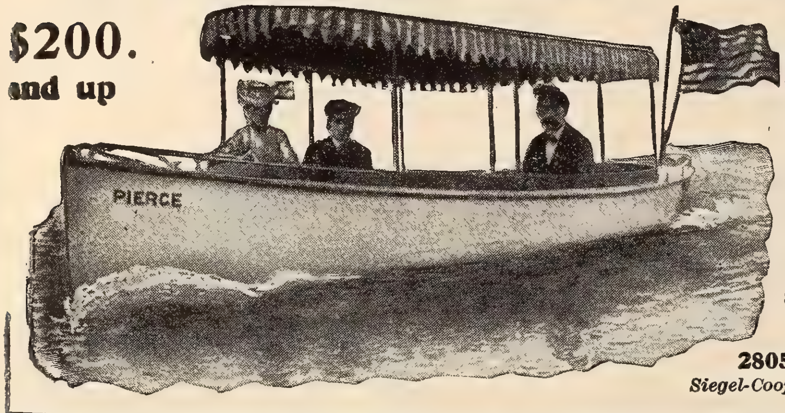

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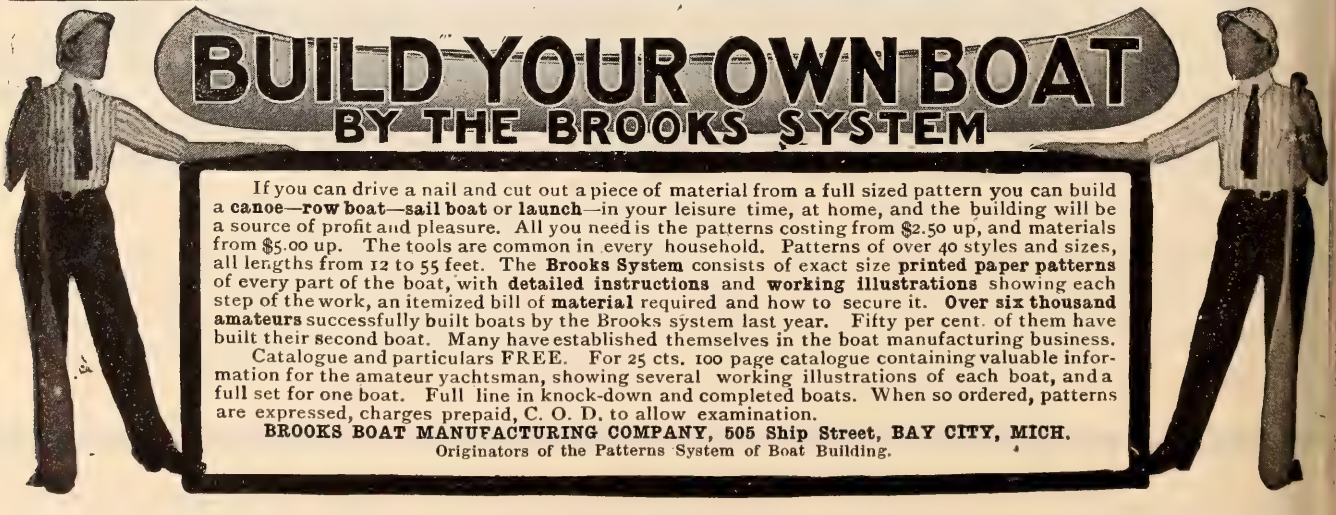
that you really cannot get along without. ℂ Our 7 by 7 foot **WALL TENT** made of 8 oz. standard canvas with **Poles, Ropes** and **Pegs** complete, sold for **$5.15.** Is a positive guarantee of solid comfort. These tents can be used under any and all conditions of climate and at all seasons of the year. Unlimited uses (for **Camping, Tramping, Cruising,** etc., etc.)

ANOTHER SPECIAL—**A Fly Rod** made entirely from the best quality of lancewood, fancy cord wound handle, solid reel seat which can be adjusted to use either above or below the hand. Five joints and reversible butt. Fitted with **Gem Guide** and **Patent Slip Guide** on first joint, by which first joint can be removed without removing line from rod. Best all around rod that has ever been put on the market. Can be used as a 9½ foot fly rod, a 9½ foot bait rod, 7½ foot fly rod, a 7½ foot bait rod, and a 5 foot fly or bait rod for boat use. You need no other rod with you, as it has been made to meet all requirements for shore fishing or from the boat. This rod will be found to be of standard weight in each combination. Price, **$4.50.** A complete catalogue of **Camping and Fishing Outfits** mailed upon request.

Chas. J. Godfrey Co., 4 Warren St., New York City

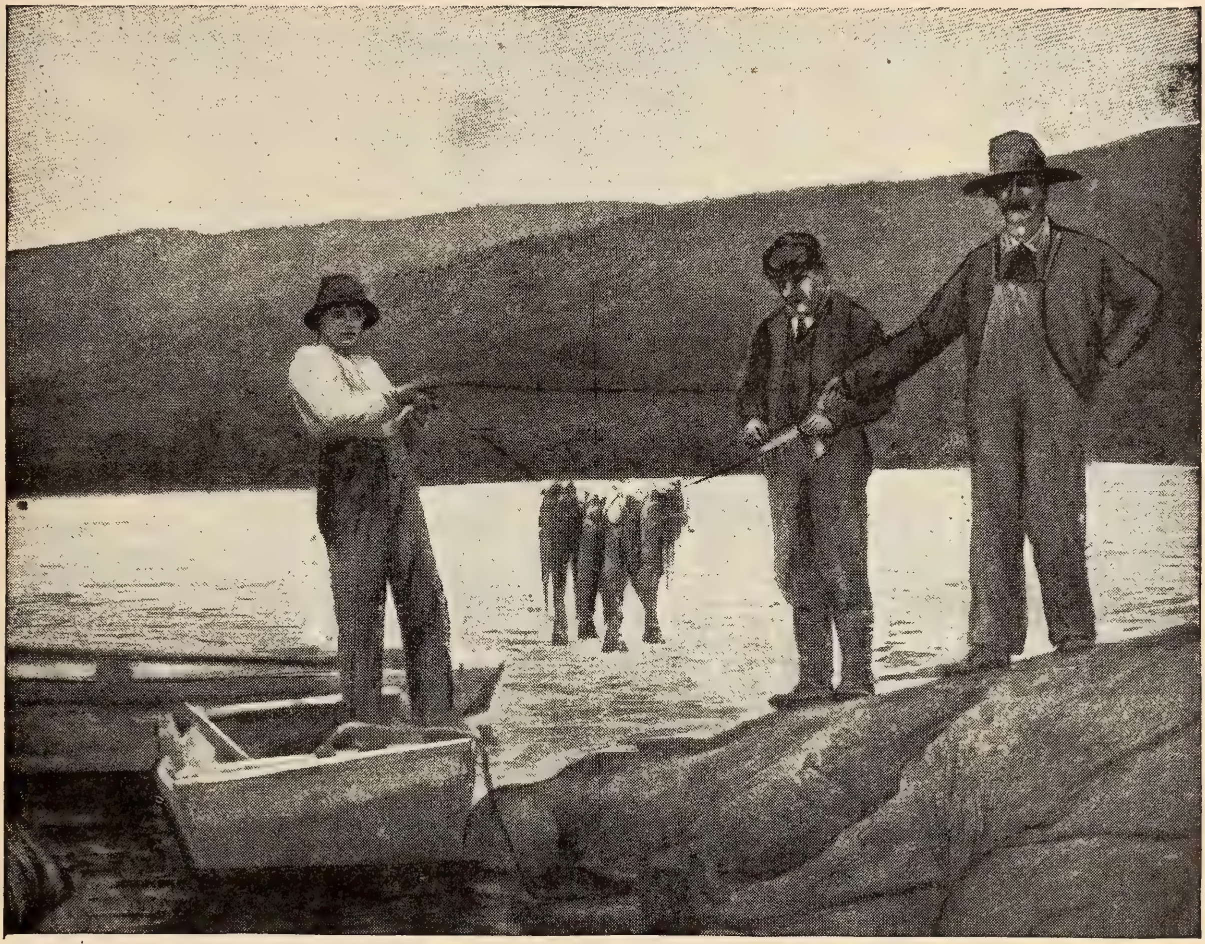


If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full sized pattern you can build a **canoe—row boat—sail boat** or **launch**—in your leisure time, at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure. All you need is the patterns costing from $2.50 up, and materials from $5.00 up. The tools are common in every household. Patterns of over 40 styles and sizes, all lengths from 12 to 55 feet. The **Brooks System** consists of exact size **printed paper patterns** of every part of the boat, with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations** showing each step of the work, an itemized bill of **material** required and how to secure it. **Over six thousand amateurs** successfully built boats by the Brooks system last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

Catalogue and particulars FREE. For 25 cts. 100 page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line in knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D. to allow examination.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 505 Ship Street, BAY CITY, MICH.
Originators of the Patterns System of Boat Building.

GO FISHING IN THE SPRING



WHEN THE DUCKS AND GEESE ARE FLYING NORTHWARD

Just a few days' fishing in the spring for the man who has been shut up all winter pays big dividends in renewing body and mind. Go now when the buds are bursting to where the water is running fast and clear. Hear again the hum of the reel and feel the quick, sharp tug on the line as it cuts through the water. The fish have more life in spring than at any other season of the year and are hungry for the fly and worm. For a record catch of trout go to the Opemican in the Timiskaming country, and the celebrated Mississaga river.

Full information will be given by any agent of the

Canadian Pacific Railway

ROBERT KERR, *Passenger Traffic Manager*, MONTREAL.

Send for handsome booklet "Fishing and Shooting."

The Erie and The Sportsman

¶ A double-track short cut to fishing delights. A short run on the most picturesque railroad of the East to Sportsmen's Paradise.

¶ The best fresh-water fishing akin to the Metropolitan District is reached by ERIE lines. These span from Manhattan into the fastnesses of Orange and Sullivan counties, New York, and Pike and Wayne counties, Pennsylvania. ERIE expresses carry you quickly from the city to the half-hidden delights of coursing rivers, mountain brooks and lakes.

¶ Here are a few ERIE treats:

Greenwood Lake, forty-five miles from the City Hall, New York, is the abiding place of Black Bass and Pickerel throughout the season.

¶ **Glenmere Lake,** three miles from Chester, N. Y., and fifty-six miles from New York City, has fine Pickerel fishing in May and June. The Black Bass is biting there the whole season long.

¶ **Lake Mombasha, Round Lake** and **Long Lake;** a trio clustered about Monroe, N. Y., fifty miles from the city, are densely populated with Black Bass and Pickerel.

¶ The whole course of the kingly **Delaware** from Deposit, Long Eddy and including Shohola, Lackawaxen, Narrowsburg, Cochecton, Callicoon, Pond Eddy, Lordville and Hancock, is the raceway of the Black Bass, who finds his home in the twistings of the river.

¶ Between these and within stalking distance of every ERIE station in this territory, the Brook Trout, speckled beauty of the lot, awaits the fisherman.

FISHING ON THE PICTURESQUE ERIE

¶ This is a rare book for the fisherman, 100 pages between covers. A host of sporty illustrations, maps and descriptive matter fills its pages. Any ERIE ticket agent in New York City or Brooklyn will supply you with a copy. As an alternative write, with four cents postage, to

¶ R. H. WALLACE, General Passenger Agent, New York

MARLIN

The Man Who Knows

goes duck hunting with a MARLIN repeating shotgun. He finds MARLIN accuracy and MARLIN buoyancy and ease of handling of considerable help when they fly fast.

The unique MARLIN breech-bolt, that shuts out rain and water and keeps the shells dry, is another thing to consider, along with the solid top and side ejector.

The MARLIN 12-gauge is made for both black and smokeless powders, and to take heavy loads easily. It has ⅓ less parts than any other repeating gun and handles very fast. A famous gun for hard usage and all weathers.

There's a lot of invaluable gun information in our catalogue (300 illustrations). It's free for 3 stamps postage with our Experience Book, which tells many vivid tales of MARLIN prowess.

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¶ Ask your expert friend that uses them.

¶ Ask ninety per cent. of the best workers in this or any other country.

¶ Ask what lens they use for **Critical Definition.**

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Modern Campers know that a PARAGON COT adds 100% to the joy of living outdoors. Perfect rest at night means extra miles during the day. Built for service by men who know how.

LIGHT STRONG
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Sent express prepaid on receipt of price

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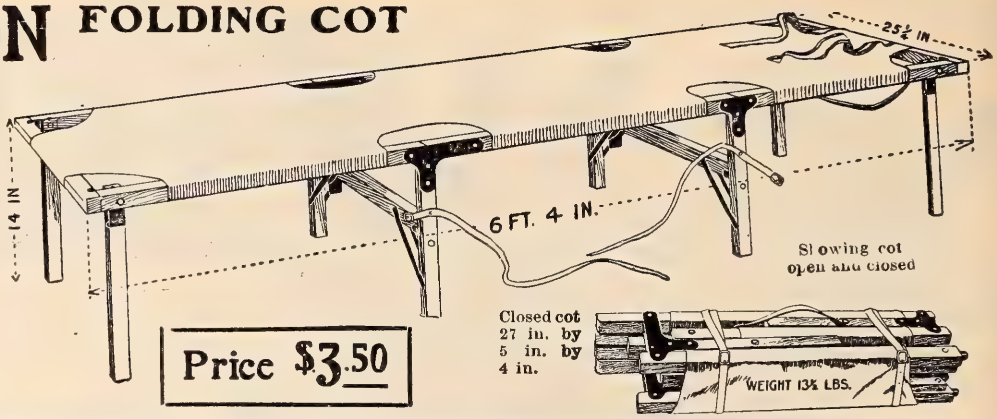
25¼ IN
14 IN
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Showing cot open and closed
Closed cot 27 in. by 5 in. by 4 in.
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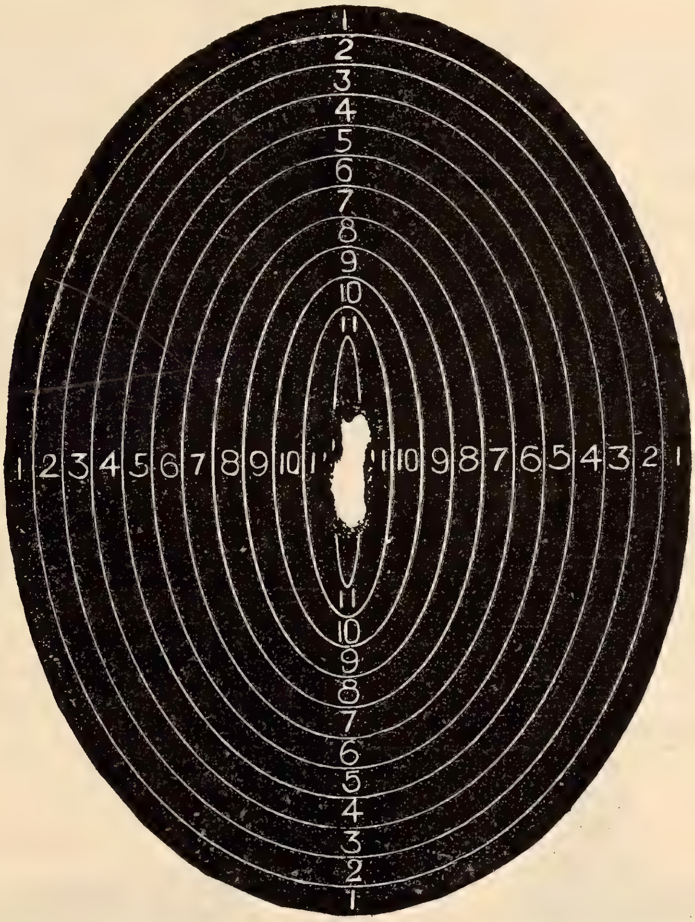
WINCHESTER

.22 Caliber Cartridges Make Record Breaking, Prize Winning Scores.

At the open tournament held by the Zettler Rifle Club in New York City, March 1-11, three of the four first prizes were won by shooters who shot Winchester Cartridges. Not only were the prizes won by Winchester Cartridges, but the scores made were so phenomenally high that they surprised even the experts, all of which is proof that Winchester Cartridges are unequalled for accuracy, reliability, and results. The events, winners and scores were as follows:



MR. R. GUTE'S ZIMMERMANN TROPHY TARGET (FULL SIZE)
The most difficult target known to make a perfect score on.

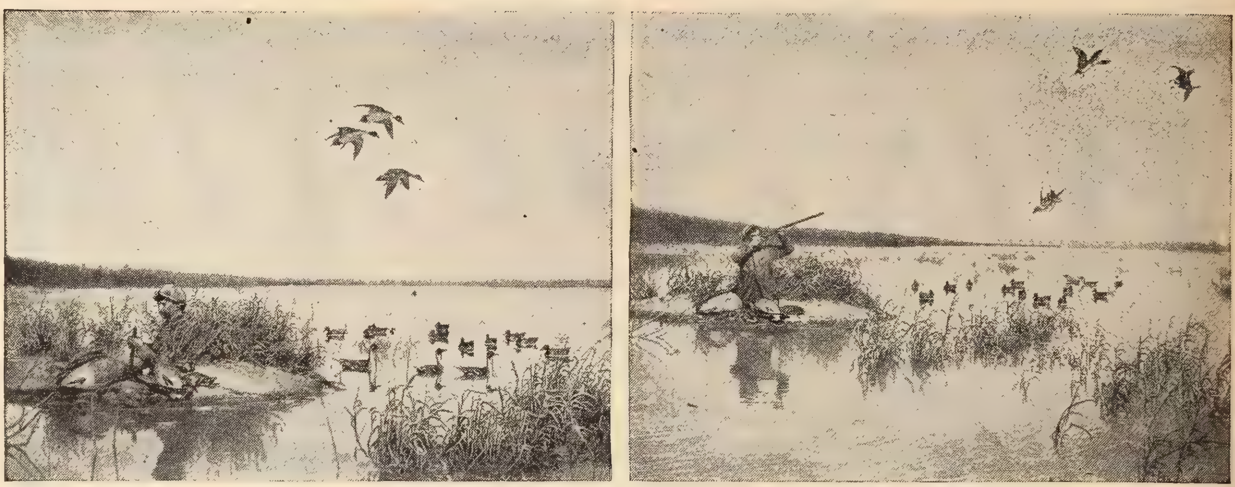
Zimmermann Target—Won by R. Gute with Winchester Cartridges; score 39 (39 being the best possible), 38.

Ring Target—R. Gute with Winchester Cartridges; score five 75's (75 being the best possible). J. W. Dearborn, shooting Winchester Cartridges and a Winchester Rifle; score, three 75's and five 74's.

Bullseye Target—Won by Richard Bendler with Winchester Cartridges; his bullseye measuring 18 degrees.

Championship Target—Second: R. Gute with Winchester Cartridges; score 2466 out of a possible 2500. Mr. Gute's score beats all previous world's records.

All Winchester Cartridges Shoot Where You Hold.



These pictures in water color, photogravures, colored by hand, in all the brilliant colors, true to nature, red sunset skies, size 16x20 inches, on paper 22x28 inches, price, $2.00 each; two for $3.50. Photogravures, plain, $1.00 each; two for $1.75. Postage prepaid. Send for sample halftone reproductions, 5x7 inches, sent free. E. HENDRICH, 218 EAST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK.

PEERLESS Bass or Pickerel **BAIT** artificial minnow, 4 inch 5 treble hooks, 2 jeweled spinners, glass eyes, swivel, white or colored for night or day fishing, natural, durable, in wood box, **50c** post paid.

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THE ONLY GUN OIL

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lubricates the mechanism, prevents rust on the metal parts and cleans and polishes the stock. For cleaning out the residue of burnt powder, especially smokeless powder, it is unequaled.

Write for free sample and booklet

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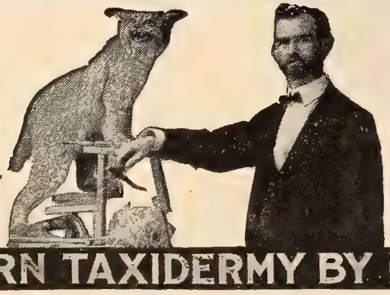

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Why not mount your own trophies?

During the spring and summer you can secure many fine birds and animals. Mount them for your home and den. Save taxidermist's bills. Enjoy your spare time and *increase your income.*

It Pays. Hundreds of leading sportsmen have taken our course, and are paying all gun and sporting expenses by selling their mounted specimens and doing work for others. You can do as well. If you want the most profitable of all "side lines," *learn Taxidermy.* We can teach you *by mail.* Our rates are reasonable and we *positively guarantee success.* Endorsed by all sporting magazines in America. If you are a hunter, angler, or nature-lover, you will be interested in our *new catalogue.* It's yours for the asking. *Write for one to-day.*

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has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. **25 Cents a Bottle.**

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A pamphlet explaining a simple and inexpensive method of preserving the footprints of birds, mammals, etc. Clean, instructive pastime for boys, girls, sportsmen and naturalists. Send 2c stamp for particulars.

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A small piece of ice in

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

will keep your lunch cool and palatable throughout the warmest summer day. It is neat and durable. Size, 18x10x8 inches deep, $3.25; 20x13x10 inches deep, $3.50. **30 Days Free Trial.** Ask your dealer or write for booklet.

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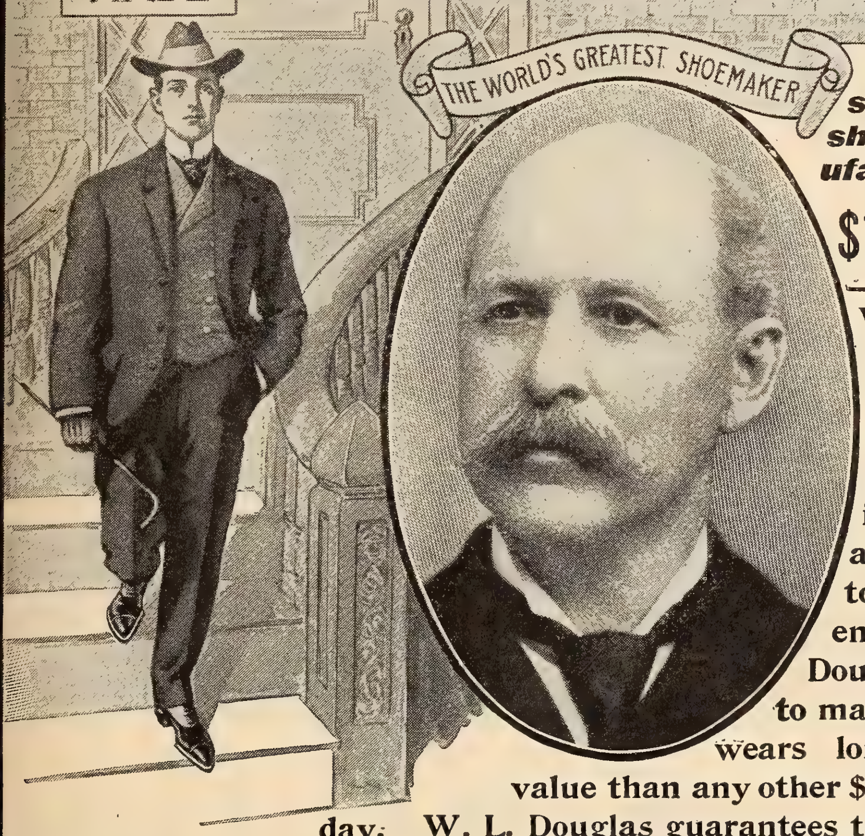
W. L. DOUGLAS

UNION MADE

$3.50 SHOES

FOR MEN



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from $5.00 to $7.00. The only difference is the price. The W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoe costs more to make, holds its shape better, wears longer, and is of greater value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market today. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoe is sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

BETTER THAN $5.00 SHOES.

"I have been wearing W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes for at least five years, and in that length of time have found them entirely satisfactory. I believe the Douglas at $3.50 is better than the $5.00 shoe of other manufacturers. I take pleasure in recommending Douglas shoes for their strength, durability and neatness." BEN. F. HERMAN,

With John Gough, Contractor, Bridgeport, Conn.

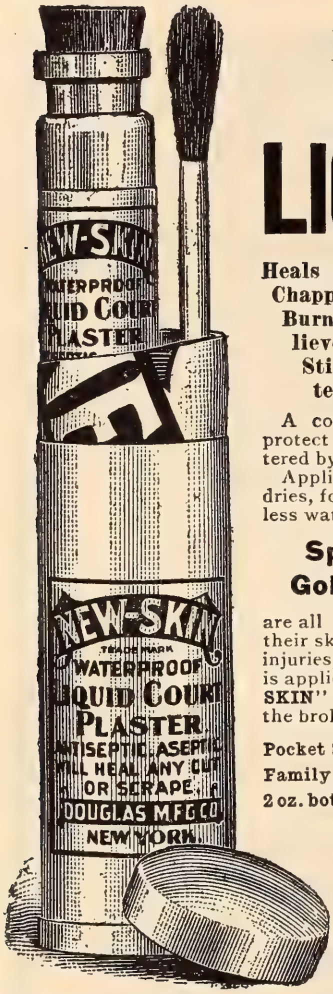
Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.50 and $2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. DOUGLAS USES CORONA COLTSKIN IN HIS $3.50 SHOES. CORONA COLT IS CONCEDED TO BE THE FINEST PATENT LEATHER PRODUCED.

Fast Color Eyelets will not turn brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; lace, button, congress, or blucher. 25c. extra prepays delivery. If you desire further information, *write for Illustrated Catalog of Spring Styles.*

W. L. DOUGLAS, 161 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.



NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
WATERPROOF

LIQUID COURT PLASTER

Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc,

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Sportsmen, Motorists, Golfers, Mechanics, etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch or scrape their skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, **will not wash off**, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

Pocket Size (size of illustration),	10c
Family Size	25c
2 oz. bottles (for surgeons and hospitals)	50c

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co.
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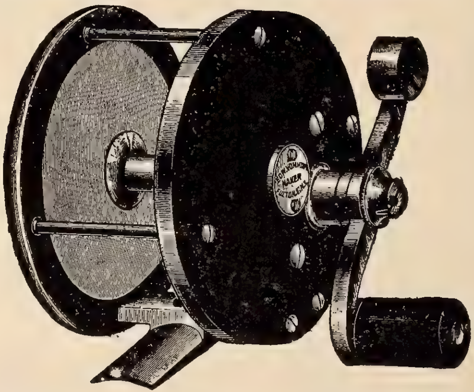
¶ Since 1867, the name, **E. Vom Hofe**, on high-grade fishing tackle, meant accuracy, durability, perfection. Generations of anglers have used **E. Vom Hofe** reels, **E. Vom Hofe** rods, **E. Vom Hofe** tackle, knowing there were none better, none more suited for the use of the thorough sportsman.



No. 2.

E. VOM HOFE'S Free Running Black Bass Reel No. 2, specially adapted for minnows, frog casting and trolling—$11.00

¶ The only manufacturer of fishing tackle *selling direct to anglers*, and not through dealers.

New 126 page illustrated catalog free on receipt of 4 cents in U. S. postage stamps.

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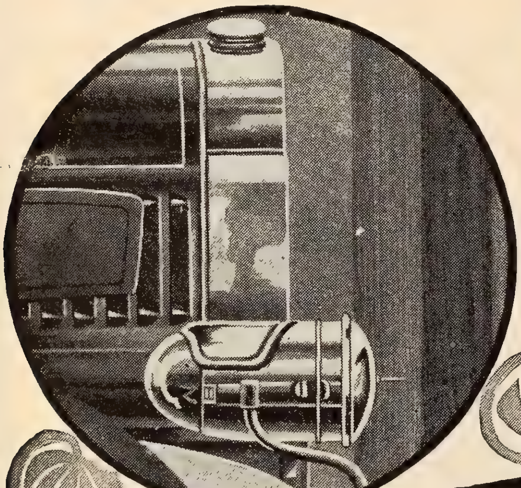

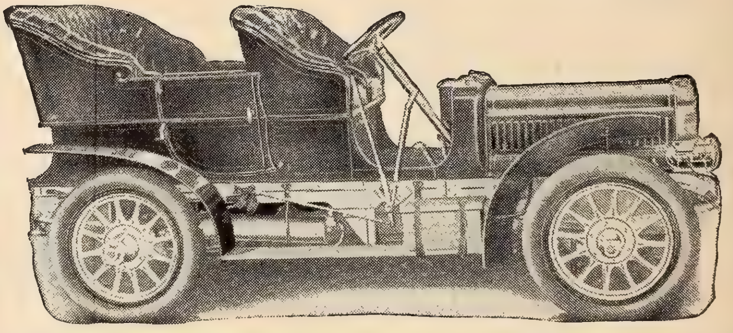

Model D, $2,800
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All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog K, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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¶ Be sure to be properly equipped for your hunting trip. Use the "STEVENS" and have the assurance that your choice cannot be improved upon, and that there is no possibility of your game getting away when sighted by our guns. Our line:

Rifles from $3 to $150; Pistols from $2.50 to $50; Shotguns from $7.50 to $35. Rifle Telescopes, accessories, etc.

¶ Ask your dealer and insist on our goods. If you cannot obtain them we will ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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Hit the Mark with our **Rifle Puzzle!** This clever novelty will be mailed **free** upon request.

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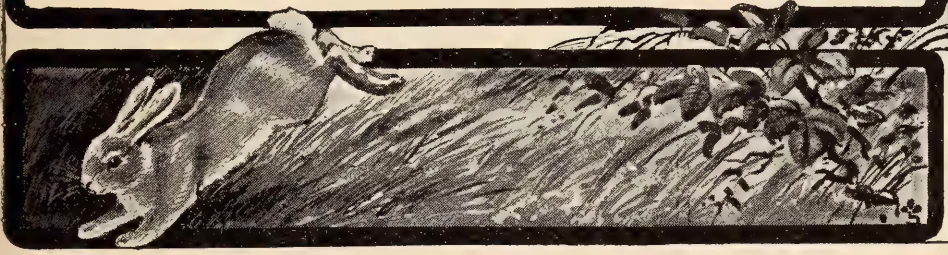

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NOWHERE in all the world do tourists and home-seekers find the natural and artificial advantages offered by Hawaii. The hotels are only comfortably filled; land is to be bought at figures and on terms that place it within the reach of all. Hawaii's future is still yours if you care to make it so.

The most delightful climate in the world reigns here the year around. On account of the constant tradewinds, the thermometer rarely registers more than 90°. Even the midday heat is tempered by delightfully bracing ocean breezes. No summer resort in the world compares with Hawaii; for work or play there is no climate to match it. Send for the beautiful Hawaii Book, full of photographs that make the island live before you.

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THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

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After horseback riding a brisk rub with Pond's Extract will remove chafing, relieve strain and rest the weary muscles. After an accident bathe the injured parts immediately with Pond's Extract. Subdues pain, swelling and inflammation, whether internal or external.

*Witch Hazel is not the same thing. On analysis of seventy samples of witch hazel—often offered as "the same thing" fifty-two were shown to contain wood **alcohol** or **formaldehyde** or **both**. Avoid danger of poisoning by using*

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR
POND'S EXTRACT

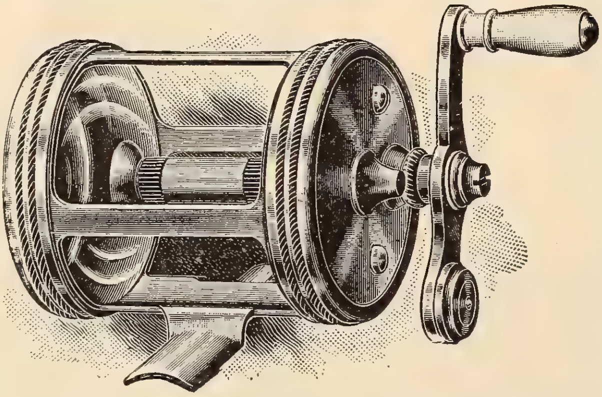
FISHERMEN

leave your troubles behind

This is the advice that a distinguished amateur gives when he adds Take with you a

Takapart Reel

Price $5.00 and $6.00 according to style.



¶ This reel has the following points which will commend it to every thoughtful fisherman: It is made by the very best modern machinery; the frame is tubular and very strong. A novel friction device allows any degree of friction to be secured on the spool. This prevents back-lashing. ¶ With an adjustable screw cap on the rear axle all looseness between the spool and the frame may be taken up. Metal bands on both ends may be unscrewed instantly, and the spool may be lifted out for clearing a tangle in the line. The adjustable head and end plates permit the handle and click mechanism to be placed in different positions. ¶ Dr. C. M. Luckey who won in Madison Square Garden the ¼ and ½ oz. Casting Events from the most expert class of contestants in this country, writes:

> *"I won with your TAKAPART Reel, which was opposed by reels costing all the way from $15 to $50 of the most celebrated makes. I gave it severe test enough to have ruined any other reel of similar size. I used it for a year previous to this great test. I sincerely recommend to every sportsman to* leave his troubles behind on his vacation *by taking along a TAKAPART Reel that is always ready for action and never goes wrong."*

A. F. Meisselbach & Bro.

Makers of the celebrated "*Amateur*" and "*Expert*" Reels

12 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.

The Fay & Bowen Motor

Won in three events in the Palm Beach Races in February. It was a winner in the Marblehead races last July. No crank required to start it. Speed regulation perfect. A reliable, simple, powerful engine. *Send for catalogue of Motors and complete Motor Boats.*

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.

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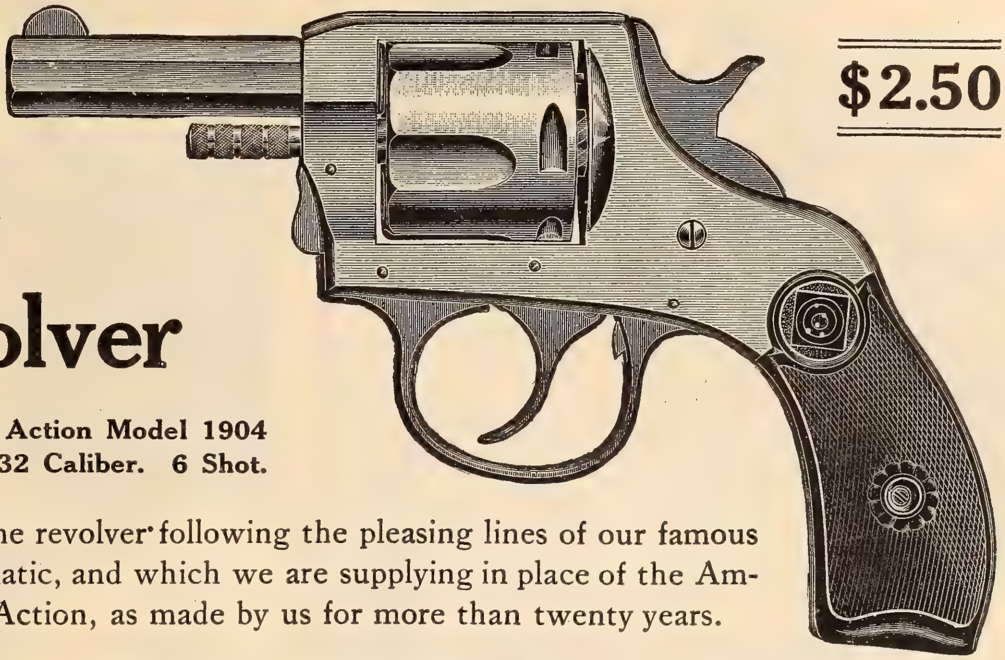
11-Foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats were not satisfactory until the "King" was produced.

It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable. Can't tip over. Puncture Proof,* wear longer than a wooden boat. No Repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small, neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer* and *safer* than a Wooden Boat, because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

King Folding Canvas Boat Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.



A New Revolver

$2.50

H. & R. Double Action Model 1904
38 Caliber, also 32 Caliber. 6 Shot.

A solid frame revolver following the pleasing lines of our famous H. & R. Automatic, and which we are supplying in place of the American Double Action, as made by us for more than twenty years.

Specifications. 32 caliber; 6 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 16 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge; also S. & W. Long and Colt New Police Cartridges.
38 caliber; 5 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 15 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge.
Finish—Nickel. We can furnish with 4½ and 6 in. barrels and in blue finish at additional cost.

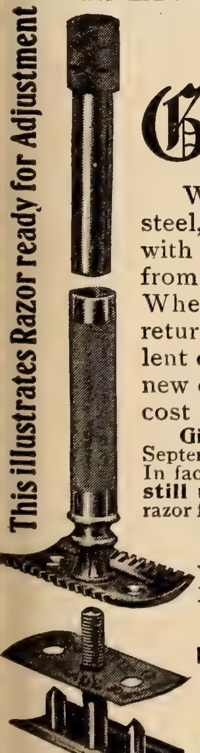
Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

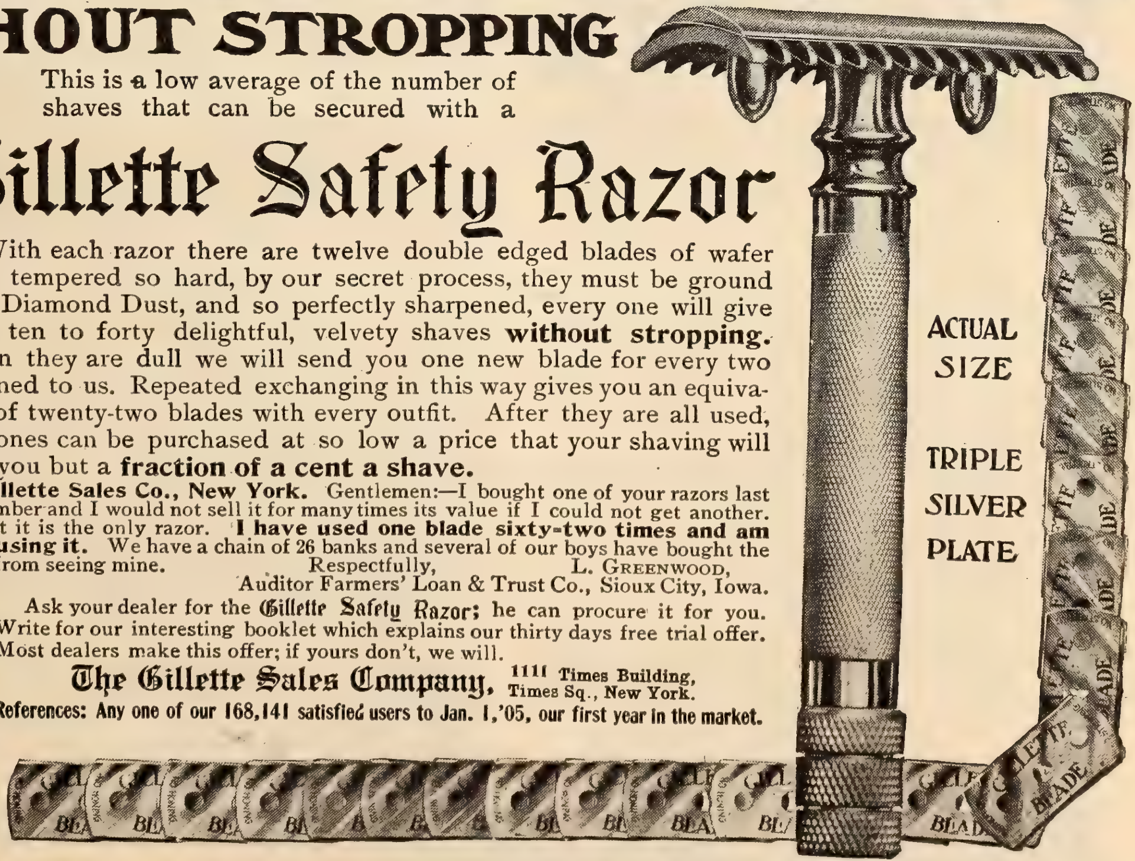
Catalogue for Postal **Makers of H. & R. Single Guns** **Dept. R., Worcester, Mass.**

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

This is a low average of the number of shaves that can be secured with a

Gillette Safety Razor


This illustrates Razor ready for Adjustment



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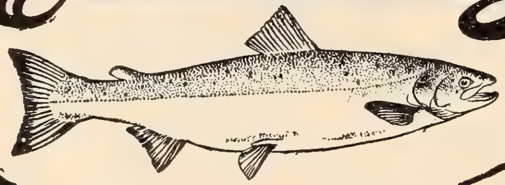

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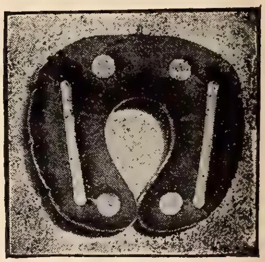

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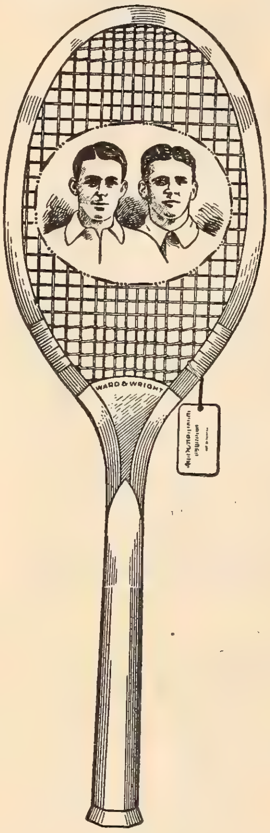

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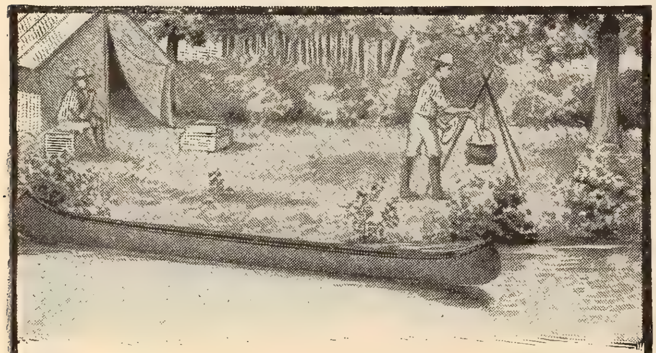

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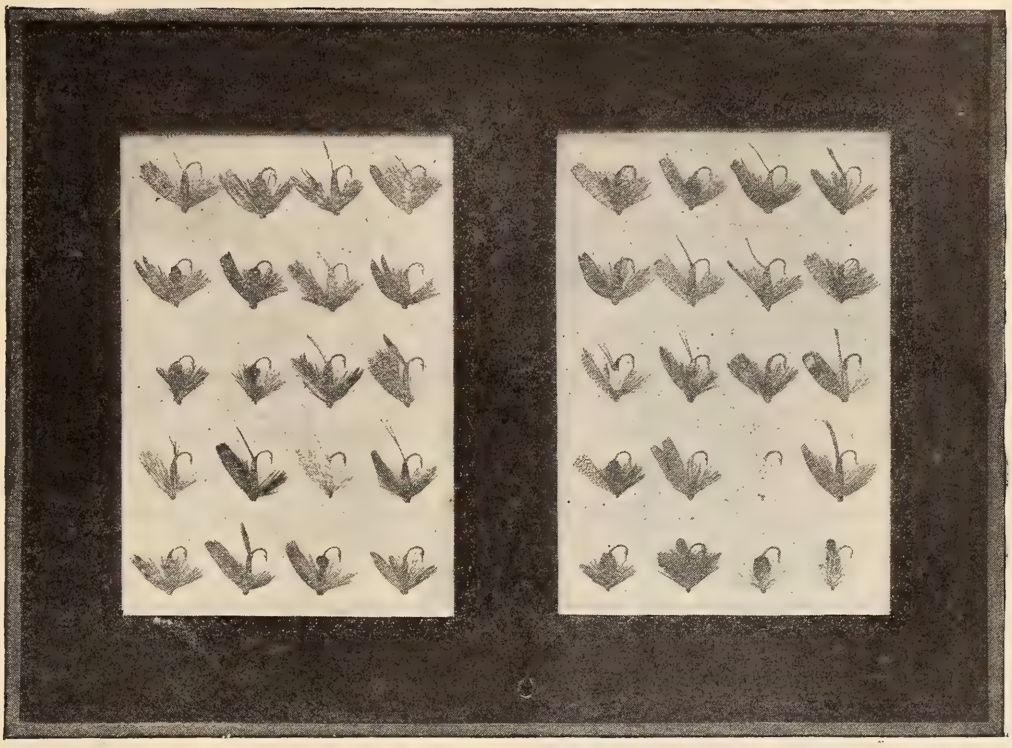

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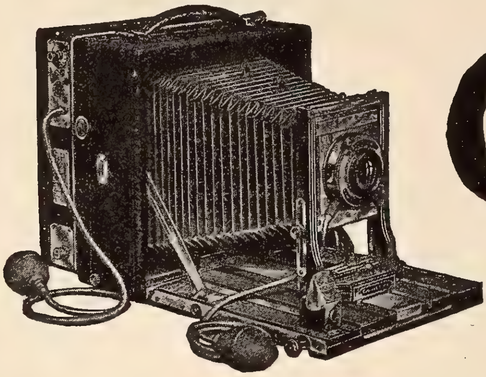

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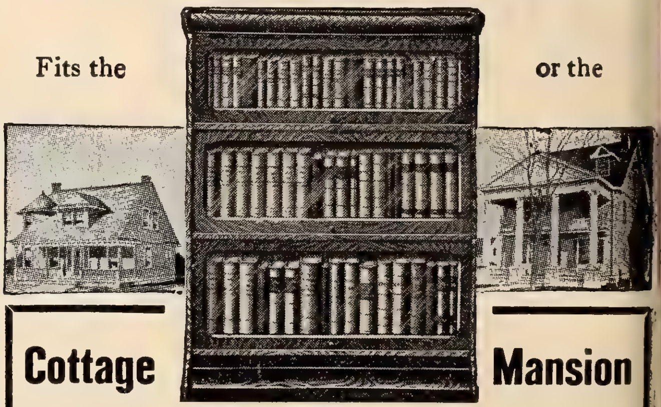

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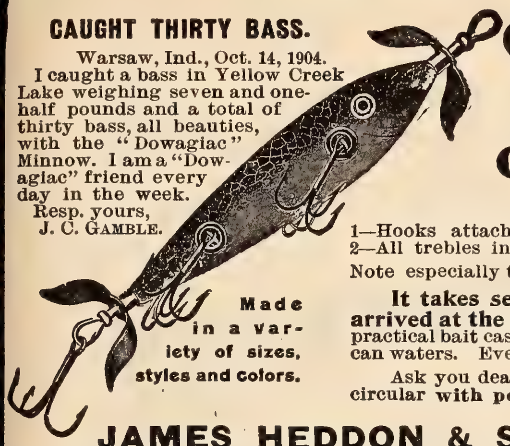

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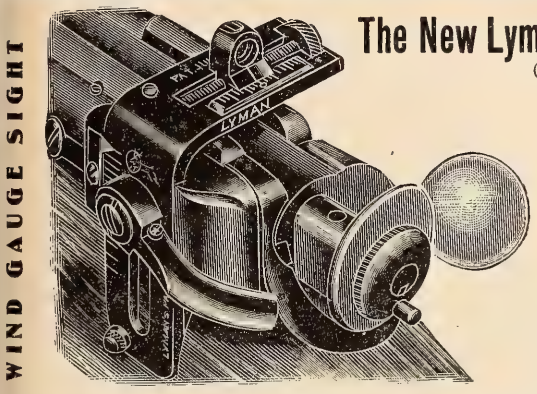

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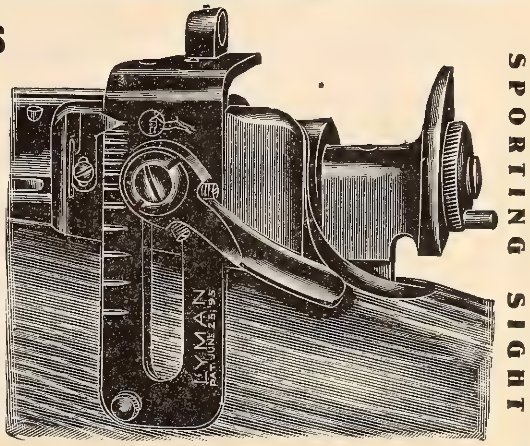

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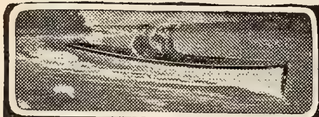

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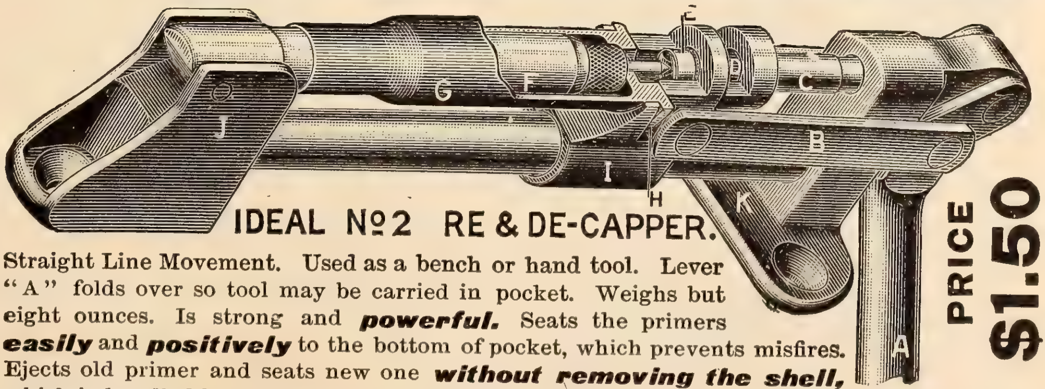

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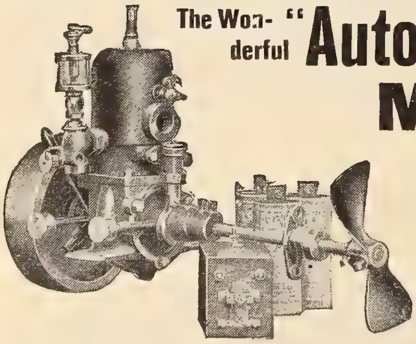

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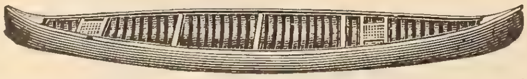

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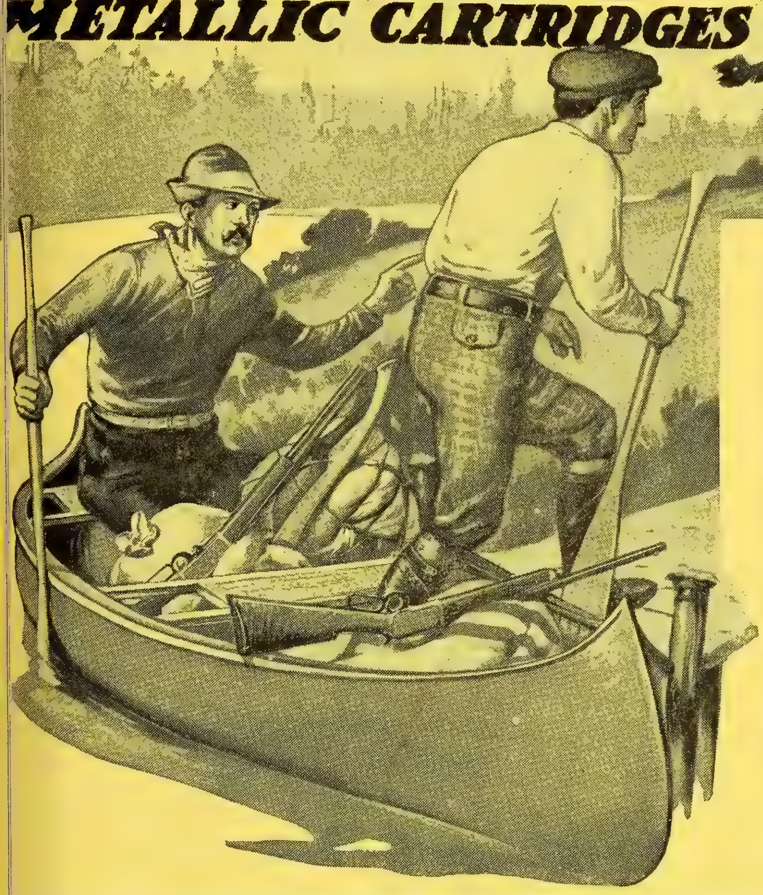

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BEAR, MOUNTAIN LION AND LYNX. Here is the opportunity of a lifetime. A western man living in Routt County, Colorado, offers to go into partnership with a sportsman, in a pack of hounds to hunt bear, lion, lynx and bob cats. There is no end of game near this man's ranch, and no such an offer has ever been made. It means about the best big game hunting of the continent at a merely nominal cost. I expect to close this deal in short order, as it is a snap.
FRANK FORD, Information Bureau RECREATION,
23 West 24th Street, New York.

POINTER PUPPIES FOR SALE. Fine breeding; eligible; parents good hunters. Correspondence solicited. LELAND & NEWCOMB, Montpelier, Vt.

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AND HOW TO FEED

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IRISH SETTERS—Registered young stock. From finest bred dogs in America. Correspondence solicited. Pedigrees furnished.
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ONE OF RECREATION'S NUMEROUS READERS, desires to make the following offer through me: "A U. S. long distance runabout, dos-a-dos seat; complete set of tools, two oil and one acetylene gas lamps; just over-hauled and repainted; price, $350.
I have reason to believe that this is a BARGAIN.
FRANK FORD, Information Bureau RECREATION,
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

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WE HAVE A LITTLE BOOK that tells you how you can save DOLLARS in the purchase of cameras and photographic supplies. We have the best line of bargains in new and exchanged cameras of any house in the U. S. Bromide enlarging a specialty. Get our prices.
NEW YORK CAMERA EXCHANGE,
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FOR SALE—Volumes I. to XIX. inclusive, RECREATION, beautifully bound in red morocco, $1.50 each.
W. W. HILT, 1824 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW TO COLLECT ANIMAL TRACKS—A pamphlet explaining a simple and inexpensive method of preserving the footprints of birds, mammals, etc. Clean, instructive pastime for boys, girls, sportsmen and naturalists. Send 2c. stamp for particulars.
J. ALDEN LORING, Owego, N. Y.

CANOES AND BOATS

FOR SALE—Sixteen-foot Canoe, complete.
WALTER SCHLAEFKE, Davenport, Ia.

MANISTEE FLYABOUT—A 16-foot auto boat. Swiftest hull ever designed for one-horse engine. Complete, $34. Knockdown, $21. Patterns, $4.50.
MANISTEE SKIFF CO., Manistee, Mich.

ONE OF RECREATION'S readers is ready to buy a 16 ft. canoe delivered in Pittsburg. Second-hand price, for one in good serviceable condition.
FRANK FORD, care *Recreation*, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. C.

TAXIDERMISTS

OUR work in Taxidermy has a world-wide reputation. If you like to have your trophies mounted true to nature, ship them to
PROF. GUS STAINSKY,
Colorado Springs, Col.

SKINS FOR MOUNTING. Those desiring whole skins of animals in good condition for mounting, should correspond with me.

Moose, Elk, Caribou, White Sheep, Rocky Mountain Sheep, Beaver, Bear and other North American animals, can be furnished at short notice.

FRANK FORD, Information Bureau RECREATION,
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

A NOVA SCOTIA SPORTSMAN has placed in my hands the following grand collection of Moose Heads for sale:

One 54 in. Perfect Head	$150
One 56 in. Head, a fine one	125
One 48 in. Head, above the average	100
One 35 in. Head, very massive	100
One 32½ in Head, symmetrical	50

The foregoing are all well mounted, and will ornament any wall.
FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION,
23 W. 24th St., New York.

SKIFFS

MANISTEE SKIFFS—light, speedy, tight. Complete, $15.80. Knockdown, $9.75. Patterns, $2.50. Catalogue.
MANISTEE SKIFF Co., Manistee, Mich.

POULTRY

FISHEL'S White Plymouth Rocks are the most beautiful and profitable of all fowls, and are conceded the "Best in the World." Send three two-cent stamps for 48-page catalogue. The finest poultry catalogue ever issued. Poultry, Ponies, Pigeons and Dogs.
U. R. FISHEL, Box 89, Hope, Ind.

THE World's Best in Buff Orpingtons, Game Fighting Fowls and Dancing Ducks.
PROF. A. F. GRAHAM, Cameron, N. C.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? If so, let us send you samples of our work. We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector on the market. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal card for circular.
ABRAM AARONS, 22 E. 8th Street, New York, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—To hear from those who have had dealings with C. S. Freel, or have written American Field about him. H. A. WATERS, Okhumpka, Fla.

HOWARTH'S Prize Medal Trout Flies, the best of American trout flies; Gold Medal, St. Louis; Silver Medal, Paris. Sample, 10 cents. S. Howarth, Florissant, Colorado.

MILO ADJUSTABLE BARBELL and Dumbbell with 25 pounds of weight. Price, $10.00. Macfadden Health Exerciser, B-grade, with Book, $3.75.
GEORGE JOHNSON, R. 3 Montevideo, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also made into showy hall racks; flint-lock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

REAL ESTATE

FERTILE FARM LANDS—A man who has selected 18,000,000 acres for big corporations *without making a single mistake*, asks me to say that he will pick some of the finest lands in the Northwest Territories of Canada for purchasers able to pay spot cash. Moreover, he will be satisfied with a very reasonable commission. He can point to results that seem almost incredibly good. *Are you interested?*
FRANK FORD, Information Bureau.
RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., New York.

RARE OPPORTUNITY—LAST ONE LEFT. Large unimproved Gulf island, on a good harbor with railroad connections. Seventeen square miles. One third virgin pine. Fine grazing, marshes, ponds, creeks, abundant Deer, Ducks, Geese, Snipe, Fish, Oysters, Alligators. Climate better than Jekyl. Title old, simple, perfect. Price, $3.75 per acre, cash. Address:
PRINCIPAL, care Savannah Trust Co.
Savannah, Georgia.

BOATING. FISHING. SHOOTING.

Just as the June issue of RECREATION is about to go to press, I am authorized to offer a country residence, by the famed Housatonic, at an attractive price.

The house cost $6,000; there are barns, stables, and the usual out buildings, orchards and small fruit beds, covering in all about 20 acres.

The Housatonic is navigable up to this point, and for five miles above for boats drawing seven feet, and no more ideal conditions for motorboating, fishing and bathing exist.

The striped bass fishing at the mouth of the river is often wonderfully good.

The owner will accept $12,000 *for the property, or will sub-divide.*

FRANK FORD, Information Bureau.
RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., New York.

FOR SALE—A property of 156 acres, 35 under cultivation, including a young orchard of 75 trees just in bearing, has been placed in my hands by a widow. A price far below its value will be accepted if taken at once.

There is a well-built residence on the property, 30 ft. x 40 ft., 3 stories, with an L 27 ft. x 15 ft. The house consists of 26 rooms. There are ice houses, stables and carriage houses.

But the greatest attraction is undoubtedly a gem of a lake ten acres in extent, well stocked with trout, and let me remark that a trout lake in the Pocono mountains is not offered every day, especially near a railroad.

This property was evidently designed by Nature as the home of a first-rate club.

FRANK FORD, Information Bureau RECREATION,
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

GUNS

A MARLIN SNAP. One of the Canadian readears of RECREATION writes that he will sell a 44-cal. '94 model, Marlin, with shot-gun butt, and Winchester Express Sights, for $15. The rifle is equal to new, and should be worth $20 in Canada, as there is a 30 per cent. duty to face. FRANK FORD, Information Bureau.
RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., New York.

DUCKS

WILD DUCKS of all species for sale at very low prices, also European White Swans, $40 per pair. Indian Crown Pigeons, $50 per pair. All kinds of pet animals for the lawn, pond or house.
WILLIAM BARTELS,
Wild Animal Dealer, 160 Greenwich St., New York.

AROUND OUR CAMP FIRE

Here We Talk More About Ourselves Than We Should, Perhaps

ONE of the most famous of living Americans recently said to Mr. Beard, "The finest thing RECREATION is doing is the careful manner in which it is instilling into the minds of the young people of the country the love of Nature and the open air." Our editor has appreciated this for some time, and the formation of "The Sons of Daniel Boone" is but the centralization of his work in this direction. In this organization of youngsters he has been governed by two ideas. The youths of today are the powers of tomorrow. To them future generations must look for the preservation of game, fish and forest. To carefully educate and guide the young minds aright in this direction is and will be his principal object.

Learned medical men of the day have said that the gradual growth of population from the country to the town is developing unnatural physical conditions, and these conditions have a tendency toward moral degeneracy.

Mr. Beard hopes to make "The Sons of Daniel Boone" an agency by which these conditions may be lessened in their force. By directing the attention of the members of this organization to the lives of the sturdy pioneers of America, the men who made the first trails across our great country, taking them back to the days when a man's or boy's standing in the community depended wholly upon the manner in which he treated his fellows, and when life itself was dependent upon individual human endeavor, he hopes to strengthen the love all boys have for the out-of-doors; to promote a better understanding between the boys of the country and of the city, to strengthen them morally and mentally, as well as physically, and by concert of action, compel the attention of the country to be directed to the active lives of our ancestors.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

How We Grow

The only manner by which we can judge the popularity of the work we are doing in the magazine is through the increased subscription list and the growth in our news-stand sales.

Since we took charge of the magazine, our circulation has made three progressive steps of ten thousand each, that is, ten thousand additional copies of the magazine were printed in April, twenty thousand in May, and thirty thousand in June.

RECREATION already had the largest circulation of any of the sportsman's magazines, and this increase passed us safely beyond the fear of active competition.

Very little circulation advertising has been done during the past three months, and little, if any effort has been made to secure new subscriptions; this apparent lack of effort being caused by our desire to perfect the Magazine itself before beginning an active circulation campaign.

But, in spite of this splendid increase, we are not satisfied that we are doing all that we should toward pleasing our readers. Therefore, we again beg you to express your opinion openly. Let us know what you think of the present issue and what you would like in the issues that are to come. We know that most of our readers are busy men, and that it requires some effort to break away from conventional letter-writing and to devote time toward expressing your opinion of other people's business even when the product of that business is designed to interest and amuse you.

Now, around the camp fire, it would not be proper for us to offer a money prize for the best letter containing suggestions, but we can, with perfect propriety, offer a box of fine Havana cigars each month to the person making the best suggestion, looking toward the betterment of the magazine. We feel that our readers need no inducement other than the knowledge that the suggestions they make really benefit the magazine, and the cause it represents,—but the box of cigars, in the way of goodfellowship, may prove a reminder and thus enable us to hear from more of our readers than we otherwise would.

The cigar-winning letter will be published in the September number, and should reach us on or before July 1st.

Some Advertising Facts

Careful figures, made when we first took charge of RECREATION, based on actual operating expenses and the cost of the magazine indicated to us the fact that the existing advertising rate was very low, almost too low to be profitable. We seriously considered raising the rate, but decided not to do so. We thought that it would be best to increase the circulation materially before asking our advertising patrons more money for the space they used.

Now this particular phase of our policy, while it may seem strange in an age of interest-figuring and interest-bearing investments and properties, is really losing money for us. That is, the increase in our circulation, while bringing in a certain revenue, increases the expense to such an extent that instead of making money on our present advertising, we are losing on it. But, in adopting this policy, we believe that we exercised good business judgment.

That this is true, will be borne out from a glance through our advertising pages, from which you will see that nearly every prominent manufacturer of sporting goods in the United States is now represented in advertising space, and the number is growing month by month. The manufacturers are realizing more than ever before the generous value given by RECREATION. RECREATION has always been a business-bringer, because it really reaches the people who buy things. It has been said truly that "Once a RECREATION advertiser, always a RECREATION advertiser."

Nothing pleases us more than to know that RECREATION advertising pays the advertisers, whether the advertiser spends hundreds of dollars in the body of the magazine or a few cents in the "Want, For Sale and Exchange Department." This last department is a winner. We started it three months ago, and now it is a regular established feature of the magazine, and the pages devoted to it are almost as interesting as the contents of the issue. For a few cents, our sportsmen readers are enabled to reach approximately 200,000 people with any offer they may have to make.

A few more pages added to the advertising section and this department of the business will also be on a paying basis. Our friends and readers who have been induced to buy things through reading the advertisements in our pages can help us materially by talking and writing to the advertisers, and if you know any advertiser who has not learned of the great advantages of RECREATION advertising, enlighten him, for it will mean business for him and a better magazine for you, for the greater revenue from advertising, the better magazine we make for you.

SCATTERED SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS

RECREATION for April has many good stories and poems, and "Dan Beard and the Boys" is a lively, pleasant department. It is an attractive, well-made magazine.—*Tribune,* Salt Lake City, Utah.

RECREATION is now under the editorial control of Dan Beard, so long famous for his illustrations and out-door books. This clean and wholesome magazine is cleaner and more wholesome than ever.—*Dramatic Mirror,* New York City.

The March number of RECREATION announces that this magazine has passed under the editorial management of Dan Beard, the well-known illustrator and writer on out-door topics. The new editor is an enthusiastic advocate of the simpler life. He believes that the best medicine for those who suffer from unnatural confinement, bad air, hurry and nervous strain of city life is to get out of doors, to dwell out of doors, to return, for a season, to the lap of nature. He is not only himself a skilled woodsman, but he has a rare gift of imparting to others his knowledge of the shifts and expedients by which the wilderness life may be made comfortable as well as interesting. RECREATION promises to continue its efforts for the protection of game and fish, and will set a high standard of gentlemanly regard for the rights of others in the field; but it will not indulge in the bitter personalities that do more harm than good to a worthy cause. It will work for the restocking of depleted woods and streams, the extension of national forest reserves, the enactment of better game laws, and the enforcement of such as we have.—*Religious Telescope.*

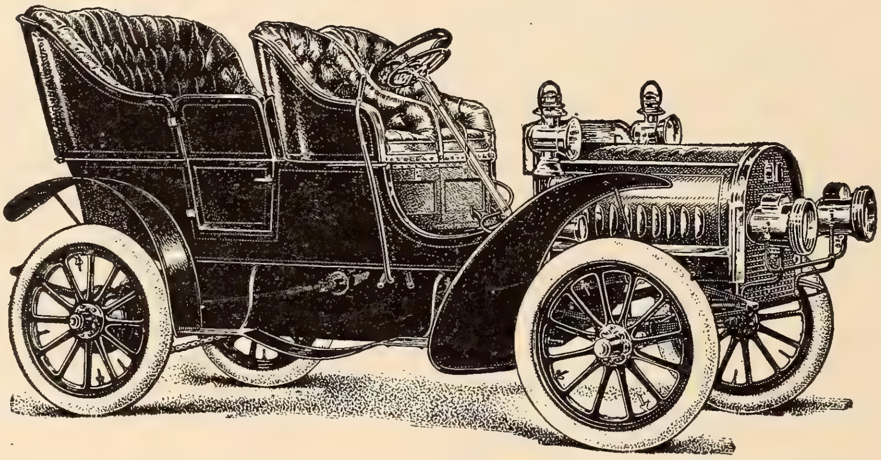
Dan Beard has become the new editor of RECREATION. He promises that it will keep up its uncompromising war for the protection and conservation of all game, and says it will take an active hand, whenever necessary, in the passage of good game laws. Besides this, it will have a nice literary flavor. As for its illustrations, one can safely leave that matter to be passed upon by an artist of the fame and the originality of Mr. Beard.—*Leader,* Cleveland, Ohio.

RECREATION is what its name implies, and gives one a change of fresh air and something of the outdoor sports every month.—*Reporter,* Talledega, Ala.

Rambler

SURREY, TYPE ONE

16 to 18 horse power, $1350
Other models $750, $850, $2000 and
$3000. Full information on request



It is significant that the comparison of its appearance, speed, hill climbing ability and endurance is not with machines of equal price, but with those costing two and three times as much. ❡ Better to appreciate its superiority, ask yourself *how many times you have seen or even heard of Ramblers being towed home; how many times you have seen or heard of them being passed on country roads*; and there are more of them sold than any other make

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Branches, Boston – Chicago – Philadelphia.
New York Agency, 134 West Thirty-eighth Street.
Representatives in other leading cities.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY

Vol. XXII Number 6

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1905

Cover Design . . . . **Walter K. Stone**
A Road Suggests Questions . . . . **Frontispiece** 434
The Road . . . . **Walter K. Stone** 435
Illustrated by the Writer and Charles Livingston Bull
The Wood Violet. (Poem) . . . . **Louis J. Stellmann** 445
On the Rim of the Grand Canyon . . . .
1—Rest on the Trail 446
2—Joy in the Camp 447
Joe's Double Catch . . . . **Don Cameron** 448
Illustrated by G. Ryder
Unfortunate. (Poem) . . . . **Stacey E. Baker** 453
Mr. Peterson, of Paris . . . . **Alvah D. James** 454
Illustrated by Arthur Lewis
Water in Camp . . . . **Calvin Coffey, C. E.** 459
With Diagrams
Casting for Bass by Moonlight . . . . . . **C. L. Dewey** 462
The Tempest. (Poem) . . . . **Carolyn B. Lyman** 464
The Camera and the Automobile . . . . . . **C. H. Claudy** 465
Photographs by the Writer
My Fairy Ship . . . . **T. Tomlinson** 473
Illustrated
The Playground of the East . . . . **Day Allen Willey** 477
Photographs by the Writer
John Davenport Colfax . . . . **Homer Davenport** 482
Drawings by the Writer
Butterfly Farming for Profit . . . . **Charles Quincy Turner** 486
Illustrations by the Writer
Languor-Thralled. (Poem) . . . . **Clarence H. Urner** 491
Motoring 492
Guns and Ammunition 498
Editorial 502
The Referendum 506
American Tennis 509
Fishing 512
The Hunting Dog 516
Photography 518
Dan Beard and the Boys 521
Collegiate Athletics 524

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WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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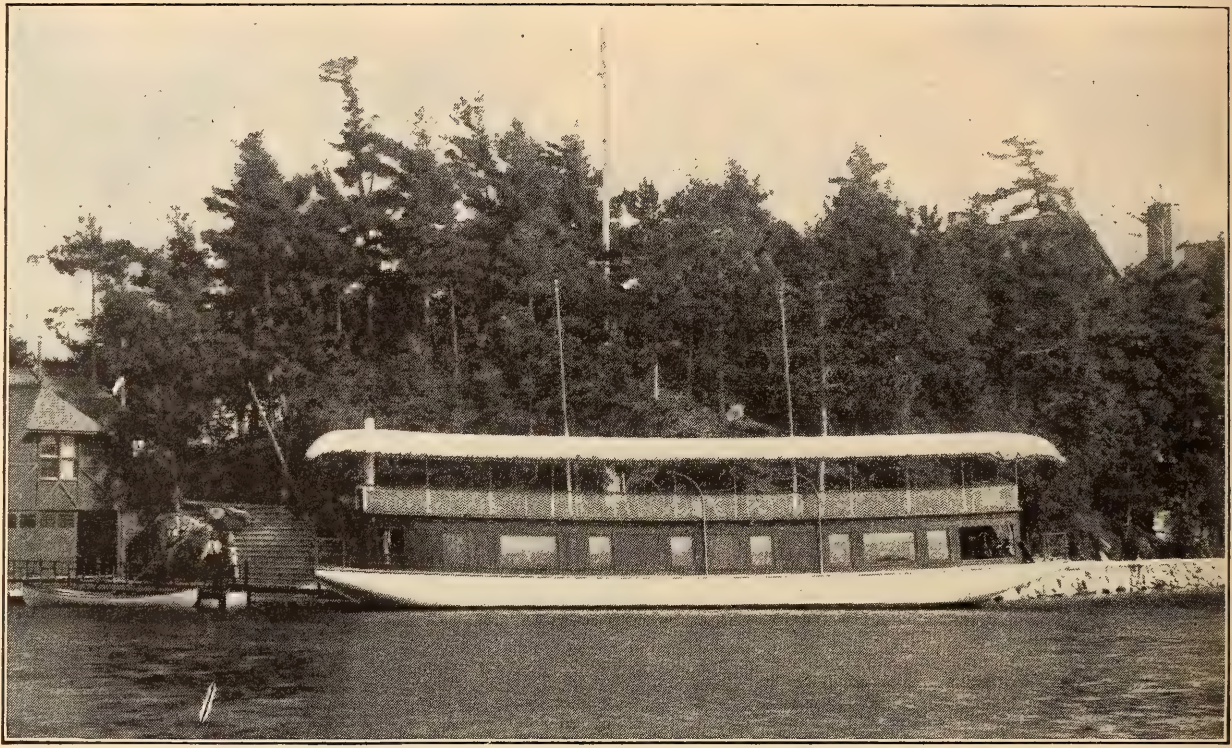

HAVE you seen the house-boats at the Thousand Islands? If you haven't, go up there and rent one for two weeks, and at the end of that time you will acknowledge that you never had as much real fun in your life in the same length of time.

The Thousand Island Steamboat Company or the hotel people can tell you where you can rent a house-boat, and the New York Central's Information Bureaus will tell you how to get there.

A copy of "The Thousand Islands," which is No. 10 of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" of booklets, will be mailed free on receipt of a two cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

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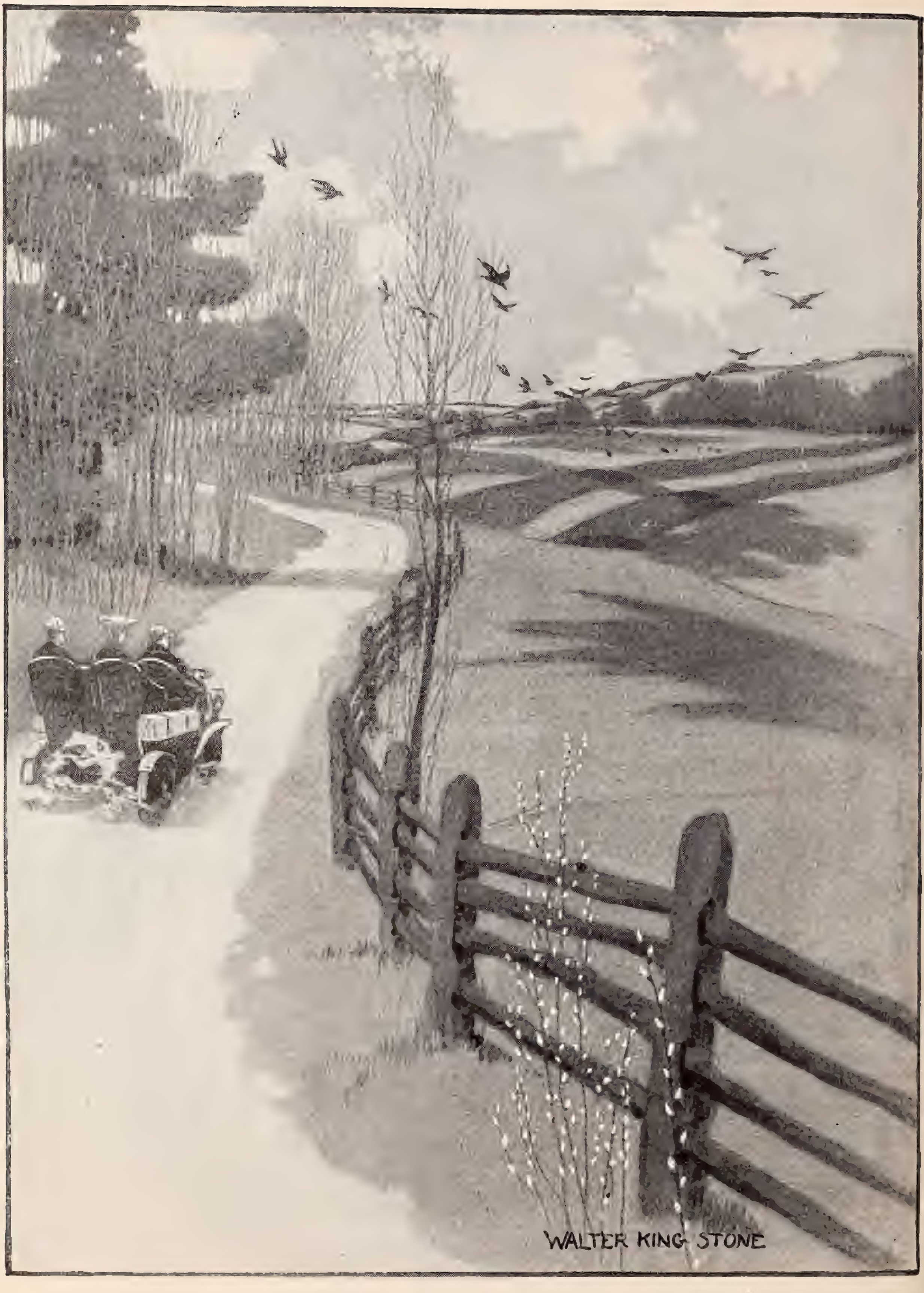
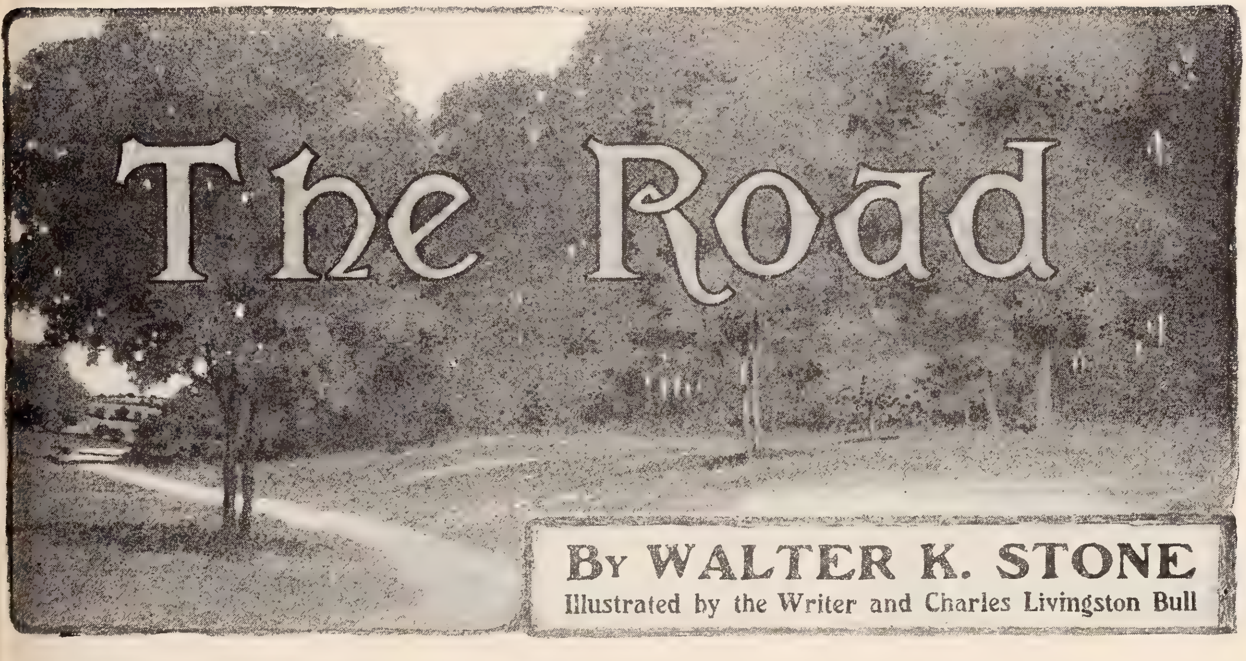

WALTER KING STONE

A road suggests questions—The Road

RECREATION

VOL. XXII. JUNE, 1905 No. 6



The Road

By WALTER K. STONE

Illustrated by the Writer and Charles Livingston Bull

The road is like the story—a vehicle for instruction. The story leads the mind on, and holds the interest by a thread of narrative, and at the same time, if it be worth the reading, it presents some truths in a way that fastens them on the mind.

The road leads the vagrant automobilist on, if it is a right sort of road, by the same way of interesting. It is seductive. It is not all visible. There are corners and bends which occasionally shut off the view, yet, like the skilfully planned break in a serial story with its "To be continued," you are lured on with added interest. The imagination carries you around the bends in advance of the eyesight.

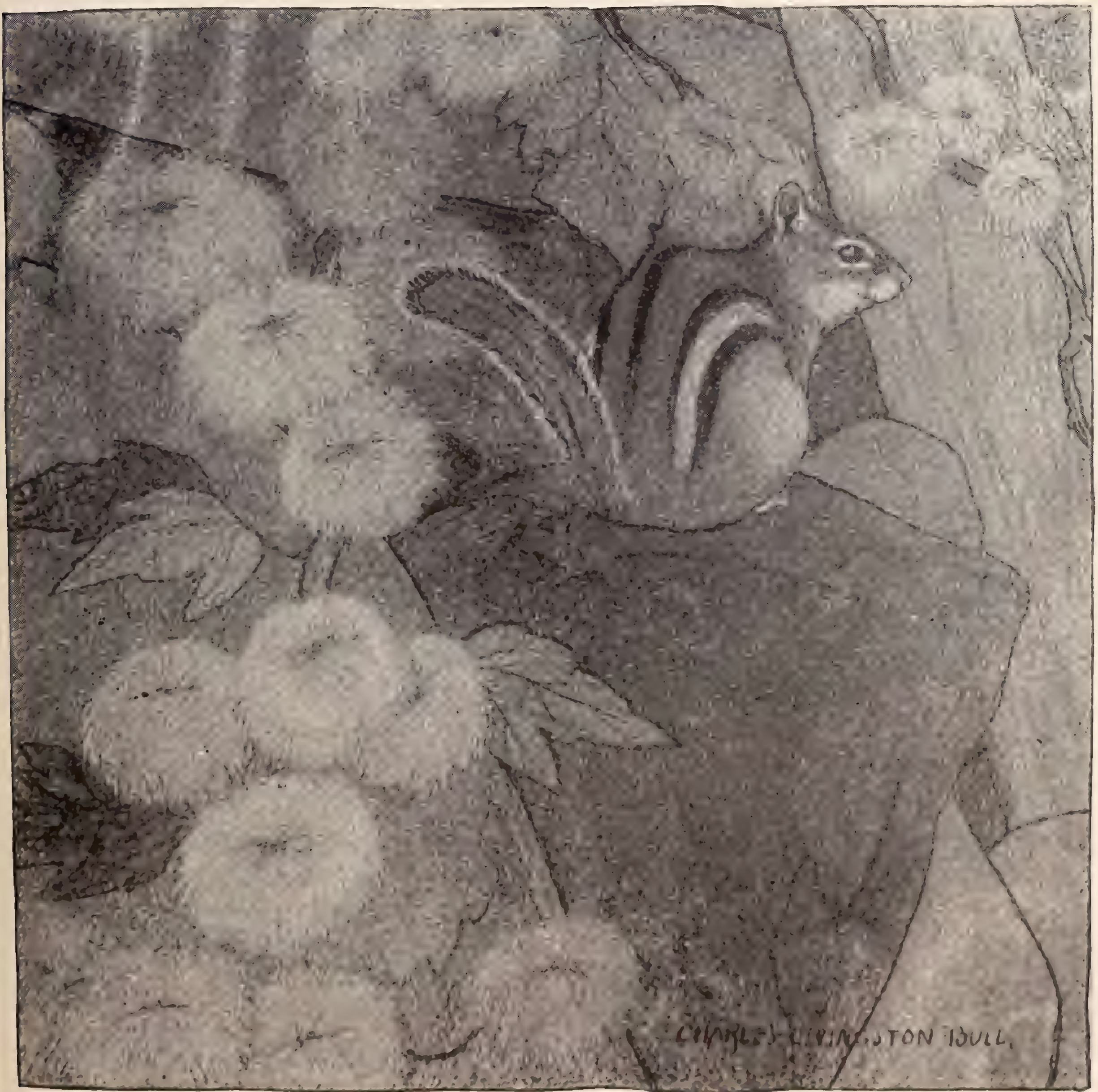
A road suggests questions and also gives answers quite surprisingly beyond your guesses. It is the curiosity of the explorer which calls him who is on pleasure bent, to the roads, and perhaps a strain of nomad blood in the veins. It may be we should have a fellow-feeling for the modern tramp, except in that we love byways rather than highways. What is beyond? is a very primal question, tracing back through atavism to Eden. I like to believe that it was inquisitiveness, rather than acquisitiveness, the wanting to know, rather than the wanting to gain, which tempted the early navigators into strange seas. Inquisitiveness has moved the world. The men who find things and do things must ask questions and allow the imagination to go beyond the seeming end of the quest.

A road is like a work of art—it incites the imagination. In this I contend that it is an educator of no mean

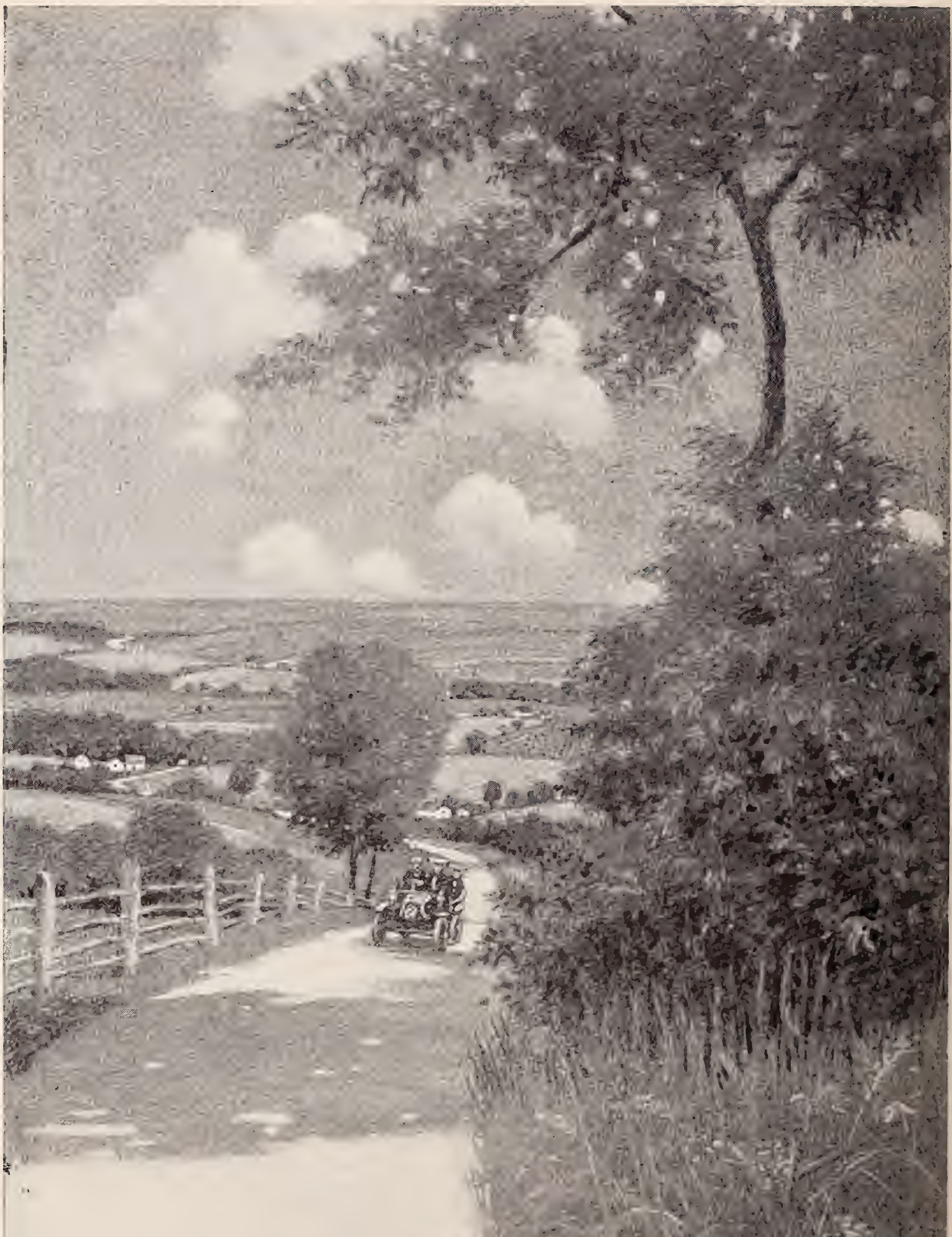
The wood road with its paths and trails

worth. It promises a healthy interest in the brain, and scraps of wisdom may be found scattered along the way for those who will, to pick up. There are as many sorts of roads as there are many kinds of books, each sort filling it place. The grand turnpike, with its fine estates, speaking of wealth; the country byways hinting modest contentment and ease; the toll road with its gate and its way-side inn for travelers; the river road, following the stream, now giving glimpses of the broad sweep and now but sparkles of light through the foliage as the trees obstruct the view. There is the hilly road where one loses the view of the highway ahead as it dips down into the valley, only to rise with a narrowed gauge on a further hill and the wood road with its confluent paths and trails. One of the strongest lures is the road built at a time when it was easier to go around or over a hill than through it; better to find a safe ford than to plunge anywhere into the stream or build a bridge. The highway which goes straight from one point to another is a scientist and not a poet. It may be a fine servant, but as a friend and companion give me the meandering road with its constant surprises, its up-hill and down-dale, its sunshine and shadow. One which may be seen a mile ahead may be a fine speedway, but it is not capable of arousing the imagination.

When I walk over strange ways I often pause at forks and choose the least frequented one—it will be likely to lead me into by-ways. Nature crowds close to these old unfrequented roads trying to lure them or force them back to their native wildness. The hardy flowers that can stand the wind and sun love the roadside. The golden milk weed makes these old highways splendid in July, the lupines border the



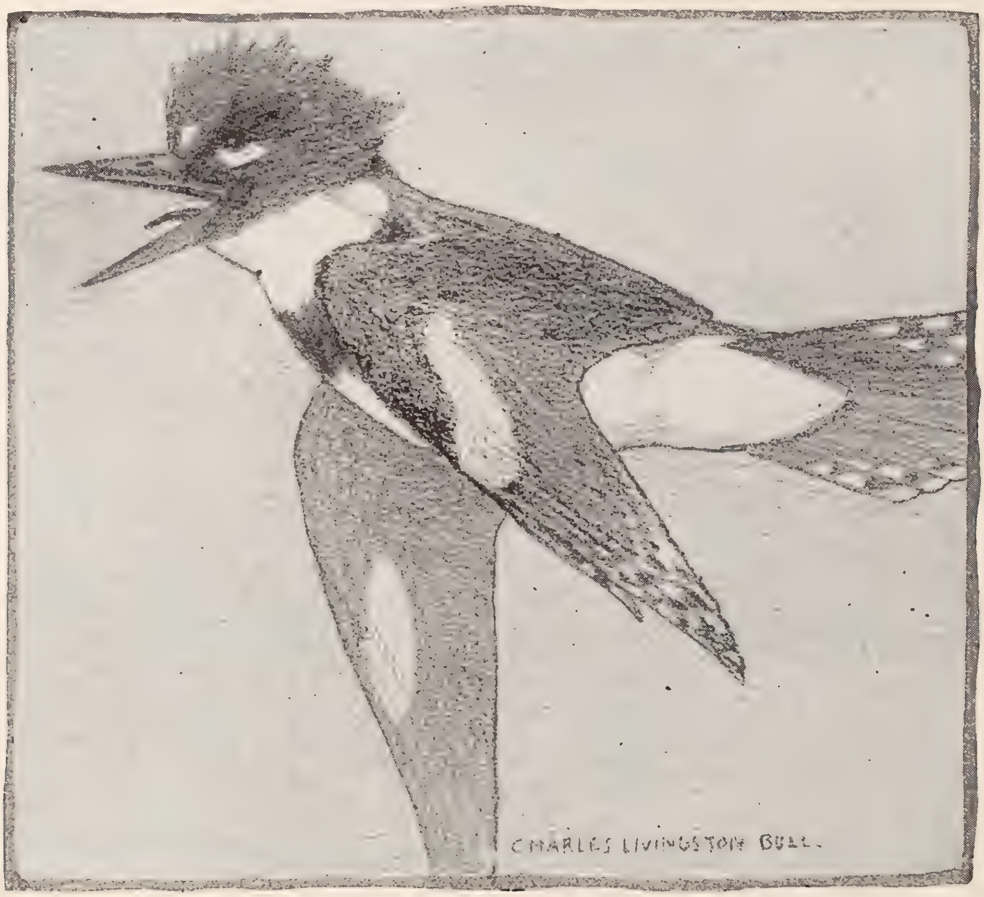
How a chipmunk loves an old, tumble-down stone wall


WALTER·KING·STONE

At the brow of every hill a new view is to be had

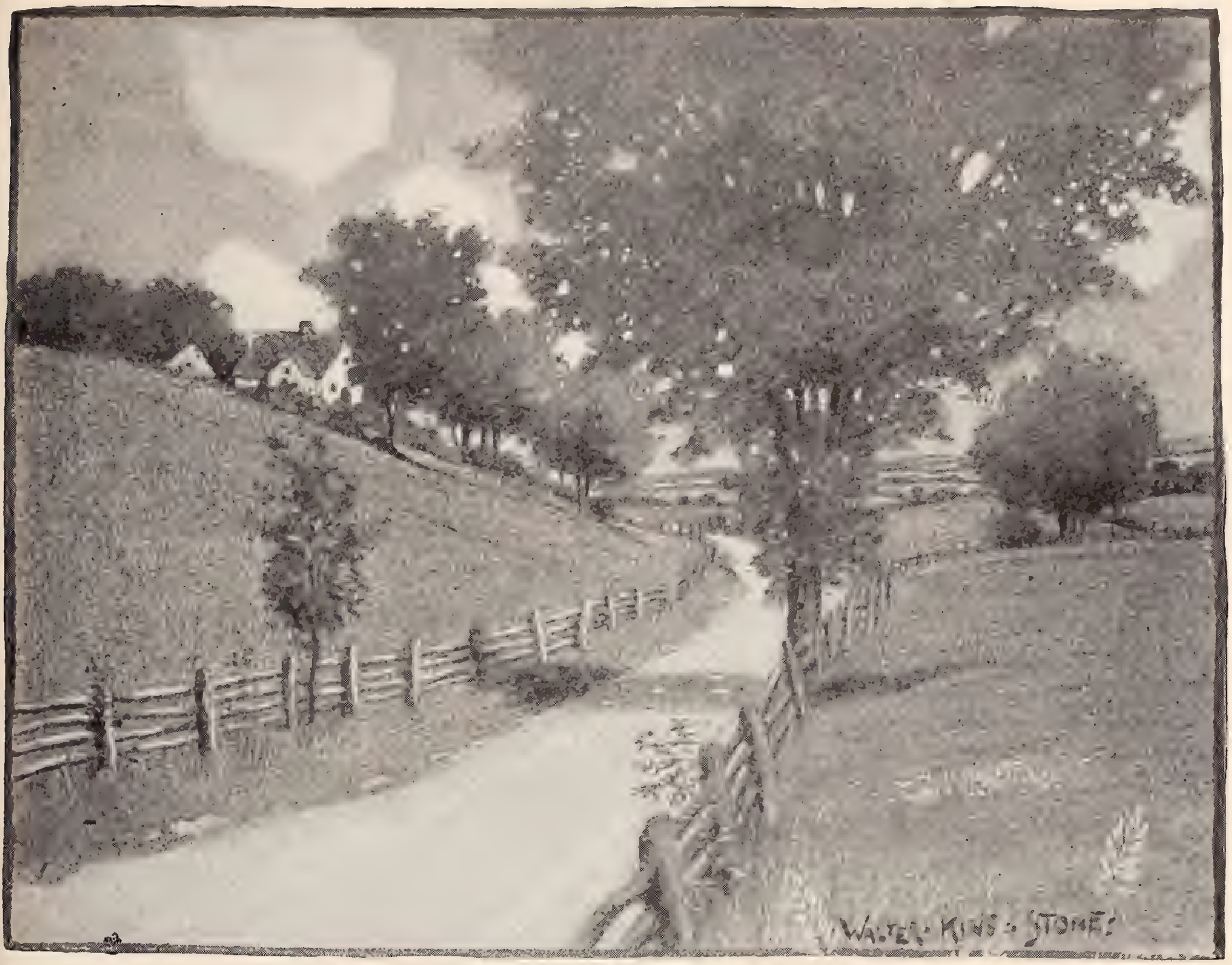
Nature crowds close to these old, unfrequented roads way with purple and cover the hillsides to the vexation of the farmer, but the delight of the traveler. The sumach and brier cluster about the old stone walls and with the bittersweet and woodbine make them glorious in the fall. The sweet brier, escaped from the garden, mingles with the wild roses in the roadside tangle. In fact it is a poor road which will not yield a fine bouquet on its borders from the first violet until the golden-rod and aster make it a glory of purple and gold. How lovingly the trees stretch out their long arms trying to cover the scarred nakedness made by man. The wood sends out from its entrenchment further and further its skirmish line, until its branches brush the passerby. The squirrels scamper across the road before the traveler. They chatter at him from an oak as he passes. He is scolded as an intruder with no rights there. A rabbit starts with mild wonder before she leaps away into the underbrush. In the dust of the road one sees the footprints of a previous traveler—the skunk. Here he came into the road to study the strange broad tracks made by a touring automobile; he followed the path, made by the rubber tire in the dust, for a hundred yards and here he has gone again into the woods.

The fences and walls are the haunts of many wild creatures. How a chipmunk loves an old tumble-down stone wall! He scampers along its top ahead of the traveler, until, too closely followed, he dives down beneath the stones. The red squirrels make a highway of old fences, running along the rails for long distances, and weasels often dwell in stone walls, where, with chattering teeth, the white-footed mice watch them. Thus there be many besides men who dwell on the highway.

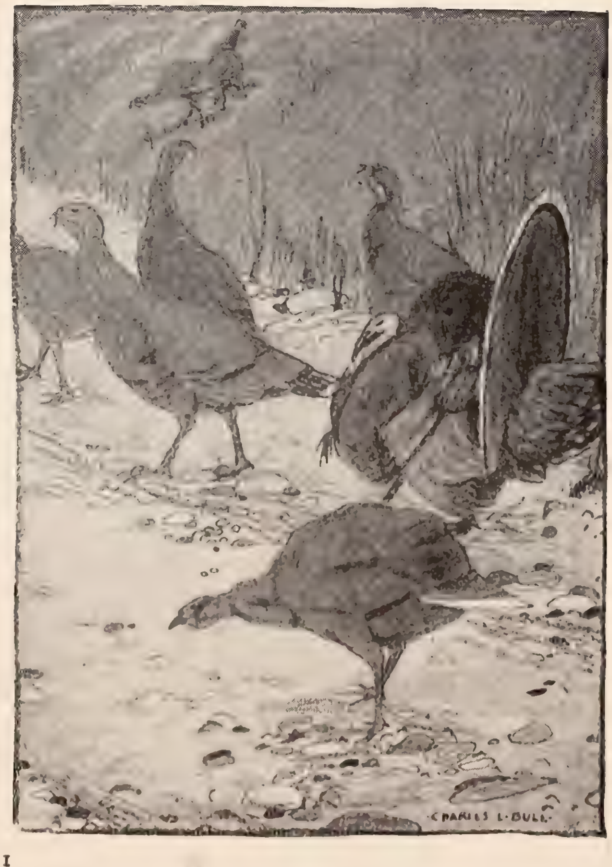

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

The kingfisher rattled across the hot meadow

And some birds also seem to like the society of man. The song sparrow



The country byways hinting modest contentment and ease . . . turkeys on a hike for hoppers



often rests on the bank by the roadside under a tangle of dewberry vines. In the shrubbery, which grows up in fence corners, one may find the home of the indigo bird. Orioles swing their breezy nests from the overhanging elms, and the robins build in the crotch of the branches. How many, will not be known until autumn frosts lay bare their air castles. In the shelter of the brambles by the roadside many of our migratory birds find place to tarry awhile for rest on their journeys. In the spring and fall these roadside tangles become alive and atune with white throats, chewinks, and all their cousins. There of a bright spring morning the blue bird haunts the fences,

> "Lifting his light load of song,
> From post to post along the cheerless fence."

Yes, and the barn-yard by the country roadside contributes its attractions to the show. The domestic fowls straggle out; the hens for a dust bath, the geese and ducks in a procession to the nearest mud puddle, and the turkeys "on a hike for hoppers." A litter of cunning little pigs sally forth from the barn-yard only to scuttle back at the approach of the traveler, and a friendly yearling colt looks over the fence with a sigh for the highway of which one day he will tire. The honest farm dog adds his mite to the adventure of the road. Just enough hazard to break the monotony and give a zest to things. The chauffeur often has to persuade a ruminating cow to arise and draw the rope with which she is tied out of the road that she may not cause a spill.

The wood road is the one to strike for coolness and quiet. The pink and yellow moccasin flowers nod from behind a decayed log in place of the lupine of the open highway, or the ghostly Indian pipe pushes the dead leaves aside with its pale pink and white blossoms. In place of the vesper sparrow of the open road the oven bird runs along the road before the traveler and finally flits into the shade. The silvery note of the Wilson's thrush comes tinkling through the woods in rhythmic cadence. Even the bell of the cow as she browses through the wood, the distant cock crow and the shout of a plowman are not discordant sounds, since they emphasize the separation from the outside world.

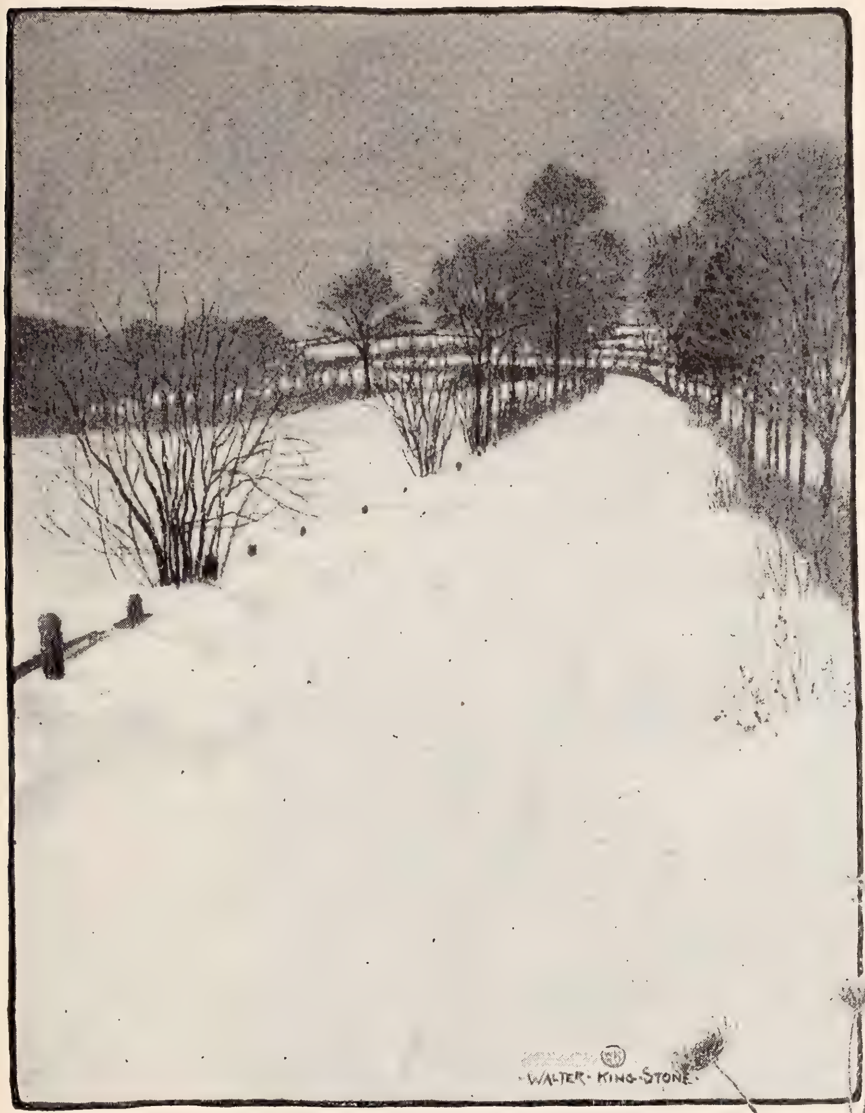
When you come out upon the open highway again, it seems like coming again into man's domain. All is business; the chauffeur here instinctively puts on more power. A mowing machine rattles in a nearby field, the cock's crow is heard instead of the note of the wood thrush, a horn calls to a prosaic dinner. These sounds, though hardly noticeable before entering the wood, strike on the ear, on coming out, for their sharp contrast with the previous stillness.

Beyond the nearby details of the road side—the flower and bird and wild thing, the sunshine and shade, the delight of the wood, is still the outlook. Never is this the same. Pass over a road twice in the same day and you may discover some new phase of the prospect. At the brow of every hill there is a new view to be had. At the crest you turn, and perhaps the shadow of a cloud is passing over the landscape. The distance is blue in shadow, or it is radiant with light; a distant stream now flashes, now fades; a white farm house subdued by shadow now comes out brightly in the sun, and so the sunshine and the shadow chase each other across the landscape.

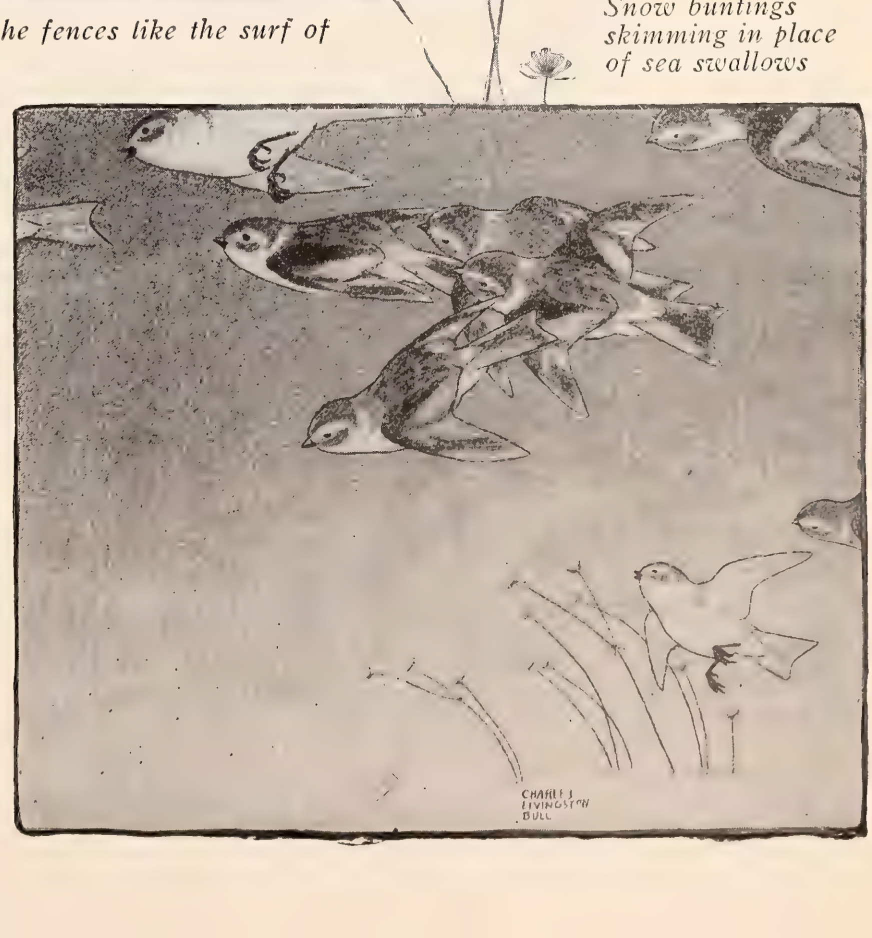
All is change; the hours and the seasons bring it about. The flickering patches of light across the road at midday are different from the long shadows of late afternoon. The scarlet and gold of the autumn is not like the map of the winter landscape laid out in blue, brown and white. Twilight, with its mystery, makes a new road. The creek, where the phoebe bird flew from its nest under the old stone bridge, and the kingfisher rattled across the hot meadow, is not the soft black stream with reflections of the willows in it and the myriad firefly lamps in the rushes.

After a summer shower, when the traveler has come out from the shelter of a horse shed or a hospitable porch, how deliciously cool the air, how clean and sweet the newly washed face of nature. The pools of water in the wagon tracks reflect the blue sky. In them the swallows dip their wings as they fly low across the road; all the birds have renewed their lately hushed songs.

Nature is never dull, and the highway—prosaic man's approach to nature—is always interesting. Even in winter the road repays; when the ground is frozen or covered with packed snow new vistas are opened. A summer acquaintance is quite new and refreshing in the winter. Viewed anatomically, as it were, a tree has more individuality in winter when crusted with snow than when clothed in leaves. The crusted snow smoothly polished by wind and sun reflects the light, dazzling the eyes. The wide field is a billowy sea over which a flock of snow buntings are skimming in place of sea swallows. The lighter snow scurries



Breaks and combs over the fences like the surf of the ocean

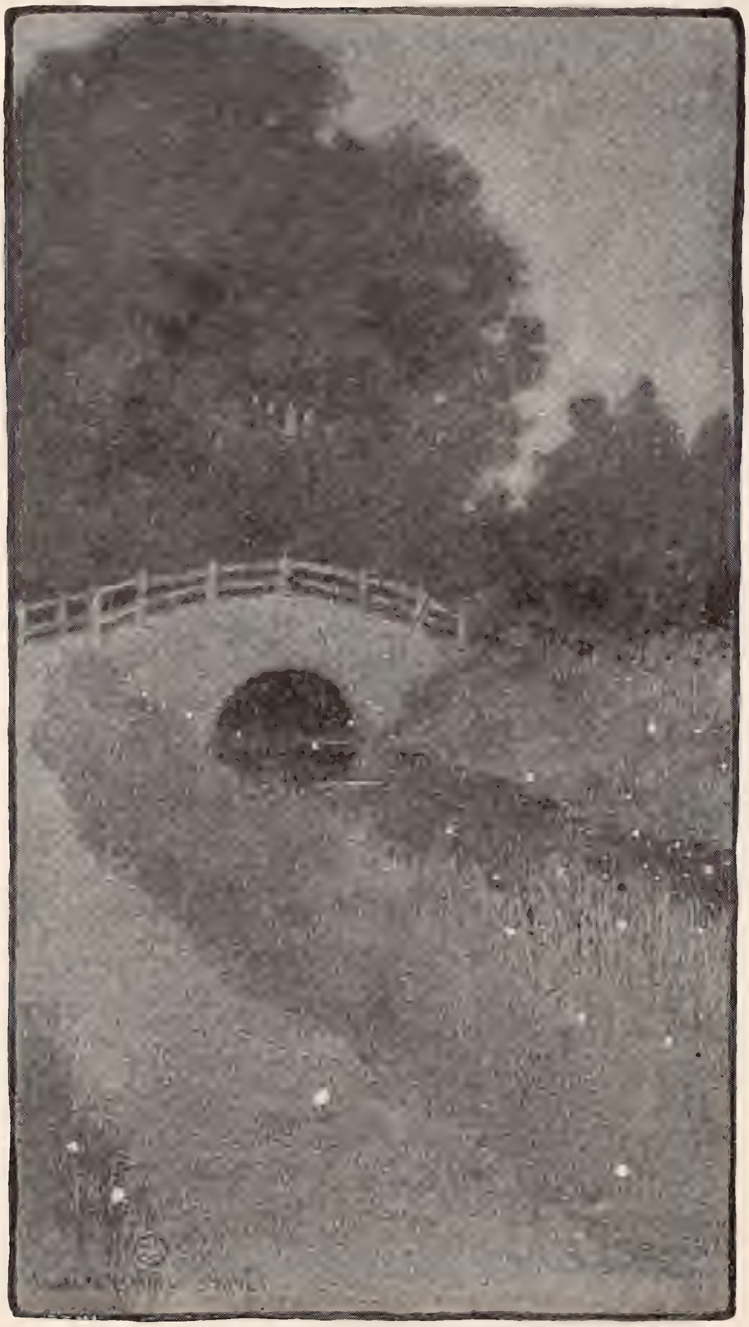


Snow buntings skimming in place of sea swallows

and twists over the surface and breaks and combs over the fences like the surf of the ocean.

Distant sounds are heard with unusual distinctness. The rat-tat-tat of a downy woodpecker in a wood nearby rings out clear and true. He, with the chickadee and nut hatch, makes up the trio of winter friends which you will be almost sure to meet on a winter ramble. You may find the whole crowd berating a little screech owl who has ventured to his doorway from the hollow of an old apple tree. They make a loud noise, and perhaps they have just cause to scold. These little screech owls can sometimes be seen sitting at their front door in hollow apple trees along the roadside, although their protective coloration makes them inconspicuous.

The season has, after all, but little to do with the pleasure of the road. Each season has its distinct character, and besides, no two days of any season are exactly alike. Select a typical spring day with the tender green of the willows, the peeping frogs in the swamps and white throats and blue birds along the fences as foreground attractions. There are many shadings between such a day and the full richness of the summer day, when the vesper sparrow runs in the dust of the road ahead of the traveler. Although it still be warm, on some late August day the peculiar autumnal note of the bob-o-link, heard overhead, tells us that the season's tide has turned and autumn is at hand. The autumn of red and gold when the goldfinches haunt the thistle tops, runs on with subtle changes into winter with its cold, open landscape with blue distances, the crows cawing in the bare wood, and streaming in a long line across the fields.



Myriad firefly lamps in the rushes

Each season and each day may differ, one from another, yet each has its special attractiveness. Therefore, though we have traveled a path once, we may do so yet again with profit.

THE WOOD VIOLET.

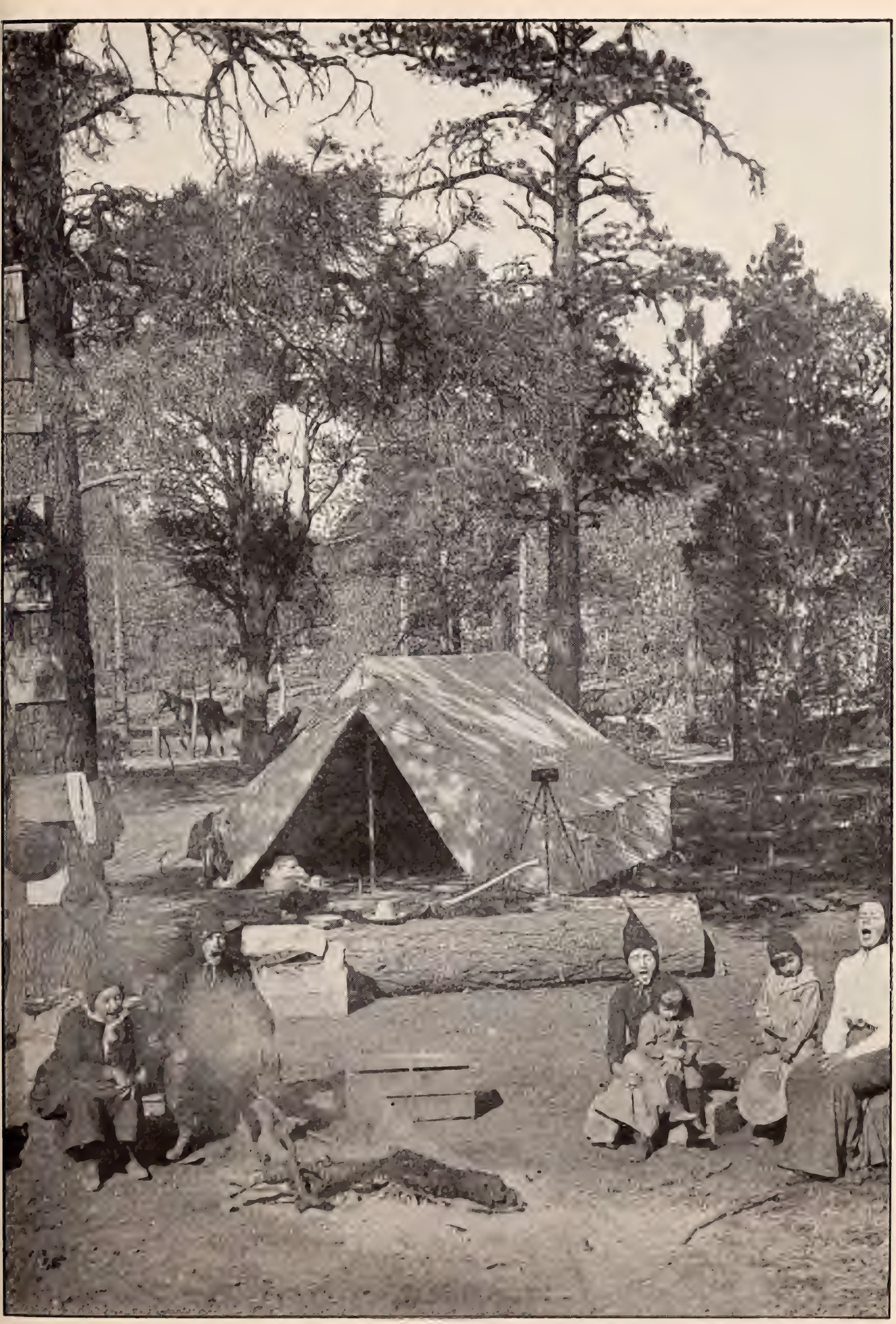
By LOUIS J. STELLMANN.

Quaint speck of brightness from a woodland slope!
Half shy; half saucy, on your fragile stem;
You speak to me of Life's most radiant Hope,
Because the hand that plucked you from the earth
Is hers who gave my heart and soul rebirth,
As beautiful as Christ's at Bethlehem;
As strong as Cæsar's, with the world to cope.

Dear, tiny, floral token of a day,
Made holier than all, because She stood
Beside me—I will put my cares away
And feel Her presence, mirrored in your face;—
Piquant with subtle witchery and grace,
As was Her own, when, in the fragrant wood,
I watched the magic of Her feature-play.

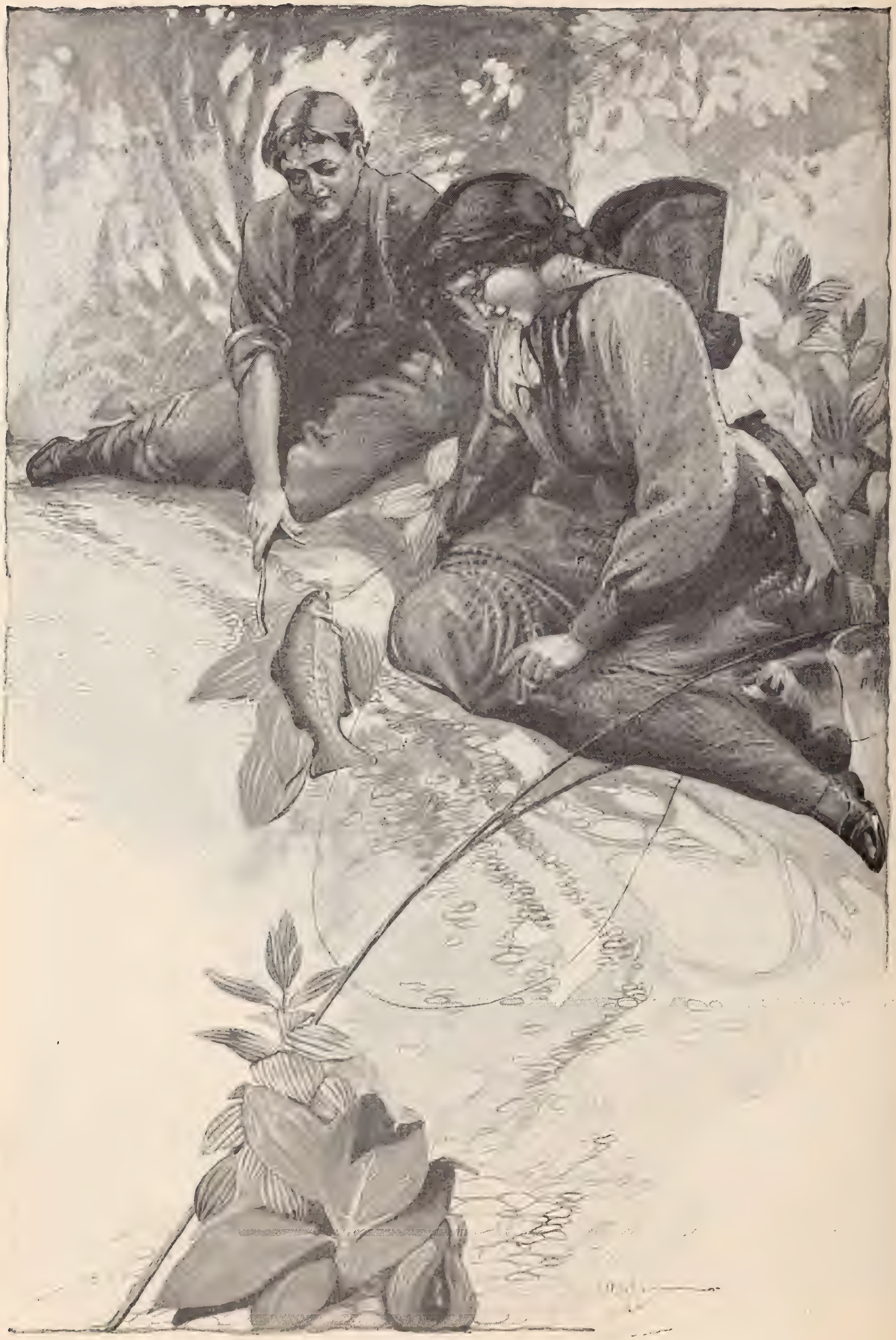
ON THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON.
I—REST ON THE TRAIL.

From stereographs copyrighted 1905



By Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ON THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON.
2—JOY IN THE CAMP.



Knelt beside the fish and pointed out his beauties.

JOE'S DOUBLE CATCH

By DON CAMERON

Illustrations by G. Ryder

NOT a trout raised to the flies which, I flatter myself, I sent with no little skill, fluttering and skipping over the rifts where the clear sparkling waters played, or over the more quiet surfaces of the log-rimmed pools. Even the little nooks, half hid by water-washed bushes, remained unbroken after the coachman and brown hackle had dropped with a lifelike quiver lightly on the quiet water, and, with dainty little ripples, struggled shoreward. So interested was I in making the leader obey my slightest wish, and dodge in and out among the roots, logs and bushes, and in keeping the dainty bunch of bright feathers in lifelike motion, that I had not noticed the hot June sun high in the heavens; the bright light penetrating every nook and crevice of the stream bed, but when the brilliancy of the light caught my attention, I stopped fishing immediately, for years of careful study of trout habits had taught me that the King of Fishes likes not the bright light of mid-day, which exposes him to every enemy.

Deep in the shade of a huge elm I sat down and opened my basket to examine and, I must confess, to admire the morning's catch. Twelve beauties lay side by side on the clean grass, while I prepared a damp bed in the basket to keep them cool and sweet until my fishing day was ended.

There was nothing to do but wait until the sun dropped low in the West, and the long shadows stole over the water. Then, with his morning's meal digested, Mr. Trout would think it safe to venture from his hiding place.

An hour I rested and smoked, watching the while a white farmhouse just visible through a small grove of trees scarcely half a mile away. I watched it with a feeling akin to that of a person who knows he is about to receive a great pleasure, and is in no hurry to begin, lest it be too soon over. For many times had I fished the stream, and always I stopped at this point to rest and smoke and watch the farmhouse. And always I picked up my basket and rod and walked across the pasture to the low, rambling structure, built many years ago, where lived old Joe Multer, an honest, humorous, old farmer, a veteran of the great war and, above all, an expert trout fisherman.

The hours of my mid-day wait were always short when spent in his company. His home was the abiding place of rustic comfort and content; his cellar was full of good things to eat, and aplenty of amber cider which he alone knew how to preserve and keep the flavor and tang during the summer months. In spite of my city clothes and mannerisms, he and his good wife took a great interest and delight in my comfort. Joe was ever a quiet man, who never told much of his past life, but something about me, perhaps it is a certain faculty developed with long newspaper work, won his confidence and in his quaint way, he told me many incidents of his long march with Sherman to the sea; of his boyhood, and of his fishing trips.

Joe helloed at me from the barn as I came up the lane, and joined me in the springhouse, where I stopped for a long drink of the coldest and finest spring water in the world. His greeting was short and friendly as ever. He peeped into my creel with the curiosity of a child.

"Gee, got 'em, didn't ye! You can feed Jack while I go up to the house a minute." And with this, he shuffled in his peculiar gait up the path.

Now, "Jack" is a beautiful brook trout living in Joe's spring, and my feeding him was a joke, for no human hand or voice, except Joe's, could coax this fish from the crevices in the rough stone wall of the big spring, where he had lived for years. I tried the daintiest and fattest grasshoppers and crickets, but all to no purpose.

Joe returned in a few moments with a pitcher of cider and a plate of "fried-cakes." He sat them down on the milk-bench and smiled as he watched my fruitless attempts to feed "Jack."

"What's the matter? Ain't he hungry?" he asked.

"Don't seem so," I answered as I handed him a couple of grasshoppers and a bug.

Joe snapped his fingers over the water and clucked in a peculiar way. Immediately a long, dark shadow darted out of a crevice in the stonework near the bottom. Without any apparent motion it raised slowly to the surface, where a cricket struggled as if aware of the threatening danger. Suddenly the shadow vanished. The water broke with a splash, and the cricket was gone. The water stilled and there lay "Jack" a few inches below the surface, lazily coaxing for more.

Many times have I watched Joe feed his pet, but always with renewed wonder and admiration at the beauty of the fish, a perfect specimen of brook trout, measuring at least fifteen inches. His mottled back was almost black from continual hiding. His sides were silvery white, and each large red spot was encircled with a purple ring. His shoulders denoted great strength; his lithe body great speed, and his well-shaped head more than ordinary trout intelligence.

"Ain' he a dandy?" asked Joe, as the trout whisked insect after insect from the surface of the water, and the spring was a mass of bubbles and spray.

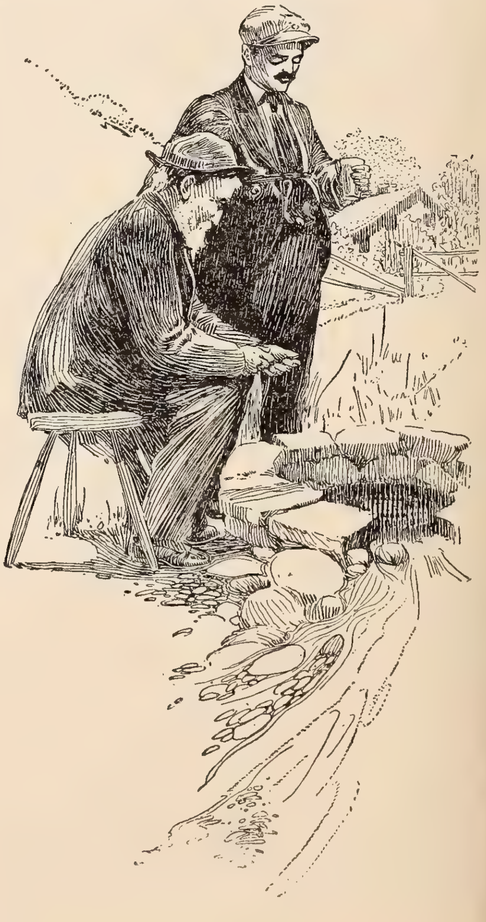
"I think he is the finest trout I ever saw," I answered, slowly sipping the cider and all but lost in studying the actions of the pet.

"I see a better one once. Purtier, bigger, and livlier. I reckon he was a better trout than ye see nowadays."

My newspaper instinct was aroused. I saw the shadow of a story, but knew better than interrupt his reveries. I passed my cigar-case, and sat on a corner of the milk-bench watching "Jack." Joe stood rolling the cigar in his mouth and staring straight into the pool. But I knew it was another trout he saw, the "bigger one"; and his eyes were seeing things of years ago.

"He was a good deal bigger than 'Jack.' Just four pounds he weighed on the old steelyards, and he measured twenty inches by a carpenter's square. Say, but he certainly was a beauty.

"Fifty years ago it was come Saturday. In those days the old creek took a big bend about a quarter of a mile below here and right on the turn was a big elm tree, its thousands of rope-like roots awash and forming a perfect hiding place for trout. The water



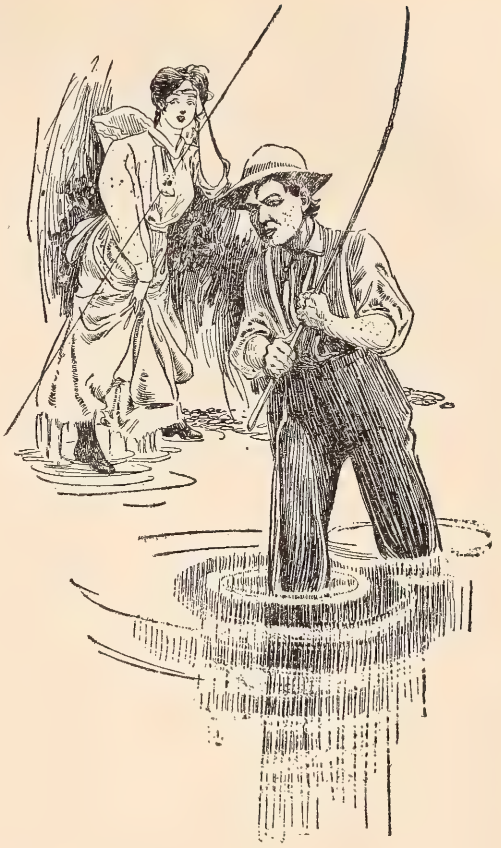
boiled over rocks above, and lay deep and quiet in the pool—a rippin' place for big trout.

"One day that spring, I was fishin' down the stream, usin' my old iron-wood pole and my only hook baited with 'night-walkers.' I sneaked up to that pool careful, 'cause I knew from the fact there was seemingly no trout in that hole that there was a whalin' big an' old grouty fish hid under that elm. As I say, I crawled up and dropped the bait into the rift very keerful. I saw the big 'walker' go twistin' down through the clear water into the pool. Suddenly it vanished, and my line cut the water toward the elm. I gave a slight yank; and say, Sonny, if ye live a hundred years ye won't feel a bigger trout yank than I did the next minute. Nearly snatched the pole from my hands. I jumped into the water to my waist, calculatin' to give him the tussel of my life, but the line was too old and weak, and it broke close to the hook when I butted him. I caught just one glimpse of the fish before she broke, and my eyes fairly fell out. I was all of a tremble when I waded to shore, and had to set down and pull myself together. I had seen some pretty big trout before, but never no fish like that.

"For a week I fairly haunted that place. Early in the mornin' and late at night I dangled every imaginable trout delicacy into that pool without even a nibble, until gradually I got kinder disgusted, and quit goin'.

"I got up real early one day, just before the regular June rise, calculatin' to drive to Oneonta. The mornin' was perfect for fishin', and that big trout had been on my mind all night. The air was soft and rainy, and the sky gray with clouds. The south wind blew ever so gentle. I couldn't resist the temptation; so I took a fork and went out behind the barn and dug some bait. Somehow, I felt in my bones that before the day ended I would see the big trout floppin' his last in the grass.

"By the time I had the bait dug and the chores done it was getting late for early fishin', so I didn't fish down the creek, but walked straight across the pasture and through the woods to the pool.



"I was almost to the place, walkin' keerful and keepin' well away from the water, when I heard a splash and then a little womanish scream. I stopped pretty sudden. It was almost too early for anyone to be in swimmin', but my bashful heart jumped into my throat at the thought. Another splash and the voice said 'Oh.' My courage came partially back, and I pushed my way quietly through the alders so I could see the pool.

"An' there stood a strange girl up to her ankles in the water, firmly graspin' a circlin' iron-wood pole and some monster was tuggin' an' strainin' at the end of the taut line, tryin' its best to get under the roots of the elm tree. I had no doubt but the girl had my big trout firmly hooked, and the odds were two to one he would get away. The fish made a sudden rush for his favorite refuge and only missed the first roots by a few inches. Another scream, and that was too much for me. My bashfulness was forgotten, and I rushed to her help.

"'Help me get him out, please. My! but he's a big one,' she said.

"The long looked for battle with my big trout was at hand, and I scarcely glanced at the girl as I took the swayin' rod from her hand. The rod was a slender iron-wood, straight and elastic, with long seasonin'. There were no reels in those days, and that fish was pullin' like a yearlin' calf. I had to meet his rushes by wadin' into the stream.

"'Be careful,' warned the girl from the shore, 'the line is an old one.'

"'All right,' I answered, with a firmness in my voice which was unusual when I addressed girls in those days, as I coaxed the fish to make a mad rush up stream against the strong current.

"Up and down the long pool I rushed, followin' that half-crazed fish, for I didn't dare put any severe strain on the frayed cotton line. Twice the trout leaped full-length from the water—a flash of silver in a shower of spray. Never have I felt the thrill of those few moments since. The fish was never so mad as to forget that his only safety lay in breakin' the tackle an' gettin' under the bank. The slender iron-wood creaked warningly when I butted him to stop the rushes. My hope was to get him into shaller water where his strength would be hampered—and he seemed to know my purpose.

"Once he sulked, and I drew him slowly almost within reach of my hand, but the sight of me made him madder than ever, and I was wet to the waist in keepin' him away from the roots.

"I caught a glimpse of the girl standin' close to the shore, one hand up to her face, and the other twisted in her gingham apron. Her eyes followed every motion of the rod and line, and fairly danced with the pleasure that only a true trout-fisher knows.

"Twice the big fish swam with the speed of an arrow completely around me as I stood in the center of the pool. I kept his head pointed away from the bank, and his efforts were useless. Gradually his strength failed, until the rod was almost straight. Then I led him towards the shallers. Every few feet he burrowed his big head in the gravel, tryin' to rub out the bitin' hook.

"I hauled him close to the shore, and the girl slipped her small fingers in his gills and the next instant the famous trout of Elm pool lay gaspin' on the grass, far from the shelter which had been his home so long.

"I even forgot to be embarrassed as we knelt beside the fish and pointed out his beauties. Every hue of a rainbow showed bright in his colorin's. The belly and fins were scarlet. The back was a deep, dark-brown, with wide, black mottlings. The sides were silver-white, with big, blood-red spots in faint purple settin's. The warped and crooked jaws were armed with long, sharp teeth, and the inside of the huge mouth was almost black. The blue gills and heavin' sides told all too plainly how bravely he had fought.

"'Ain't he a beauty, Miss?' I asked, and looked up into a big pair of soft-brown eyes. My old bashfulness returned, and I felt the blood surging to my face.

"'Beautiful. It seems almost a shame to catch him, doesn't it?' she answered enthusiastically, and her frank question put me at my ease again.

"'Funny that, now, almost fifty years after, I should remember every detail of that hour. I can see the girl now as she sat beside me on the grass, the big trout between us. The mornin' sun was just flashin' on the water. Some of her dark hair had escaped its fastenin', when she first hooked the trout, and now fluttered around her face, a face still flushed with the excitement of the catch. Scarlet lips parted over strong, white teeth. From the top of her head to the bottom of her feet she was the purtiest girl I have ever seen, and a perfect stranger to me.

" 'Now that my big trout is caught, it is no more than right that I should know who caught him. My name is Joe Multer, and I live on the first farm above here,' I said, by the way of introduction.

" 'And surely Joe Multer is the one that caught him. My name is Dora Davenport. My mother, brother and myself live on the farm below here,' she laughingly mimicked me, 'and the trout surely belongs to you, for I should have lost him but for your help. And besides, I have enough without him.' She showed me about a dozen nice trout on a willer stringer.

" 'The big trout belongs to you,' I answered, ' 'cause you hooked him fair and square, and I will not take him. It was nothin' to land him after you had him so well hooked.'

"It took a long time for me to convince the girl that I didn't want the fish. 'Tisn't the eatin' of a fish I enjoy alone; its the catchin' of 'em. Finally she agreed to take him, providin' I'd come down and help eat him next day for the Sunday dinner. It is needless to say I went, but to this day I cannot tell how the fish tasted. I can only remember how the girl looked as she played hostess.

"I learned her mother was a widow lately moved on the farm, and that the stalwart brother, nearly my own age and size, was very creditably filling his father's shoes in the management of the farm.

"I met her often after that, both fishin' and at the farmhouse. There was somethin' about her that charmed away my bashfulness, and I was always content in her company."

Joe suddenly turned and struck a match to light his forgotten cigar, and I knew the story was ended.

"But what became of the girl, Joe?" I asked.

"That's her callin' us to dinner now," he answered.

UNFORTUNATE

By STACY E. BAKER.

O'er lands, by law, forbidden,
I hie me to the brook,
And, by the alders, hidden,
I toss a gaudy hook.

I creep along the grasses,
Upon my hands and knees,
I note the snake that passes,
And I am stung by bees.

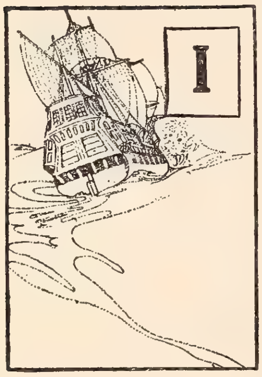
I hurry through the dingle,
To follow up the rill,
And troubles, never single,
All hasten after still.

I whip the stream, and linger
By laughing waters there,
My hook stuck in my finger,
And burdocks in my hair.

I hustle through the brambles,
And saucily I speak,
For there I end my rambles
By falling in the creek,

MR. PETERSON, OF PARIS.

By ALVAH D. JAMES.



IT all happened on the bosom of the Pacific. I called it at the time a "d——n rough sheet of brine." But time has softened the picture of the rolling waves, until their very motion, as I see them now, seems poetry.

A huge ship lay wallowing in the surge, nothing more nor less than a dull Pacific swell. The ship's name was the Mexico. All Coast travelers know her, because she is the finest ship afloat south of 'Frisco. The Mexico was anchored three miles from the sugar port of Eten, on the Peruvian coast, and from her truck flew the quarantine flag. She was imprisoned for ten days, and this day was but the third. I was a passenger on the Mexico.

My two companions and I were en route to the Amazon Valley in search of adventure. The three of us were eating our hearts out as we walked the sun-scorched, glistening deck of the good ship Mexico, for the lure of the Amazon was on us.

We played bridge with the English passengers until the bridge and the passengers became impossible. We had fun for a time trying to insert a few jokes into the heads of the Englishmen. We were particularly fond of operating on a fellow named Powell (pronounced Puell), some grandson of some English earl or other, "oover thar." We talked about things "oover thar, dontyerknow," until, the very mention of "things oover thar" set us to pacing the decks savagely. We were positively bored. We were indeed.

We had constitutionals, and one day I asked the steward if there was a room on board which we could fit up temporarily as a gymnasium. But the steward "never heard of such a fool idea." Ah, that poor steward, he had trouble for the ten days of quarantine.

The night of the third day a young mining engineer from Colorado, Mr. Peterson, of Paris, the photographer of my party, and I broke into the fruit pantry, just for a lark, and stole a quantity of fruit. We proposed to steal it during the first half of the night, and put it back during the second half. But we got it out and could not get it back again. And we had made a wager of twenty-five dollars with our friend "Puell" that the thing would be done successfully, too.

We not only lost the twenty-five dollars, but we gave the watchman who caught us ten dollars to keep the affair quiet. But it wasn't kept quiet long. "Puell" thought the thing "so deuced funny, yer know, old chep," that he told everybody on the ship.

I called Mr. Peterson, of Paris, into my room one evening shortly after the fruit episode, and we took council upon the proper method of winning back our twenty-five dollars. We figured that the Englishman had enjoyed twenty-five dollars' worth of fun.

"Mr. Peterson," I said, "you know we have a folding canvas boat in the baggage room."

"Yes," Mr. Peterson knew that.

"Well," said I, "are you game to join me in launching that thing over the side of this ship and to paddle around her? If you are, we can win back the wager, and perhaps even get back the ten dollars we gave the watchman."

Mr. Peterson, of Paris, wasn't used to have people take much notice of him, and the prominence he had already been brought into pleased him immensely. He was forty years old, but very childish.

Yes, Mr. Peterson, of Paris, was

game for anything. He wasn't so particular about the money, but he wanted the "prestige" on board the ship.

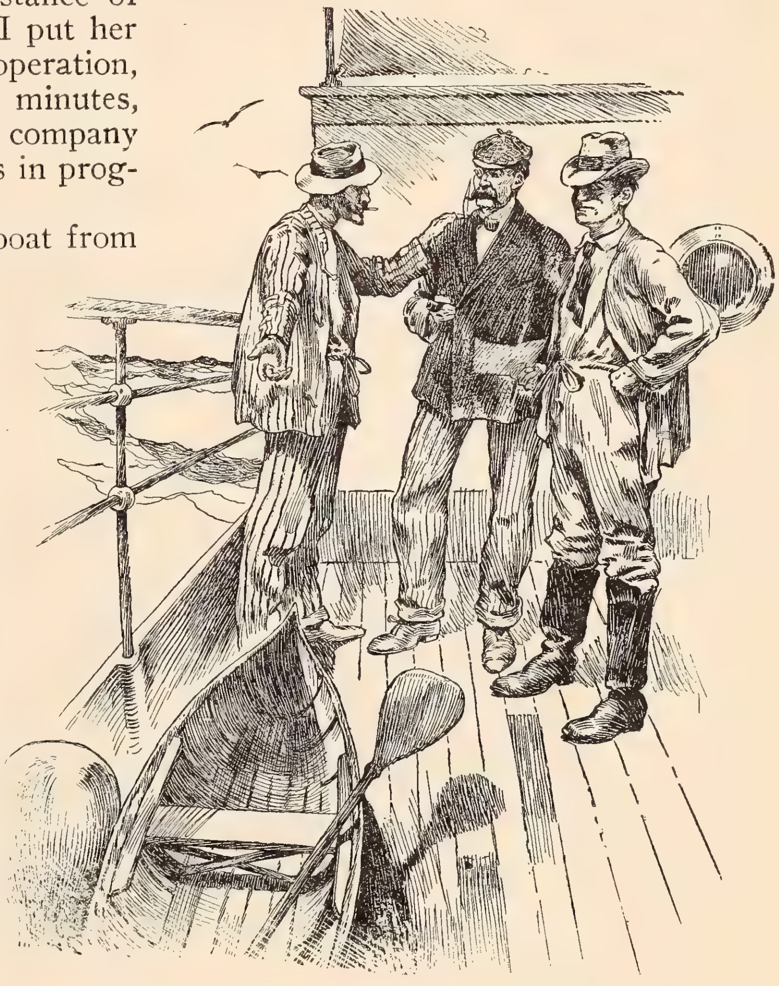
It was rather amusing, Mr. Peterson's thought of "prestige." Nevertheless, his ambitions served the purpose admirably. The next morning, after coffee, I went into the baggage room and ordered the folding boat to be carried on deck. With the assistance of Mr. Peterson and the bo'sun I put her together. By the time the operation, which consumed some fifteen minutes, was completed, half the ship's company had assembled to see what was in progress.

In truth I had ordered the boat from the West, and she had arrived in New York the very day we sailed. I had, therefore, never seen her before, except as a brown canvas package. In fact, I believe it was the first folding boat I ever saw. I do not remember exactly what my mental conception of a folding boat was before that one was put together, but I do remember that I was distinctly disappointed when I saw her "set up" on the ship's deck. The thing looked more like a foot tub than a boat. She was eleven feet long and a foot deep, and I imagined that she would be as stable in a sea as a bicycle with the front wheel missing would be on an icy pavement.

I glanced at Mr. Peterson, but already the crowd had begun to notice him and "prestige" was in the air. He saw nothing extraordinary about the boat.

I glanced over the ship's rail at the swell, and I estimated that it was running some twenty feet high. That Peruvian surf was monstrous and unceasing, being created by a southwest trade wind, which rages just beyond the Humboldt stream. The great, restless, glassy waves looked like the foothills of the distant Andes from the ship's deck. And the roadstead was filled with sharks.

However, I had had a great deal of ocean experience, having been the captain of a crew that, during 1901 and '02, rowed an open boat forty-five hundred miles through American waterways, ending up with a winter-time run from Eastport, Maine, to Hatteras, on the open ocean.


FOR THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND WINE FOR SIX

I reasoned, therefore, that I knew something about the ocean, and that Mr. Peterson (judging from his conversation) knew more.

I sent for "Puell."

"See here, 'Puell,'" said I, "you see that wash tub. Well, that's an American built wash tub. Now, for thirty-five dollars, and wine for six, served any time we want it, Mr. Peterson, of Paris, and I will guarantee to launch that wash tub over the Mexico's rail, board it, and paddle all the way around the ship.

"Done," said "Puell," without a moment's hesitation.

"I'll go you six more of wine," said the captain of the Mexico.

"Done," said I, "a half-dozen more of wine from the captain. Take account of those bets, please, Mr. Peterson."

Mr. Peterson swelled a bit, and said, "All down."

That's what I figured the sharks would be saying in about fifteen minutes.

It was early morning, and everybody (all the men, that is) on the ship, during the early morning, wore pajamas. Mr. Peterson wore pajamas, and the pair he had on that morning were flaming red, and in place of the conventional bed-room slippers he wore a pair of heavy mountain boots. I presume he was in a hurry to get on deck, and slipped his feet into the first thing at hand. He was a picture.

There were two ladies on board, a Peruvian aristocrat and her daughter. I went to the husband of the family just before the performance was to come off and told him to keep the ladies in their staterooms if he could, until after the show, because we preferred to wear pajamas, in lieu of bathing suits. I was sure of a wetting, and my wardrobe was rather slim, there being no laundry on board the ship, and our destination many days away.

Gracious! how that surge rolled. I swallowed my heart regularly every ten seconds as I stood and watched it, while Mr. Peterson was exchanging his mountain boots for slippers.

He reappeared, finally. The captain ordered the ship's ladder lowered. By that time every living soul on the boat knew that the Americanos—including Mr. Peterson, of Paris, whom they knew not to be a Swede—were going to make fools of themselves. The ship's rails were black with spectators. The hour was eight o'clock. The sun shone. All was in readiness.

The bo'sun lowered the little tub by a cotton rope from the promenade deck. Mr. Peterson and I went below to the saloon deck and walked out upon the ladder, each carrying a paddle. A shout went up from the crowd as we appeared.

The ladder rose and fell, as the waves swept by, like a restless giraffe, grazing. And every now and then an extra large wave would rush by, threatening to carry everything away. I caught the wash tub's painter from the bo'sun, tied it to the end of a boat hook, and held the tub off from the ship's side. She rode the seas like a decoy duck. The swarthy passengers flung queer epitaphs at her, and she looked devilish. We staggered down the ladder, keeping our footing with difficulty. Then a great problem confronted us: How were we to get on board of the wash tub?

I looked, and thought awhile. Obviously, there was but one way to do it, and that was by means of a flying leap. And I reasoned that Mr. Peterson would not be good at a flying leap, he being rather clumsy. He had large feet, and they pidgeoned the wrong way. I don't know how to express it exactly, but you know the kind of man I mean. The sort of fellow who walks with the bricks.

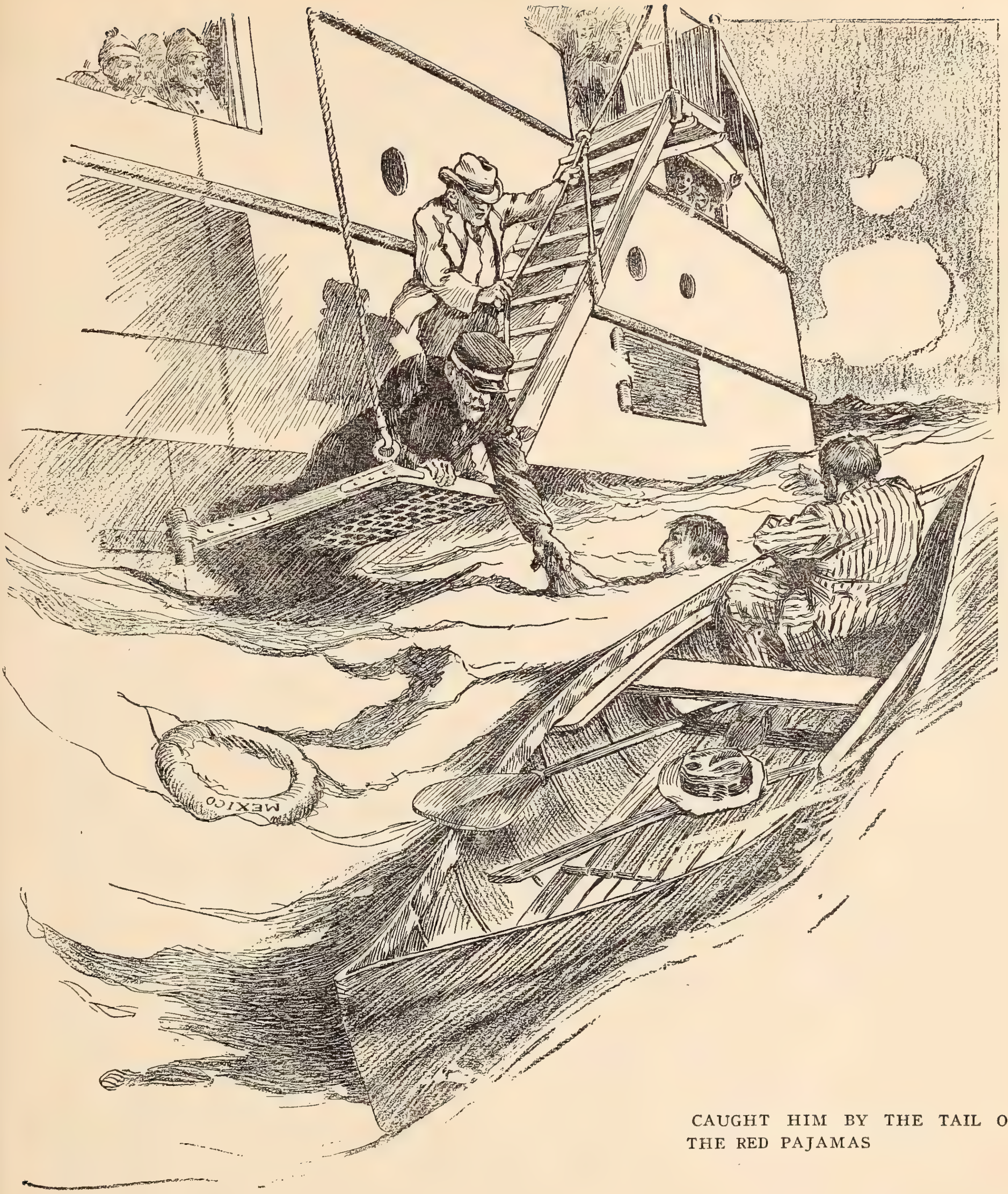
Those kind of feet are very useful in their way, but they don't serve when it comes to making flying leaps into a wash tub on the running surf of the Pacific ocean.

A vision of the "prestige" that Mr. Peterson would probably acquire came up before me, and I smiled grimly.

Nevertheless, I was hypocrite enough to encourage him. "Patience," old boy, "patience," I said to him. "They are all looking."

Just then—rip! bang! a twenty-five foot wave shot by at a thirty-mile clip and both of us got wet to the knees. The crowd yelled. And the wash tub missed being caught under the ladder by a scant twelve inches.

I saw then just what our course of



CAUGHT HIM BY THE TAIL OF THE RED PAJAMAS

action must be. I handed the boat hook up the ladder, and catching the painter in my hand I guided the tub, as she gleefully ascended a wave, right up to the rail of the ladder. As quickly as I could I threw my paddle in, tossed the painter after it, and, placing my hands on the rail of the ladder, I vaulted over and landed squarely in the middle of the canvas thing. Though I did the deed successfully, the quick shift from a comparatively firm footing to that ticklish thing scared me badly. We began to descend into the trough of a sea and we went down, and down, it seemed to me into the very jaws of hell. Then we began to rise, that canvas thing and I. Meantime I hadn't gained my equilibrium. Looking up I saw the ladder. We were rising right under it, and we were going at break-neck speed.

It was a bad situation, and the crowd yelled blue murder. Realizing its danger, I thrust the paddle out quickly and it struck a bit of rough paint on the ship's side, and the paddle stuck. I shoved, and the light thing moved away. I gave one rapid stroke with the paddle and again the boat missed being shivered against the ladder by about a foot. It was dramatic. The crowd was wild. As I scudded out to safety I doffed my cap and bowed as easily as I could, but my heart was in my mouth.

And there stood Mr. Peterson, of Paris, on the ladder, his heart aching for "prestige."

Cautiously I aproached his position. The waves were running like mountains, and the thing under me was more tricky than any broncho. Still, there was no danger as long as I kept my head. But I was deadly afraid of that flying leap of Mr. Peterson's. I entertained the notion of paddling around the ship myself; then passing the boat over to him to perform the same manœuvre. But that would have looked selfish.

Down we went. Then up. Then down again. We would first be close to the ladder, then far away. Finally a huge wave came; up I went toward its crest, up and up to the ladder. At that stage of the game Mr. Peterson threw his paddle at the boat and I was compelled to dodge to prevent the thing from hitting me on the head. The paddle went overboard on the other side, and I dared not reach for it. Mr. Peterson was excited, and that meant trouble.

"Leap!" I yelled, just as the boat and I reached the great wave's summit. The crowd gasped. Mr. Peterson, his eyes glaring like a strangling man's, gripped the rail of the ladder, bent his knees slightly, then sprang with all his might.

He shot clear over the canvas tub and never touched her. With his hands outstretched above his head, and his mouth wide open, he sank into the brine at least five feet beyond the outside gunwale of the tub.

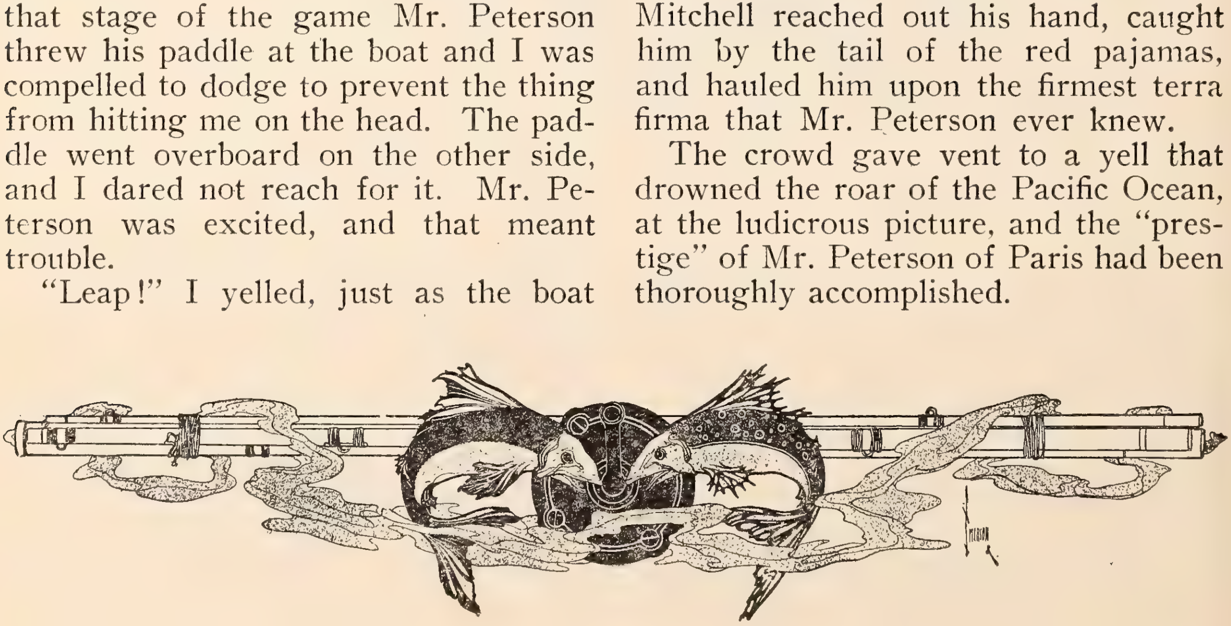
The crowd on the decks went frantic. Somebody hit me in the neck with a life preserver, as I was backing away from the ladder, and I came within an ace of losing my paddle.

Down the ladder came Mr. Mitchell, the first officer. Quickly I backed away from the scene. It would have been madness for me to have tried to save Mr. Peterson in that canvas wash tub. It would have resulted in the death of both of us.

With remarkable alacrity a life boat shot down from the davits, manned by the bo'sun and his mate. The first officer stood knee deep in the brine as the waves swept by. The mouths of everybody in sight stood wide open. Meantime, Mr. Peterson was delving into the Pacific.

Presently he came up. Out of the water popped his head within arm's length of that deadly ladder. Mr. Mitchell reached out his hand, caught him by the tail of the red pajamas, and hauled him upon the firmest terra firma that Mr. Peterson ever knew.

The crowd gave vent to a yell that drowned the roar of the Pacific Ocean, at the ludicrous picture, and the "prestige" of Mr. Peterson of Paris had been thoroughly accomplished.



WATER IN CAMP

By CALVIN COFFEY, C. E.

FAMILIES living in the country may have spring or well water under their own control; but although the spring and well are simple things some care is necessary in order to get a good quality of water from them. Careless people when they find a permanent wet spot on the surface ground follow it into the earth for a distance of four or five feet and dig a large hole, and wall it with loose stones; possibly it is provided with a makeshift cover; but the small openings between the stones become the abode of salamanders and frogs.

During dry weather the water comes from the vein or veins into the sides or bottom of the spring and it should keep the walled enclosure full up to the outlet, in which case the water will be absorbed by the ground; but when a storm comes the conditions are reversed. The earth gets over saturated with water, which passes between the stones of the wall into the spring, carrying all impurities with it.

When the vein extends downward into the ground or even into the loose rock, dig the spring five or six feet deep, which will give quite a body of water for fire purposes and admit of a pipe below the frost line.

When the excavation is complete and a wall of brick or stone laid in Portland cement, the sides will be water-tight; now put clean earth or clay behind the masonry and tamp it solidly to prevent the surface water from working down and under the wall. Although it is customary to build the spring wall circular, if you make yours square, it will be more convenient to cover.

Carry the masonry a few inches above the surface and cap it with hard pine, oak or chestnut frame, fastened by iron bolts anchored in the masonry. This frame should be imbedded in cement and should be level on top so as to admit of being tightly covered.

Make the cover in three sections, as in Figure 1, attach the center one to one of the outside sections by three hinges. Fasten the two outside sections down with screws to the wooden capping. This makes it convenient to move when it is necessary to make repairs or to clean the spring. Leave an opening in the cover near the top edge and fit it with fine mesh metal netting to keep out mosquitoes and other creatures. The spring will then be provided with ventilation, which is very important.

If the spring is situated on a side hill the cover should slope with the surface of the ground. If the surface of the ground be flat, give the cover a slight pitch to carry off the rain water.

Some people are fortunate enough to have a spring situated on an elevation so that the water can be piped into the house to supply the basins and tubs by gravity. Under such conditions, arrangements for drawing the water off for cleaning the spring and disposing of the overflow are easily provided.

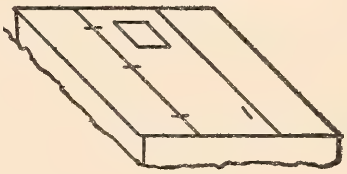


FIG. 1

In Figure 2, G represents the surface of the ground, A the spring, H the waste pipe for drawing down the spring, S the pipe line running to the house, and D the overflow. Make the overflow pipe (d) at least twelve feet long to avoid making a wet place near the spring.

When it is necessary to clean the spring, a part of the cover should be removed or the door opened and the water thoroughly stirred with a broom, then the plug at Z should be removed and the water drawn off.

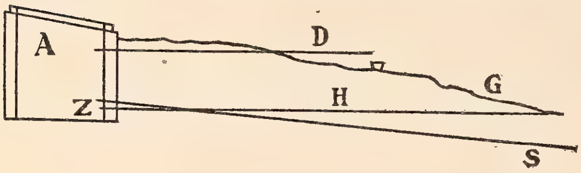


FIG. 2

A plumber would probably place a valve in the spring instead of using a wooden plug, but the water is liable to corrode the valve—and if the valve was placed at the outer end of the pipe there would be quite a large metallic surface exposed to the water which should be avoided.

It is quite convenient in some cases to run the overflow (D) out above the surface, so that a pail can be filled without dipping it into the spring. When possible the water of the spring should be analyzed to ascertain the proper material to use before any pipes are laid. In some instances, the water holds in solution elements that corrode and destroy certain kinds of pipe, and render the water unfit to drink or even poisonous. Therefore, place the least possible amount of metal in the spring.

When any danger is suspected, it is a wise plan to have all the drinking water put in glass bottles at the spring. Especially is this true where a zinc-covered or galvanized pipe is used.

To prevent the sun from shining directly on the spring, vines may be planted and trained to run over an arbor built over the spring, and grass can be grown to the very brink, making it an attractive spot.

A plumber who is accustomed to piping and connecting city houses to the street mains, and who has had no previous experience in this line, is likely to be perplexed when he undertakes to pipe water from a spring to a house. The city water system has been carefully considered in its hygienic and enginering details, but there are many uncertainties in a spring, especially a new one.

If the water is to be piped into a house or camp for general use, it is best to have a careful analysis made of the water to determine if it contains elements that will destroy heating boilers and piping. A log pipe line can be run from the spring to the camp, but when it comes to piping a house and placing boilers and heaters, it is a plumber's job.

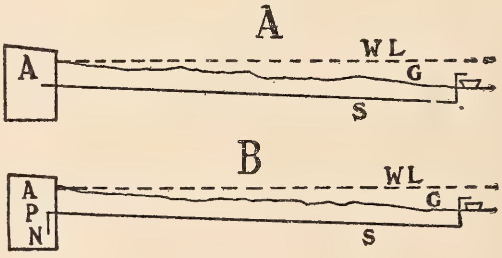


FIG. 3

When a spring is situated high enough to have the water come to the house by gravity, lay a pipe below the frost line, and let the water run into a tub in the back yard or summer kitchen.

In a case where the pipe constantly falls from the water line until it bends to go up to the tub, (A, in Figure 3), the water will flow freely; but when the water grows low in the spring, and the piece of pipe (Figure 3) is run down from the line to the water, if the outlet is only slightly below the new water level, an air pocket will form at P, and the water will be retarded or will not flow until the air is driven out of the pipes.

A plumber might put on this piece of pipe running down from the line into the water and carefully remove all the air—forming a perfect siphon; but a leak in the pipe or low water will spoil this siphon and the plumber must be called again.

In Figure 4, (A) is a case where the pipe line (S) runs over a knoll and puts a high place in the line at X. Air will accumulate at this point, retard the flow, destroy the siphon and possibly stop it all together, even though the air has been forced out at the start.

B, in the same figure, has a bend, but in the opposite direction. In this case air cannot pocket as it will seek one of the high points and pass out. In the city supply the pressure is so high that any air that may get in the pipes is forced out when the valve is opened. The high pressure allows the use of small pipe, but in the low pressure system, in connection with a spring, large pipes must be used or the water will run very slowly.

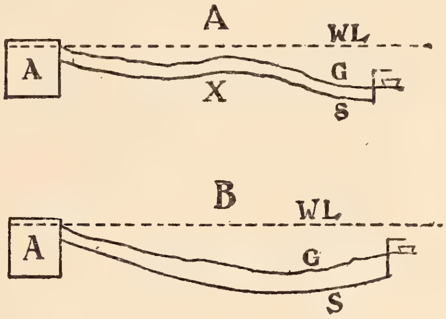


FIG. 4

Figure 5 illustrates an installation in use which operates well, although the top of the stove tank is but a few inches below the water level in the spring. The pipe line from the spring to the house consists of one hundred and fifty feet of one and one half inch pipe. The spring is at (A), the pipe line enters the house at (V) where there is a valve that has an opening or cross section almost equal to that of the pipe.

When the water is let into the pipe, this valve is left wide open, which causes such a rush in the water that any air that may be left in the pipe is dragged through and passes out.

The pipe was carefully laid and tried with a spirit level to get the fall in the line constant, but air will stay in the pipe when water is admitted if the valve at (V) is not open.

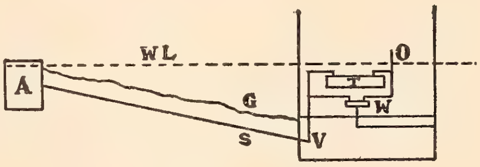


FIG. 5

The building was located to suit the level of the spring and the bathroom placed on the ground floor. At (O) on the pipe carrying the water from the stove tank to the basis and tub is an elbow and a piece of one and one-half inch pipe standing perpendicular and passing eighteen inches above the water level.

LIFE'S GOAL

By NANNIE BURNS.

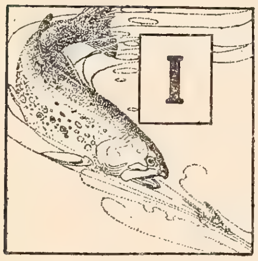
A pure, sweet spring gushed forth from granite rocks,
The bow of promise spanned its glistening drops,
A silvery rill, from bondage free,
To wander on to its goal, the sea.

Thus some innocent, guileless thing,
Growing in a world of death and sin,
Blossoms into beauty of soul through love,
Shed like the rainbow from the Light above;

And fulfilling the promises of the rill,
Tho' it may wander whither it will,
At last it reaches the open sea,
It reaches the sea of Eternity.

CASTING FOR BASS BY MOONLIGHT

By C. L. DEWEY



I SUPPOSE the average bait caster knows very little of casting by moonlight, but to my mind this is a most pleasurable way of fishing. The very weirdness and uncertainty constitute its chief charm, for the more uncertain a thing, the greater the satisfaction when it is accomplished.

For this particular fishing, a lancewood bait-casting rod between five and six feet in length, a good double multiplying reel, about fifty yards of No. 5 Kingfisher silk line and a surface casting bait make an ideal combination. Confirmed fly-casters often ridicule the bait-caster with the stubby rod, but I have used both and it takes fully as much skill and practice to manage the short rod as the long, whippy one and bait-casting offers a much larger field and larger variety of fishing than fly-casting. A surface bait should always be used, as a bass strikes at the commotion made by the bait, not because he is hungry, but merely because he wants to fight. The bass is naturally a fighter and will strike at a cigarette box skittered over his hiding place as quickly and ferociously as he will at the brightest colored bait on the market. I once caught on a surface bait a three pound bass, which, by some mysterious way, known only to himself, had captured a swallow, and the wings and tail were protruding from the mouth an inch, so this bass certainly did not strike because he was hungry.

Imagine yourself with three congenial spirits, all good fellows and fair fishermen, and it promises to be an ideal night, for it is the month of July, warm and calm, and a full, round moon is just peeping over the treetops whose shadows extend far out in the lake and form grotesque pictures on nature's mirror. Of course we had everything ready with which to begin operations before we started. As one of our number, Percy by name, had volunteered to handle the paddle, Bert took a position in the center and I finally got my long legs in the bow of the canoe so if we capsized I would have no earthly show of getting my head above water until I was pulled up by a grappling-hook or a charge of dynamite.

We glided smoothly over the water until we came to a good fishing ground and then a race ensued to see who would get the first strike. I say race, but don't think that I mean hurry. You must be deliberate and careful and with a graceful cast and dainty splash, drop your bait anywhere over fifty feet and under seventy feet from the canoe. Now there is a small bunch of lily-pads. Surely a five-pounder lurks there waiting for the lucky fisherman. Swiftly out toward the bunch sails the white bait and drops lightly just beyond, a good sixty feet from the canoe. Pause an instant and then give a little jerk, just enough to move the bait, then reel slowly in holding the rod at an angle of about 45 degrees. Well, now, that was a shame, not even a "bunt," but maybe you will do better next time.

Look again! Out ahead of the canoe goes a riffle and you must cast about three or four feet ahead of him. Now, he has stopped; out of sight goes your bait with a rush and swirl. Handle carefully, for he is making straight for that old log over there where he has fooled us so often before. Hold him taut, but do not jerk him, for maybe he is not hooked very hard. He comes to the surface again. You are sure he will tip the scales at four and a half anyway, maybe more. He is trying very hard to get to that log, but he is nearly done for and you gently reel him toward the canoe.

In the meantime, Bert has hooked a small one and in trying to get them both into the landing net at one time, Percy lets your six-pounder (for he certainly did weigh that, now that he is gone), get away and lands the other, which weighs scarcely a pound and must be returned to the water. So, as yet, we have no fish, but you are happy, for did you not get the first strike? Down in the bottom of your heart you are glad he got away and is under his favorite log, where he will not come out for a day at least. Maybe sometime next month, when the moon is full, you can hook him again if you can persuade Bert not to catch one at the same time. Percy may be able to get him in the landing net if he has only one to handle.

Now, this place is not very good, as it is too open, so we paddle over to those lily pads. Just beyond that old stump is a big fellow looking for something to swallow. That cast starts out nicely when bang! goes your bait directly over him into the water and, of course, out into the deep he goes. Do you expect to get anything when you slam around like that? Don't be so eager next time to get your bait out and don't act as if you intended to throw it over into the field on the other side of the woods. You will never gain anything by trying to make long casts, for you never make a long one when you intend to.

We make a dozen or so casts in this cove, but fail to raise anything, so we decide to go around the point and land so that I can get in the stern and let Percy cast awhile. Why do we land? Well a sixteen foot canoe is not a very nice affair in which to crawl over, under or around each other, so we will be on the safe side and go ashore. It will give us a chance to stretch our legs a little and eat a bite. You should never go fishing at night unless you take something along with which to satisfy the inner man, for the night air seems to give you a better appetite than any other. After filling pipes we start out again. You should smoke on this occasion if you do not at any other time. It serves to keep the mosquitoes away, if nothing else.

Now we are coming to the best fishing ground on the lake, so prepare for business. I lost a big one right on this very spot last month, one of the real big ones. Over by that old stub seems like a good place for the big fellow that I lost.

That's luck, you have a strike at any rate. I believe he is a good one, for, did you see how easy he took the bait? A pounder makes a great deal more fuss than a "fiver," as a rule. Now, be careful, for your line is slack and he is making straight for the canoe. Turn him by any means, for he is gone if he once gets under.

That's good! Now you have him going out again. He surely acts like a big one. There he leaps, and sure enough, it is the same fish I lost last month. You need not laugh. I guess after having him up to the canoe four times and then losing him, I would recognize his Roman nose even if I only saw its shadow. Handle this one carefully, for we have not landed one yet. He is sulking now, but his noble struggle for liberty will soon be over, and as you reel him gently in he shows his flag of truce, turns his white belly to the moon-lit sky and mutely asks for mercy.

But are you fair? Do you show mercy to him? No; you gather him and as he lays gasping for breath on the bottom of the canoe you almost wish he had got away, for after all it is the battle, not the fish, in which we delight.

When the spell was broken, we had good luck, and within the next hour landed eight beauties. We soon had nine bass that weighed from two to five pounds each, and as it began to cloud up we decide to paddle for home. It is about two miles across the lake and by the time we landed the first raindrops began to patter down, while in the west the lightning played tag across the black threatening clouds. We had a six-mile drive before us and we were hardly started when the deluge commenced. I don't believe it ever rained so hard before nor since, but we enjoyed it even if we were in an open buggy with no covering except straw hats and thin canvas coats. As we drove into the barnyard, the moon peeped out from behind a cloud and gave us the laugh. But we were as happy as we were wet and cold for that moon and those clouds had been kind to us in the early part of the evening, when we wanted to fish.

THE TEMPEST.

BY CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

An ominous rumble, distant, far away,
A clouding of the summer day,
A rising of the wind, a sudden gust,
A puff of whirling, yellow dust.
A flurried rustle 'mong the moving trees,
The leaves scattering before the breeze,
The distant low from pastures of the kine,
The watch dog's restless, anxious whine.
A reverberating tumult fills the air,
The frightened birds dart here and there,
A suffocating silence, long and deep,
And then, as though to wake from sleep
The sacred dead and drag them from their graves,
The storm in all its fury raves.
The air grows mad, one great black whirl
Of objects raised, downward to hurl,
The tall trees twist and snap, each bush and weed
Alike fall victim to its greed,
And lightning's flash as streaks of liquid hell,
To rend the rocks and earth as well;
Huge chimneys skyward towering, grand and tall,
Break clattering, and as pebbles fall;
While fiendish voices shriek in broken tones,
Or madly wail in dying groans.
Foundations tremble with each wrestling blast,
Gray sheets of rain drive fierce and fast,
Peal after peal, hell's gates are open wide,
Its flames leaping on every side.
In heart of man—in heart of beast, wakes fear,
But where for weakness, falls a tear;
As some huge monster, fraught with fiery might,
Does battle unto death, in fight,
The tempest with low growls and mutterings
Then dies. At dusk the robin sings
His evening carol to declining day,
The storm has raged its life away.

What in thunder is the matter with it?

THE CAMERA AND THE AUTOMOBILE

By C. H. CLAUDY

Photographs by the writer

MOST players of golf are familiar with the stock golf story of the Scottish minister, godly churchman though he was, who could never restrain his tongue when things went wrong with him in playing. The tale runs that he was playing with his Bishop one day, and, making an atrocious drive, uttered a string of profanity which would do credit to a 'longshoreman. Reproved by the Bishop, the good man thought a moment and then said with a sigh, "Aweel, mon, I mun just gie it up!"

"That would be a noble sacrifice," responded the Bishop, approvingly. "I know how fond you are of playing."

"Playing?" repeated the Scotchman. "Playing? I wull no gie up the game,—but the Kirk, mon!"

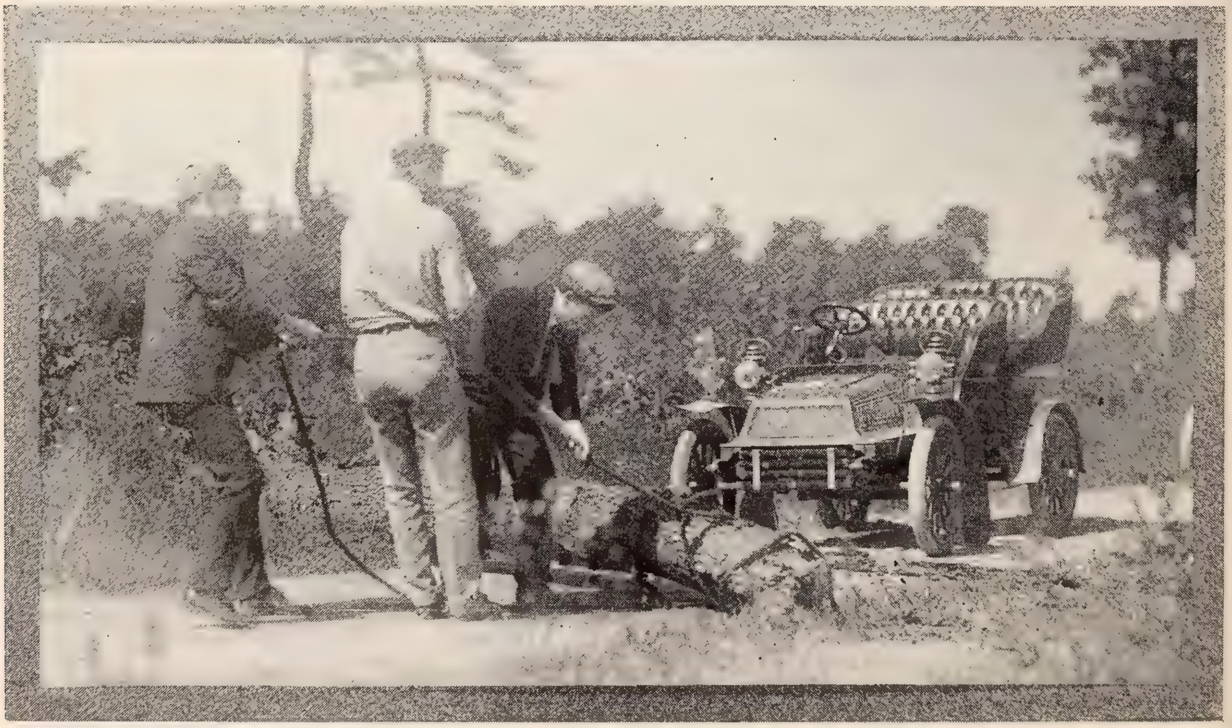
All this is somewhat afar off from the automobile and the camera. Yet it has its application. He who loves two sports can not always follow both, just as the minister could not play golf and not swear, or swear and be a minister. And as he gave up what was furthest from his heart, so does the two-sport man let the lesser slide from the greater, unless,—and here is the point,—they can be combined. And some sports can be mixed and still be enjoyable, albeit their number is less than one might suppose. On the face of it, what more congenial mixture than the automobile and the camera? What easier than to go for a day's run, taking apparatus along and stopping when desired and wandering afield for nature bits with which to have more fun later on,—in the dark room, the printing room, the exhibition hall, and the photographic magazine.

But enticing as this picture may seem to him who loves both the swift

Of course, there are automobile rambles

steed of the twentieth century, and the wonderful sun-painting device of the same era, the mixture is not as easily accomplished as it seems.

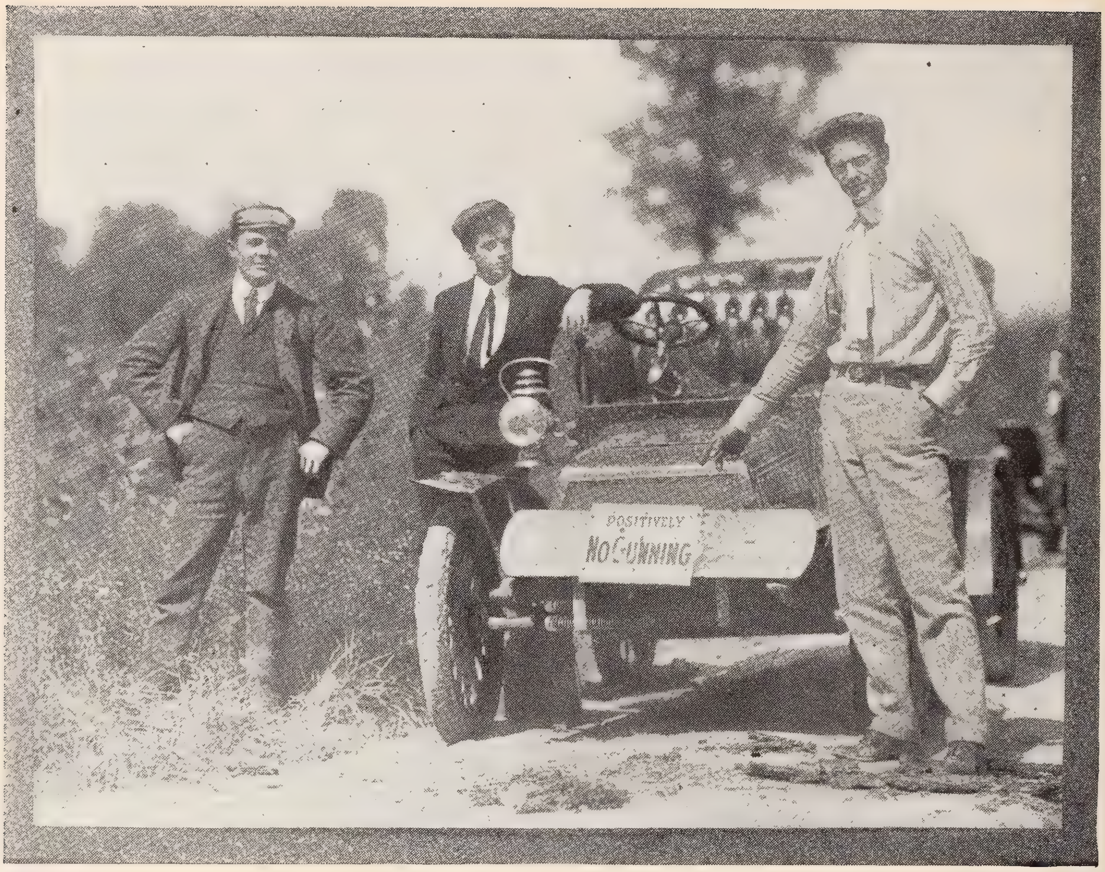
In the first place, if you go a-photographing without a predetermined idea of where you want to go, and what you want to take, you expect to derive most of your pleasure from the quiet ramble, the aimless strolling hither and yon, looking for the particular composition or light effect which pleases your eye. On the other hand, when you go motoring, you usually have one of two ideas to carry out,—to go to some particular place, for some particular reason, or to go to any old place as fast as you can conveniently do so, without being ar-



An "incident" of the road

rested or killing some one! Of course, there are automobile rambles, just as there are pedestrian races, but they are the exceptions. Then there is another objection. If you leave your machine for any length of time, in a country district, you may well expect to find one or more tramps investigating it on your return, and sometimes may even find some screw or nut gone,—stolen for no reason but the instinctive desire of the tramp to destroy the property of those richer than himself. I was lucky enough to get a picture of a negro tramp and a small boy hoodlum turning away from an interested inspection of the interior of the engine hood, while the car was left alone. Part of the party came along the road, and were visible for some little distance. I returned through the trees and took this picture unobserved. Of course, you say, neither one is *doing* anything, but don't they *look guilty?* And did not the engine get most unaccountably hot immediately after starting? And did we not find the belt connecting the fan for the radiator most unaccountably gone? You don't know, but I do, and while I never expect to produce that photo in a court of law in proof of the aimless knavery of two of the submerged tenth, still I always look at it with interest when I think of the circumstances and spend idle time in idle speculation à la Stockton and the Lady and the Tiger,—Which? The Negro or the White? Yes, it's risky to leave the car for long walks away from it, for pictures or other purposes, if in a lonely country, and therein is one of the greatest objections to using the automobile as an adjunct to the camera. Moreover, there is a practical objection in the carrying of good-sized outfits in the automobile; the cameras and cases bounce around so on a rough road that the owner is in mortal terror lest his expensive outfit be reduced to splinters. I have a fondness for rough, tough trips, and I know whereof I speak. But if a little inge-

But don't they look guilty?



It is such pictures as these that add much to the afterjoys of motoring.

nuity be exercised, this objection can be made to evaporate,—a suitable partition on the tonneau floor, padded with a lap-robe or blanket, will protect almost any fragile instrument.

However, it is when the camera is used as an adjunct to the pleasures of the automobile that the combination becomes most effective. There is then no need to spend time hunting for pretty bits, or to leave the machine. And if the instrument be used only for records which are to be of interest as souvenirs of the trip, a small camera, easily carried in the lap or the pocket is just as good, if not better, than a large one and the records of trips made will be found a valuable addition to your set of automobile stories. For instance, on a trip I took last summer, we encountered such roads as were never made before or since, or ever intended for the automobile. We worried along for an hour or more, and then discomfort gave way to laughter as the crowd began to look on the funny side of it and make invidious remarks regarding the road-makers, the shades of their ancestors, the country which produces the state which owned the county in which was the village in which could be found the houses where they were born.

Directly in front of us, on a short stretch of comparatively decent road, we at last came to a sign, evidently blown down from a nearby tree, on which rested a twig. This twig so covered one of the letters of the sign that to our astonished gaze it read, "Positively No Running!" A shout of laughter greeted this. "No running? I should say not! Nor walking! Nor crawling! Nor any other means of locomotion!" came in rapid succession from each mouth in the party. Investigation showed the "R" to be a "G," at which there was another laugh, and then one would-be wit insisted on making the "G" into an "R" with a lead pencil, and taking a picture of it. The proposition was unanimously assented to, the "G" carefully made into an

"R," and the picture taken,—only to find the laugh on the "wit," as the lead pencil altering refused to "take!" All this is very trivial, of course, but do you suppose that any member of that party ever looks at that picture without a smile, or talks it over with a fellow-tripsman without a laugh at the antics of party and machine on what was a never-to-be-forgotten trip? Not much! And it is such pictures as these which the camera makes, which add so much to the after-joys of motoring.

The pictorial need not be entirely neglected. If your camera is of the right kind,—and any good kind is the right kind in the right hands,—you can take snap-shots of the road in front, of the bridges over which you pass,—the dog, the horse, the chicken you frighten, the country clod with open mouth who stands gaping at your dusty swiftness. I have made pictures going forty miles an hour (sworn to!) over a fair Virginia road. I did not secure a bit of detail but there is a peculiar softness to the effect, I suppose, due to the motion, which is rather pleasant.

As a verification record of your stories, the camera beats a sworn affidavit every time, and is not subject to the distrust usually accorded photographic proofs of fish stories, inasmuch as when your friends know your car, and find a picture of you in that car in the place you have claimed to visit, they are not usually inclined to think the whole thing a fake—automobiles are not to be had for a quarter a string, as are fish. Not very long ago I formed one of a party which went from Washington City to Mt. Vernon, Va., the home and tomb of Washington. The accounts of the trip were received with incredulity, the roads generally being considered impassable, but when I produced pictures of the party, taken in front of the mansion, unbelief had to give way to conviction.

Full proof of a muddy road

Most of us are fond of telling what bad roads we encounter and with what marvelous facility and agility the machine, aided, of course, by our skillful driving, goes through them. Nearly always the other motorist in the conversation has been over a worse road and made quicker time! If you have a picture of the road, however, and he has none, the weight of evidence will rest with you, and you will have the fleeting satisfaction of being listened to with respect as one who is evidently telling the truth.

If you have a bad accident, and can escape destruction long enough to get a picture of it, you will have something to talk about. I am thankful to say I can not illustrate this feature, never having been in an accident worth calling by that name. Nor do I carry a camera on auto trips with the preconceived idea of using it in an accident; still, it is a comfort to know that if I must meet with misfortune and escape uninjured, and the camera isn't broken, I may get that accident picture.

Accidents to the machine,—or incidents, as so many owners call them,—make interesting pictures, as witness the accompanying "What in *thunder* is the matter with it?"—a picture I secured while my two companions were trying to locate a most unaccountable noise. Further investigation revealed a piece of wire, caught up from the road in some mysterious way in the clutch, which was making quite unearthly tappings and rappings. The picture hardly needs a title, does it?

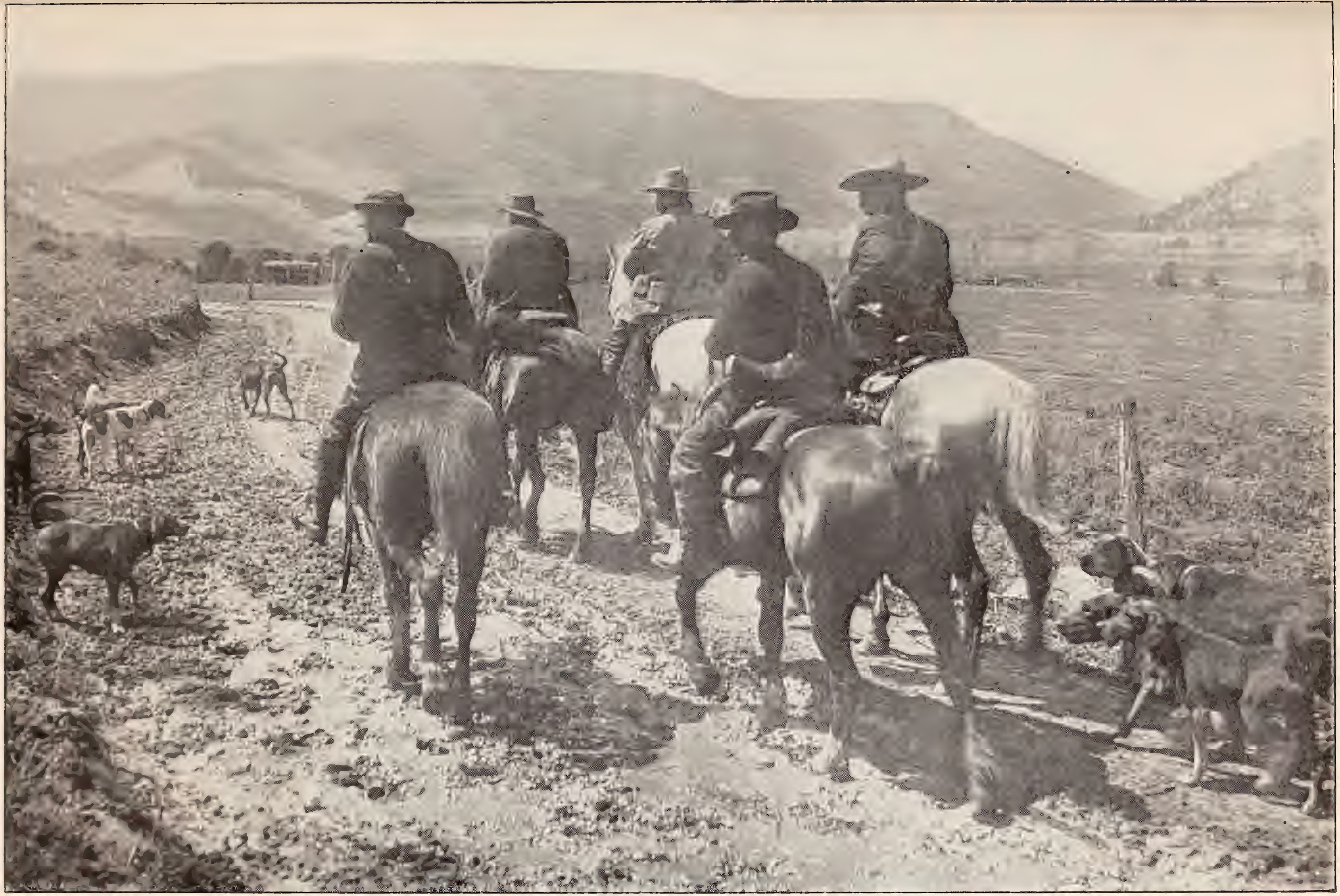
Altogether, the camera and the auto mix very well, provided the first is made subordinate to the second, and if all the auto pictures you secure are kept separate from the rest of your collection, and those belonging to any one run, dated and surrounded with a little memoranda of that particular day's sport, you will be surprised at the interest the collection as a whole has, not only for you, but for your friends, whose auto trips, perhaps, are limited to invitations only. Try it once, and see if you do not enjoy more than you thought possible an auto trip through an auto scrap-book of you own.

HOW TO REMOVE BARK FROM THE SPRUCE

By HANK HENNINGS

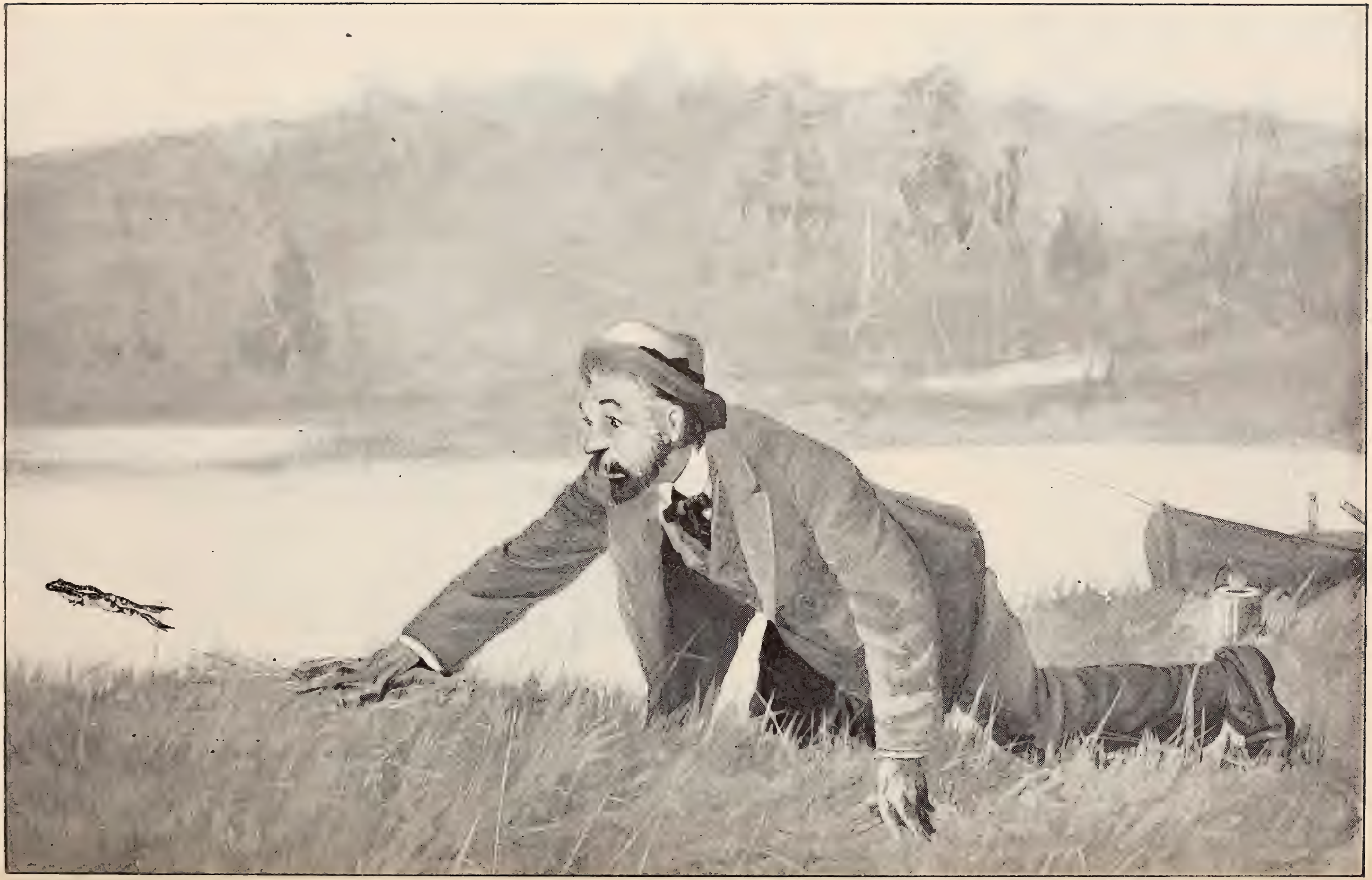
A spruce canoe is a very poor craft. In fact, it is only a makeshift, but one that is often used because large spruce are very much more abundant than large birch. A good woodsman can make a rough-and-ready spruce canoe in a few hours. He, usually, makes a rough frame of some round sapling, and fastens the spruce bark to it by binding it on with thread made from the long, tough roots of the spruce. The ends are stitched with the same material, and should nothing else be on hand to pitch the seams with, some gum collected from other spruce trees, and mixed with a little bacon fat, may serve the purpose.

The usual method of taking off the bark from either a birch or a spruce, is to chop down some smaller trees so that they fall at right angles to the direction the tree must take when it comes down. This is done in order to keep the trunk off the ground, thus enabling it to be peeled more easily, as well as to prevent the bark from being damaged by contact with rocks. But it frequently happens that there are no small trees growing in such position that they may be used for this purpose, and, perhaps, the neatest way of taking off a fine sheet of bark is to make a rough-and-ready ladder, stripping the bark off by means of hard wooden wedges. One of the cuts must be the full length of the sheet from top to bottom; the others are made around the upper and lower edges of it, all around the tree. A careful Indian canoe-maker never removes a first-class bark excepting in this manner, and when removed, the bark is slightly warmed, and rolled up in a tight roll.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND PARTY LEAVING FOR THE MOUNTAINS ON HIS RECENT WESTERN TRIP

Stereograph copyrighted, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



STUNG!

Drawn by
Roy Martell Mason

MY FAIRY SHIP

By GEO. T. TOMLINSON

I do not know why the pleasure-inclined public have so long neglected the spherical balloon as a means of recreation. No doubt, other and apparently safer sports have divided the attention of our sportsmen and women, and together with the accounts of the performances of the always dangerous hot-air balloon, with its ever present and more dangerous parachute, the likely air navigator has "passed-up" gas balloon riding.

And yet, our French cousins have taken to ballooning with the same spirit that marks their entry into other sports, and now the balloon in France bids fair to rival the automobile as a means of pleasure travel in the near future. And why not in our country?

Surely we have as keen sportsmen as France, but perhaps we have seen too much of the parachute jumper to give balloon riding much serious thought. But what has the bag of hot-air, rising because of its expanded, therefore, lighter air, and soon falling because conditions are equalized with the cooling of the contained air, to do with the thought, since we can ride a ship, the vertical movement of which we can control?

The gas balloon, although a large body, is very sensitive and easily put out of balance and made to rise or fall at the wish of its captain. Think of the untold pleasure of an afternoon ride across country with ten whole counties passing in review, dressed in their softened grandeur. No hills to climb, no dusty roads or wind to break my dream as I survey hundreds of thousands of acres from a practically unknown point of view. From my throne I see a beautiful carpet below, with a variety of colors and patterns upon it. Shades of green from the wind-stirred willows to the dark and closely placed pines, with rivers and lakes as silver threads and spangles to outline the pattern and perhaps mark the boundary line of a county or state.

READY FOR THE TRIP BACK TO TOWN

Mr. Tomlinson is an enthusiastic balloonist and for the last five years has been taking most enjoyable pleasure trips with a gas balloon. With his small "Fairy Ship" he succeeded in making an American record at the World's Fair, by remaining in the air twenty-three and one-half hours and was awarded a gold medal in recognition of this feat. Mr. Tomlinson hopes that he may be instrumental in popularizing his favorite aerial pastime and place "balloon riding" for amateurs on the same foundation as wheeling, motor boating and automobiling.—EDITOR.

To my ear come the distant, yet distinct earthly sounds which remind me that this dream is to pass as I must soon return to earth again and be a subject of some other king, who is now but an unimportant insect on the topographical map below me. Now a cloud passes between my ship and the sun, causing a gentle downward movement as the ship, cooling just a little, becomes less buoyant. I get a closer view of the little toy house, around which small white objects are moving, and from whence I hear calling and shouts. With reluctance I break the death-like silence in my ship, wave my cap as a salute and try to tell them from what port I sailed and ask the name of the small town I see coming. I can easily hear their answer even though a mile high, and with it can verify my course, which I am keeping on the outspread map, the key to the larger one below me.

The toy house is passed and I cross a thickly-wooded country. By a glance at the barometer, I see that the ship is getting low. A look at the cloud tells me it will not pass in time to restore my balance, so over goes a couple of handfuls of ballast and slowly the hand of the aneroid barometer ceases its

BALLOON RACERS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

START OF THE RECORD TRIP

movement to the right and slowly mounts to the left, showing the rise in obedience to the loss of weight which, although so little, is still enough to disturb the sensitive balance.

Thus, in my exalted position, with nothing to fear, for there is nothing for the ship to collide with, I ride out the day and, as I intend to descend at dusk, decide upon a small open space in the coming picture, just over a tiny hill, and using my judgment as to the speed of the ship, pull open the valve for a few seconds, just enough to unbalance the buoyance, and then watch the barometer to make sure that exactly enough of the lifting power has escaped to give the desired descent. Now, for my anchor. Is it properly hooked at the basket's edge, so that when wanted, and the bottom of its rope loop touches the ground, it can be quickly thrown overboard? For I must not misjudge the distance.

Objects have grown larger; things again look earthly and consequently have lost some of their beauty. Now, the ballast bags! Are they ready to be quickly used, to properly ease the fall when about to touch?

How easily she makes port and how still—dreamily still. The ship takes me over the farm buildings and pastures, into the spot chosen as the "anchor buoy." About two thousand feet from the earth the unexpected happens. The ship has passed from the current it has been riding, into the surface current or wind, moving to the North or East. It was moving East during the afternoon, but now the clear, green spot is swinging off to the right and I will land on the wooded hillside to the left, a nice soft place for the aeronaut, but an almost impossible place from which to remove the balloon, so over goes ballast, considerable this time, as results must come quick. The ship slows in its downward movement, but is swept on toward the hillside. Another turn at the ballast. Up she goes and misses the treetops on the crest of the hill by a hundred feet. Good! Now the ship, freed from so much ballast, is fast ascending and a corn field is right under, a fine landing place.

One must work quickly and surely if one is to place the ship where he wishes it, in the corn where there is good anchorage. I quickly pull the valve open and this time hold it open as the earth is not far below. The ship balances for a second, then descends toward the sheltered cornfield. With my eyes on the low hanging loop of the anchor rope, I let go the anchor just as the loop touches and its weight helps to relieve and cushion the fall. The car bumps into the corn and the ship, thus relieved of almost all its burden, bounds up some sixty or seventy feet and is pulled down again with its over load. This time the anchor, now dragging out behind catches in the corn hills and holds all fast so that I can "kill" my ship by another good pull at the valve line.

A "hello" or two brings the whole neighborhood to my assistance, for they "saw the thing comin' down. Thought it landed in Harvey's woods." Willing hands carry me and my still buoyant ship out of the corn to a grassy spot nearby and along the wood-lot road, where I "dump" and fold the balloon and pack it into the basket to await the return of the farmer with a wagon and team to take me to the nearby station.

After answering a good many questions and disposing of a good, wholesome supper at the farm house, captain and crew of the fairy ship, now shorn of its mysterious life, are driven to the station to ride back to a home in an earthly, noisy and dirty train.

But my balloon is there, sleeping in its basket and with it I may at any time again visit fairy land, a fairy land undreamed of by the poor, wingless ants who never soar in anything more ambitious than an elevator.

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE EAST

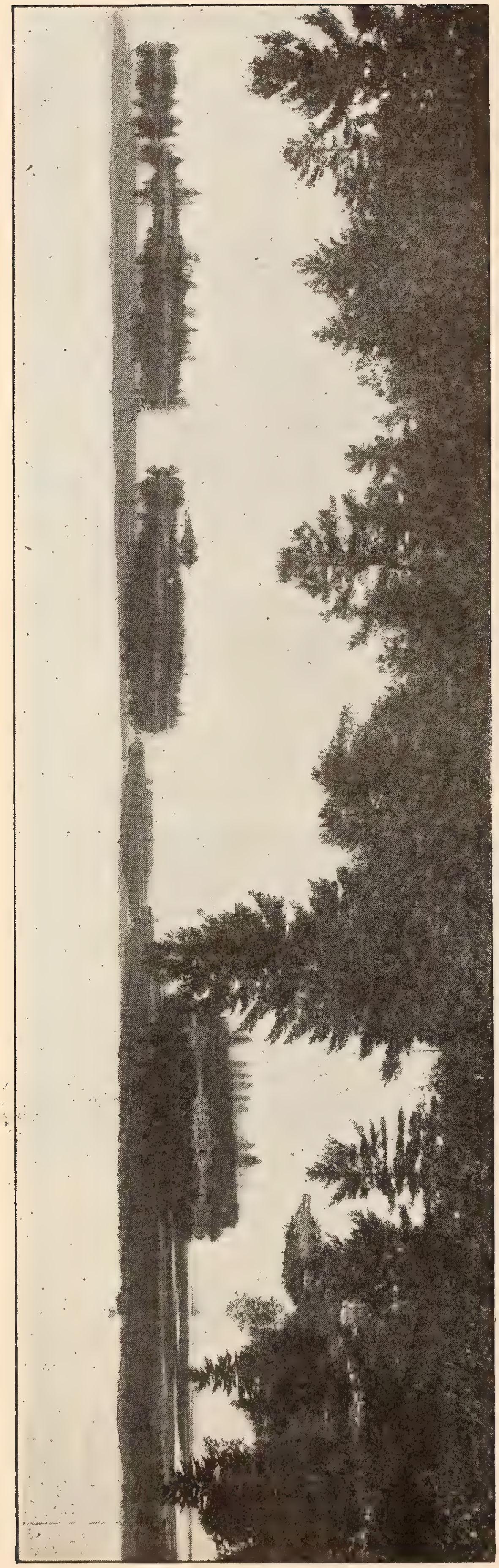
By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

Photographs by the writer

THERE was once a bank in the little town of Clayton, up on the St. Lawrence river, where the cashier could stick a fish pole out of the back window, and without neglecting his business, catch his dinner or supper, for the building stood directly on the shore of the river. They tell some tall stories about the fish which were caught out of this back window, but there is another reason why the little bank was famous. If anybody wanted to make away with some of the money, he could jump into a boat and be in Canada in fifteen minutes, so near was it to the border.

You hear of Clayton as soon as you strike the Northern borderland, for the reason that it marks the beginning of the Thousand Islands. And speaking of the Thousand Islands, this is merely a poetic name, for somebody who is fonder of figures than verse, has actually counted the big and little bits of land which stick out of the water betwen Clayton and Ogdensburg, and there are far more than a thousand—just 1692. But few care how many can be counted, for after a day or two of hunting, fishing, sailing or just loafing on this great playground of the Northland, they are content with the knowledge, that it is one of the corners of the world which can never be spoiled by the alleged comforts of the

COMFORTABLE CAMPING OUT



THE GREAT RIVER HAS SPREAD OUT INTO A LAKE

modern summer resort, there is too much of it. True, close to a hundred thousand people probably "do" the Thousand Islands every summer, but one can easily start off in his boat and find an islet which for the time is all his own—not a living soul upon it, and not a sign of human habitation, except possibly an empty can or the ashes of a last year's camp fire.

The great river here has spread out into a lake. In fact some call it the "Lake of the Isles," stretching away in some places fully seven miles from the American to the Canadian mainland, and extending 40 miles down stream. The islands are of all shapes and all sizes, from a point of rock just large enough for you to sit upon, to the one which is the site of a city numbering thousands. In places the hotel builder has invaded the playground, but not enough to interfere with its natural charm.

History has it that over 250 years ago the first white man was guided to this place in his batteau, by an Indian, but nature has changed little since the French explorers first saw the headwaters of the St. Lawrence. They are as deep, and as clear and as blue today. Most of the islands still have their forest growth. The thousands of channels winding here and there among them have not altered, and many of these are so narrow, that only the canoe can traverse them. Thus it is that the upper St. Lawrence remains one of the great American fishing grounds. The sportsman who brings his flies and bass rod can get a basket of which he can boast. The troller who has the right assortment of silver spoon hooks has a battle royal with the muscallunge. In the shallower water, perch which will tip the scales at nearly a pound apiece, get hungry, especially at dawn and dusk, while both small-mouthed and big-mouthed black bass inhabit the waters throughout the region. No imagination is required to tell a fish story at the Thousand Islands, for if a man has the right bait and knows when and where to go, he may get a muscallunge which will actually weigh twenty pounds. Ten-pound fish of this species are common, but a ten-pounder will put up as good fight as one which will weigh twice as much, for the smaller fish are usually more active. Probably this variety grows to a larger size in the waters of the St. Lawrence than elsewhere in America, with the possible exception of Little Rice Lake in the province of Ontario, one of the paradises of the muscallunge angler. During July and August especially they rise to the spoon, but are very fond of a fat, lively chub. They have been known to take a worm-baited hook, but only on rare occasions. As may be imagined the best string not only of this species but of bass, are caught from boats, although many a party of tenters have set their stakes on an island from the shores of which they have secured breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day, from the schools of smaller fish lying in the shady pools.

The man who wants to be right out amid nature, can have his choice of hundreds of places. The nights even in mid-summer are just cool enough to make a blanket or a pair of blankets comfortable, and it is well to have a canvas roof over your head. So many of the islets have pine groves, that the tent can be pitched where a floor of pine needles is furnished, warranted to cure the worst case of insomnia. The water of the river, ever pure, is always cold enough for drinking. There is abundance of firewood, and plenty of rock to make a fireplace for boiling or baking the catch just as it comes from the water. A good boat, enough tents to shelter the crowd, perhaps a camp chair or so, and the usual outfit of cooking utensils, with fishing tackle, will furnish an outfit to last a week or a month with the necessary clothing.

A short sail will bring you to Gananoque or some of the little towns on the Canadian or American side, where you can stock up with "things in cans" and groceries, if the supply runs out. If you want a guide to the favorite fishing grounds you can pick him out from the Canadian Indians and half breeds, who come to the Islands every season to pick up American dollars with the oar and gaff. Most of them know the region like a book, and besides are good cooks. In the fall when the ducks begin to fly, they are almost indispensable as guides, for they have a knowledge which is

CANOE RACE ON THE RIVER

A GREAT AMERICAN FISHING GROUND

almost more than human, of the species which frequent the St. Lawrence.

The Thousand Islands without the Thousand Island boat would be something like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. The boat builders of the St. Lawrence have a deserved reputation for putting together craft which can be easily rowed or paddled, are so staunch that they require a stiff gust to knock them over and are also speedy. The typical St. Lawrence boat ranges between 18 and 22 feet in length. It is so modeled that it lies flat on the water amid-ships, although its length makes the lines excedingly graceful. They are careful to build them of thoroughly seasoned wood, with plenty of ribs to strengthen the hull. A boat 20 feet long will easily hold a half dozen, and with its armchairs, cushions and carpets, makes boating a luxury as well as a comfort. It is astonishing what a spread of canvas one will carry. The mast is stepped well forward, one of the seats being used as a brace. The sprit or leg-of-mutton sail is generally preferred, because it is so easy to furl and unfurl. If you do not care to handle it with a rudder, the model of the boat is such, that in an ordinary breeze it can easily be steered by merely bending the body forward or sidewise, and it is remarkable how closely they will run to the wind, even without a leeboard. In summer one can see literally thousands of them among the islands.

As the boat drifts along, you come to Thousand Island Park, the summer city where 30,000 church people go every season, to find rest and recreation, and at the same time to praise their Maker for giving them such a sylvan retreat for their devotions. Not far away is Grindstone Island, and when the American Canoe Association meets here there can be seen row after row of tents, like the encampment of an army. On the island are the dots of white; some in clusters of a dozen or a score, others pitched by themselves a mile away from their nearest neighbor. But whether one cares for tent life or the more luxurious accommodations of the hotels, the temptation to be on the water is so great that the island people are continually going to and fro. If they prefer the steamboat to the smaller craft, a dozen of these are plying between the islands and the mainland, making regular trips.

One remarkable feature of this region is, that all portions of it are so accessible to the tourist. The traveler from the metropolis need spend but ten hours on the steel highway which links it with Clayton, the gateway to this pleasure country. It is a country under two flags, and many a Union Jack is to be seen flying from the island on the Canadian side of the river. Here one realizes what a jolly, social set the Canadians are, and it can be said that the two nationalities fraternize as one on this great meeting-ground of the borderland.

There is a beautiful panorama, which nature has created here for the enjoyment of him who sees it at sunrise, or at the approach of dusk, but with nightfall another spectacle is placed upon the stage. Some time in the past the pretty custom originated of illuminating camp and cottage, mansion and hotel. Even the solitary tent has its beacon of pine-knots blazing high in air, while rows of incandescent lamps and Chinese lanterns outline the other abodes. And so it is as we glide noislessly along the great river, another scene is presented almost as beautiful as the day vista, and when the moon is at the full and the great globe rises in the eastern heavens, throwing a flood of light upon tree, rock and water, it is difficult for the spectator not to sink back upon his cushions and believe he is drifting on the summer seas of Ponce de Leon, the dream waters of America.

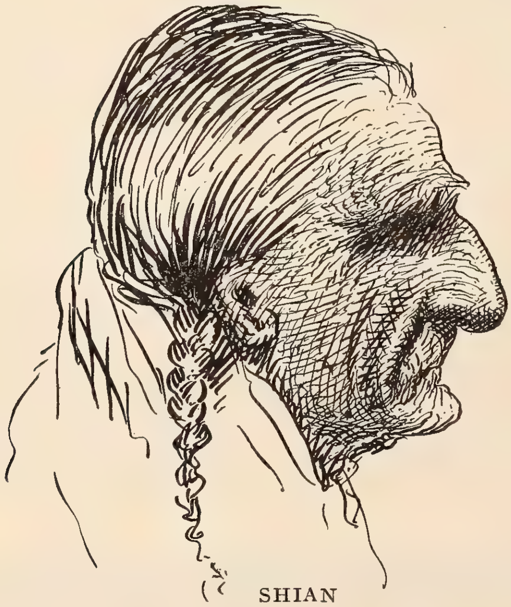
A WHARF IN FRONT OF THE CAMP

JOHN DAVENPORT, COLFAX

By HOMER DAVENPORT

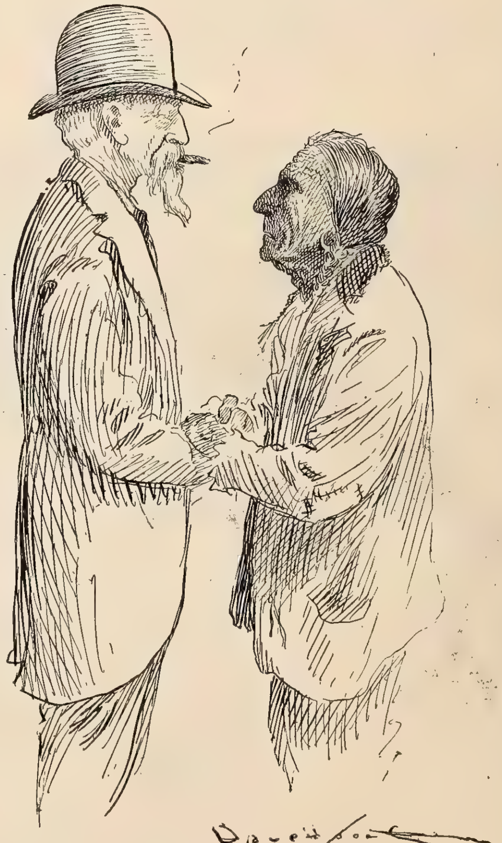
With Drawings by the Writer

Once in Silverton, Oregon, under the big oak tree that stood in the center of Main Street, an old Indian was seen to be half crying as he talked to a white man. They had been dear friends for a great many years, and they had met to say good-bye, apparently forever. The Indian was an old one, and his face and hair were about the same color of the tears that went streaking down the deep wrinkles of his face till they met under his chin. The white man was young in appearance, although with whitish hair and a white chin beard, with which he gave a peculiar toss every now and then. There was a long hand-shake with the Indian clinching, apparently to save time. Finally the white man pulled himself away, turned and walked into the old brick store. The Indian wandered up the middle of the street till it changed into the Molally Road. There's where his pony was tied. Here, drying his eyes with the corners of his buckskin coat, he scrambled onto his pony's back, as only an Indian would, and went at a slow dog trot down the road towards the heavy timber ranges of the Upper Molally. Not many noticed the incident, and there was little or no comment outside of a few joking men, the main joke being that an Indian could cry or nearly so. The Indian was old Shian, the last of the Molally tribe. The man with the pleasant smile and the queer chin beard was John Davenport, a partner with A. I. Coolidge, pioneers in the old brick store.

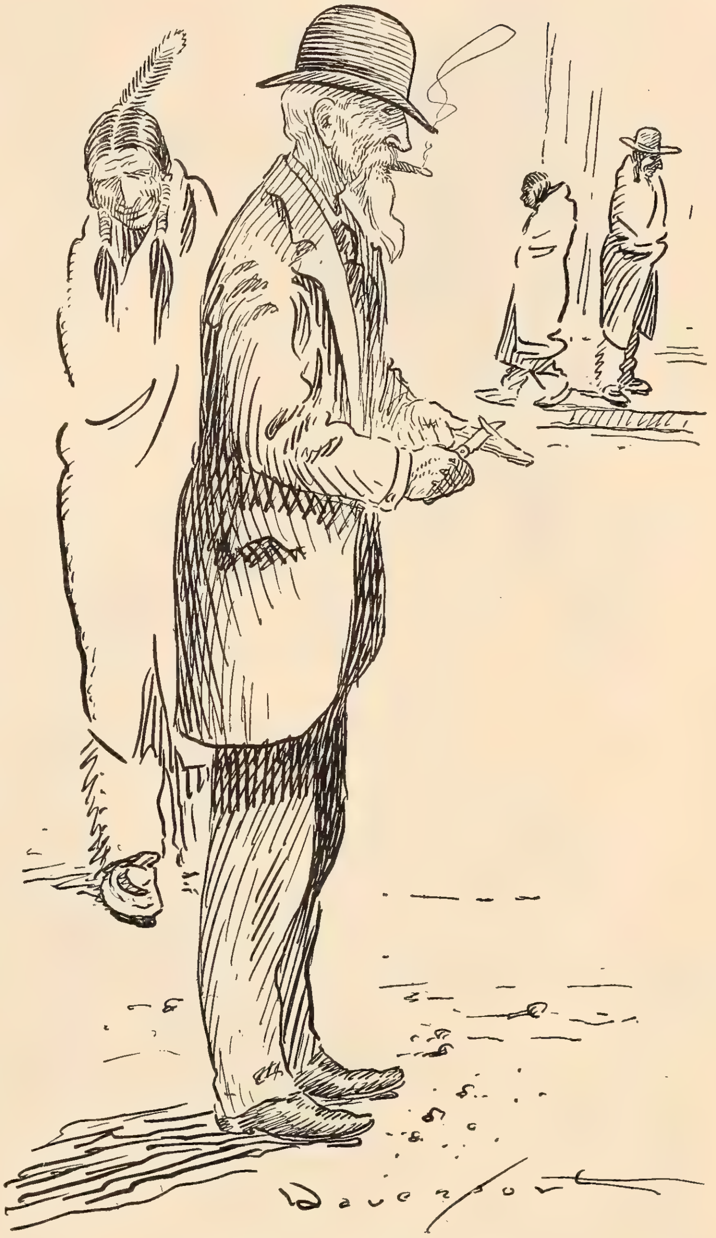


SHIAN

It was about the year 1875 that John Davenport was going to the Palouse country to go into the general merchandise business on a large scale, and he finally settled at Colfax, Washington.



HIS LAST GOOD-BYE



JOHN DAVENPORT

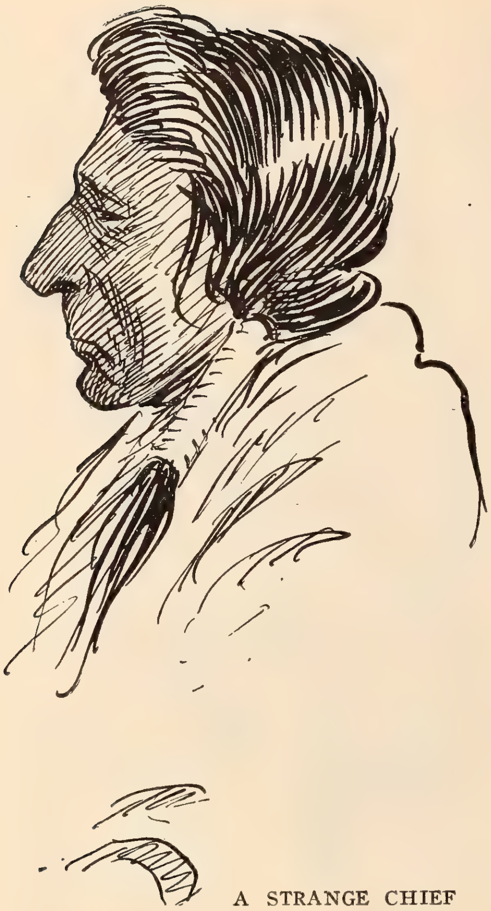
There were more Indians there than there were in Silverton, and, perhaps, for that reason alone, John Davenport was happy. He laughed and played practical jokes on them, and they seemed to like it, and they talked loud whenever he passed by. In fact, they cackled like geese whenever his name was mentioned. They hung about his store and examined minutely the fiber or texture of all the goods he had for sale, even examined the grains of brown sugar, during which time he learned their language, and they in turn learned most of his. He soon came to be the most popular man in town with whites as well as Indians. Other tribes came and camped and sold their beaver skins and bought his flour and blankets, and before many months had passed, John Davenport was doing a big business.

One evening a strange Chief came to his store. He spoke different jargon, even looked different from the other Indians. Through an interpreter that he had, he said that he wanted to sell some deer and beaver skins and buy big lots of things.

"All right," answered the storekeeper. "We will buy your skins and sell you blankets after six o'clock." At which prospect the Indian Chief seemed pleased.

At the given hour the hides the Indian tribe had to sell were bought in, the transfer consuming about twenty minutes, but when the Indians of the new tribe, which were more than a hundred, began to buy, it took more time.

If an Indian was going to buy silver spoons by the dozen that were all of the same pattern, he would examine each spoon separately, spending from ten to fifteen minutes on every spoon. So with this method they had hardly commenced to buy when midnight came. The Old Chief realized that the merchant and his clerks were tired out, and said to the proprietor, "We have come a long way and haven't brought many teepees, trusting to the clear weather, and it is now beginning to rain, we want to know if you will let us Indians, squaws and papooses sleep here on the floor of the store." John Davenport had been used to joking Indians, but at this hour of the night it struck him as rather queer. He smiled at the Indian, but saw no smile from the Indian in return. The merchant



A STRANGE CHIEF

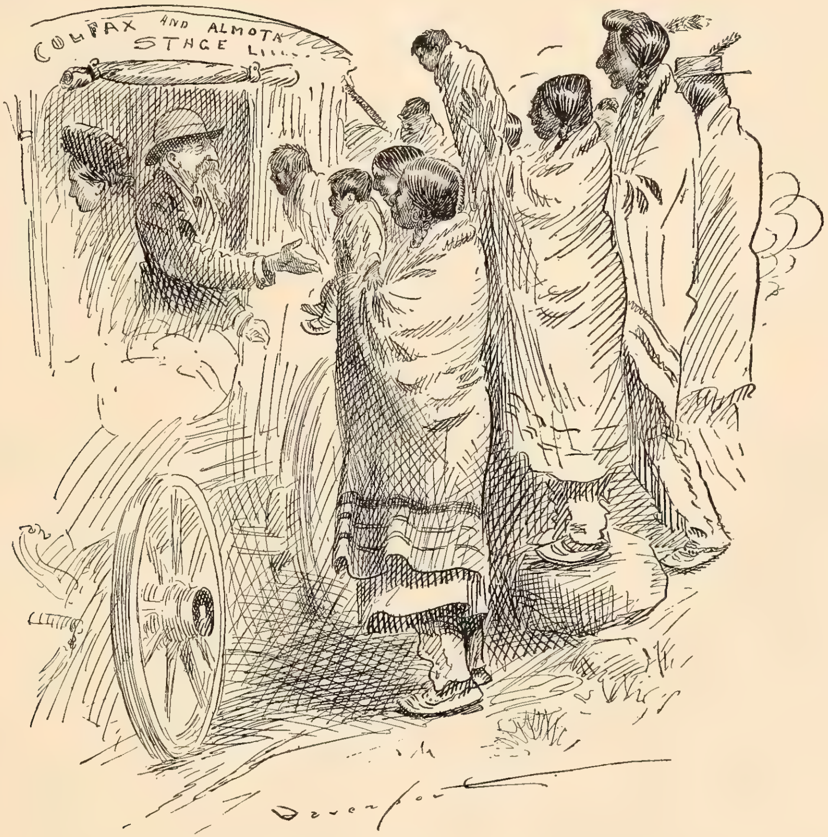
told the interpreter to tell him that they locked up the store at night and went home.

"Yes, I know," said the Indian, "but let us sleep here on the floor."

John Davenport walked around the Indian until he could see his eyes to better effect. Then he looked at them intently for a moment, smiled that smile that the Indians knew so well, and gave the white beard a peculiar toss, and said, "Tell your Indians to get their blankets and come ahead."

While they were preparing their beds the storekeeper tried to pacify the excited clerks and at the same time counted out some change and left it scattered on the counter, here and there. Also took some small rolls of red ribbon from the shelves and left them at intervals on the counter; put out the lights, left the store door open for ventilation and went home, wondering whether he would still be doing a general merchandise business the next day or not. He did not know the Indians; never had seen one of them before. Did not know where they lived; all he knew was that the Chief came and had a small slip of greasy paper, on which was written, "John Davenport, Colfax." The merchant did not sleep much, although it rained on the roof till daylight, at which time he got up, and without waiting for breakfast, went down and peeped around the corner. He saw dust coming from the open door, and found that the Indians were trying to sweep out. All greeted him with a pleasant grunt and smile, and as he walked lazily around to look at his "traps," as it were, the money and the red ribbons all were there. Not even a finger print in the sugar barrel was to be detected.

By noon the Indians bought more than their furs came to, and had established a credit system that eventually meant much to the Indians of that country, each Indian being numbered and a small tag with a corresponding number kept by the merchant, the number alone being charged on the books with the amount of his purchase. This news spread like prairie fires which run over the bunch grass of that district. Indians came from greater distances and bought on the credit system. Within two years there were over one hundred thousand dollars of Indian debts on John Davenport's books, and he did not know a name. Indians came in great droves and sold him all sorts of skins and bought in return farming implements, which their cayuse ponies would sometimes tear to pieces in the streets of Colfax. The Indians and squaws would shed tears at such reckless loss of money, and come to the merchant to find out what to do. Whereupon he would laugh, with the peculiar toss of his head, and give them more reapers and loan them gentle horses till they broke their Indian ponies to work with safety. Indians came from miles to see the man with the "white chinned beard," as they called him. They seemed happy if he would only slap them on the back, at which they laughed and felt proud. They once heard that he was to go by stage on a certain day to Almota, some thirty miles from Colfax and, on that day when the merchant and his family started, they found at each stage station that the road was lined for a mile either way with Indians decked in paint and gala attire. The merchant's wife and daughters were humiliated at seeing the squaws hold up their papooses, all of whom had been named John Davenport. This pleased the man with the white beard, and he smiled and shook hands with as many of the little savages as he could reach. As he passed on the Indians all took up the line of march and fairly escorted him in a great parade as if he were their god, Sohlie tiee. No Indian ever beat him out of a dollar, but a bad one stole his boy's white pony. Then John Davenport, the Indian's friend, turned to be the Indian's enemy, and sent that Indian to the penitentiary for seven years.


COLFAX AND ALMOTA STAGE LINE

PLEASED THE MAN WITH THE WHITE BEARD

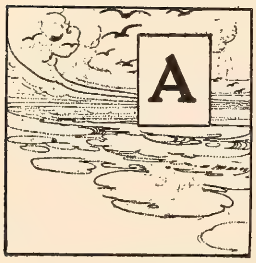
The Indian merchant, as everybody called him, grew to be very wealthy, but he was robbed by a white man. The Indians heard of his loss and came by thousands to try and help him, only to find that the grief of his loss had driven him away. Indians hunted for him in vain, and finally appealed to the settlement, asking if they could name a town after him, which they did, and it is Davenport, Washington.

Some years later in Silverton, Oregon, near where the big old oak tree used to stand, I saw a strange sight,—Old Shian had come to town, where he had not been for years. Some were surprised to see him, they thought he was dead. My father was sent for to see and talk with the old Indian, as they had been friends for more than thirty years. The old Indian was very feeble. He could scarcely see, and was trying to find the old oak tree; once at the tree he could find his way around Silverton, as that was his compass. But the tree was gone, Silverton had out-grown the Indian and the tree. Father asked him if he knew him, and the Indian replied, "Wake"—No. "You don't know me," asked the white man, "Wake." "Did you ever see me before?" "Wake." The Indian and the white man stood meditating, while the other old pioneers laughed. Finally the merchant's brother spoke and said, "I am John Davenport's brother. At this, the old Molally Chief trembled and shook. A nervous chill seemed to come over him. His knees almost gave way. The old Indian reached for the white man's hand, and when he grasped it, he turned and looked off over the hills toward the darker timber in the direction of the Upper Molally. For some minutes the red man maintained silent, while tears coursed down his deep furrowed face. Then with broken voice he asked, "Oh Ka John?" meaning "Where is John?" "Si-ah, Portland," said the man. At which the old Chief had nothing to say. "Shian," asked the white man, "what made Indians like John Davenport, and John Davenport like Indians?" The old Indian turned, wiping some of the tears out of his eyes, and talked to the white men some moments in his own language, a translation of which was, "Cause *John Davenport never told an Indian a lie.*"

BUTTERFLY FARMING FOR PROFIT*

By CHARLES QUINCY TURNER

With illustrations by the writer



A BUTTERFLY farm!" How odd the words look in cold print. There is almost a smile of incredulity in them: as if one had given reins to the imagination, whereas, it is not imagination at all which suggests them to me, but remembrance, and very joyous remembrances too, redolent of some of the happiest of my youth in the country,

> "When I smelt the wild white rose,
> Smelt the woodbine and the May,
> Marked upon a sunny day,
> Sated, from their blossoms rise,
> Honey bees and butterflies."

which I chased heedlessly, to their undoing and mine; for I had not got beyond the use of the clumsy net. I was green and in my salad days I had not learned to "still hunt" them. The net is always risky and often fatal to the beauty and perfection of specimens for the cabinet. To obtain the highest possible results you must learn the art and mystery of butterfly farming.

Any clown-boy can pursue the rarest specimens "round the trem'lous meadow's buttercups," a man who does not know a swallow-tail from a flying grasshopper, can do that, and spoil it in the catching; but it takes a past-master naturalist to go a bird's-nesting for butterfly's eggs and chrysalids and know where to go to find them, and what to provide, so that their evolution may be fully accomplished, their little lives rounded out in glory.

All boys start out enthusiastically to make a collection, and most of them start wrong. I did! I shall not soon forget the zest with which I entered upon my midsummer carnival of butterflies and moths, "round the wide compass of the Eyrie coast," as dear, quaint old Spenser puts it. I knew the haunt of "the painted lady," and where the swallow-tails "basked in my path, his radiant wings unfolded," and where the puddle swarmed. I knew the dells where the "little blues" danced in and out among the poppies in the wheat, and I knew the lures that brought the night-flying moth to the willows on the river bank; but, try as I would, I never could produce the results which young Farreni did.

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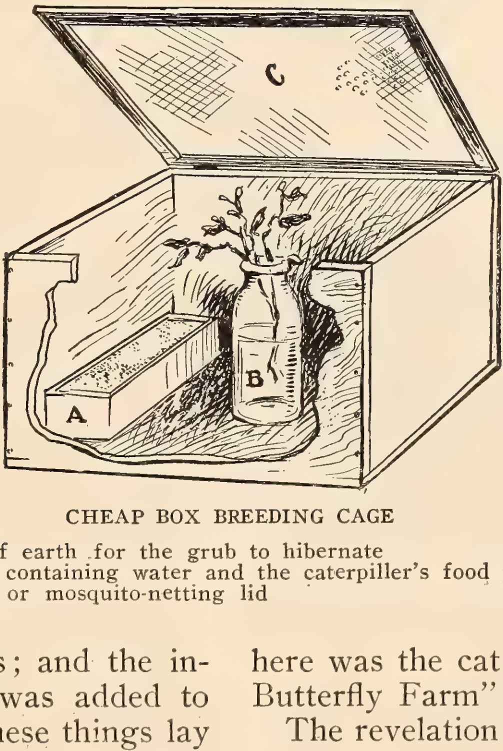
*I wanted pocket-money of my own in the worst way possible when, as a boy, I first started my Butterfiy Farm.—C.Q.T.

How he did it mightily puzzled me. His success hurt my pride, and it hurt my pocket too; for even boys soon find out that there is a value in the market to such an insignificant thing as a butterfly, and that the price rises or falls in proportion as the specimen is perfect or otherwise. The difference is quite as great, proportionally, in them as it is in rare editions of books. Those with the slightest defect sell far below the rarer perfect ones. Collectors of all kinds want the best, and are willing to pay for them. Now, Farreni could always get tip top prices; and the injury to my pocketbook was added to the hurt to my pride. These things lay heavy on my young spirits, a mystery unfathomable.



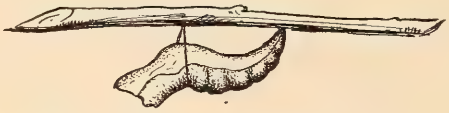
CHEAP BOX BREEDING CAGE

A—Pan of earth for the grub to hibernate
B—Bottle containing water and the caterpiller's food plant
C—Gauze or mosquito-netting lid

One day, when I was about fourteen years old, fortune aided me to solve it. A gray haired, bespectacled old gentleman, who evidently was not sure of his way, asked me to direct him to Farreni's father, and I took him along. The Farrenis lived in an old farmhouse, a little distance off the road, in the center of a paddock surrounded by poplar trees and a privet hedge, which effectually cut off the sight of the path. There was nobody about the old-fashioned garden, which was nearly all hardy herbaceous, and we walked straight up to the front door and knocked. The elder Farreni came to the door of a long lean-to glass-house, built up to an old red brick wall at the back, and reaching nearly down to the ground in front, and called us to join him. I had been in the dwelling house several times, but never into this lean-too.

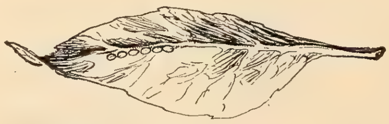
In his exuberant welcome of the bespectacled visitor, whom he had evidently expected, I was overlooked, and the two cronies became absorbed in a common pleasure. So, too, did I; for here was the cat out of the bag—"The Butterfly Farm"!

The revelation came to me in a flash: for all along the benches (between which they walked, and stopped, and examined and I lagged, like Shakespeare's school boy), were tubs, and pots, and pans, and water jugs, full of nettles, parsley, privet and fennel, grasses, weeds, timothy, and clover, all covered in with thin netting stretched over hoops; and in the more formal cases were scores of other vegetable tufts and branches embedded in the earth; every one of them partially eaten by one or other of scores of caterpillars in this queer stock farm. They were there in every age, from those which had just emerged from the egg-shells to those casting their skins, spinning their cocoons; or burrowing into the soil.


CHRYSALIS SUSPENDED ON A REED BY A THIN GIRDLE OF SILK OF ITS OWN WEAVING

Here, then, were the baby tigers, death's heads, peacocks, and delicate dusty millers, the perfection of which in young Farreni's cabinet had made my youthful mouth water with envy; and here for the first time I saw the whole process by which the fray of the net and the wasted labor was avoided, and success achieved. I learned a lesson which stood me in good stead.

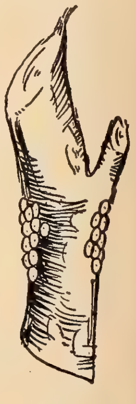
After that, the toil and moil, and scramble and chase, with the net, destroying the beauty and lowering its value in cash was not for me, but, in lieu of it, an altogether wider, deeper and more interesting study: the closer observation of the trained scientist. I had entered into a new world, and widened my sphere of interest from the finished product, backward to its inception, and through all the stages of its manufacture. I was henceforth a partner in the whole scheme of butterfly nature, instead of a mere collector.


STRING OF EGGS ON THE UNDER SURFACE OF A LEAF

The hunt for the caterpillar, or preferably for the eggs, or chrysalis, is not so physically exhilarating as the chase after the burnished beauties of the bushes, but it calls into existence a minuteness of observation in the fields, and an acumen to discover "sign," as the learned in woodcraft call it, which is in itself a liberal education. The mimicry of nature to deceive observers and thereby protect even the eggs, is truly wonderful; and the knowledge of all the conditions necessary to insure the hatching, feeding, hibernation and final metamorphosis of the grub to the butterfly or moth, demands a high order of scientific habit.

The first question every boy will naturally require answering is, "How shall I stock my farm?" The reply to it is threefold, for there are three sources of supply, each leading to the acquisition of what you want at different stages of butterfly life.

The first and most obvious method is to acquire the eggs from which the embryo caterpillar will hatch. To find these it will not be so necessary to watch the errant butterfly, which lays the eggs (that would be very difficult), as it is to watch the caterpillars feeding; when you have located them you have the key to the egg basket, for it is one of the most wonderful provisions of nature that the butterfly lays her eggs, always, on, or in the proximity of, the leaves upon which she, as a caterpillar fed, and which she knows her progeny, in their turn, will need for their sustenance. Some eggs will be detected on the undersides of the leaves, or ranged in clusters on the twigs; some in the crevices of the bark, and some buried in the stalks, none of them are conspicuous, but the most of them are not difficult to find, after a little practical experience.


CLUSTER OF EGGS ON A TWIG

The second source is to gather in the chrysalides, into which the caterpillar transforms, in the crevices of tree-bark or from the bare tree branches, or reeds, after the leaves are all off, and they can be the more easily detected, swinging in the winter winds, anchored by apparently the frailest thread, hibernating even in the most rigorous weather, the spark of life awaiting only the appointed time to burst into splendor bright and new conditions.

The third is to dig up the grubs of the hibernating caterpillar, which, in some species, bury themselves at the roots of the trees or plants on which they have up to that time fed.

Most caterpillars are easily to be seen on their food-trees or plants in the open, but some are almost invisible by reason of the fact that before they begin to eat they curl the leaves around them, devouring them secretly on the inside, and there are some which hide away by day and only feed by night. However, they all leave their trail behind them in withered leaves to tell the story of their presence.

When the chrysalis in its cocoon has been taken from its actual anchorage on tree or reed, or the grub has been unearthed, there is nothing to do, while in that stage, but to keep them in conditions as nearly as possible similar to those in which you captured them. In due time they will emerge as butterflies or moths. When they do that they must have within reach, in their cage, a spray or branch of the plant, tree, weed, or grass on which in a state of nature each kind lays its eggs, and they must be fed with a mixture of honey and water placed upon the leaves. You will then have a crop of eggs laid in captivity.

When the eggs have been secured, whether from the wild places, or produced in quasi-captivity, nature will hatch them out in her due time, and she will do so exactly at the period when the tree leaves, or plants, or grasses, or weeds, upon which the young feed, are succulent and fit for the babies.

The breeding cages may be simply ordinary store boxes or tubs with the bottom knocked out and the top covered with netting, or they may be more elaborate. Ordinarily any boy will be satisfied with a box with a glass door which opens on the front and large enough to hold a water jug in which are placed the fresh food-branches and four or five inches of soil on the bottom of the box. It must have a gauze top to admit air.

1 THE LEAFWING 2 THE CALICO

The vital point of success is eternal vigilance in keeping the food fresh and removing the droppings. Nature provides for both these functions when the caterpillar is free; the successful breeder has to take the place of nature, and neglect at any point means dwarfed or diseased specimens.

A PAIR OF WHITE ADMIRALS

It is impossible to give special directions for each species; observation of nature's methods must be every boy's school. A few general observations must suffice. The crucial time is infancy; the little black snip of life looks like a tiny fragment of cotton. He comes out of his shell on the stem which the egg was laid on, and by that time its leaves have become hard for his infantile gums in confinement. Take him up gently on the point of a small, soft, artists' paint brush, and set him down on a fresh, crisp, leaf. He will set about the business of his life, to eat, at once. As he finishes, or the leaves wilt, lift him on to another. When he gets bigger he won't trouble; he will do his own foraging. During this period of his growth there will come days when he won't eat; don't be alarmed! He is only preparing to shed his skin. His jacket has grown too tight for him, that is all. When he has gone through all his sheddings, he will spin himself up in a cocoon, or go to earth, or tie up to a reed or stem, and go into winter quarters. Don't coddle chrysalids, don't be afraid that the cold will hurt them; remember what it is out on the marsh, or in the forest, and leave them alone. If you keep them unnaturally, in the winter, they will come out in the spring as butterflies or moths before nature is ready for them.

As eggs and chrysalids are much less frequently seen than the caterpillar or moth, it may not be amiss to preserve a few specimens of the eggs of each captive, and one or two chrysalids of each. It saves many hours of future doubt to be able to turn to them for identification. The eggs need no other treatment than submerging on the dry stalk or leaf in tubes of alcohol. The chrysalids may either be killed with an injection of chloroform or soaked in alcohol. The preservation of the caterpillar's case, that is, the stuffing of the skin, for show purposes, is of little practical importance, except for museums.

The setting up of the farm-bred, perfect, butterfly or moth is much simplified, because one can take one's own time with it. One note of warning is needed, and that is against haste. Let the released wings have ample time to expand to their full beauty before stupefying their owner. When they are farm-bred they can be set at once, as no relaxing methods are necessary. In setting them in the ordinary blocks, let the bodies ride free in the grooves and their wings expand according to the necessity of showing the markings of both the upper and under wings.

What you propose doing with your collection will govern many other details. If you are making it for personal delight, as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, or to sell, as part of a museum collection, you will be governed accordingly.

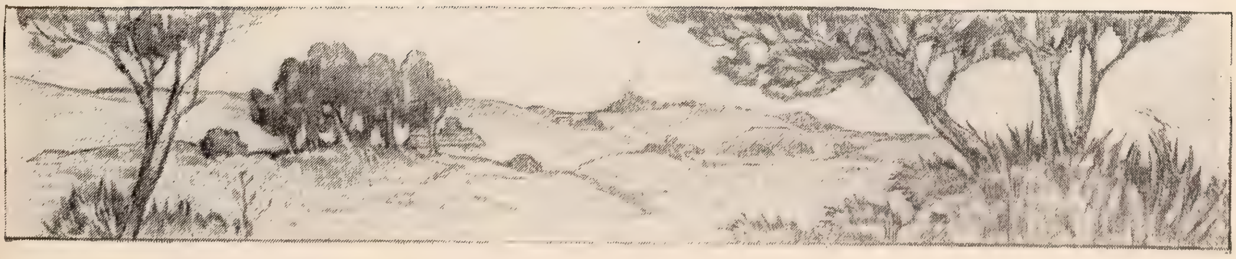
On this point will hang the question of glass frames or elaborate cabinets, but by the time the youngster in the country has reached this stage, he will be in a position to settle these questions without advice. Suffice it for me if I have pointed out the highway by which may be obtained a more intimate knowledge of the charms which, for the young, surround country life.

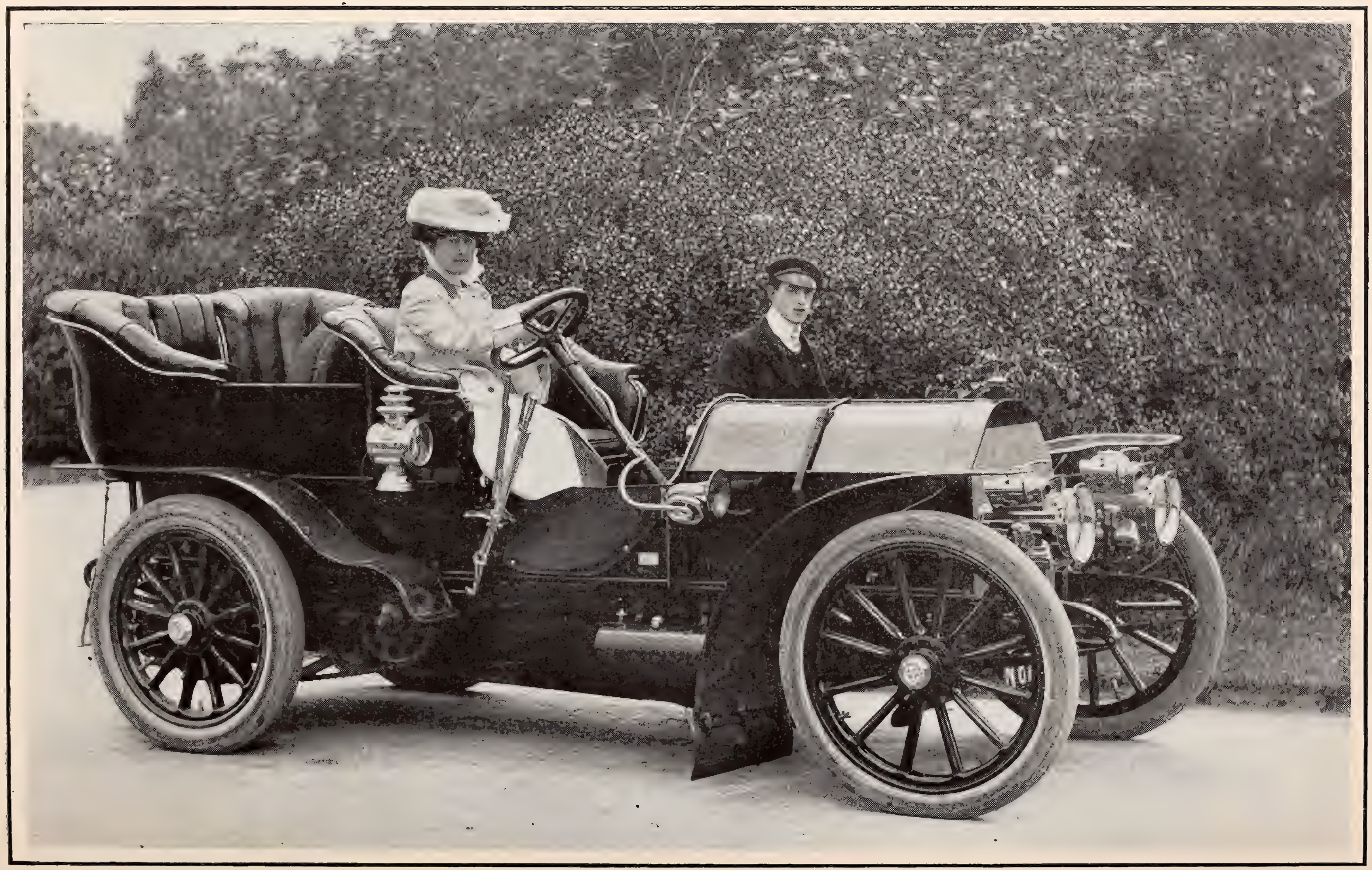
LANGUOR-THRALLED

By CLARENCE H. URNER

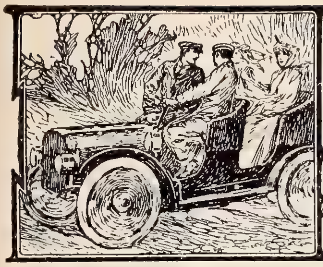
Years gone, I wandered to a woodland scene,
Down by-paths lined with ferns of queenly grace,
By sheltered nooks and limpid streams that trace
Their tortuous way 'twixt banks of mossy green:
Dream-lured, sought shadowy cove and leafy screen
Where sinuous vine and weeping branch embrace,
Then in an arch, thick-wrought, still interlace,
Shut out alternate clouds and Heavens serene.

When skies again are glad with softened beams
And winds blow sweet above the winsome bowers,
Some phantom-presence, weird and tender, seems
To rule the verduous earth with subtle powers;
Then, languor-thralled, I near melodious streams
And tread rude ways amid wild forest flowers.

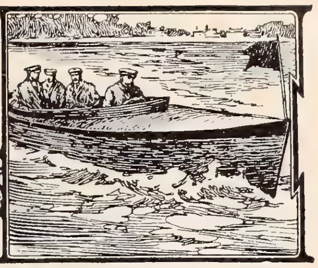




MISS D. HAMPSON, THE ONLY WOMAN RACER IN THE WORLD, IN THE HANDSOME TOURING CAR PRESENTED TO HER AT THE CLOSE OF THE INTERNATIONAL RACES



MOTORING



By WILLARD NIXON

CONDENSED INFORMATION FOR THE PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER.

For some time I have been wanting to print in RECREATION a list of American automobiles classified as to price, and as this month's issue contains several automobile articles and stories, it seems a particularly good time to do it.

In order to make the list compact, only a few words of description is printed with each car and all illustrations are omitted. It is hoped that this list may be of use to prospective purchasers as well as to give an idea of the size to which the automobile industry has attained. A strong effort has been made to eliminate errors and to make the list as complete as possible, and we would appreciate any letters calling our attention to omissions or mistakes so that they may be included in a later issue in this department.

Forwarded by Gen. C. Worcester, of the Philippine Commission

BONTOC HEAD-HUNTERS IN THE PHILIPPINES

To those who find the list interesting and who may wish further information concerning American automobiles, we suggest writing a letter to the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, 7 East Forty-second street, New York, enclosing six cents postage for the 1905 hand-book of gasolene cars manufactured by firms who belong to this association, for although a very considerable number of American manufacturers are not represented and although much valuable and easily obtainable information is not comprised in the book, it will supplement the subjoined list nicely, and, in short, every prospective purchaser ought to have a copy.

In each case the style of the body has been indicated, and perhaps it should be explained that the style "Stanhope" is used in the sense of meaning a body having a folding front seat which may be used to accommodate two extra passengers if desired, and folded up so as to give the effect of a neat box front when only two persons are to be carried in the car. No difference is made between side entrance tonneau and rear entrance tonneau.

No commercial vehicles are listed or foreign cars or motor cycles, there being about thirty American makes of the last named. Steam cars and electric cars are specified; the rest of the cars are all of the gasolene type.

"LEST WE FORGET"

LIST OF AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES CLASSIFIED AS TO PRICE.

ABBREVIATIONS.

cyl.—cylinder.
elec.—electric.
hor.—horizontal.
vert.—vertical
opp.—opposed.

$375 to $500 inclusive.

"La Petite"—2-cyl. Runabout ($375)—*Detroit Auto Mfg. Co.*
"Orient" Buckboard—1-cyl. air-cooled, 4 styles—*Waltham Mfg. Co.*
"Gale"—1-cyl. Runabout ($500)—*Western Tool Works.*
Watrous—2-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau ($500)—*Watrous Auto Co.*
"Pope-Tribune"—1-cyl. vertical Runabout—*Pope Mfg. Co.*
"Monarch"—1-cyl. air-cooled Runabout ($500)—*Monarch Automobile Co.*
Pokorney—2-cyl. air-cooled Runabout—*H. Pokorney.*

$650.

Jackson—1-cyl. Runabout—*Jackson Auto Co.*
"Northern"—1-cyl. hor. Runabout—*Northern Mfg. Co.*
"Oldsmobile"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Olds Motor Works.*
"Reo"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Reo Motor Car Co.*
"Locomobile"—Steam Runabout—*Locomobile Co. of America.*
"Overland"—2-cyl. Runabout ($600)—*Standard Wheel Co.*
Prescott—Steam Runabout—*Prescott Auto Co.*
Kunz—1-cyl. Runabout ($675)—*J. L. Kunz Machinery Co.*
"Royal"—Elec. Runabout—*Royal Auto Co.*
Covert—1-cyl. vert. Runabout—*Covert Motor Vehicle Co.*
Motorcar—1-cyl. air-cooled Runabout—*Motorcar Co.*

$750.

"Marsh"—2-cyl. vert. Runabout—*American Motor Co.*
Maxwell-Brisco—2-cyl. opp. Runabout—*Maxwell-Brisco Motor Co.*
"Overland"—2-cyl. vert. Runabout—*Standard Wheel Co.*
Mitchell—2-cyl. vert. Runabout—*Mitchell Motor Co.*
"Rambler"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.*
"Glide"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Bartholemew Co.*
"Queen"—2-cyl. opp. Runabout ($775)—*A. H. Blomstrom Motor Co.*
Pierce-Racine—1-cyl. Runabout—*Pierce Engine Co.*
"Oldsmobile"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Olds Motor Works.*
Cadillac—1-cyl. Runabout—*Cadillac Auto Co.*
Stanley—Steam Stanhope ($725)—*Stanley Bros.*

$850.

Studebaker—Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
"Glide"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*Bartholemew Co.*
Cadillac—1-cyl. Runabout—*Cadillac Auto Co.*
Motorcar—2-cyl. vert. Runabout—*Motor Car Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Mfg. Co.*
Taunton—1-cyl. vert. Stanhope—*Taunton Motor Carriage Co.*
"Rambler"—1-cyl. Runabout—*Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.*

OVER THE HILLS OF RHODE ISLAND

"Queen"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau ($875)—*Blomstrom Motor Co.*
Stanley—Steam Stanhope—*Stanley Bros.*
"Columbia"—Elec. Runabout—*Electric Vehicle Co.*
"Pope-Tribune"—2-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Pope Mfg. Co.*
Union—2-cyl. opp. Runabout ($925)—*Union Auto Mfg. Co.*
"Crest"—1-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Crest Mfg. Co.*
Wilson—1-cyl. Stanhope—*Wilson Auto Mfg. Co.*
"Autocar"—2-cyl. opp. Runabout—*Autocar Co.*
"Cadillac"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*Cadillac Auto Co.*
"Buckmobile"—2-cyl. opp. Runabout—*Black Diamond Auto Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Motor Car Co.*

$950.

"National"—Elec. Runabout—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Studebaker—Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
"Queen"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*A. H. Blomstrom Motor Co.*
"Mahoning"—1-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Mahoning Motor Car Co.*
Ford—2-cyl. Tonneau—*Ford Motor Co.*
"Oldsmobile"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*Olds Motor Works.*
"Cadillac"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*Cadillac Auto Co.*

$1,000.

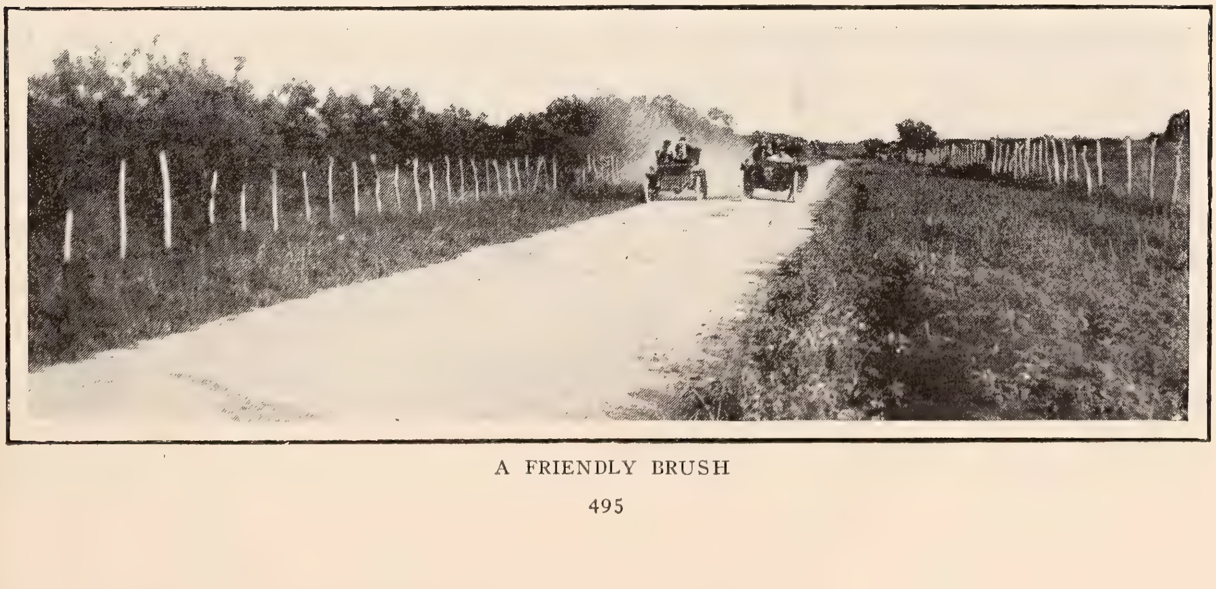
"Acme"—2-cyl. vert. Runabout—*Acme Motor Car Co.*
"National"—Elec. Runabout—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Woods—Elec. Runabout—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*
Stanley—Steam Tonneau—*Stanley Bros.*
"Pope-Hartford"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*Pope Mfg. Co.*
"Queen"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*A. H. Blomstrom Motor Co.*
"Union"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Union Auto Mfg. Co.*
Moline—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Moline Auto Co.*
"Boss"—Steam Dos-a-dos—*Boss Knitting Machine Works.*

$1,050

Studebaker—Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
Cameron—3-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*James Brown Machinery Co.*
Baker—Elec. Runabout—*Baker Motor Vehicle Co.*
"Buckmobile"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Black Diamond Auto Co.*

$1,100.

Michigan—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Michigan Auto Co.*
"Yale"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Kirk Mfg. Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
Jackson—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau ($1,125)—*Jackson Auto Co.*
"Glide"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau ($1,125)—*Bartholemew Co.*



A FRIENDLY BRUSH

$1,200.
Duryea—3-cyl. three-wheeled—*Duryea Power Co.*
Ford—2-cyl. Tonneau—*Ford Motor Co.*
"Wayne"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Wayne Auto Co.*
Buick—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Buick Motor Co.*
"Union"2-cyl. opp. Toneau—*Union Auto Mfg. Co.*
Buffum—4-cyl. vert. Runabout—*H. H. Buffum.*
Baker—Elec. Runabout—*Baker Motor Vehicle Co.*
"National"—Elec. Runabout—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
"E. H. V. Compound"—3-cyl. Runabout—*E. H. V. Company.*
Pierce—1-cyl. hor. Stanhope—*Geo. N. Pierce Co.*

$1,250.
Jackson—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Jackson Auto Co.*
"Reliance"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Reliance Motor Vehicle Co.*
Knox—1-cyl. air-cooled Stanhope—*Knox Auto Co.*
"Elmore"—2-cyl., 2-cycle Tonneau—*Elmore Mfg. Co.*
"Auburn"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Auburn Auto Co.*
"Premier"—4-cyl. air-cooled—*Premier Motor Mfg. Co.*
"National"—Elec. Dos-a-dos—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Sommer—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Sommer Motor Co.*
Pierce-Racine—2-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Pierce Engine Co.*
"Wayne"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Wayne Automobile Co.*
"Michigan"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Michigan Auto Co.*
"Reo"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Reo Motor Car Co.*

$1,300.
Duryea—2-cyl. inclined Phaeton—*Duryea Power Co.*
Stevens-Duryea—2-cyl. opp. Stanhope—*J. Stevens Arm & Tool Co.*

$1,350.
"Rambler"—2-cyl. opp. Runabout—*Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.*
Haynes—2-cyl. opp. Stanhope—*Haynes-Apperson Co.*
"Waterloo"—3-cyl. inclined Phaeton.—*Waterloo Motor Co.*
Studebaker—Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
"Columbia"—Elec. Runabout—*Electric Vehicle Co.*

$1,400.
"St. Louis"—1-cyl. Tonneau—*St. Louis Motor Carriage Co.*
Maxwell-Briscoe—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.*
"Autocar"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Autocar Co.*
E. H. V. Compound—3-cyl. Tonneau—*E. H. V. Company.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
"Oldsmobile"—2-cyl. Tonneau—*Olds Motor Works.*

$1,500.
Mitchell—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Mitchell Motor Co.*
Dolson—2-cyl. Tonneau—*John L. Dolson & Sons.*
Knox—1-cyl. air-cooled Stanhope—*Knox Auto Co.*
Franklin—4-cyl. air-cooled Runabout—*H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.*
Duryea—3-cyl. Phaeton—*Duryea Power Co.*
Marble-Swift—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Marble-Swift Auto Co.*
Brew-Hatcher—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Brew-Hatcher Co.*
"Columbia"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Electric Vehicle Co.*
"Orient"—4-cyl. air-cooled Runabout—*Waltham Mfg. Co.*
Marion—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Marion Motor Car Co.*
Haynes—4-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Haynes-Apperson Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
"Premier"—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Premier Motor Mfg. Co.*
"Northern"—2-cyl. opp. Runabout—*Northern Mfg. Co.*
"National"—Elec. Runabout—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Walworth—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*A. O. Walworth & Co.*
Grout—Steam Tonneau—*Grout Brothers.*
"Princess"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Royal Auto Co.*

$1,600.
"St. Louis"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*St. Louis Motor Carriage Co.*
Logan—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Logan Construction Co.*
Moline—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Moline Auto Co.*
"Pope-Hartford"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Pope Mfg. Co.*
Baker—Elec. Runabout—*Baker Motor Vehicle Co.*
"Wolverine"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Reid Mfg. Co.*
"Model"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Model Gas Engine Works.*

$1,650.
"Orient"—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Waltham Mfg. Co.*
"Acme"—2-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Acme Motor Car Co.*
Studebaker Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
Franklin—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.*
"Buffalo"—Elec. Runabout—*Buffalo Electric Carriage Co.*

$1,700.
"Northern"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Northern Mfg. Co.*
Pungs-Finch—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Pungs-Finch Auto & Gas Engine Co.*

$1,750.
"Columbia"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Electric Vehicle Co.*
"Buffalo"—Elec. Stanhope—*Buffalo Electric Carriage Co.*
Studebaker—Elec. Runabout—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
"Duquesne"—4 cyl. Tonneau—*Duquesne Construction Co.*
Richmond—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Wayne Works.*
Knox—2-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Knox Auto Co.*
"Berkshire"—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Berkshire Auto Co.*
"Waterloo"—3-cyl. inclined Tonneau—*Waterloo Motor Co.*

$1,800.
Blood—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Blood Bros. Auto & Machine Co.*
Winton—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Winton Motor Carriage Co.*
Buffalo—Elec. Runabout—*Buffalo Electric Carriage Co.*
"Royal"—Elec. Runabout—*Royal Auto Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Runabout—*Pope Motor Car Co.*

$1,850.
Woods—Elec. Phaeton—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*
Pungs-Finch—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Pungs-Finch Auto & Gas Engine Co.*

$1,900.
Knox—2-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Knox Auto Co.*
Woods—Elec. Victoria, also Phaeton ($1,950)—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*

$2,000.
"Orient"—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Waltham Mfg. Co.*
"National"—Elec. Runabout—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Wayne—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Wayne Automobile Co.*

Bates—3-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Bates Auto Co.*
"Rambler"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Thos. B. Jeffrey & Co.*
Ford—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Ford Motor Co.*
"Queen"—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*A. H. Blomstrom.*
Autocar—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Autocar Co.*
Corbin—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Corbin Motor Vehicle Corp.*
"E. H. V. Compound"—3-cyl. Tonneau—*E. H. V. Co.*
Lane—Steam Runabout ($2,100)—*Lane Motor Vehicle Co.*
Model—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Model Gas Engine Works.*
Stoddard-Dayton—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Dayton Motor Car Co.*

$2,250.

Covert—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Covert Motor Vehicle Co.*
Banker—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Banker Bros.*
Buffalo—Elec. Stanhope—*Buffalo Electric Carriage Co.*
"Pope-Waverley"—Elec. Depot Wagon—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
Lane—Steam Tonneau—*Lane Motor Vehicle Co.*

$2,500.

"National"—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*National Motor Vehicle Co.*
Marmon—4-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Nordyke & Marmon Co.*
"Berkshire"—4-cyl. Tonneau ($2,400)—*Berkshire Auto Co.*
White—Steam Tonneau—*White Sewing Machine Co.*
Phelps—3-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Phelps Motor Vehicle Co.*
Dolson—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*John L. Dolson & Sons.*
Banker—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Banker Bros.*
Winton—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Winton Motor Carriage Co.*
"Northern" Limousine—2-cyl. opp. Tonneau—*Northern Mfg. Co.*
Upton—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Upton Motor Co.*
Hammer—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*Hammer Motor Co.*
Frayer-Miller—3-cyl. air-cooled Tonneau—*Oscar Lear Auto Co.*
Williams—4-cyl. horiz. Tonneau—*W. L. Casaday Mfg. Co.*
Adams-Farwell—3-revolv. cyl.—*The Adams Co.*
"Iroquois"—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Iroquois Motor Car Co.*
Meteor—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Worthington Auto Co.*
Yale—4-cyl. Tonneau—*Kirk Mfg. Co.*
Stevens-Duryea—4-cyl. vert. Tonneau—*J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.*
"Ariel"—*Ariel Motor Car Co.*

$2,600.

Schacht—4-cyl. hor. Tonneau—*Schacht Mfg. Co.*
Gaeth—3-cyl. hor. Tonneau—*Gaeth Automobile Works.*
White—Steam Tonneau—*White Sewing Machine Co.*
Baker—Elec. Surrey ($2,650)—*Baker Motor Vehicle Co.*

$2,700.

White—Steam Tonneau—*White Sewing Machine Co.*
"Acme"—4-cyl. Tonneau ($2,750)—*Acme Motor Car Co.*

$2,800.

"Locomobile," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Locomobile Co.*
Cadillac—4-cyl.—*Cadillac Auto Co.*
"Pope-Toledo"—4-cyl.—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
Woods—Elec. Coupé—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*
Cleveland—4-cyl.—*Cleveland Motor Car Co.*

$3,000.

"Royal"—4-cyl.—*Royal Motor Car Co.*
Thomas—4-cyl.—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*
Banker—4-cyl.—*Banker Bros.*
Studebaker—4-cyl.—*Studebaker Auto Co.*
Haynes—4-cyl. vert.—*Haynes-Apperson Co.*
Baker—Elec. Depot Wagon—*Baker Motor Vehicle Co.*
Austin—4-cyl.—*Austin Auto Co.*
Berg—4-cyl. ($3,200)—*Worthington Auto Co.*
"Pope-Toledo"—4-cyl. ($3,200)—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
"Peerless"—4-cyl.—*Peerless Motor Car Co.*
Thomas—4-cyl. ($3,150)—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*
"Rambler," Limousine—2-cyl. opp.—*Thos. B. Jeffrey & Co.*

$3,500.

Winton—4-cyl.—*Winton Motor Carriage Co.*
Barnhart—4-cyl.—*Warren Auto Co.*
Pierce-"Arrow"—4-cyl.—*Geo. N. Pierce Co.*
Packard—4-cyl.—*Packard Motor Car Co.*
"Pope-Toledo"—4-cyl.—*Pope Motor Car Co.*
Franklin—4-cyl. air-cooled—*H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.*
Austin—4-cyl.—*Austin Auto Co.*
"Columbia"—Elec. Brougham—*Electric Vehicle Co.*
Standard—4-cyl.—*Standard Motor Construction Co.*
Ardsley—4-cyl.—*Ardsley Motor Car Co.*
Thomas—4-cyl.—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*
Woods—Elec. Victoria—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*
Cantono—Elec. Brougham—*Cantono Electric Tractor Co.*

$3,700.

"Locomobile," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Locomobile Co. of America.*
Apperson—4-cyl. ($3,650)—*Apperson Bros. Auto Co.*
"Peerless"—4-cyl. ($3,750)—*Peerless Motor Car Co.*

$4,000.

Buffum—4-cyl.—*H. H. Buffum.*
Stearns—4-cyl.—*F. B. Stearns Co.*
"Peerless"—4-cyl.—*Peerless Motor Car Co.*
"Columbia," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Electric Vehicle Co.*
Corbin—4-cyl. air-cooled—*Corbin Motor Vehicle Corporation.*
Pierce-"Arrow"—4-cyl.—*Geo. N. Pierce Co.*
Chadwick—4-cyl.—*Fairmount Engineering Co.*
Welch—4-cyl.—*Welch Motor Car Co.*
Apperson—4-cyl. ($4,150)—*Apperson Bros. Auto Co.*
Woods—4-cyl. ($4,250)—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*

$4,500.

Thomas—4-cyl.—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*

$5,000.

"Locomobile," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Locomobile Co. of America.*
Matheson—4-cyl.—*Matheson Motor Car Co.*
Thomas, Limousine—4-cyl.—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*
Sturtevant—6-cyl. hor.—*Sturtevant Mill Co.*
Clark—Steam Tonneau—*Edw. S. Clark.*
"Speedway"—4-cyl.—*Gas Engine & Power Co.*
Woods, Limousine—4-cyl.—*Woods Motor Vehicle Co.*

$6,000.

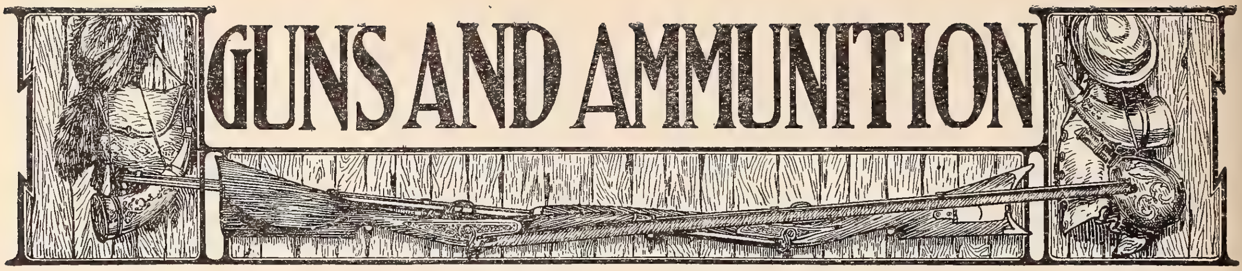
"Locomobile," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Locomobile Co. of America.*
Matheson—4-cyl.—*Matheson Motor Car Co.*
"Pope-Toledo"—4-cyl.—*Pope Motor Car Co.*

$7,000.

"Simplex"—4-cyl.—*Smith & Mabley, Inc.*
Thomas, Limousine—4-cyl.—*E. R. Thomas Motor Co.*

$7,500.

Apperson, Limousine—4-cyl.—*Apperson Bros. Auto Co.*
"Locomobile," Gasolene—4-cyl.—*Locomobile Co. of America.*
American "Mercedes"—4-cyl.—*Daimler Mfg. Co.*



GUNS AND AMMUNITION

IMPROVED BALLISTICS.

It is quite safe to predict that we are on the eve of important improvements in firearms. A high muzzle velocity is recognized as almost, if not, actually the most valuable attribute of a rifle. But, heretofore, an attempt at a high muzzle velocity has been followed by an increase of pressure within the bore that put a bar to further progress in that direction.

For instance, in order to get a velocity of some 2,300 ft. sec., pressures of at least 22 tons to the inch had to be provided for. Although such pressures were acceptable in very small calibers, such as the .256 and the .275, when the caliber became .30 or over, it was found inadvisable to exceed them in any case, and with most breech actions 16 or 18 tons pressure was the limit permissible.

Recent developments abroad have shown, however, that smokeless powder of the most powerful description may be so controlled as to give enormous velocity with very moderate pressure.

The principle is simple.

It consists in loading the cartridge so that its "loading density" shall be low. This term may be explained as follows: Supposing the cartridge case to be filled with water whose weight is equal to 1, then by taking the weight of powder used to give a certain velocity, it will show a certain ratio to that of the water, and the smaller this ratio the more room the powder will have in the case. By such means it has been found possible to give a velocity of 2,700 ft. sec. to a .30 projectile weighing 214 grains, fired out of a single shot rifle.

Such velocity gives tremendous momentum, and makes a .30 caliber equal in power to a much heavier rifle having considerably lower velocity.

This end has been achieved by using a much larger cartridge case, so as to make more room for the powder. By confining the powder closely, especially the smokeless kind, you increase the pressure greatly, and the velocity slightly, while, on the other hand, by putting a larger quantity of the same powder into a more roomy cartridge case, you may increase the velocity greatly while actually decreasing the pressure.

The improvements to come in the next ten years furnish a fertile field for conjecture.

PHENOMENAL SHOT.

Editor RECREATION:

Reading the letter in your May number, "Phenomenal Shot," brings to my mind a shot of that kind I made when a boy of twelve. My uncle had given me a pistol of his own make, caliber about 22; barrel of brass and about 10 inches long. A muzzle loader. The bullets were round, and I had fired at many objects without success. One day I was out with an old man, who carried a heavy muzzle-loading rifle. He was famous at turkey shoots, and prided himself upon killing woodchucks at long distances. I called his attention to a bird in the top of a great chestnut tree at a distance of 50 yards upon a hillside. In a spirit of braggedness, I exclaimed, "I suppose you would like me to take that bird's head off!" "Pooh," said the old man, "I could hardly do it myself at this distance." I quickly fired at the bird, and a small object came tumbling down the hill toward us, followed by the bird's body. We found the small object was the bird's head, neatly severed through the neck.

C. T. Baldwin, M. D.
Derby, Conn.

WHY THE TIN?

Editor RECREATION:

Will some one please explain to me why it is necessary to add tin to rifle and pistol bullets intended to be used with black powder? With smokeless powder they would, of course, have to be hard to hold to the shallow rifling, but in guns using black powder the grooves are deeper, and why should we need tin to hold the bullets to the rifling?

The .42 Spanish has 77 grs. of powder and 395 grs. of pure lead. The 45-70 U. S. Govt. has 70 grs. of powder and 405 grs. of lead, 1 to 16 parts tin. Both of the guns have rifling making one turn in 20 ins. The difference of powder in the one shell would equal the difference of lead nearly in the other.

These two shells were used for the same purpose, the army rifle, and if the bullet was going to strip the rifling, why does not it do it, in the .43 caliber with the pure lead bullet and heavy charge of powder, and if it does not, what was the use of the tin in the .45-70 bullet?

The .44-60 Sharp's is a pure lead bullet, but the .44-77 is a bullet 1 to 15 parts tin.

Yet they are of the same caliber and have the same turn of rifling, and the bullet does not strip the rifling in the .44-60. If a person has a rifle of .40 caliber, and having one turn in 18 in. intended for the use of a bullet of 1 to 20 tin, and shot a pure lead bullet, what would be the effect in so doing; would it strip the rifling? And if it does not, what is the use of the tin in rifle or pistol bullets?

"Rifle," Dayton, Ohio.

A pure lead bullet, unless it is used with a light charge of powder, and a slow twist will generally lead a barrel badly. The effect, however, depends much upon the form and depth of the rifling, and the length of the bullet, as compared with its diameter.

In military rifles the addition of a little tin to the bullet, gives it an increased power of penetration, a quality that is eagerly sought for in military projectiles.

You cannot figure out the whys and the wherefores of these different charges from catalogue data. Seventy grains of one powder may be much more powerful than seventy-seven grains of another powder, and, as has been said, the shape and depth of the rifling are important factors.

Your final question cannot be answered without you give the length and weight of the bullet. A short, light bullet might not strip, if fired with a small charge, even though made of pure lead, whereas a long, heavy bullet propelled by a big charge would undoubtedly do so.—EDITOR.

DEEP PRIMER POCKETS.

Editor RECREATION:

The letter of E. H. A., Coudersport, Pa., in the April number of RECREATION reminds me that other readers of your magazine are interested in getting a satisfactory powder for use in the 32-44 S. & W. Some time since I received through your office a letter from H. A. Church, of Holmesville, Ohio, who uses a .38-44 of the same make. I enclose his letter herewith and as I have used some of Laflin & Rand's Bullseye powder I can heartily endorse all that Mr. Church says it its favor.

The use of smokeless powder has caused me some trouble in the matter of shells. I find that the pockets of some shells are not strong enough to withstand the pressure put on them by the primers that it is necessary to use with smokeless powder. A few shots will suffice to sink the pockets so far into the shell that the hammer cannot hit them hard enough to explode them. It is not a difficult matter to use a little extra force when decapping, and push the pockets back to their place, but I see no reason why shells could not be made with pockets strong enough to keep their places under any reasonable strain.

I have tried E. H. A.'s method of lubricating round bullets, but get best results with conical bullets that have been well and evenly smeared with Ideal Lubricant before seating. Glad to see that Winchester, Stevens and the U. M. C. people have come back into the fold. To me the Guns and Ammunition Department, minus the abuse that appeared there sometimes, is the best part of RECREATION, and the restoration of the title in the April issue is gratifying.

W. H. Arnett, Pontiac, Ills.

Here is Mr. Church's letter.—EDITOR.

W. H. Arnett, Pontiac, Ills.

I see in RECREATION that you wish to know the best powder to use in a 32-44. I have a S. & W., 38-44, and I have tried several powders, but have found Laflin & Rand's Bullseye the best, and away ahead. I use three grains by weight, and just seat the bullet so that it will not interfere with revolving the cylinder, leaving the powder loose in the shell.

The correct amount to use in your revolver would be two grains by weight, or one-eighth drachms by measure.

This powder costs $1.25 per pound, but a can will load as many shells as three or four pounds of black powder. You can shoot one or one dozen shots with it, and there will be no smoke, and no powder cake in the barrel.

You should not use pure lead bullets, but put a small amount of tin to make them a little harder. The powder must not be compressed in the shell, as it is very dangerous that way. If your bullets are a little small, and so drop down on the powder when you are reloading, take them out and strike the base on a piece of iron, to enlarge them and make them fit tighter.

I use Three in One oil, and it is the best I ever used. Try this, and if you don't get better results than any other way, I will give it up. Let me hear how you get along.

H. A. Church, Holmesville, O.

NEEDS INFORMATION.

Editor RECREATION:

Let me introduce myself as an honorary member of the Miles Standish Rifle Club, and permit me to ask you what pistol you recommend for shooting at distances from twenty to fifty yards? (a) Smith & Wesson target revolver, Russian model, single action, 44 caliber, with 6½ inch or 8 inch barrels. (b) New issue office model, Colt revolver, 6 inch barrel, 38 caliber, adjustable front and rear sights. (c) Smith & Wesson, new military model, 6½ inch barrel, 38 caliber, target sights. (d) Smith & Wesson, single shot, target pistol. (e) Stevens pistol, Lord model, 32 caliber or 38 caliber, center fire. (f) Remington, new model, 10 inch barrel, 44 caliber. (g) Wurflein, 10 inch barrel, 44 caliber.

Also please tell me what bullet you would choose from the Ideal Hand Book No. 16 for short and mid-range target shooting with the Smith & Wesson, 44 target revolver. Do you consider bullet No. 429,239, weighing 125 grains, preferable to a round ball for accuracy, and who makes the best cartridges and the strongest for reloading with black or smokeless powder, and who are the makers of the best front and rear sights for target shooting?

John Marcofi, Lieutenant,
St. Petersburg, Russia.

All the standard pistols mentioned by you are believed to be capable of the greatest accuracy up to the range mentioned, and some of them at a much longer range. Personally, we should choose the 44 caliber, or the 45 caliber, and a barrel of not less than 6½ inches for this kind of shooting. There is no difference in accuracy between the revolvers and the single shot pistols.

For shooting at twenty yards range in the open air, we should prefer a short, conical bullet of about 130 grains, to a round ball, but we should choose the 205 grains Anderton bullet in preference to either. The 125 grain Herrick is a very good bullet, possibly preferable to a round ball for gallery shooting.

The cartridges made by the three leading American cartridge companies, the U. M. C., Winchester, and Peters companies, are as near perfection as human skill can make them. You cannot go wrong in using any of these cartridges. As to reloading: cartridges that have been used with full charges of high pressure, smokeless powder are apt to become unreliable, but shells that have been loaded with black powder, or low pressure smokeless, will stand reloading many times.

All the makers named by you manufacture front and rear target sights that are suitable for the pistol to which they are affixed. It is a matter of choice which sights you use, and all our good shots have their own preferences. Eye sight and habit are the determining factors.—Editor.

HIS 38-55.

Editor Recreation:

I am pleased with the new Recreation. It has improved fifty per cent. I have always been interested in it, especially the gun department, which I have been reading attentively for the last five years. But it has all been 30-30, and 30-40 and 303 Savage, which we must all admit are good guns, but there are others just as good—especially since the introduction of the 32-40 and the 38-55 high velocity cartridges. I have been experimenting with both of them. I was looking for an all-around gun, one that would kill a grizzly bear or a rabbit, and I have found it in the 38-55. It is unreasonable for a man to say that the smashing power of 30-30 is as great as that of 38-55. Now, for example, you take a small stone the size of a hickory nut, and another the size of your fist, and throw the small one with a high velocity, and the large one with a slower velocity, which will hurt the worst, or do the most damage if you throw them through a window glass?

As to weight, the one I have weighs 7¼ pounds. (Remember I am not running any make of gun down.) For large game I use the 38-55 H. P. load, having the velocity of 1,700 feet per second. It penetrates fourteen boards, ⅞-inch thick, while the 30-30 penetrates 11½ boards.

The trajectory of the 38-55 at 200 yards shows a height at mid range of 7.86 inches and the 30-30 shows 5.14 inches, a difference of but 2.72 inches in shooting at 200 yards at game, which means 5 inches more drop than the 30-30. Game is mostly shot inside of 100 yards, consequently the difference of trajectory amounts to nothing.

Now as to the short range load, which is the most interesting part, I have a load that costs me $3.75 per thousand. I shoot DuPont shotgun smokeless, and have placed ten consecutive shots in a 1½ inch circle at 165 feet, and five consecutive shots in a 1½ inch circle at 300 feet, and fifteen consecutive shots in a 1 inch circle at 120 feet, using open hunting sights. I speak of this merely to show the accuracy of the load and gun.

I use six grains of powder and 175 grains of lead, but no wadding, and I do not crimp my shell. The ball is one of my own design. The secret of it all is to have everything gas tight.

V. E. Covert, Leslie, Mich.

HUMANITARIAN ARGUMENT.

Editor Recreation:

An article appeared in a recent issue of the Army and Navy Journal, written by Dr. Leigh K. Baker, of Cleveland, and this same article has been referred to in complimentary terms by the Cleveland Leader, yet it is some time since I have read a more misleading letter. Dr. Baker contends that a rifle bullet inflicts less pain than shot pellets, and declares a shotgun to be the pot-hunter's weapon. Moreover, he states, and no one will deny this, that pot hunters would not be able to deplete a stock of game to anything like the same extent if he were using a rifle instead of a shotgun, and he thinks that, although compulsion would be difficult, it would not be impossible to force our Nimrods to take the field armed with the rifle in every case.

This would, indeed, make exciting shooting; bullet-proof garments should be in demand, and on the bargain counter of every large store soon after the passage of such an enactment.

Let us try and picture a party of hardy young sportsmen going out with their pointers and setters and .30 caliber rifles to kill the festive quail. Shooting at the elevation that would be required, even if they hit their marks, the bullets would proceed on their journey, killing innocent victims in the next county. No one would be safe.

I am rather glad that this article was published, because it is carrying out to a logical conclusion the program proposed by those who would force sportsmen to use certain types of weapons.

There is no fear, of course, that the American people would submit to such an oppressive restriction, but it indicates to what lengths certain enthusiasts would go.

Robt. Bird, Fulton, N. Y.

RELOADING AMMUNITION.

Editor RECREATION:

I always look up and study that department in your magazine devoted to guns and ammunition, and it seems to fairly fascinate me. I am an ardent sportsman, and am only hampered by lack of opportunity to make a name for myself in the sporting world. I am the happy possessor of a Savage rifle, .303 caliber, octagon barrel, 28 inches, pistol grip, and it is as fine a shooting arm as I ever held on my shoulder. Yet I find that on the average one does not own a high power rifle a great while before one begins to search for a less expensive charge to practice with, particularly, if one wants to practice a good deal. The full, metal-cased, bullet of 190 grains, or the soft point of 195 grains, make a fine and accurate bullet when backed up by 27 to 29 grains of DuPont smokeless, .30 caliber, and are all right for the biggest game in this country. But the bullets are expensive for extended practice, and I have, by long study and experiment, evolved a load for this gun that is inexpensive and gives good results up to 500 yards.

I have taken from the Ideal handbook some of the results of the experiments made by Dr. W. G. Hudson, and applied them to my own .303 caliber. I was unable to use as heavy a bullet as the Krag rifle can, on account of keyholing. I used a bullet of 154 grains, composed of 7 per cent. antimony, 7 per cent. tin, and 86 per cent. lead, and it makes a fine mid-range charge. I backed it up with about 17 or 18 grains of DuPont's No. 1 rifle smokeless. The Ideal powder measure, being set at 40 grains black powder graduation.

I use the Ideal lubricator and resizer; the resizer being bored to .310 and the bullet being perfectly lubricated, I always get splendid results, extreme accuracy, fair penetration—about eight inches of hard pine—and no leading of the barrel, and I have lots of practice at very slight expense.

I use No. 9½ U. M. C. primer, it being non-mercuric, so that the shells stand up better. The muzzles of the shells are resized every time they are fired, and are not crimped on the bullet, the rotary motion of the Savage magazine rendering it unnecessary to crimp. I use, also, a 100 grain bullet backed up with 5 grains L. & R. Infallible shotgun smokeless, and up to 125 yards I find it to be a remarkably accurate charge. The miniature, metal-cased bullet, of 100 grains backed up with 10 grains of L. & R., Infallible shotgun smokeless, also makes an extra fine charge for ranges up to 150 yards, and, my friends, what can be done with one of the .30 caliber can be done with the others, the Marlin, Winchester, Remington, and others, not having a twist in the rifling of more than one turn in 10 inches. I believe it would be an impossibility to get satisfaction out of the arm having an 8 inch twist, but if this has been done satisfactorily, I should like to hear of it.

There seems to be more penetration with the quick twist rifle than there is with one having a slow twist, using the same charge of powder and the same weight of bullet in each. The pressure seems to be utilized more thoroughly in the quick twist. Then the bullet being spun more rapidly tends to bore a deeper hole.

I am getting very nearly the same results that the 32-40 gives with black powder, and have the advantage of a much heavier charge in an emergency.

In melting the antimony I put in sufficient lead to make a small bath for it, put a cover over the melting pot, and let her sizzle till she melts. I use no charcoal over the lead to prevent oxidizing; what little takes place in the small bath of lead does not amount to much. The lump antimony, only, is fit to use; the pulverized is of no use, as you can not melt it, it simply floats and starts a swear time. I want no one to fall into the mistake I made and use the pulverized.

The mixture I used is antimony, ½ lb.; tin, ½ lb.; and lead, 6¼lbs. This makes quite a hard bullet. The bullet number in the Ideal catalogue is 308.241. The rifle is of 1899 model.

The metal should not be skimmed for dross without first dropping in a small piece of tallow or bullet lubricant and stirring briskly. It makes quite a smoke, but if very hot it takes fire and the smoke is not so troublesome.

A. F. Lindsey, Lobster Co., Me.

EDITORIAL

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.
THE EXTINCTION OF THE BUFFALO.

The time is rapidly approaching when American game will be reduced to German carp, Mongolian pheasants, Belgian hares, European starlings and Gypsy moths. That this is not an exaggerated forecast may be proven by reference to the government reports made by cold-blooded unsentimental scientists.

The threatened extinction of the bison has already been brought to the notice of the American people by the press, the magazines and personal pamphlets. All the people see the necessity of immediate action, but stand idle, like an unorganized mob, awaiting a leader. In the meantime the danger of utter extermination of our historic animals is imminent. We learn that the Flat head reservation is to be opened soon for settlement and that the so-called Allard herd is to be sold. This would be a national calamity and as soon as this rumor reached the Recreation office, a letter was written to President Roosevelt, calling his attention to the fact that the only large herd of buffalo now living on an old buffalo range is the Allard herd, of the Flathead Reservation and asking that steps be taken by the government not only to purchase these animals, but to preserve sufficient land of their present range upon which they can live and multiply as they have been doing under the care of their owners.

By return mail word was received from Washington to the effect that the President has the matter under serious consideration. What we ask of our readers is to back us up in this movement by immediately writing personal letters to their senators, congressmen, local newspapers and members of Recreation committee, advocating the immediate purchase by government of all the live buffalo in the market and the reservation of that part of the tract of land near the Saddle Butte, between the Mission Mountains on the East and Pend d'Oreille River on the West, the Northern Pacific Railroad on the South and the Flathead Lake on the North, now occupied by the Allard herd.

The time for talking the thing over and for the expressions of regret is passed,

WE MUST ACT.

There is nothing impractical in this idea and the only possible opposition will be that of a few land sharps, but although there are millions of right-minded patriots in America in favor of this idea, the millions are unorganized and may be beaten by a small but well organized band of conscienceless sharpers. *This will not happen if we act at once,* before any opposition is organized. There is nothing we can not accomplish if we work for it, and as there is neither money nor politics in this movement all sportsmen, nature lovers and true blooded Americans can lend a hand to send a shower of personal letters to their representatives demanding that they at once use all their influence to save the bison. There is lasting fame and the gratitude of a nation for the man who pushes through a bill for this purpose.

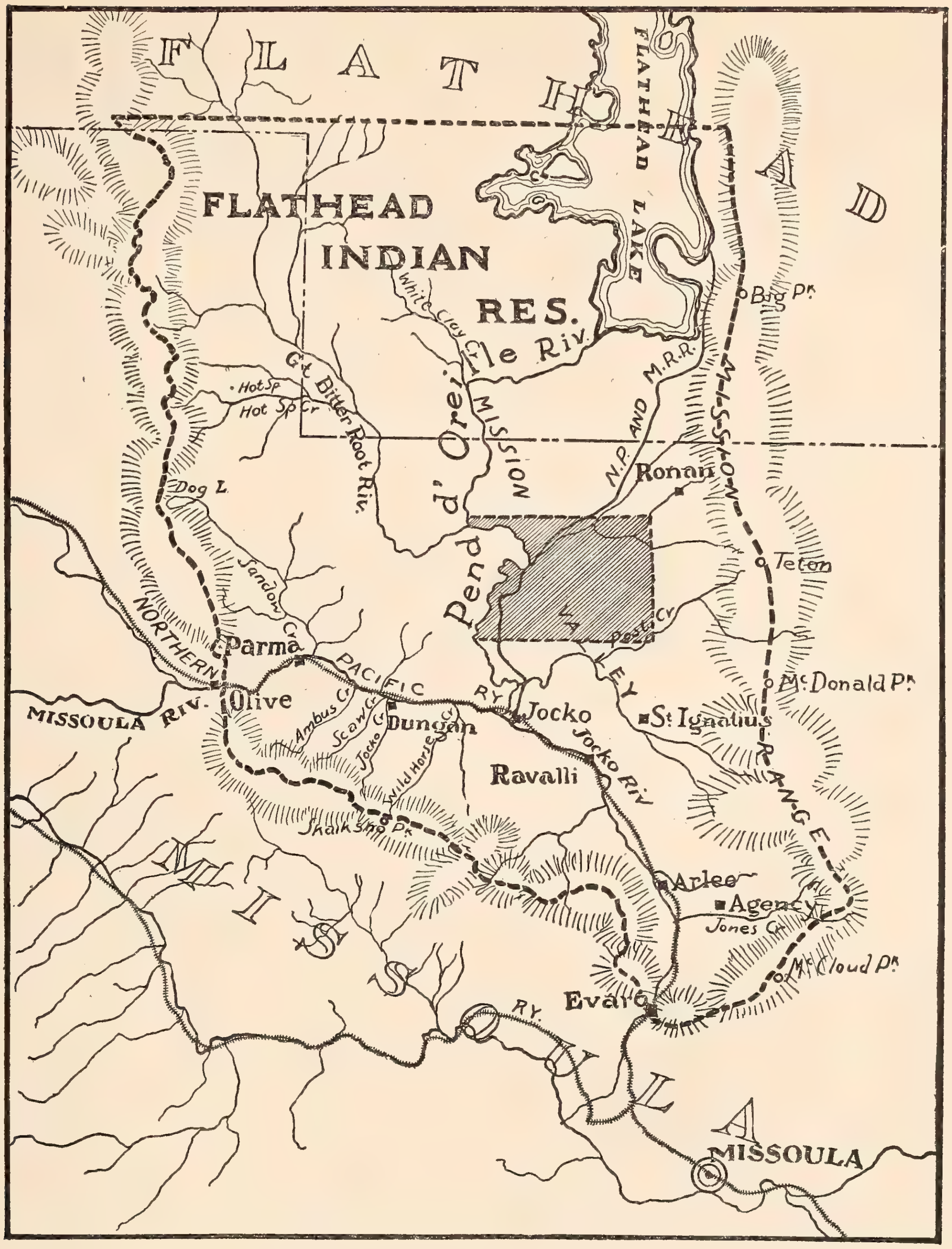
Recreation has asked the following gentlemen to act upon a committee to bring this matter up and back our president in his work in behalf of the American bison:

Caspar Whitney, Outing; Hamilton W. Mabie, Outlook; Richard Watson Gilder, Century; Melville Stone, Pres. Associated Press; Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J.; George Bird Grinnell, Forest and Stream; Frank Doubleday, Editor World's Work; Charles Lanier, Editor Country Calendar; Clarke Howell, Atlanta Constitution; Howard Eaton, Guide and Ranchman; John Muir, California; W. E. Palmer, San Francisco; Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.; Homer Davenport, cartoonist, and wild animal farmer; Hamlin Garland, novelist and lecturer.

Ten million buffalo in 1865; one thousand in 1905. Twenty years ago the black, shaggy bison of the Great West would have sufficed for a procession, two abreast, reaching from Point Barrow to the Straits of Magellan; while, to-day, the surviving remnant would barely reach around two city blocks.

But what is past is past; it will be infinitely more profitable if we take counsel, and decide what we shall do to protect the buffalo that remain, rather than spend our days in grieving for animals slain by a generation that has nearly passed away. The one hopeful phase of the situation is the slight increase in number of buffalo during the last decade, for it encourages the belief that, with adequate protection and skilful handling, the species may even yet become numerous.

The buffalo breeds freely in captivity, and, when well fed and allowed ample liberty,


FLATHEAD
FLATHEAD INDIAN RES.
FLATHEAD LAKE
Big Pt.
White Clay Cr.
Pend d'Oreille Riv.
MISSION
N.P. AND M.R.R.
Gt. Bitter Root Riv.
Hot Sp.
Hot Sp. Cr.
Ronan
Dog L.
Teton
Sandow Cr.
Post Cr.
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.
Parma
McDonald Pt.
VALLEY
Olive
MISSOULA RIV.
Ambus Cr.
Scawic Cr.
Jocko Cr.
Dungan
Jocko
St. Ignatius
Jocko Riv.
Wild Horse Cr.
Ravalli
MISSION RANGE
Shalkaho Pk.
Arlee
Agency
Jones Cr.
McCloud Pt.
Evaro
RY.
MISSOULA
MISSOULA

PRESENT RANGE OF THE PABLO-ALLARD HERD, SHADED AREA SHOWING "RECREATION'S" PROPOSED GOVERNMENT BUFFALO RESERVATION.

seems unaffected by inbreeding. It is, therefore, quite possible that were a sufficient number gathered together in a suitable range, protected, and left to lead a natural life, instead of hundreds, in a generation or two there will be thousands.

But the Federal government can alone bring this to pass. The undertaking is too strenuous for the private citizen, or probably for any society that could be found having such an object in view. A large tract of suitable land, like that in the Flathead reservation, remote from settlement, suited to the needs of the animals, together with stringent protective legislation, backed up by an organized buffalo guard, is necessary.

Laws are admirable, but have merely an academic interest when there is no provision for their enforcement. A live buffalo is worth $1000 or even more and a dead one almost as much. For such a sum men will take many chances; hence the need of buffalo guards, if the last of the herds are to be saved.

According to Mr. Ernest Harold Baines and other authorities the buffalo (bison) in United States territory are distributed as follows:

Pablo-Allard herd, Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana	250
Corbin herd, Corbin Park, Newport, N. H.	150
James Philips herd, Fort Pierre, S. D.	90
Charles Goodnight herd, Goodnight, Tex.	50
U. S. Government herd, Yellowstone Park,	40
Wild herd in Yellowstone Park	39
New York Zoological Park	30
John E. Dooley herd, Utah	30
G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) herd Okla.	28
Lincoln Park, Chicago	20
Burgess and Hanson herd, Luna, Iowa.	20
J. J. Hill herd, Cardigan, Minn.	18
Cincinnati Zoological Park	16
C. J. Leander herd, Bancroft, Iowa	10
Philadelphia Zoological Park	9
Central Park, New York City	5
Denver City Park	5
Buffalo City Park	4
St. Louis City Park	4
Montebello Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.	4
Frank Rochefeller, Belvidere, Kansas	3
In Parks in Pittsburg, Toledo, Rochester, Omaha, San Francisco and other places	30
Individuals or small numbers in hands of various persons	36

The foregoing does not include calves of 1905, nor does it show changes and transfers since 1904, so that it may only serve as an approximation.

In addition to those buffalo surviving within the territory of the United States, there are between one hundred and one hundred and fifty in Europe, and about the same number in Canada. The Canadian animals in confinement are at Toronto, Winnipeg, and Banff, in the Rocky Mountain National Park, but a herd of the so-called woods buffalo exists on the Smoky river, in the Northwest Territories. It is feared this interesting band is greatly diminished in numbers, and unless the Canadian government acts quickly and vigorously, the last of the woodland buffalo are nearing extermination.

In 1892, Hudson's Bay officials estimated the herd at 400; now it is placed at from 60 to 150 animals, at most; such a competent authority as Dr. Robert Bell, Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, inclining to the smaller total. The decrease of the northern herd, strange to say, is not being brought about by man, but by the timber wolves that kill the calves. All the surviving animals are adults, the bulls being now too few to protect the calves, as they were wont to do when more numerous. Nothing but a general war on the wolves is likely to be effective, and even a year or two's delay may be fatal to the herd.

The largest band of living buffalo is the Allard herd, on the Flathead Reservation, in Northwestern Montana. In 1884 Charles Allard and Michael Pablo bought ten buffalo from an Indian that had brought them from the Eastern part of the State. They added forty-four head, not all, however, pure, for eighteen were the result of a cross between buffalo and cattle, purchased from "Buffalo" Jones of Nebraska. From this beginning of 36 full-blooded, and 18 cross-breed animals the present herd has descended. We made a pilgrimage to see this herd and were astonished and delighted to find them healthy, robust, aggressive, practically in a wild state.

In February, 1902, the herd numbered 320 pure, and sixty cross-breed animals. Many have been sold since to Zoological Societies, circuses and individuals, and the number of pure buffalo in it does not now exceed 250. The increase of the herd has been very satisfactory, and the average number of calves is about seventy-five a year. The range consists of less than 100 square miles of treeless, upland, with coulees, and creek cut-outs, in which the animals find all the shelter their hardy natures demand. Horse Plains or the Mission Valley, in the Flathead Reservation, is some 3,000 feet above sea level, whereas the Yellowstone band occupies a range fully 7,000 feet in altitude. According to Col. C. J. (Buffalo) Jones and other men that are competent to judge, the Yellowstone Park is not the natural home of the buffalo. But the Flathead reservation is, and when we visited that country our guide was a man who had hunted buffalo on the very grounds at present occupied by the Allard herd; there artificial feeding and shelter would not be needed.

The building of the Union Pacific Railroad from Omaha to Cheyenne in 1866, cut through the very center of the buffalo range, and the great herd thus cut in twain was never re-united. Henceforth, and until they were wiped out, they were to be known as the Northern and Southern herds. The Staked Plains of Texas were in the center of the Southern herd territory, and the town of Glendive, Montana, in that of the Northern range. Other railroads followed, and then, taken in front, flanks, and rear the buffalo decreased in number with pitiful rapidity.

The Southern herd practically disappeared during the years 1872-3 and 4. During three years the railroads carried out a million and a quarter of hides, and it is thought that four and a half million buffalo were killed out of the Southern herd in those three years.

The Northern herd lasted but a short time longer; by 1883 it had been completely exterminated, although it was not until 1880 that the excessive slaughter had begun.

But, as has been said, regrets are vain. The question we have to face, is the steps to be taken to protect, preserve, and multiply the buffalo that yet remain, and this can certainly be successfully done by keeping a herd on the Flathead Reservation range, where it has proven to be a success.

SHAM NATURAL HISTORY.

There is trouble among the Nature writers—and it all came about through a certain three-footed lady beaver, and John Burroughs.

Everything was going swimmingly; the public reading with avidity; the editors smiling blandly, and the Nature writers writing feverishly, for they realized it was high noon and they were on the sunny side of the way.

Then John Burroughs took a hand, and now all the Nature writers are quarrelling, and the public shows a disposition to laugh.

The history of the thing is as follows: Mr. Joseph Brunner, of Montana, wrote an article on "The Vanishing Beaver" that appeared in Country Life in America. This paper was illustrated prodigally, the illustration being made, according to the author, from photographs that he had taken of living beaver in their haunts. A sympathetic editor wrote an introduction saying, "This remarkable series of pictures represents an extraordinary achievement in Nature-photography. It is believed that photographs of live beavers in their native environment have never before been published."

This statement has but one fault. It is too modest. We all know that no such photographs had ever been published, and one might perhaps be pardoned for hoping that —well, no matter.

Will not Mr. Brunner tell us some day how he caught these beaver in their several acts; what camera and lens he used, and how he trained his beaver to do things no beaver ever yet did for other men?

If Mr. Brunner cares to have me do so I shall be pleased to point out the truly wonderful things in the "Vanishing Beaver" article, and expect to have no difficulty in securing corroborative testimony from several Hudson Bay officers, and Indian and white trappers.

This paper started the fashion, and in due course it was followed by another by Mr. C. E. Williams, of Lincoln, Nebraska, which saw the light in McClure's for January.

This writer called his contribution "Glimpses of Beaver at Work." His was quite a pathetic and intensely interesting little story, all about a little mother beaver that had lost a forefoot in a trap, her herculean labors and her children.

Then Mr. John Burroughs, the trained observer, the delightful writer, and the sturdy opponent of the Æsops-Thompson-Seton-Long School, entered the arena. He has a corral in Outing, wherein he disports himself, much to our delight and improvement, untrammeled and responsible only to the trues. Everything the gifted author of "Locusts and Wild Honey" writes is read by thousands, who, like us, believe in him more than they believe in the predictions of the weather bureau.

Mr. Burroughs simply tore the Williams article to tatters, and then stamped on the fragments. But he applauded the Brunner exposition of beaver ways, declaring it to be "an admirable paper," having evidently accepted, without cavil, that gentleman's statements and photographs—from life (?).

Now, this, of course, ought to settle the matter, yet one would like the veteran naturalist to answer a few questions. Does he doubt that it is possible to watch beaver at short range, if to leeward of them, and well hidden? It is impossible for him to believe, that beavers do occasionally build their dams on a gravel bottom? Would he refuse to credit that, back in the wild woods beavers do go out to work between four and five p. m. and earlier on dull rainy days, and continue to work, play and feed until grey dawn? Lastly, has Mr. Burroughs ever had an opportunity of really studying these interesting animals, in haunts where they are rarely, if ever, intruded upon?

Mr. Williams has apparently seen beaver at work, but being an untrained observer he has, perhaps, not always interpreted what he did see correctly, and in this respect he does not differ from some celebrated writers. Yet one of his statements seems to indicate personal observation, for he speaks of "grey" beaver, and it seems improbable that this should be an accidental expression. One accustomed to the beaver of the East would not think of using this term, and might well question the accuracy of this statement; yet among Professor Allen's fine collection of skins, are some from Arizona that are best described as grey, that is, they are nearer grey than bay—the usual beaver color.

Recreation used to be a welcome visitor, but when the ——— seemed to be getting too full, I grew weary of it. I bucked. Recently I took up a copy cautiously, saw there had been a change; bought it, and am glad that a different kind of "pen" will be its work—the one that is mightier than the sword. Success to you.

I enjoyed the article in the April issue, "Camps and Campers," and I think such articles of practical hints and information are very much appreciated by readers. In fact, when I am buying magazines, I simply glance at the title-page, and if there is no article of practical help, I pass it. I am interested in many things, and get a large number of magazines every month, besides the dozen or so that I subscribe for.

Rev. Merlin A. Hainer,
Pastor First Christian Church,
Newton, N. H.

THE REFERENDUM

SHALL HE GET THE PRIZE?

Editor, Recreation:

Sopotoma lay lazily on the sledge and kept the dogs moving at a trot.

Jacques and I on snowshoes had some difficulty in keeping pace. Not always, however, were either dogs or guide so ambitious and we did not complain. In the midst of an animated conversation my companion and I were interrupted by the yelping of the dogs as they and the sledge shot past at a rapid pace. A friendly stump obtruded, the sledge struck it and stopped. Each dog executed his own particular back somersault and became entangled in the lines. Sopotoma floundered up, but seeing their predicament turned quickly.

"Bear!" he said, and led the way.

Sopotoma was laconic. He never used two words where one would suffice. If a look or gesture would convey his idea he employed it. Jacques and I followed him and he pointed out a little bear sitting in the fork of a fallen tree.

All three of us raised our rifles.

A shot.

My rifle kicked.

Bruin rolled over.

Sopotoma untangled the dogs, put the carcass of the bear on the sledge and we proceeded. That night we had bear for supper. I claimed the hide and met a storm of objection from both the Indian and the Frenchman.

Now, as my gun recoiled and I heard no other report it was my impression that my shot killed the bear. In fact, I did not know the others had fired, but thought my shot had anticipated their aim. I would have sworn that I killed the animal. Jacques swore he did, but not in the prescribed formula. Sopotoma would have done so had his discourse permitted.

Jacques and I had Winchesters, while Sopotoma had an old Fenian raid musket that carried slugs.

Upon my claiming Bruin's fur the Indian pointed to the wound, a big, jagged hole that spoke all too eloquently of the passage of a chunky missile, beside which a Winchester ball were an infant. Jacques scratched his head, declaring that he had killed the bear; he just knew he had—that jagged wound—there must be another. But he couldn't find any.

Upon cutting up the meat Sopotoma found three bullets. Two were Winchester balls. The other was a shapeless mass of lead.

The aim of all three of us had been perfect. All of us had struck the same identical spot.

Juan Deranger.

A TRUE GAME PROTECTOR.

Editor Recreation:

(Scarcely a quail has been seen in Arenac county, Michigan, this winter; last winter's cold weather practically wiping them out. A bill is to be introduced at this session of the legislature to prohibit the killing of quail for five years.—March Recreation.)

Again and again we hear this same old cry from the different states in the country, the sportsmen all bewailing the passing of the quail. Now if these men are so eager to have the game protected, why don't they follow the example of my friend and fellow sportsman, William E. Wilson, of Rosemont, Hunterdon county, New Jersey?

Mr. Wilson's plan for the protection of Bob Whites during the winter months is very simple, and costs nothing. Whenever there is a heavy snow storm, Mr. Wilson takes several sheafs of unthreshed wheat, and no matter how bitterly cold it may be, he and his dogs start off in quest of the haunts of the quail. In places where he knows that these birds are in the habit of coming, he takes half of a sheaf of wheat and ties it to the low bushes, with the heads downward, just at the top of the snow, and scrapes the snow away from the immediate vicinity of the wheat, and does the same thing in different places, and in this way traverses eight or ten miles of territory.

Mr. Wilson is greatly assisted in this humane work by two of the finest pointers in that part of the state. On days when the weather has been bitterly cold, and in the face of blizzards, while other so-called sportsmen were lounging in the village, Mr. Wilson carried on his work. When Mr. Wilson goes out he takes a large feed bag with him, and it is not unusual to see him return with a dozen or more half frozen quail in it. With the aid of his dogs he is enabled to find the poor little creatures huddled together in some half secluded spot, and with the aid of a small net, captures them, confines them to the bag, and takes them to his home, where he keeps them until the weather has moderated sufficiently to release them.

If the sportsmen in the vicinity of Arenac county, Michigan, want to have sport when the gunning season comes in, let them follow the example of Mr. Wilson, and then they will have no reason to bemoan their luck, as it is the only way to preserve the birds during the long, cold winter months.

Harry S. Smith (Bob White),
Philadelphia, Pa.

A GIFTED EDITOR.

Editor RECREATION:

The men who occupy the editorial chair of the lay press are gifted in their own peculiar way. Their knowledge of current events, of ancient history, and future politics is undisputed, except among themselves. Occasionally one of these gentlemen drifts and, after the fashion of the drunken sailor, runs amuck in new water. Read this leading editorial from the *Tribune* of Oakland, Cal., the town known on the Pacific Coast as the place where San Franciscans sleep:

> The senate did a foolish thing in passing the bill making it a felony to kill an elk. What has made the elk a sacred animal in California? Is the elk any more sacred than a deer or an antelope or a plain, ordinary steer for that matter? It is already a criminal offense to kill an elk out of season or to slay one at any time belonging to another person—to surround it with the sanctity of the white elephant in India or the white bull in ancient Egypt is an act of legislative absurdity. Surely the honorable senators do not believe any sane jury would send a man to the State prison for killing an elk without criminal intent. Some queer kinks get a run in legislative bodies, but this holy elk bill is about the queerest that ever came over the pike.

I believe that it was in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, that one of the noblest specimens of elk in captivity was shot several years ago to adorn the lodge of a local secret organization. Perhaps this editor is the friend of the man who shot this elk, for, if I remember aright, never was a bunch of criminals "toasted" to such a turn.

C. H. Ireland, San Jose, Cal.

A CAMPFIRE TALE

Editor RECREATION:

Around the campfire one night the talk was of bears. Our guide, Leslie, had observed signs of bruin around the carcass of a bull moose we had shot a few days before near the margin of the lake, and a bear hunt was suggested; but the old guide discouraged us, and said the chances were decidedly against our getting to close quarters with bruin on a still hunt. We were then camped near by a brook, distant some twelve miles from Grand Falls, in New Brunswick—in the very midst of the big game country.

"A bear," observed Leslie, "is a wily critter, and it is impossible to follow his tracks, except after the first snow during the early winter before the bear seeks winter quarters under some old root or in a large hollow log. Even then, a bear will lead the hunter a chase through almost impassable thickets, where it is nigh impossible to follow, and although a trained dog may overtake and tree him, man cannot successfully follow him. To still hunt a bear at this season would be a waste of time. A bear is gifted by nature with excellent auditory olfactory nerves, and he will generally keep out of the hunter's view. Frequently bruin is surprised, but on such occasions he is generally so preoccupied in attending to the cravings of his stomach that he fails to observe the approach of man. When he does catch a glimpse of his enemy, bruin loses no time in performing the disappearing act."

To my query, if a bear would take the initiative in attacking man if very hungry, our guide replied, "no." "A bear," he said, "is the greatest coward that inhabits those woods, and will always fight shy of man unless cornered. A she bear with cubs," he continued, "will protect them and attack any person who molests them. Now a bull moose is a really dangerous animal who will sometimes go out of his way to attack a human being, but a bear will always fight shy of encountering man. I have," said our guide, "killed over thirty bears in my lifetime—killed 'em in all sorts of ways—trapped 'em, shot 'em, killed several with an axe, and one in a square, stand-up fight with a knife. I have been badly chewed several times, but I never received a serious wound. I would have no fears if I encountered a bear when unarmed, since a bear, as I remarked, is a craven coward who will always flee from the sight of man. I was only once frightened by a bear—that is, frightened to an extent which never befell me before or since."

We pressed him to tell us the story, which I will narrate in nearly his own words.

"I was about seventeen years old when I passed my first winter working in the lumber woods for my uncle. My uncle had two camps distant some six miles from each other, and towards the early part of spring, operations having ceased near the further camp, he sent me and a chopper named Worth to the abandoned camp to transport a barrel of pork which had been left in the latter camp. We started after breakfast, and the day being warm, the snow was rapidly melting, which made walking both tiresome and unpleasant. We reached the camp after a few hours travel, and removing the pork from the barrel placed it in two bags. We placed ropes through the mouths of the bags, and stooping down, ran our heads through the ropes, which went across our chests and supported the bags nicely on our backs. A bag of pork, remember, is a good load for a strong, able man, and I was a mere stripling at the time. Now, you know, there is nothing a bear likes better than salt pork. A bear will leave his dessert of honey, berries, or nuts at any time for pork. My bag made a big load for me, and it was all I could do to trudge slowly along in the rear of my companion. I had heard yarns of how bears, after emerging in a famished condition in the spring, will attack a man with provocation and make a meal of him. I was silly enough at the time to believe such yarns. I had up to this time never seen a bear, and I had no great longing for an introduction to one. However, we had gone, perhaps, a few hundred yards from the camp on our return journey, burdened with the bags of strongly smelling pork, when hearing a crackling noise, I chanced to turn around. We were still in the small clearing surrounding the camp, and I had an unobstructed view on all sides. My heart fairly stopped beating when I saw a monstrous bear about ten rods away, running towards us with uncouth, ambling strides. I must have made an ejaculation of some kind, for my companion turned, and seeing the bear making towards us, slipped the rope off his shoulders and over his head, dropped his bag of pork and started like a racehorse towards the home camp. I tried to follow suit, but I was not strong enough to raise the bag so as to slip the rope from my shoulders and over my head. I was so scared that I tugged at the bag like a demon, keeping my eyes glued on that bear running towards me at a three-minute clip. I became frantic when I could not get rid of the bag so as to run, and seeing the bear not over twenty feet away still making towards me, I let out one of the gol-darndest yells ever heard in these woods. Say, that bear stopped as if he had been paralyzed by a stroke of lightning. He stopped so abruptly he almost stumbled to the ground. I was still laboring with might and main to get rid of the bag so as to be able to run, and I became so frightened at the near sight of the bear that I shut my eyes awaiting my end. Trembling, and with my brain a blank from thought, I opened my eyes a few seconds later to see the bear nearly 200 yards away, running like mad. The bear was then climbing a little side hill at the edge of the woods, and going so fast that sometimes he would stumble and roll down the hill a few steps. The last I heard of him, he was going through the bushes leading to the woods, making a fearful racket to get to safer shelter. The bear was, judging by his actions, evidently more frightened than I was. The only explanation I can give of the whole affair is this: The bear, who was rambling near the edge of the woods, likely very hungry after his long winter's sleep, smelled the pork. With his mind on nothing but pork and the scent of it in his nostrils, he was making for the bag of pork and never really saw me. With my head and shoulders bowed, the bag behind would be about the only thing in sight. When I let out that frightened yell, the bear was so surprised that he stopped so short—dead in his tracks, he almost turned over. The bear was so frightened at discovering he had a man to deal with, and getting the scent and sight of me, he was the most scared of the two, and lost no time in getting out of sight. I overtook Worth about two miles up the tote road, and he was still so scared, he would not go back to get his bag of pork. I had to leave my bag there with him (he had to assist me to get the ropes over my head) and trudge back the two miles for his bag, and carry it to where I first met him. This was the only time I was frightened at a bear, and the brute was really more scared than I was.

J. J. Gallagher, Grand Falls, N. B.

THE UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT.

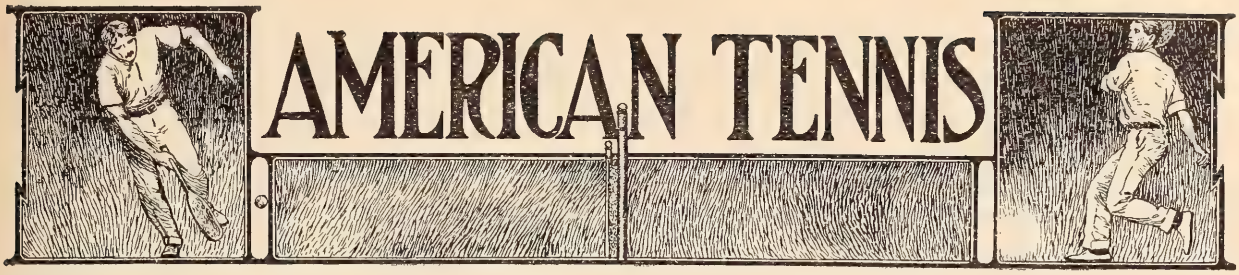
BY JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, DUNN, N. C.

Hit's pow'ful hot in dis medder
  Whar I'se fixin' fer ter mow,
But I nebber minds de wedder
  W'en de water-milions grow.

Dere's er jooce in dem dar sweeters
  (Bress dey sasy red sweet heaht!)
Dat's bin ticklin' cullud creetures
  Sence dis ole *wu'l'* fust staht.

Ole mudder Ebe she e't de appul;
  Fadder Adum e't de core—
But I'se glad dey didn't grappul
  Wid de water-milion, *shore.*

"Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," by Hornaday, is a very practical book written by a practical man. It has run through many editions and will run through many more. It is a classic on taxidermy, for what Hornaday does not know on this subject must have been discovered since he laid aside the skins and bones and began to handle live creatures with good red blood in their necks, for Mr. William T. Hornaday is now the director of the New York Zoological Park. This book is appropriately dedicated to G. Brown Goode, LL.D., and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



AMERICAN TENNIS

Official Organ of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association

The selection of the team to represent the United States in the International contests for the Davis trophy in England, has been definitely announced. It includes Holcombe Ward, the singles champion and his partner in the champion doubles, Beals C. Wright; William A. Larned, the former singles champion, and William J. Clothier. The four will sail for England on June 13 to play at the Queen's Club, London, in the first games on July 8. If successful, they will complete the tour on July 24, the last of the three days' play for the cup at Wimbledon, returning to this country in time for the Longwood events preparatory to Newport.

The choice includes the men who were generally picked to go by tennis experts throughout the country, and is, therefore, hailed with uniform satisfaction. The only doubt expressed anywhere was on the ground that Holcombe Ward might be unable to stand the strain of twelve days' consecutive match play as might be necessary under the conditions. On this point it has been decided to take Ward's own estimate as to his ability to meet the ordeal. Since he is confident of his doing so should he be called upon there is nothing further to say on the score. As named, there is widespread confidence in the ability of the team to make the most creditable showing if they do not succeed in actually returning the trophy to this country.

For the past four weeks the men have been training in the South, preparatory to the invitation tournaments at Orange, Knollwood, Manheim and Bay Ridge, with which they are now engaged. The form shown gives every encouragement to the management and justifies the expectation of success. By the time they are ready to sail all of the four should be playing at the top of their game and fit to meet the flower of the tennis world for the blue ribbon event of its schedule.

PLAYERS NAMED FOR THE TIES.

As far as is known the plan is to name for the first match with Belgium, Clothier and Larned in the singles and Ward and Wright in the doubles. Belgium will be represented by P. de Borman and Willie Lemaire. While the two are good men and regarded in England as the strongest of the challengers barring the Americans, it is not expected that either Larned or Clothier will meet mishap in their games. The opponents are not discounted by any means, but a fair appreciation of the skill of our singles players compels the expectation of victory. So that it is believed when the second tie is played at the Queen's Club on July 13, 14, and 15, America will be matched against the Frenchmen.

It is possible that a change may be made in our team for this event, though it is hardly likely. The French team is of greater strength than the Belgians, in American opinion. The men named are Max Decougis, M. Vacherot, M. Worth and M. Ayme. Decougis is the French champion and defeated H. L. Doherty recently in the covered court championship in England. It was not believed then that he was as strong as little "Do" by any means, but his victory must not be belittled too greatly. Larned and Ward should be prepared, however, to do full justice to themselves against him. There is no great anxiety as to the result of the other singles matches. In view of this there is a chance that Clothier may be paired with Wright in the doubles for this tie only in order to rest Ward, though that is a point that can only be settled definitely when the time to nominate arrives.

If Clothier does not play doubles in the French match it is probable that he will be given a chance in the singles against Australia in event of America defeating both Belgian and French combinations. The Australian four are highly spoken of by E. B. Dewhurst, who is familiar with their abilities, but he does not think them equal to any one of the three American singles players unless they have improved greatly since he left Australia. These matches occurring on July 17, 18 and 19 allow Ward a solid week of rest with nothing to do except to pair with Wright in the doubles on one of the three days, he will play this match for the purpose of practice and it will be beneficial rather than detrimental to their chances against England.

OUR CHANCES AGAINST ENGLAND.

Presuming success in the preliminaries, winning the right to challenge for the final match for the cup, the tie against England will occur on July 21, 22 and 24. Of course the team for these contests will be Ward and Larned in the singles and Ward and Wright in the doubles. Against them will be H. L. Doherty and F. L. Riseley in the singles and H. L. and R. F. Doherty in the doubles. Speculating on the chances of success against the English cracks opinion differs widely, though there is a strong undercurrent of confidence manifested by those who have given most careful thought to the preparations.

It is believed that Riseley will be unequal to the task of beating either of our singles players. At least it is on this basis that all hopes of victory rest. Should either Larned or Ward meet defeat at his hands the whole fabric of our plan would be destroyed, leaving only the greatest upset of form to then accomplish a victory. Calculating these matches as victories then it leaves the doubles against the Dohertys or a victory of one of our two representatives against H. L. Doherty necessary to carry off the trophy. It must be admitted that with all the advantages on his side, the Englishmen are more or less justified in their confidence that their idol and champion will successfully defend his title.

Larned in his flights of brilliant play can undoubtedly win, but whether Larned will appear at best or not is always a question. His nervous temperament and his erratic disposition leads him to be a most uncertain quantity in figuring out such a contest as we have in hand. On the other hand Ward may be expected to play up to his mark and perhaps beyond anything he has previously shown. There are those who believe that Ward will surprise those who have not counted him as capable of beating little "Do," and it would certainly delight every one to see him do so. However optimistic we may be regarding the outcome we must not look for victory in unexpected quarters.

HOPES OF VICTORY IN DOUBLES.

What those who have looked the field over most carefully are counting on is a victory in the doubles. It is the opinion in many quarters that the Dohertys are not the old Dohertys in the doubles, and that the American pair will have a splendid chance of winning. The outcome of this match is looked upon as the determining factor in the tie taking the singles victory of either of our men over little "Do" as the outside chance. Opinions must vary widely as to the final issue until it is decided in competition.

The question of sending a three or four men team was determined by the revocation of twenty-one day requirement as to nominations. This restriction handicapped America especially in view of Larned's peculiar susceptibility to injury due to the accident to his ankle last winter. If his ankle should break down after nomination, a change was permitted only if the break was severe enough to incapacitate him and not if it simply handicapped him. The handicap might easily be fatal. However, even before action was definitely taken doing away with the long notice of selection it had been determined that four men should be sent and proceeding on that basis Larned, Ward, Wright and Clothier were chosen.

The other matters under discussion regarding the conduct of the games were important details, but affected the play in no way, and are, therefore, not matters of large public interest. The endless discussion that they occasion is now over and happily very satisfactorily for every interest concerned.

Altogether the promise is that the tournament will be most successful from every viewpoint.

INDOOR TOURNAMENT SUCCESSFUL.

The results in the indoor games at St. Nicholas rink exceeded the expectation of even the most sanguine of its projectors. The movement which had its inception in a mere desire to provide a pastime developed into a serious tournament that produced keen rivalry and some excellent play. The showing of Ward and Wright in the men's doubles was unusually high class for the season of the year and was easily better than that of any of the other teams entered. The surprise of the week was the defeat of the Wrenn boys by Grant and Dewhurst and their entry thus into the finals. Against Ward and Wright they were outclassed from the start and lost three straight sets.

The defeat of the Wrenns was undoubtedly due primarily to their poor form. Neither of them showed anything like their game, while Grant and Dewhurst played almost up to their top notch. The youngsters are a good pair, but have a long distance to go before they can hope to meet on an even basis a team of the Wrenn stripe.

The preliminary round disposed of the weaker teams readily, while Ward and Wright put Little and Alexander out of it in straight sets. The Wrenns' defeat brought Grant and Dewhurst against the champions at the finish with the result recorded above.

The other tournaments developed interest primarily in the showing of the two Boston girls who figured so prominently in the Women's doubles. Miss Fenno and Miss Sears showed a marked superiority over their opponents in every match they played, losing only one set, that to Miss Barger and Mrs. Wallach. At no time did they seem to be in trouble and they handled themselves in a way that promises even better things of them. They are far from the first flight of women players as yet, but this in no wise discredits their performance.

In the mixed doubles they were successful with the Wrenn boys and were opposed to each other in the finals, Miss Sears winning with Bob Wrenn after a spirited contest. The results in the various matches follow:

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES—CLASS A.

First Round:

Miss Anita Sands and Miss Strong beat Miss Martha Coster and Miss Marie Winthrop 6-3, 6-3

Miss Katharine Barney and Miss Edey beat Miss Beatrice Morgan and Miss Dix....................3-6, 6-2, 6-4

Miss Robinson and Miss Delafield beat Miss Fellowes Morgan and Miss Tolfee 6-2, 7-5

Miss Farge and Miss Scott beat Miss Leonard and Miss Kobbe...........6-3, 3-6, 6-3

Semi-final Round:

Miss Martha Coster and Miss Marie Winthrop beat Miss Beatrice Morgan and Miss Dix..................6-1, 3-6, 8-6

Miss Fargo and Miss Scott beat Miss Robinson and Miss Delafield.......6-3, 3-6, 6-3

Final Round:

Miss Fargo and Miss Scott beat Miss Martha Coster and Miss Marie Winthrop 8-6, 6-4

INTER-CITY WOMEN'S DOUBLES.

Miss Marion Fenno and Miss Eleanor Sears won the Inter-city Women's doubles by hard hitting, good service and superior net work. They followed their service to the net and smashed and killed with good effect. In deep court play only were they deficient, their returns of long drives being very erratic at times. Their ability to get up to the net saved them the necessity of exhibiting this weakness often. The Newport team showed rather better than the other pairs. The scores were:

Semi-final Round:

Miss Marion Fenno and Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston beat Mrs. Barger Wallach and Miss Edna Barger of Newport 6-8, 6-4, 6-3

Miss Juliet Adee and Miss Martha Coster of New York beat Miss Katharine Barney and Miss Gertrude Pell of Philadelphia 6-1, 6-3

Final Round:

Miss Marion Fenno and Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston beat Miss Juliet Adee and Miss Martha Coster of New York 6-3, 6-4

CHAMPIONSHIP MIXED DOUBLES.

The superiority of the Boston women turned the scales in the mixed doubles against their opponents. With the Wrenns as partners they won the preliminaries and met in the final. Mated with Bob Wrenn, Miss Sears won over George Wrenn and Miss Fenno by better tactical play. Miss Sears volleyed splendidly and against it the lobbing tactics of the opposing pair were ineffective.

First Round:

Miss Beatrice Morgan and Theodore R. Pell beat Miss Gertrude Pell and Robert P. Huntington.............4-6, 6-1, 6-3

Miss Marion Fenno and George L. Wrenn beat Miss Edna Barger and William A. Larned................8-6, 6-0

Miss Eleanor Sears and Robert D. Wrenn beat Miss McCook and Malcolm D. Whitman.................3-6, 6-3, 6-2

Miss Katherine Barney and Holcombe Ward beat Miss Anita Sands and Beals C. Wright..............4-6, 7-5, 6-3

Semi-final Round:

Miss Eleanor Sears and Robert D. Wrenn beat Miss Beatrice Morgan and Theodore R. Pell............6-2, 6-4

Miss Marion Fenno and George L. Wrenn beat Miss Katharine Barney and Holcombe Ward..............6-2, 6-3

Final Round:

Miss Eleanor Sears and Robert D. Wrenn beat Miss Marion Fenno and George L. Wrenn................4-6, 6-4, 6-2

CHAMPIONSHIP MEN'S DOUBLES.

Ward and Wright won the doubles showing exceptional form for the season of the year. Grant and Dewhurst opposed them in the final after an unexpected victory over the Wrenns, who were sadly out of shape and played far below their game.

First Round:

Robert D. Wrenn and George L. Wrenn beat H. W. Slocum and Theodore R. Pell.................6-2, 4-6, 6-3

Raymond D. Little and Frederick B. Alexander beat William A. Larned and Malcom D. Whitman........0-6, 7-5, 6-4

Edward B. Dewhurst and Wylie C. Grant beat Harry L. Allen and Robert Leroy.....................4-6, 6-3, 6-3

Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright beat Joseph D. Forbes and Reginald D. Fincke.......................6-2, 6-3

Semi-Final Round:

Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright beat Raymond D. Little and Frederick B. Alexander...............6-2, 6-4

Wylie C. Grant and Edward B. Dewhurst beat Robert D. Wrenn and George L. Wrenn..................1-6, 6-3, 6-3

Final Round:

Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright beat Edward B. Dewhurst and Wylie C. Grant..........................6-3, 6-2, 6-2

NEWPORT MIXED DOUBLES.

First Round:

Miss Katharine Barney and Bernon Prentice beat Miss Cynthia Roche and Joseph D. Forbes.............6-3, 6-2

Mrs. Ernest Iselin and Theodore R. Pell beat Miss Gertrude Pell and Frederick Watson..................5-7, 6-3, 6-3

Mrs. Barger Wallach and Cyril Hatch bye

Miss Jean Reid and George Adee bye

Semi-Final Round:

Mrs. Barger Wallach and Cyril Hatch beat Mrs. Ernest Iselin and Theodore R. Pell..........................10-8, 7-5

Miss Katharine Barney and Bernon C. Prentice beat Miss Jean Reid and George Adee.....................6-0, 6-3

Final Round:

Miss Katharine Barney and Bernon C. Prentice beat Mrs. Barger Wallach 8-6, 4-6, 6-3

NOTE.—*Lack of space compels us to print the continuation of this department and the Fixtures in the Advertising section this month.*

FISHING

A DAY ON THE BULLY.

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.

There are lots of bully rivers—but only one Bully that I know of with a big, big, B. To reach it you must travel far, and you may travel fast, that is if you study time-tables and make connections. The Bully is not a very large river, but there are trout in it. I don't think it will ever be fished out, because the taking of those active, bejeweled *fontinalii,* from its scum-covered pools is a strenuous undertaking. The river acquired its name through a pup that belonged to a trapper in the early days of the region. The pup has some bull blood; therefore it was, naturally enough, called Bully, and hence, the river was christened Bully, since the pup fell into it and was nearly drowned. If this explanation is not sufficiently lucid I must refer the inquirer to the pup.

The first stopping place on the way to the Bully is Montreal. Your stay there need not be a long one, as the night express from New York, over any of the crack lines, lands you in that city in ample time to catch the morning train to St. Faustin. This is a station fifty-seven miles from Montreal, and it should be reached three hours later.

If you have never been in the Laurentians you have missed some charming scenery, and as pure air as the continent affords. There are two modest and moderate hotels in the little village. The climate is delightful, the fishing most excellent.—but the native tobacco is rank and smells to high heaven.

From St. Faustin it is five miles North by East to the Bully. You may walk the five miles, but I am willing to wager a small sum that you will not do it more than once; for many of those miles run on edge, and horse hire is the cheapest thing in that country, barring, of course, whiskey, *blanc?*

By and by you will arrive; battered, bruised, mud-besplashed and, perchance, fly-bitten; but, if you are a fisherman, these trifles will fade into absolute insignificance, when you realize that at length you stand beside the Bully!

But, of course, mere standing beside the Bully will not add to the weight of the basket, and, perhaps, I had better tell how I got my last creel of trout from it, in order that others may be induced to try.

Beginning at the bridge, I fished down. That meant hanging on by one hand to the bushes, doing various gymnastic stunts that would delight an anthropoid ape, with occasional breathing spells where a man might wade and dream to the hum of live mosquitoes from the bend—but dream is not the correct word. It should also mean a full creel within three-quarters of a mile of the bridge; the smallest victim measuring a full eight inches, and the one you put on the top twice that.

My outfit consisted of a 10 foot, 7½ ounce, split bamboo, plain click reel, holding thirty yards of suitable line, stout gut leaders, and a book well stocked with, Professors, Montreals, Alders, May flies, Jenny Linds, and Silver Doctors, in sizes ranging from No. 6 to No. 12 O'Shaughnessy.

The fun began just below Grenon's little mill, and I had some terrible tussles with the vigorous trout, as the water is swift, the pools small, and the bushes inconveniently luxuriant. Half an hour later I landed my big fellow: an honest two-pounder, that sucked in an Alder on a No. 6 hook so gently that I did not for a few moments suspect his aldermanic proportions. His lair was a little side pool, entirely covered by the brown, soap-bubble foam that one invariably finds on the Bully at mid-summer. I was just a bit lucky to basket him, as once out of the pool he would have broken me without a doubt.

The gorge, or canyon, through which the river flows, eventually develops into a more steady river. But it is not so good, as the *habitant* farmer's boy can fish it, and does so, in the spring, when the water is high and the worm a deadly bait. Your best chance is in the difficult reaches, and when the water is low and clear. Then a No. 8, or smaller, will yield many a good fish.

It is a crowning mercy that the farmer boy does not know how to fish with the fly, otherwise, there would be infinitely poorer fishing than there is to-day all through the beautiful Laurentian country.

If you do not fancy hard work, there are, I believe, thirteen lakes, all holding trout, within half a day's drive of St. Faustin. One of them is near the station, but with the exception of early May, the fishing in it is nothing to boast of, though a few fish may be picked up by a careful angler who will rise betimes.

Personally, I care little for lake fishing, even though the trout run large, the only exception being in July and August, when the natives will tell you the fish are not biting. Put on a No. 12, or No. 14 midge, use very fine tackle, and the magic hour between sundown and dusk should certainly reward you with at least half a dozen trout well above the legal limit.

Many of the neighborhood boys are good bait fishermen, and they do well in springtime and early summer, but drawn gut and midge flies are beyond their horizon. That is the angler's opportunity.

If you are ambitious of very heavy trout, the Laurentians may not come up to your ideal, but the fishing in the waters of that wild northern range is very charming, nevertheless, and several New Yorkers of my acquaintances revisit them each summer. Use light tackle, and then a two-pounder will yield you lots of fun, and bring your heart up to your collar-stud before you have him safely in the landing net.

WISCONSIN CONDITIONS.

Editor Recreation:

The numerous lakes comprising what is called the "Lake District" and lying between here and the Gogebic Range, North and about seventy-five or 100 miles East and West, furnish excellent fishing for muscalunge, pike and bass, while in the rivers are pickerel, muscalunge and pike. In the smaller streams are plenty of brook trout, though the best trout fishing seems to be in the streams South of the middle line of the State. Minocqua is considered the gateway to the "Lake District."

There is good deer hunting in all the counties in the northern part of the State, and I think Vilas, Oneida, Forest and Lincoln counties furnished their share last fall.

The Indians and many of the homesteaders disregard anything that looks like a game law, to such an extent that it is getting to be the fashion among some of the town people to avail themselves of the privileges extended to those in the rural districts, and, in that way, there is a good deal of hunting and fishing out of season.

One farmer told me this winter that he had venison on his table every day in the year; and a man in Vilas county last fall hunted deer for three months before the season opened, and then sold what deer he had left when the season was open to would-be hunters.

This man claimed it was not safe to be in the woods during the open season, as there were so many hunters then.

State election last fall had a good deal to do with the game wardens staying in town.

It seems to me that the only way to get at the wolves successfully would be to go right at them while the pups are young, and to keep at them; one man can kill as many in a few hours while the pups are young as 100 men could do in a day's drive. Twelve dollars bounty is paid here.

Some of us here have intended to see what we could get by making drives, but the game has been so on the move and with the difficulty of getting around in the deep snow, we have not got started yet, but may soon.

W. F. Bingham, Tomahawk, Wis.

MAINE WATERS.

Editor Recreation:

Maine and fishing are synonymous. All wielders of the rod have heard of the giant, square-tailed trout of the Pine Tree State's waters. Nowhere, excepting in the Nepigon, has Salvelinus fontinalis been taken of so great a weight as in Maine. And there are other fish beside the speckled trout. The landlocked salmon and the togue, are taken in numbers in many of the lakes, and as for smaller fry, namely: the little spotted fontinalis, of the brooks, their name is legion.

Moreover, it is not a far cry to the State of Maine from any of the Atlantic coast cities. From New England, the Boston and Maine will carry the traveler with celerity, and in comfort, to Bangor, which is practically the jumping off place, as from here routes diverge to every point of the compass.

During the past ten years I have paid many visits to Maine and although I cannot claim to know anything but a small fraction of the good fishing waters, yet my experience may be of use to those who have yet to learn the delights of a fishing trip to the grand old Pine Tree State.

Greenville, on the Piscataquis branch of Moose Head Lake, eighty-seven miles from Bangor, is one of the best places in the whole State for all-round sport. Moosehead Lake is an imposing body of water, more than forty miles long, and as much as eighteen miles wide in places, although its average width is, perhaps, not over three or four. The air is very pure and clear, as the surface of the lake has an altitude of 1,000 feet above sea level.

Just as soon as the ice goes out, the fishing begins. From early May until mid-June live bait is the most successful, but from June 15th, or earlier some years, until the end of July, the fly is to be preferred. The average weight of the trout in some sections is not less than three pounds, and a great many fish have been caught which would tip the beam at seven or eight pounds.

The Mt. Kineo House, situated at the foot of Mt. Kineo, whose crest is a full thousand feet above the lake, is one of the finest inland summer hotels of the continent.

On the Tobique—No fishing waters on earth excel those of Canada

There is accommodation for 400 guests at the Mt. Kineo House, and very often at the height of the season there is not a room vacant.

Within a few miles of Kineo are many fine ponds well stocked with trout, such as the Wilson, Spencer, and Roach ponds.

The Katahdin Iron Works, fifty miles from Bangor, is a good headquarters for the fisherman, since there are any number of lakes and ponds nearby. Silver Lake, Little and Big Houston, Spruce, West and East Chain, Back, Lost, Long, and a dozen other ponds are within a few miles of the village. The Silver Lake Hotel has a capacity of 100 guests, and is a very comfortable inn for its size.

Ashland, 167 miles from Bangor, on the Aroostic River, is quite famous as a fisherman's resort. Nearby are Portage, Green, Low, Long, Big Machias, Clayton, Carr and Squa Pan.

Eagle Lake, 202 miles from Bangor, is the point of departure for Eagle and Square Lakes. The latter lake has yielded speckled trout up to twelve pounds in weight, and there are plenty of landlocked salmon. Fly fishing is at its best by June 20th.

It would seem that more anglers will visit the state of Maine this year than ever.

HINTS ON SALMON FISHING.

By CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.

(Continued from May issue)

The Jack Scott is as good a general utility fly as is tied. On a strange river it may well be the first choice. It seems to take well in high water, low water, European streams, and Canadian rivers.

Almost equal to the Jack Scott (more properly, Jack O'Scotts) is the Silver Doctor; on most rivers it is taken well, but on some few it seems to have no charm for the fish, though no rule or reason appears to exist, so far as I can discover.

The Black Fairy is a clear-water fly, rarely useful in the larger sizes, but perfectly indispensable during the dog-days. The Fairy is the most celebrated of a series, which includes the Black Dose, Black Dog, etc., etc.

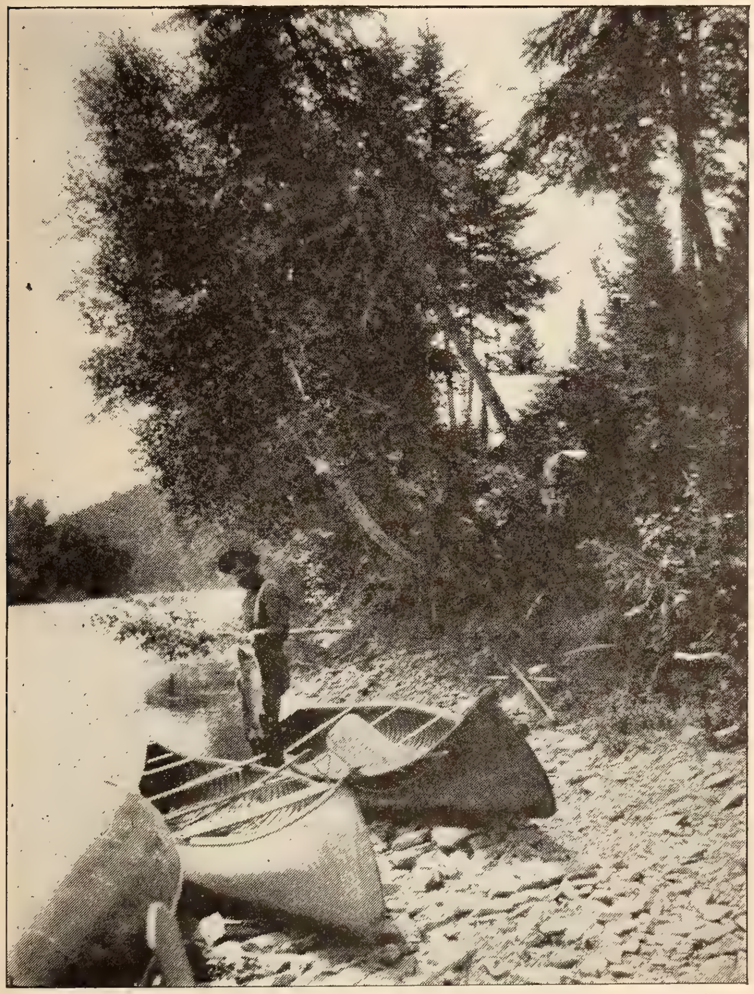
Most of the trade Durham Rangers are too full-bodied; tied sparely it is a particularly good fly early in the season. Later on, when the water is low and clear, it must be used in very small sizes, and the dressing should be toned down as much as practicable.

Many will not recognize the Grey Monkey. My pattern has a grey mohair body, plain mallard wing, black head and butt, silver tinsel, natural ginger hackle, orange, red or green tag, and a topping for tail. It is a most deadly fly on some rivers, and may be used in the larger sizes in quite clear water, if tied sparely.

Nos. 6, 7 and 8 on my list are plain flies with mallard wings, bodies and hackles as indicated, and dyed swan or toppings for tails. It may be said that a golden pheasant topping always improves a fly, whether used as a tail or as a finish to the wing.

THE LEADER.

Nothing but the best single gut leaders should be used on Canadian rivers, excepting, perhaps, on some of the heavy rivers of Labrador, and the north shore of the St. Lawrence. In them when the waters are clearing after a flood, but are yet roilly, the upper three feet of the leader may, with advantage, be of treble gut twisted. The next three feet of double gut, and the remainder of the heaviest single gut.



A FRESH RUN SALMON

For clear water fishing the recognized length of a leader is nine feet, and the rule is to shorten the leader, sometimes to six feet, when the water is more or less discolored. Good gut is expensive, and difficult to procure, the entire stock is absorbed by a few of the leading dealers. The price may vary from $3 to $4 a leader, but the breaking strain will never be less than six pounds, dry, and often higher, while inferior gut will part when tested at a couple of pounds. I once found myself on a river with a lot of new leaders that broke at one and a half pounds dry, and much against my will was forced to trust to them, having no others. I succeeded in killing a number of salmon and grilse, but lost at least half a dozen heavy fish because of my poor tackle. There are times when you must hang on to your fish or lose it, and it is at just such critical moments that you need tackle and plenty of nerve.

THE GAFF.

The veteran fisherman generally sticks to a tie-on gaff, with an almost straight point made of soft steel, depending for a handle upon some small spruce cut and trimmed by the river side. None of the highly ingenious, and usually clumsy and inefficient, forms depending upon screw joints, telescopic segments, or folding parts, are worth considering, though it is but fair to say this opinion is not held by British fishermen, who seem attached to a telescopic gaff no self-respecting Restigouche or Cascapedia angler would permit in his camp. The gaff is almost the only part of a salmon fisherman's outfit that is cheap. A good one costs but one dollar and twenty-five cents. The tackle makers call this a "plain gaff with tang," and the correct size for salmon is seven inches by three inches.

WADERS.

For trout or bass fishing waders coming up to the knee or thigh are generally good enough, but in salmon fishing unless they are of full length, reaching to the waist, or higher, they are of little use. In addition to suspenders, a belt should always be worn over the wading trousers, otherwise, in case of a slip, they may fill with water and be a source of danger instead of safety, which they are if the belt be sufficiently tight.

American anglers usually prefer waders and boots in one, whereas, European fishermen have what they call "wading brogues," which are coarse, strong leather shoes, nail studded to be worn over the wading trousers. A pair of woolen socks being used, as well, to preserve the waders from chafing.

Each has its advantages. The bootless waders last the longest, while the other kind are far more convenient.

THE HUNTING DOG

FIELD DOGS AND SHOW DOGS.

BY REGINALD F. MAYHEW.

I never hear discussions as to the ideal of a good field dog, how he should range, how he should not, etc., but the story of the chameleon and the wrangling on its true color recurs to me. Because a man has been associated with shooting over a particular country, he seems unable to give any credit to the sport provided in another of a totally different topographical character. His first taste of a real day's sport with a brace of pointers or setters is his first love. He may afterwards have better sport, with better dogs in a country of another character, but his reminiscent mood will always hark back to the earlier days.

Whether or not a day's partridge or grouse shooting in North or South Carolina, is a "classic" compared with a day in the more northern parts of the country, I most decidedly decline to answer. The one means covering miles, the other, by comparison, yards. To do the one properly you are mounted, while it is "shank's pony" for the other. For the one, is required what is called a "free" ranging dog; for the other a close ranger.

I have seen field trials in the South as well as the North, and have come to the conclusion that the adherent to the "free" ranging style makes less allowance for the charge when he comes North, than the fanatic for "close" ranging makes when he invades the Southern States. This, in spite of the fact that the conditions are as much akin as a sheep dog's work, herding flocks in Australia, and in Scotland or Wales or the Southdowns in England.

Conditions in the South are such as compared with the North, as well as Europe, that bevies are not only a far greater distance apart, but when flushed the birds scatter much more indiscriminately. As a result handlers have gone on the motto of the famous turfman and horse owner, expressed by the late D. D. Withers to breed for: "Speed! more speed! and then more speed." The question of how Mr. Withers and his theory would have resulted was nipped in the bud by nature taking it's course. Where the advocates of "speed" in the pointer or setter will eventually be landed is yet being determined on by Nature. At all events speed is effacing control, tractability, and balance of mind, and field trial judges are unconsciously crediting speed and omitting the other necessary qualities.

It is not for me, nor am I attempting to even insinuate how a dog should be broken. A sign of how man, however, will ride a hobby to the limit, was shown some few years since when Mr. Heywood Lonsdale of England, a well-known owner of field trial dogs sent a string here. When those used to our Southern conditions of shooting saw them, they were dubbed "potterers," "market man's dogs," etc. Although not wide rangers in the sense accepted in the South, they managed to find birds and win prizes. Among other things they showed they were absolutely under control, had reliable noses, never took chances or "bluffed" on a point, and were thorough in their work in scattered birds. Furthermore, after they had come to a point, their handler instead of walking in and flushing the bird himself, sent them in and directly the bird flushed the dogs down charged. The native dog had never been taught such a thing, with the result that instead of backing as he should, he rushed wildly in, and raised Cain generally. The upshot was the handlers protested vigorously. The further difference in the breaking of Mr. Lonsdale's and our home dogs was that his would persist in leaving no stone unturned to find a single bird, whereas the American would work for it more perfunctorily, as much as

LETTIE J. *Dr. W. N. Fowler, owner*

to say, "why waste time over one bird when there are bevies to be found somewhere else."

That, Mr. Lonsdale's dogs covered unnecessary ground in the South there is no question, but it has always struck me that they held their own under the altered conditions to more advantage than their wilder and less tractable rivals would have done in the Englishman's country.

Turning from this, one comes to the show bench versus the field trial winner. Champions in the ring nowadays are ignored not only by genuine sportsmen, but every Tom, Dick and Harry who claims the ownership of a "bird" dog. If you ask Tom or Dick or Harry, how his "bird" dog is bred, you will invariably discover that the "bird"dog's parents neglected to bear an authentic record of his birth, and if you are of an earnest disposition and call to see the "bird" dog, you will see something that no one with an eye for symmetry and grace could tolerate for a minute.

Because field trial winners don't figure much at dog shows, it is a downright injustice to claim that winners in the ring are no good in the field. In the first place the owner of a real top notch field dog would rather win at the legitimate game, than that which is judged by a standard based on an ideal outline, form, shape, make, symmetry, etc. Both here and in England, field trials are at their height when the principal shows are being held, which is one reason why few smashing workers are seen in Madison Square Garden. Another, is the fact that it is quite as difficult to breed an animal approaching the ideal of a bench show judge, as one approaching that of the field trial judge.

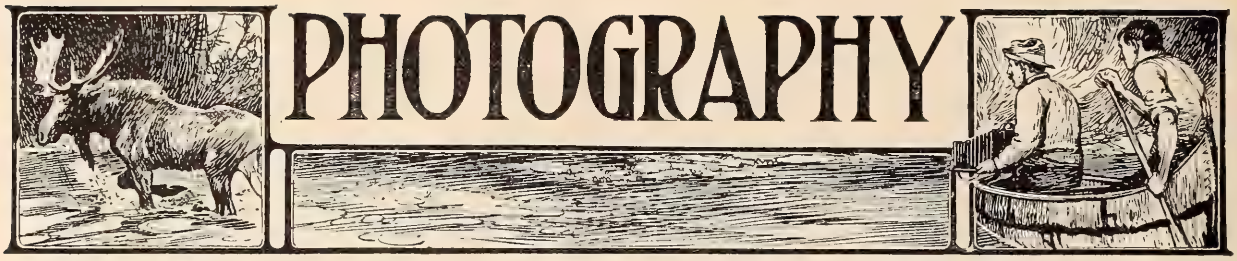
In all breeds used for working purposes of some sort or another, the layman overlooks the fact that if the bench show champion himself is not a world beater at his legitimate business, his ancestors were noted for their prowess, and for this reason their sons and daughters were cherished and their line carefully preserved. Furthermore, the fact is overlooked that a pointer or a setter has a litter of puppies to the tune of six or seven or eight. Of twenty litters averaging six each, he is lucky who breeds one worthy of championship honors. This leaves a balance of 119 brothers and sisters, and it would be a curious mood of nature if at least six of the 119 had not more brain power, or bird sense than the Adonis of the batch. Brilliant working dogs are not necessarily good to look at, any more than a brilliant man is handsome. But as there is an ideal in the human, so even is there an ideal in field trialdom.

The standard by which a pointer or setter is judged in the show ring has no *opera bouffe* or burlesque flavor. It was threshed out in all seriousness by men whose dogs had become renowned not only for their beauty and grace, but for their brilliancy in the field. For instance, a show pointer does not have substantial hard bone, and closely knit, deep cushioned feet, because they are pretty, but because they best endure and support his weight; he does not have obliquely placed clean cut and free moving shoulders because they add to his appearance, but because they enable him to gallop at top speed and maintain his speed; he does not have deep substantial ribs because they look nice but because they give him plenty of lung power and heart room. So to the minutest detail, each being required because it is the most suitable for the purpose.

NELLIE D. *Dr. Darrah, owner*

If dog shows and field trials did not clash there would be more field winners taking ribbon and cups at dog shows, and more dog show winners prominent in field trials. Were it possible to bring the relations between the two, closer together, there would be little ground for casting a slur on the working properties of a bench winner.

In the dual capacity pointers have always figured more prominently than setters. Without going into a string of details the deeds of Bang Bang, Sensation, Naso of Kippen, Duke of Hessen, King of Kent, and Woolton Game, should always refute the charge that a show dog is but a pampered pet. King of Kent was not only one of the best field dogs and best specimens seen in a ring, but he is a sire and grandsire of some of the best workers and best show specimens. Woolton Game was not only a bench show champion in England and here, but a field trial champion in England.



PHOTOGRAPHY

A POCKET CAMERA IN THE FIELD.

BY E. R. PLAISTED.

There is one most attractive phase of amateur photography which has not received the attention it deserves. It is photography as practiced by the amateur who confines his efforts entirely to the field covered by the pocket camera, yet who cultivates that field to its utmost edges and remotest corners. If the possibilities for artistic work that lie in these pocket editions were more generally known there would be more of them carried by those who aspire to something better than a baldheaded snap shot caricature of the beauties they find almost daily.

REPOSE Paul J. Tracy

The man who tramps the hills with a heavy gun or burrows into the tangled fringes of a mountain trout brook cannot afford to burden himself with several pounds of "sungun" traps in addition to his other equipment, yet it is he who oftenest finds material calculated to make the ambitious and heavy-laden amateur's mouth water. The woman who goes out into the country with her opera glass to study the birds, or even the scattering survivors of the once numerous clan of cyclists, willingly takes along the pocket camera when more weighty and bulky outfits would be left at home. Wherever I go there goes my pocket Kodak, and only in this way can one secure the little scenic gems and odd happenings that bob up in the most unlooked-for places and at most unexpected times.

This style of camera is never in the way, almost never out of order, and comes to your aid when you most need it. It brings home the best part of your day's outing, in miniature form it is true, but which can be enlarged to suitable proportions for wall decoration without additional apparatus other than a light-proof window shutter and a simple wooden frame for holding the negative, camera and bromide paper.

My walls are hung with many bromide enlargements that I think even the critical professional would find some pleasure in examining and which I made in my bathroom with my pocket kodak. Some of my albums of contact prints are not to be sneezed at as

WHY HE LOST THE BIG ONE *By Lyman H. North*

works of art, while others hold characteristic poses of relatives and friends that are beyond price to me and which I would never have been able to get with more bulky apparatus.

Probably many would prefer a camera built to handle the Premo Film Pack, and that is certainly a convenient contrivance, but I have used nothing but folding pocket Kodaks, which are probably the most compact of all pocket styles. I began with the 3½ x 3½ inches sizes, but in a couple of years changed it for the 3¼ x 4¼ inches, fitted with Automat shutter, R.R. lens and glass plate adapter. I do not use glass plates, but there are times when I wish to focus on the ground glass instead of trusting to the scale and finder, and the plate adapter also enables me to take single exposures and to use the rear combination of my lens at long focus.

I use Eastman's Kodoid plates, which are cut films fastened by clips to sheets of black cardboard, and half a dozen aluminum holders loaded with these are neither heavy nor bulky. One is not in constant fear of getting them broken and the holders can be re-loaded in any dark closet as the pasteboard back is easily distinguished from the film face by touch alone. I carry these when I have some special object in view; ordinarily I use roll film, depend on the scale and finder for focus and aim, and must admit some of my best work has been done in this way.

I regard a shutter having time, bulb, and instantaneous movements as essential to good work and it should work from 1-100 second to about 1-2 or 1-5 second. Such a shutter will have the iris diaphragm. I made a little extension which is easily fitted to the releasing lever for operating the shutter with a thread from a distance, the thread passing through a loop in a wire thrust in the ground under the camera. This simple rig is very handy at times for using the camera with tripod in bird study or for group work, where the operator wishes to be included.

Next in importance I rate my extension back for using the rear combination of the lens at long focus. I do not know of a strictly pocket camera with a bellows draw sufficient for this purpose, and for a long time I supposed only the high priced anastigmats could be used in this way. At last I found out that the rear combination of a good rapid rectilinear gave very good results in landscape work and that is what one most needs it for. The extension is a simple, home-made affair, a thin wooden box of proper dimensions, open at both ends and blackened inside. The ends are accurately squared and fit snugly between the inside of the camera and the plate adapter, which is thus carried several inches away from the lens and is held in place by two strong rubber bands. It takes but a few moments to fit this extension in place and remove the front lens, then the camera has nearly twice the usual length of focus, gives much finer perspectives, the field is cut down to about one-fourth normal area, and objects appear correspondingly larger on the plate. A small stop should be used and the exposure lengthened, but that is no drawback in landscape work. This device can be used only with the cut films.

Of course I have a ray screen, portrait lens, and copying lens; they take up little room, are not expensive, and are often very useful. Non-curling film is orthochromatic to quite a perceptible degree and works very nicely under ray screen. I find the screen of much help in getting distant mountains to stand out clearly, it improves some skies amazingly, and under almost any circumstances it imparts to the picture a quality hard to describe but which is very pleasing in the finished print.

I never used my copying lens but once and then it proved as handy as the proverbial revolver in Texas. I made a dozen cabinet photos from one of about half life size, and it was a creditable job, too.

Portrait work of most pleasing character is perfectly feasible with a pocket camera *if* the operator knows what he wants and is willing to work to obtain results, and that applies just as forcibly to the possessor of more bulky apparatus. The "personal equation" is, in this class of work, about the most important consideration, and it might be well to add that it influences even the common snap shot to a degree. Other things being equal the man whose eyes can best tell him when the vital points of a good picture are before him will get the best results.

To the severely practical individual who would like to know what the expenses of this sort of photography are likely to be I can only say that in my experience it has proved self-supporting. In the five years I have had a camera I have sold work to the value of over $150 and in spite of the fact that I send a few unmounted velox prints in almost every letter I write this has paid for all supplies and about half of my other equipment of camera, trays, etc.

When I had been at the business some over a year I was told by a most successful amateur, one who had two pocket cameras and several larger ones, that he had concluded the most satisfactory plan was to take little pictures and lots of them. My experience has borne out this statement. The expense of loading a pocket camera is but a fraction of what it costs to keep a large one in plates and a few failures are not of much consequence. These failures are bound to be more or less numerous and the saving in this one item is not inconsiderable.

As I have limited my camera to pocket sizes so also have I limited my printing paper to velox, bromide, and blueprint. Velox can now be had in so many grades it will bring out almost any sort of negative to advantage and one acquires more skilful technique by working with a single maker's products.

I develop in absolute darkness on the time-and-temperature plan and could not be induced to go back to the delusive safety of ruby lamps and the imaginary benefits of restrainers and accelerators. I sometimes intensify a film, but seldom have an occasion to reduce one, though both are simple processes, and quickly learned. I find that a good print can be got from a very thin negative without intensification by giving it a long exposure at five or six times the usual distance and using a yellowish light. I use a burned out incandescent that was once of sixteen candle power, but which now has about as much illuminating effect as a red string in a bottle.

If you care for artistic effect or originality of style don't, *don't,* stick your prints into a ready made "Store Album" or paste them all on mounts of the same size and color. Have a good assortment of black paper masks, not the kind that seem to include every known combination of curves and angles, but some shapely ovals and rectangles of varying proportion and size, and then print under the *smallest* one that will include all that is worth having in the negative. Trimming off what is of no real value is one of the hardest things for the average amateur to learn, he wants to get all he can for his money and goes in for all the area the paper will cover.

Often a narrow strip out of a picture printed with a liberal white margin will prove very effective when the whole plate was rather uninteresting. Select your mounts with a view to heighten the effects of the picture and do not be afraid to have them of liberal size. I shall have more to say on this point and also on how to make some very original and attractive albums out of inexpensive materials that are to be had almost anywhere.

The dream of photographs in color obtained by purely photographic manipulations would seem now nearly to be realized in a new printing-paper which has been put on the market. As every lover of out-door photography will surely be glad to see his favorite landscapes in almost their true colors, we shall shortly give a full description of this fascinating process.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

Recreation's "Sons of Daniel Boone," is destined to be a big success. Letters are already coming in asking for information and telling of the fact that the local branches are being formed in various parts of the country. There is a Fort Pike branch, in Pike county. Pa., and the Recreation Camp, in Connecticut, already named and others are appealing to us for names for their local councils.

Since Daniel Boone, himself, was so intimately connected with a fort by that name it has been suggested by one of our correspondents that all the various branches establish forts. It is not to be understood by this that they will necessarily build forts, but that each branch or organization shall be called a fort, as, for instance, Fort Marquette, Fort Davy Crockett, Fort Lewis and Clark, Fort Washington. In fact, the councils may appropriately name their forts after any well-known scout, explorer, back woodsman or naturalist. This is a rattling good idea and I would suggest that it be carried out by the various branches now starting councils.

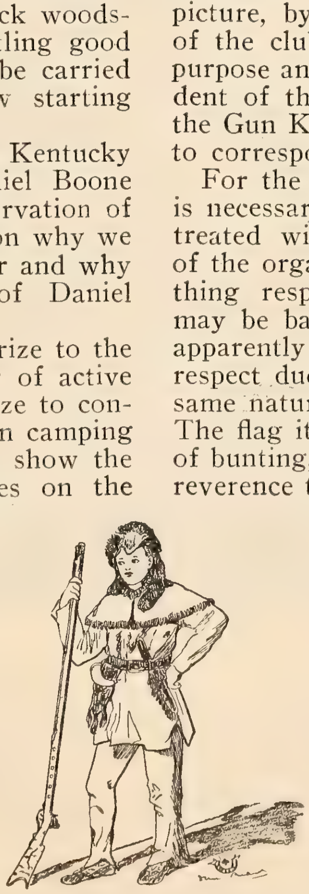
When people began to settle in Kentucky one of the first acts of old Daniel Boone was to advocate laws for the preservation of game animals, and this is one reason why we love the memory of the old pioneer and why we call ourselves "The Sons of Daniel Boone."

Recreation proposes to give a prize to the fort containing the largest number of active members by September 1st, the prize to consist of a council tent, to be used on camping excursions. For the fort that can show the greatest number of official notches on the stock of its tally rifle Recreation will also award a handsome prize, the nature of which will be decided later, after we hear from the boys and learn what would most please them in this line.

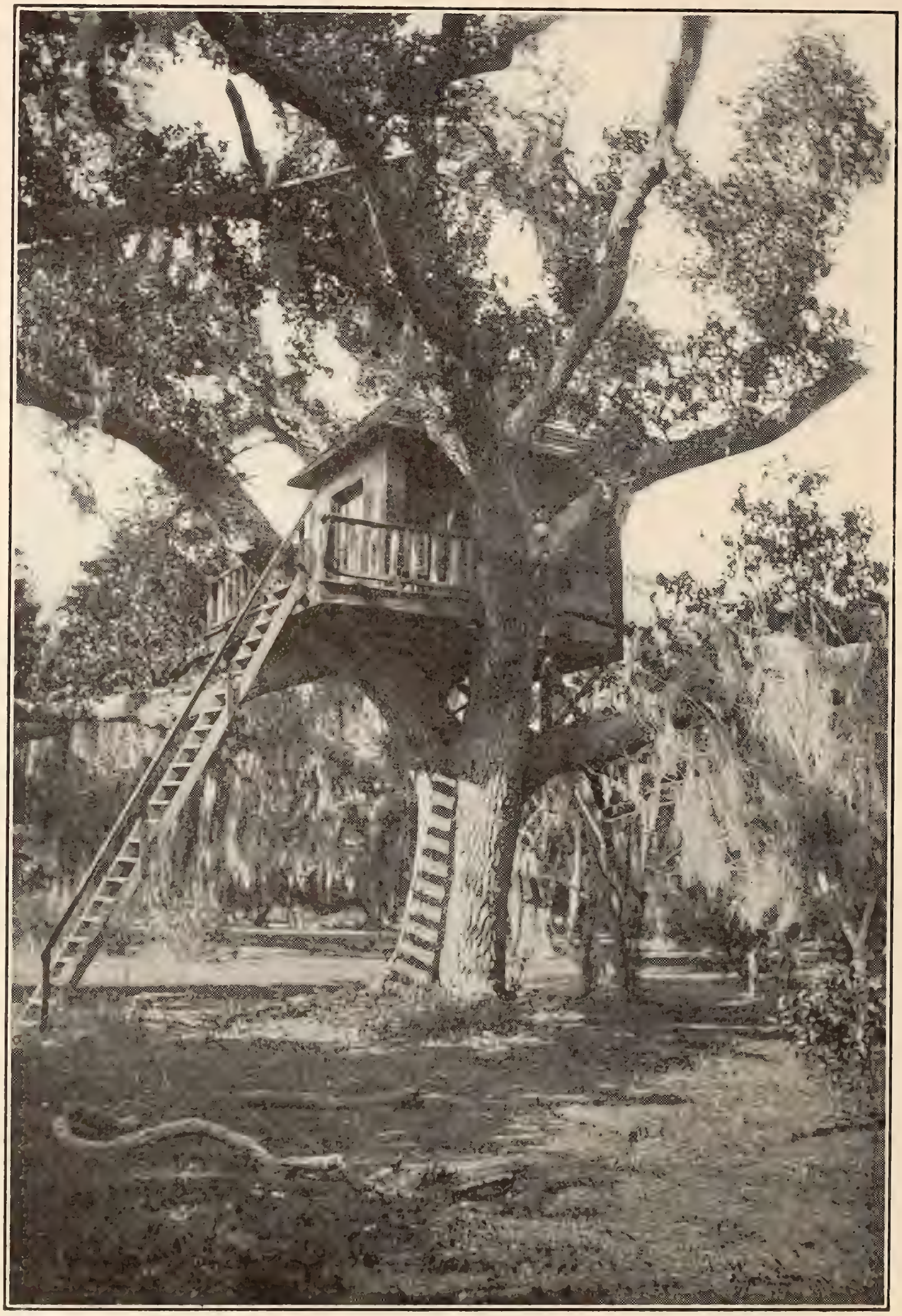
Each Fort must secure an old gun of some kind. The gun must always be unloaded and need not be a good one or even one capable of being fired. All that is necessary is that it have a stock and barrel and the more it shows the signs of wear and service the better it will be for the purpose. This old gun will be in charge of the gun keeper and be used as a tally to keep record of praiseworthy acts of the council to which it belongs. In olden times, our pioneer ancestors were wont to keep a record, by notches on the stock of their rifles, of the deer or bear killed; and even in times of savage warfare of the number of Indian scalps taken. But in these days we do not propose to hunt the poor, persecuted Indians or scalp them as our half savage ancestors did, and while we want to emulate these ancestors in all their sturdy, manly qualities we will only use our tally gun for a record of good deeds we do in the preservation of game and farests.

An official rifle consisting of a picture of a gun will be furnished by Recreation to each Fort, and every time the Fort does some notable deed in the way mentioned, Recreation will send them an official notch, consisting of a stamp to be gummed on the picture, by the Gun Keeper in the presence of the club at a meeting appointed for this purpose and then, when directed by the president of the Fort, the notch shall be cut by the Gun Keeper in the stock of the tally gun, to correspond with the official stamp.

For the fun of the thing a little ceremony is necessary and the old tally gun should be treated with great respect by the members of the organization, not because there is anything respectable in its appearance, for it may be battered and disreputable, rusty and apparently fit only for the junk shop, but the respect due to the tally gun should be of the same nature as that due to our national flag. The flag itself is nothing but a patched piece of bunting, and as such, deserving of no more reverence than your mother's bed quilt, but the flag represents and is the symbol of country and the grand principles of human justice upon which our nation is founded, and because of that we treat the flag with reverence and even fight and die for it. The old tally gun is the symbol and record of the Fort and of the noble deeds done by the Fort, and hence we treat it with ceremony and respect and look upon it the same as a soldier does upon the medals which he has won, with which to decorate his uniform, and as the savage does upon the tattoo marks, which represent



A SON OF DANIEL BOONE



A TREE HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.

Since the issue of "The Jack of All Trades" with the first published working drawings of tree-top houses, the boys have erected these odd buildings all over the length and breadth of our land. The photograph published here is of a tree house in the Sunny South, sent in by one of RECREATION'S contributors and reproduced here as a hint for a club-house or fort for the Sons of Daniel Boone. Later we will give designs of other styles of Boone Forts with working drawings for the boys who wish to build them.

his feats as a warrior. The medals on the soldier's breast are nothing but bronze or precious metal and deserving of no reverence by him or anyone else; the tattoo marks on the savage are nothing but scars filled with pigment and deserving of no respect by him or anyone else, but what each represents is bravery, courage and fortitude, all of which are respected not only by the soldier and the savage, but by everybody.

Now, since it has been suggested that each council be called a Fort, we have carried that idea a little further and given a name to each of the officers of the council. In place of Mr. President for the presiding officer we have simply the name Daniel Boone. For secretary, the title of Davy Crockett; for treasurer, the title of Kit Carson; for librarian the title of Audubon; for the keeper of the tally gun we could find no more appropriate name than that of Simon Kenton, the friend of Daniel Boone, the tall, long-legged pioneer, who had so many adventures with the Indians when Kentucky was known as the "dark and bloody ground."

When the Forts form it is not necessary to have more than two or three boys. The secretary can also be treasurer and librarian, and the president can also be keeper of the gun and assume all the duties that go with the different offices; but as the Fort increases in numbers and more boys want to join, more officers can be elected. As for the government of the Fort, it can be done in the good, old democratic style of the town meeting, where every member has a voice in the management, or by a board of managers composed only of the officers of the Fort. But from a long experience in club life, I would advise for the boys the town meeting style, as that keeps up the personal interest and personal responsibility of each member. I find as soon as the power is delegated to someone else the members lose interest and depend upon the officers to do all the work.

While to succeed The "Sons of Daniel Boone" must have a high, moral purpose behind them, it must not be understood that it is necessary for them to go around as sober and solemn as church deacons. One object of this society is to prove to the rest of the boys that you can have a moral purpose and be jolly and full of fun at the same time, for we must not forget that as the Farmer's Journal puts it,

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
And the thing that goes the farthest,
Toward making life worth while,
Costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a friendly smile."

Do not think that all this preparation and organization is not necessary. You have base-ball clubs, tennis clubs, rowing clubs, golf clubs, and one and all of them have a constitution, by-laws and officers. You do this not because of a fad or because it is the style, but because experience has taught you boys that to really have fun and enjoy yourselves you must have some sort of an organization and not go at it as an undisciplined mob.

In the last issue of Recreation, I promised you that we should have a constitution and by-laws and Recreation would furnish them on request to the different organizations as they are formed. In Recreation we are all boys, but so as to keep "The Sons of Daniel Boone" within the limits of what most people call "boys" it will be necessary for all active members to be under twenty-one years of age. That is, all active members excepting the editor of Recreation, who is the founder. We have distributed the names of all the noted backwoodsmen among you boys, so will retain no title for the editor other than "Founder."

When writing to Recreation on matters pertaining to the "Sons of Daniel Boone" address your letters to *Founder Dan Beard,* Recreation *Office, 23 W. Twenty-fourth St., New York City.*

As soon as a Fort is established send in the list of members and honorary members to Recreation that they may be recorded in the Boone Book and remember that we do not insist upon all the Sons of Daniel Boone being subscribers to this magazine; knowing that even a dollar a year is a large sum to some small chaps whose friendship we value and who can do valuable work in our favorite field of game protection.

We here give a rough outline of the proposed constitution, which is complete enough to serve the organizations until the regular printed copy is prepared and forwarded.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this Association is THE SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The elevation of sport, the support and encouragement of all that tends to healthy wholesome manliness; the study of woodcraft, outdoor recreation and fun, and serious work for the making of and support of laws prohibiting the sale of game, and the preservation of our native wild plants, birds and beasts.

ARTICLE III.

THE OFFICERS.

The officers of this club shall be a President, with the title of Daniel Boone; a Secretary, with the title of Davy Crockett; a Treasurer, with the title of Kit Carson; a Librarian, with the title of Audubon; the Keeper of the Tally Gun, with the title of Simon Kenton, and a Founder.

The Editor of Recreation is the Founder and Presiding Officer over all the Councils, and the only boy over twenty-one having a voice in the Councils.

ARTICLE IV.

The duties of Daniel Boone, Davey Crocket and Kit Carson shall be those usual to the offices of president, secretary and treasurer.

AUDUBON.

It shall be the duty of Audubon to keep on hand RECREATION as it is issued each month, also the latest copy of the game laws of the State in which the Fort is located, and all other papers and books on outdoor sport, travel and explorations which may, from time to time, become the property of the Fort.

KENTON.

It shall be the duty of Simon Kenton to keep the Fort's tally gun, and to make the notches in its stock in presence of the Council when so directed by Daniel Boone.

ARTICLE V.

MEMBERS AND HONORARY MEMBERS.

Any boy under twenty-one years of age of good moral character may become an active member. Any "boy" over twenty-one who is a subscriber to RECREATION may be elected an honorary member, but can take no part in the business of the society, except as an advisor; and an honorary member's advice or suggestions may, or may not, be acted upon as the Fort to which he belongs decides.

ARTICLE VI.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

BRINGING IN THE GUN.

The gun-keeper, Simon Kenton, escorted by the Secretary, Davy Crockett, carries the gun to its accustomed resting place in the meeting-room, while all of the members stand.

COMMITTEE REPORTS.

NEW BUSINESS.

OLD BUSINESS.

Under these two last heads, Committees may be appointed, discussions held, and resolutions introduced looking to the furtherance of the objects of the Association, the preservation of game and the forests. Expeditions and amusements can also be discussed and arranged.

BALLOT FOR NEW MEMBERS.

DEBATE, READING OR OTHER ENTERTAINMENT.

ADJOURNMENT.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

All eyes in the college world center on the track championships to be held in Philadelphia on Franklin Field, May 26 and 27. Never in the history of the games since their introduction, thirty years ago, has there been so much uncertainty a month before the dates for competition as there is this year. The graduation of the best hurdlers, a number of last year's point winners, and the accession of very few new men of quality in the various teams as far as has yet developed makes the task of selecting winners in the various events a matter of extreme difficulty. The chances appear to favor Yale's repeating her victory of last year, because of the large number of second string point winners she has, though Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell have all teams which, with a little luck, may step into the place of the Blue. There has never been a year when there were so many colleges that had even an outside chance to win and no year in which the points promised to be distributed so widely.

For the purpose of getting a line on the possibilities, the Relay Carnival at the University of Pennsylvania was awaited with keenest interest, but the generous proportion of Western point winners there together with the poor condition of a number of the competing teams due to the cold weather admitted of little in the line of tipping off futurities. The relays showed the Yale men in exceptionally good form on the track; Pennsylvania fairly well fixed for first strings, Cornell with some promising material, but the whole product undeveloped and likely to remain so until very near the close of the preliminary meets. The dual games held between the various colleges will give a better line, but for the purpose of our review they will be too late to be of service.

CHANCES OF THE VARIOUS TEAMS.

Yale seems to have three sure winners: McLanahan, unless his teammate, Dray, beats him in the pole vault; Shevlin, in the hammer throw, and Parsons in the half-mile, look sure. With Hill and Alcott in the mile, Hall in the two mile, Marshall in the high jump, Sheffield in the broad jump, and Harris in the hammer throw, to help out Yale, looks sure of better than thirty points. The only other team with winners is Harvard. Schick looks like the winner in both dashes and Schoenfus looks good in the shot put, if the ball team does not interfere with his training. Dodge in the sprints, Grant, Whitman, Dives and Young in the middle distances, and King in the two-mile Harvard ought to be sure of twenty-five points. Cornell with Munson, Poate and Magoffin in the distances, Ashburner in the hurdles, Porter in the shot put, Serviss in the high jump and Jackson and Philips in the pole vault ought to do as well.

The Pennsylvania team has a splendid chance to beat Yale out with luck. Dear and Amsler are going very fast and if each can win a first and second Penn will come close to winning with Taylor and Hyman to add eight points in the quarter mile, with Moffett and Boyd to score in high jump and shot put and Weede a possibility in the broad jump. Dear ought to be sure of second in both sprints and some say he will beat Schick in the furlong. Amsler should certainly win the high hurdle and come close to winning in the low, so unless Penn suffers unusual upsets, the chances are she will give Yale a very hard run for first honors.

Princeton is very backward for the early training, but promises well. Rulon Miller is very fast in the hundred, better than last year. Atlee will push Taylor and Hyman, Penn's great pair of quarter-milers. Chapin and Williams in the distances, Symonds in the broad jump and Tooker in the high, Carter and Armstrong in the hurdles all look like sure pointwinners. McCormick, too, looks likely. The only trouble with Princeton is that she lacks men quite good enough to win first places and has not a large enough team to win out without championships.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE GAMES.

There are probable point winners in a number of the smaller colleges—Castleman, of Colgate, is liable to step into a place in either the sprints or hurdles. Hubbard, of Amherst, is likely to win a place. Taylor, too, is a probability. Columbia has Williams as a chance in the pole vault, with Taylor in the half mile and Knakel in the sprints. Tippett, of New York University, and Van Duyne, of Syracuse, are almost sure to show, while Seitz, of Georgetown, is one of four or five possibilities in the sprints. These men will cut up the field to such an extent that it will take probably not over thirty-two or three points to win, while the team making over thirty-five will be almost certain of getting the cup.

Without attempting to place the men in the various events in the order in which they will finish with any degree of certainty—the conditions are so undeveloped that accuracy would be impossible—it will be interesting to name the possibilities, thus:

100 Yards—Schick, Harvard; Dear, Pennsylvania; Rulon-Miller, Princeton; Seitz, Georgetown; Knakel, Columbia; Dodge, Harvard.

220 Yards—Schick, Harvard; Dear, Pennsylvania; Castleman, Colgate; Dodge, Harvard.

440 Yards—Taylor, Pennsylvania; Hyman, Pennsylvania; Dives, Harvard; Atlee, Princeton; Burnap, Yale.

880 Yards—Parsons, Yale; Hill, Yale; Taylor, Columbia; Chapin, Princeton; Young, Harvard; Whitman, Harvard.

One Mile—Munson, Cornell; Williams, Princeton; Hill, Yale; Alcott, Yale; Poate, Cornell; Grant, Harvard.

Two Mile—Hall, Yale; Magoffin, Cornell; King, Harvard.

High Hurdle—Amsler, Pennsylvania; Carter, Princeton; Vonnegut, Cornell; Armstrong, Princeton.

Low Hurdle—Amsler, Pennsylvania; Armstrong, Princeton; Ashburner, Cornell; Castleman, Colgate.

High Jump—Serviss, Cornell; Moffett, Pennsylvania; Marshall, Yale; Tooker, Princeton.

Broad Jump—Symonds, Princeton; Sheffield, Yale; Hubbard, Amherst; Tippett, New York; Weede, Pennsylvania.

Pole Vault — McLanahan, Yale; Dray, Yale; Philips, Cornell; Jackson, Cornell; Williams, Columbia.

Shot Put—Schoenfus, Harvard; Porter, Cornell; Boyd, Pennsylvania.

Hammer Throw—Shevlin, Yale; Van Duyne, Syracuse; Harris, Yale.

U. OF P. RELAY RACES, APRIL 29

FINISH OF ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP, YALE FIRST, PENNA. SECOND, CHICAGO THIRD

Groman, Chicago, led by 6 inches in the stretch, all three runners fainted as the tape was reached. Groman fell backward, the other two fell forward, Ewing, Yale, getting first. Popular opinion credited Chicago with the victory. The engraving shows the men 10 yards from the tape.

UPSETS AT THE BIG RELAYS.

If anything were needed to prove the uncertainties of such selections the Pennsylvania relays would have done so. There the defeat of Catlin, of Chicago, in the hurdles, of Sheffield in the broad jump, the failure of Shevlin in the hammer and McLanahan in the pole vault to get even a place against inferior performers should be convincing.

The excellent work of Dray in the pole vault and of Philips were notable features. Dray's vault of 11 feet 8½ inches stamps him as exceptional. The 11 feet 6 inch record of Philips was the best he has done, but not the best he promises. Mount Pleasant, the Carlisle Indian, amazed every one with his 23 feet 1 inch jump in the broad, while Dear's running in the hundred and Amsler's hurdling were excellent. The latter gave splendid promise in his first year, but was off color last year. This spring he has been running finely and bids fair to show better than any Eastern hurdler since Kraenzlein. He beat Catlin, the Chicago crack fairly, leading him by two yards at the last hurdle where the Westerner spiked himself and was out of it.

Catlin, by the way, was the only Western man who failed to do justice to the promise made for him. Hogenson's ten seconds in the hundred was remarkable on that track. Dunlap's 43 feet in the shot was better than any Eastern man's work. Wilkins and Glover in the pole vault did the 11 feet 3 inches they promised. Thomas won by a splendid throw in the hammer and Garrels in the discus made a new world's record.

The relay runners did all they were expected to do. Michigan's crack quartette made a new record in winning, while Chicago's team was fast enough to break existing figures on a good track. That it did not win was due only to the fact that when the three men who finished within a yard of each other all fell at the tape, Groman was unfortunate enough to fall backward and be so passed by both Ewing, of Yale, and Hyman, of Pennsylvania. As it was nine out of every ten men on the field placed Chicago first instead of third.

GARRETS, OF MICHIGAN

He made a new world's record in the discus at Franklin Field.

Yale, Pennsylvania and Chicago all deserve the highest praise, for their running in this event, while Yale's victory in the two-mile, though notable in view of the fact that their crack team had been broken up in order to make up a one mile and a four-mile team, was deprived of some of its glory since the crack Cornell team was withdrawn in order to make up a fast four-mile team, and the Princeton team weakened for the same reason.

THRILLING CONTEST THE RULE.

There has never been a meet which has been run off with better success. There were over twelve hundred athletes competing and over two hundred and ten teams. The events were numbered thirty-five and they were scheduled to take place at intervals varying from five to eight minutes during the afternoon. Every one was given to understand that the events would be run on scheduled time, no matter who was or was not on the mark at the signal. This was religiously observed and only one team was left while the games finished just three minutes before schedule, consuming in all just under four hours.

The last event, the four-mile, was won by a yard; Yale extending Michigan at the finish in fine style after the Westerners had held the lead all the way. Cornell led the four competitors behind rather easily, Pennsylvania surprising many by her showing against Princeton. The work of the Cornell team was somewhat of a disappointment. However, Magoffin, one of the best of the Ithacan team, was not able to start. The time, 18:25.3-5, was three seconds better than the record. On a good track and day fifteen seconds would have been knocked off the figures made, while the Michigan team, every man able to go in 4.30 or better, showed unmistakable ability to do under 18 minutes.

The contest in the two-mile was easy for Yale. The Columbia team, which finished second to the Blue, was handicapped by the fact that the first two men left the later runners a legacy of a good lead to overcome. The result was that the strain proved too much and Yale won by five yards, Columbia beating out Dartmouth by about as much and Penn finishing fourth to the Hanover team. Princeton and Syracuse were in the ruck.

In the one mile the thrilling incidents followed each other so fast that the spectators were kept on the *qui vive* from the beginning to the end. Yale took the lead at the start and maintained it throughout the first three relays, ending each in front, but never by a large enough margin to make their advantage appear material. Each was finished with Chicago forcing Yale to the limit in the stretch and just failing to win out. The Penn team ran third by ten yards or more until the third relay, which Taylor, their great colored runner, started. He pulled up slowly until the stretch was reached, when he spurted and crossed the line right on the heels of the two leaders. Hyman, of Pennsylvania, then sprinted to the front and led to the stretch, where Groman, the Chicago crack, pulled up a foot ahead, and Ewing, of Yale, got almost on even terms.

They were this close all the way to the tape at the price of a fearful effort and just before they reached the line each one of the three gave out. Groman fainted, falling backward, and to this circumstance owes the fact that he was beaten by the other two men, most every one thinking he had won until the decision was announced. Yale and Penn were as near a dead heat as it was possible for two men to run. The relative positions of the three men ten yards from the finish is shown in the accompanying picture, Chicago being in white in the lead, Penn slightly in advance of Yale, both in dark jerseys. At the time there was not a foot between the three men.

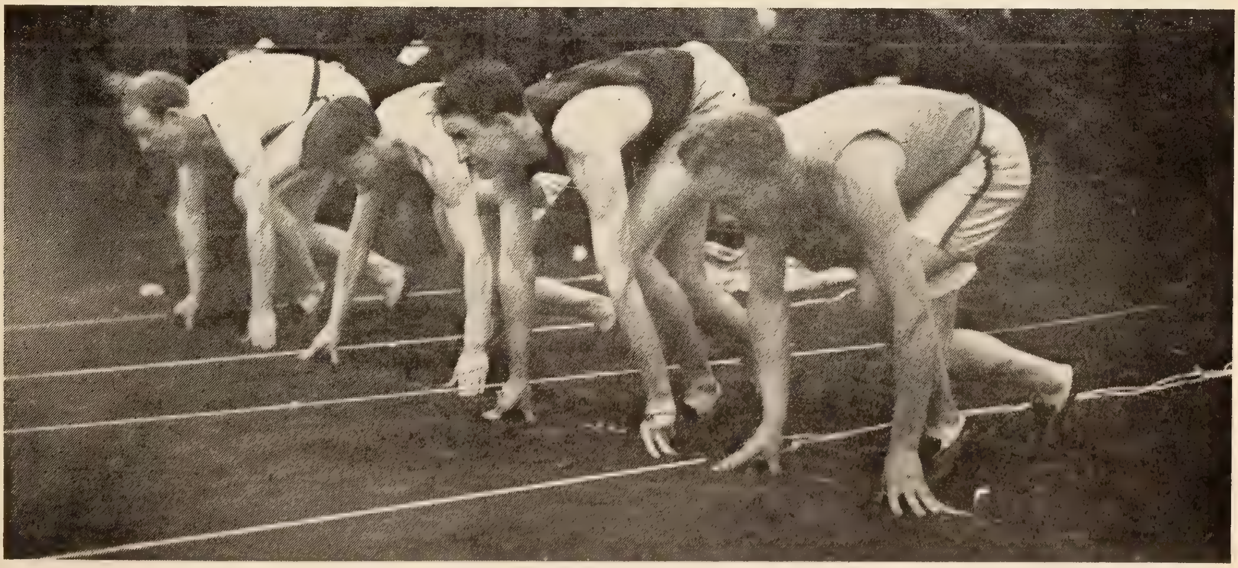
BASE BALL CALIBER INFERIOR.

The results of the college base ball season thus far have borne out what has been written on the prospect. There appears to be but two first-class teams in the field. Princeton and Harvard far outclass the others and ought to have no difficulty until they meet each other. The Yale team easily ranks third of the other big colleges, Cornell showing fair form at times, Columbia appearing strong against the weaker competitors and Pennsylvania weak against every one.

Of the smaller institutions Lafayette and Georgetown appear to have first class teams of about their general caliber. The Georgetown nine is not the team of years ago and Lafayette is a little better than in recent years. Dartmouth, Trinity and Amherst in the East have shown form at times, while Fordham and Manhattan appear to be the equal of anything barring the two leaders.

Main interest will center in what Princeton and Harvard do when they meet with the scale so even now that either may win, but with our personal prejudice because of the greater consistency of the Tigers leading us to expect a Nassau victory.

The rowing situation has developed a wide interest through the defeat of Pennsylvania



START OF THE 100-YARD DASH, FRANKLIN FIELD

Hogenson, Chicago; Knakel, Columbia; Dear, Penna.; Seitz, Georgetown and Georgetown by the Middies in the preliminary races. Before we leave the press the races that the Cadets will row with Yale and Columbia will have been decided. It will be interesting to see what they do against these two.

Their defeat of Georgetown was not surprising, since the date was early and the Washington eight a bit unsettled because of uncertainties about its personnel. Dempsey, when he gets these tangles straightened out, will have a better crew than last year. The Pennsylvania defeat was a surprise for Ellis Ward was supposed to have made unusual progress just before the race and to have his men going in fine form. He will make capital of the defeat with the men beyond all doubt and it will probably be of benefit. It is still too early to speculate on possibilities.

ROWING FIXTURES INTERESTING.

The failure of Yale and Columbia to enter the Henley race for junior crews has been a big disappointment. Yale's position has always been antagonistic to the scheme, but it was felt that Harvard's entry would swerve the New Haven men from their position. The race deserves the greatest consideration from all those who wish to forward amateur rowing, and in view of this it is to be regretted that a narrow partisan spirit, that she should be above, should continue to actuate Yale's policy. Columbia's absence is explained by lack of funds and the possibility of getting the same practice in the Decoration Day races on the Harlem. These reasons are valid, but the scheme deserves some sacrifices if Columbia could see her way clear to making them. The race will be rowed by Harvard, Cornell and Pennsylvania and will furnish an interesting contest.

The only other topic of general interest that is holding the collegiate attention is the discussion of the foot ball rules that has been rife since a speculative story announced a determination to permit forward passing. The scare that this produced that the game would be completely revolutionized thereby called forth a qualified denial. It was admitted that there was a chance, even a probability, that forward passing would be permitted, but only that the ball might be passed forward as far as the scrimmage line and no further. This would greatly encourage open play and would weaken the defense by compelling the secondary line to remain behind the point of scrimmage to meet double passes. The result would develop a wide range of double-passing, open-running plays that would be most entertaining and the change will be regarded with general favor if it is finally adopted when the committee meets in the last week of May.

The most remarkable ball game of the present season occurred at Princeton, May 10th, when Princeton defeated Amherst in the eighteenth inning, score 1 to 0. It was, of course, a pitchers' battle, only one man getting to first on balls during the entire game.

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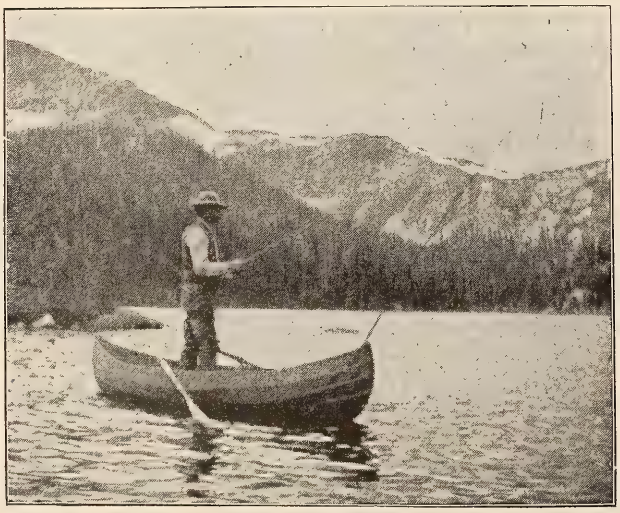

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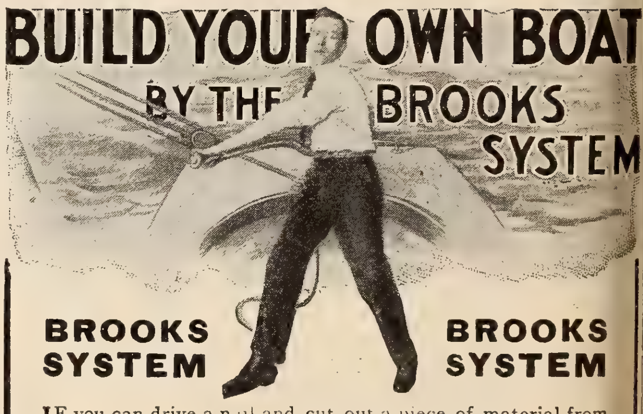

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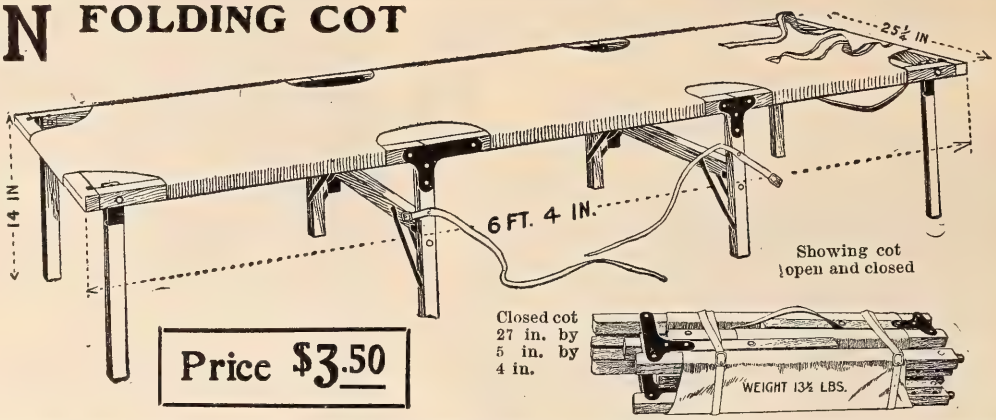
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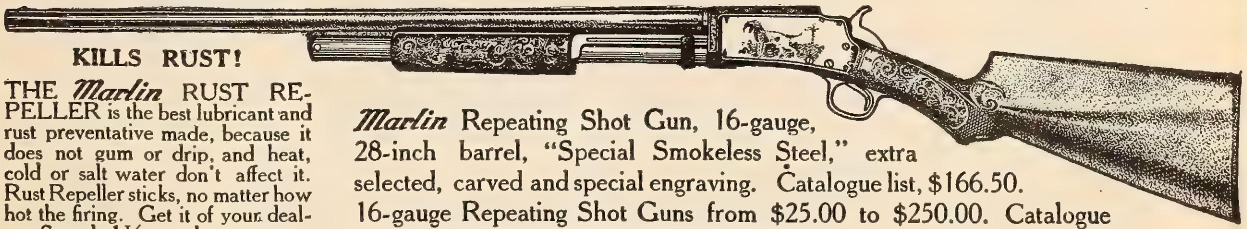

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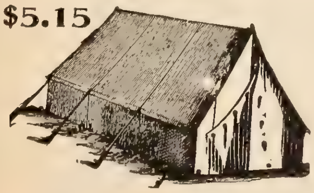

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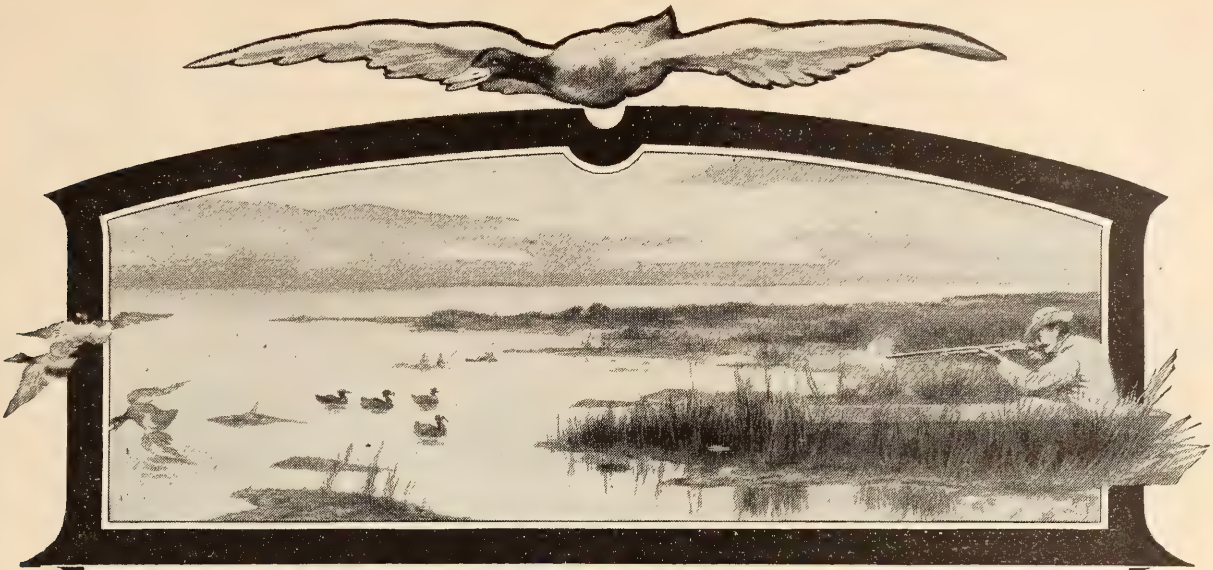

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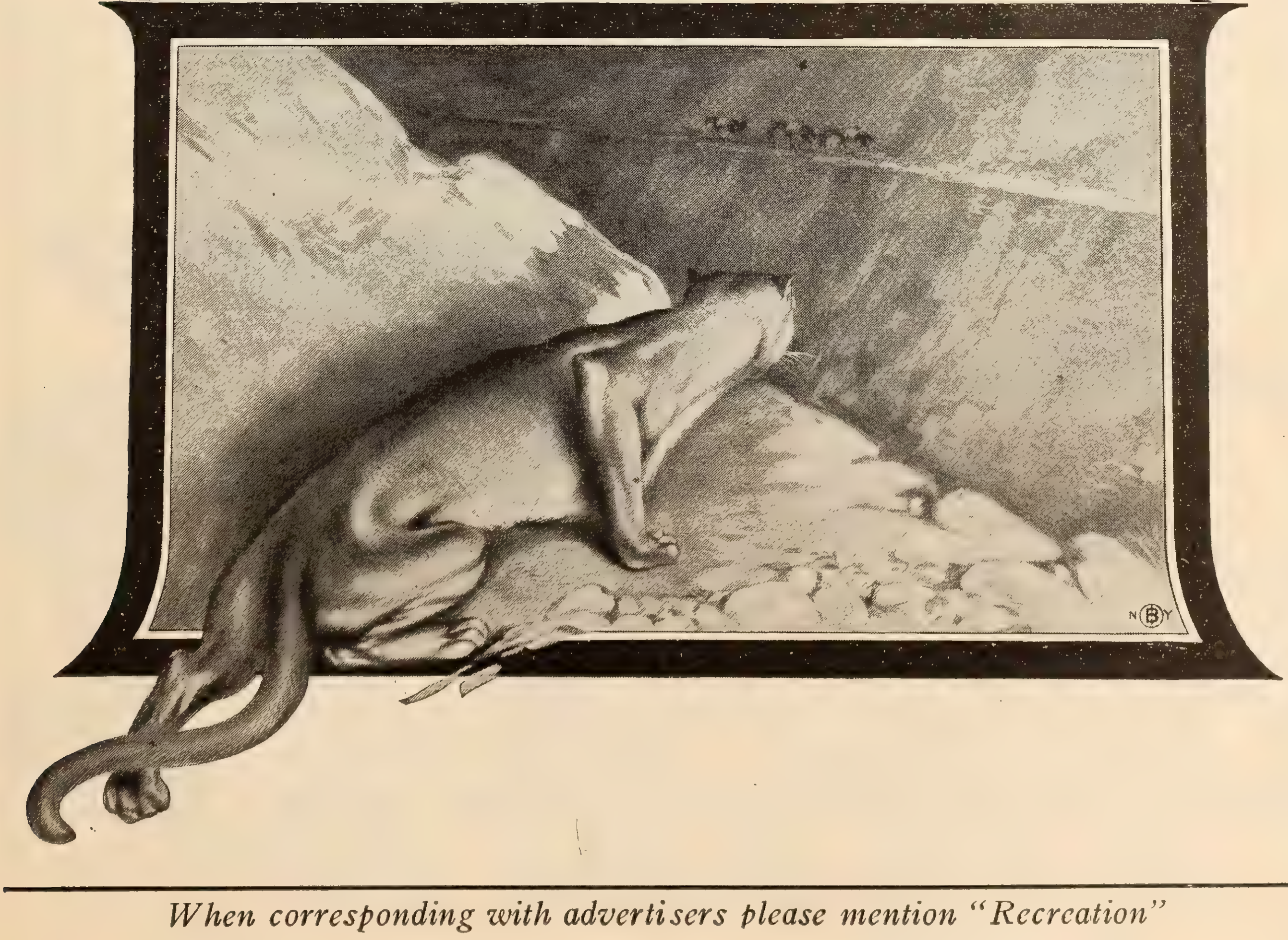

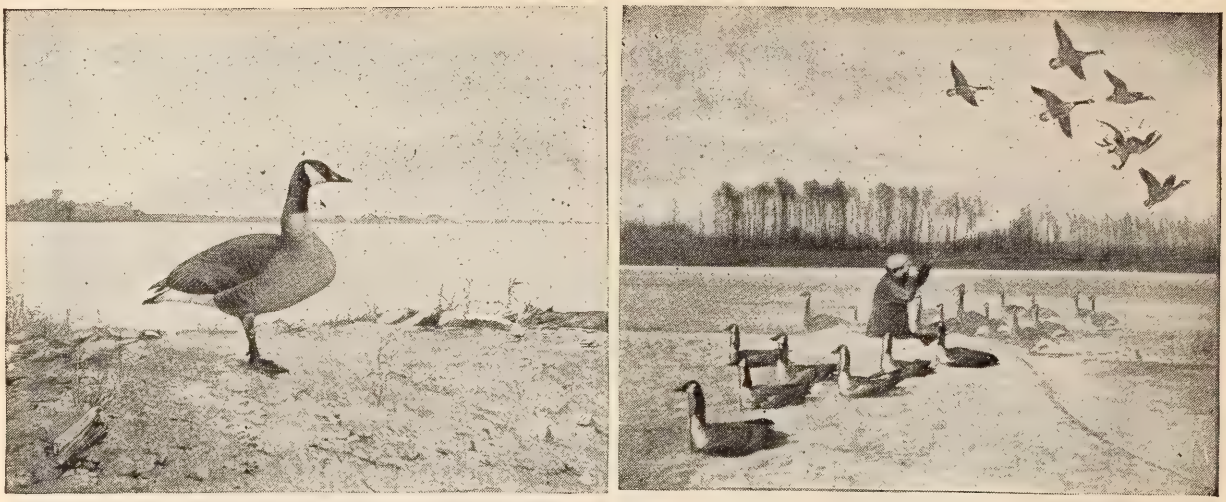

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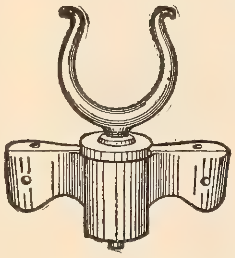

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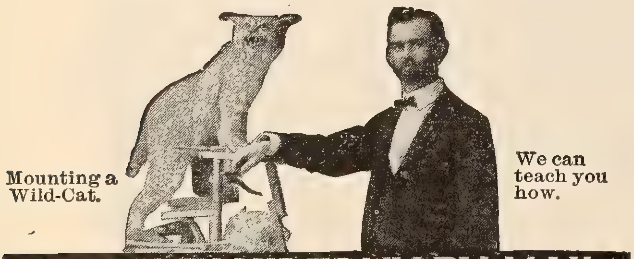
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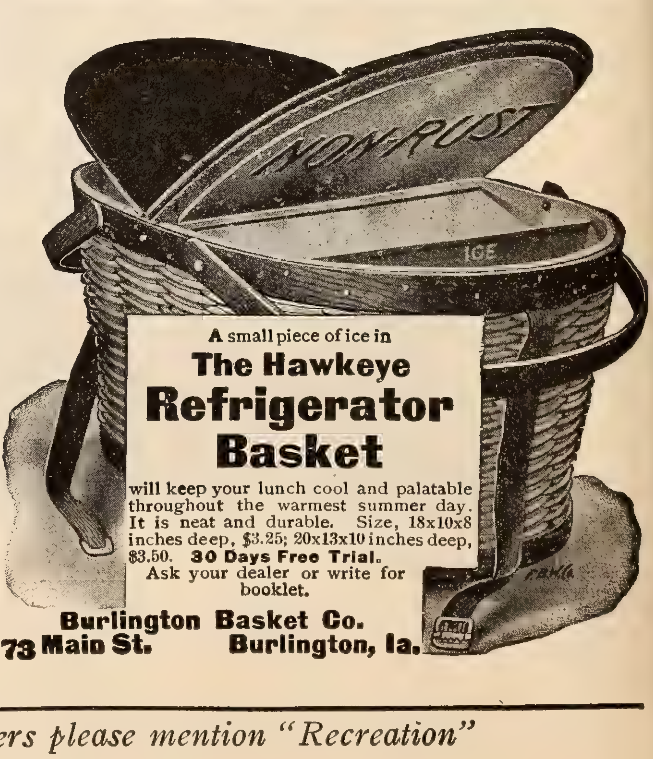

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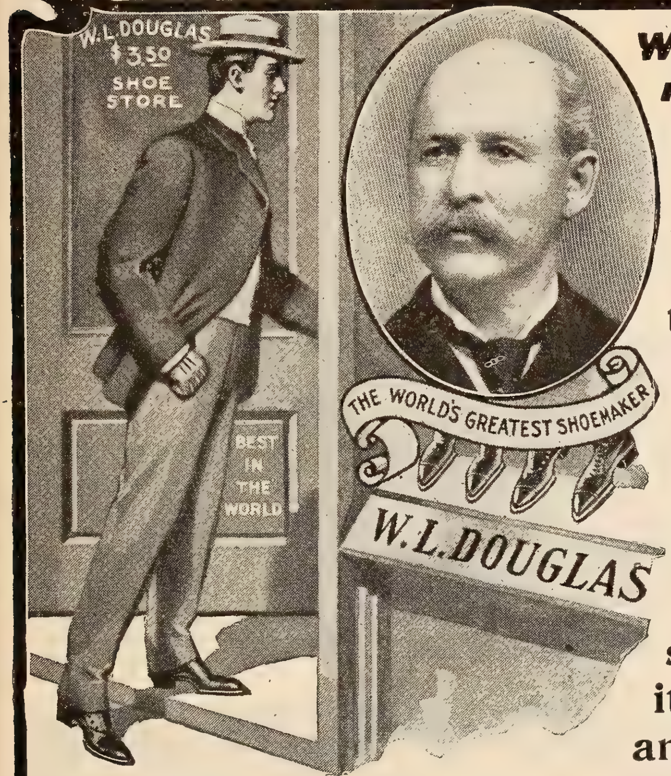

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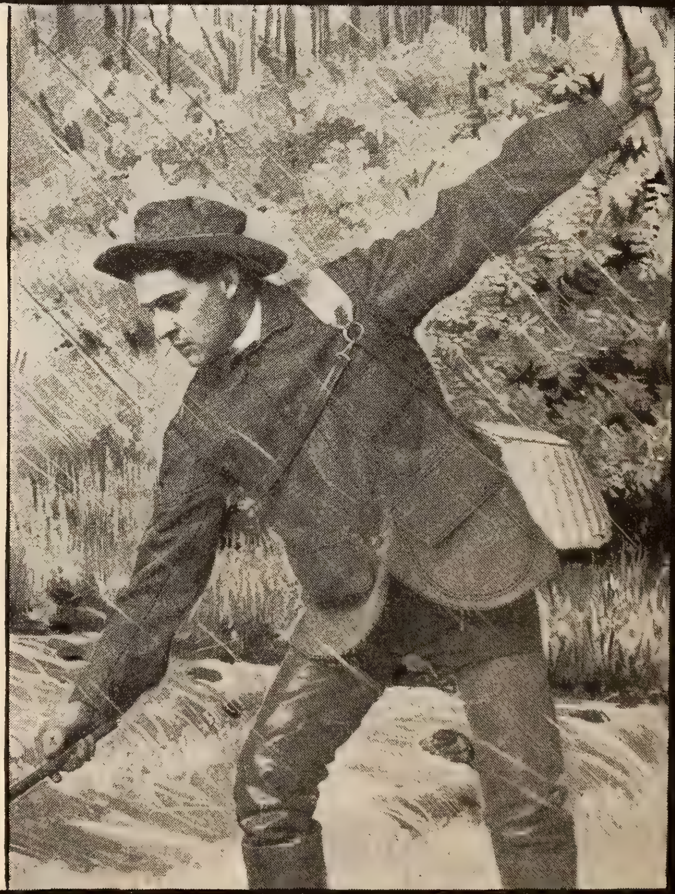

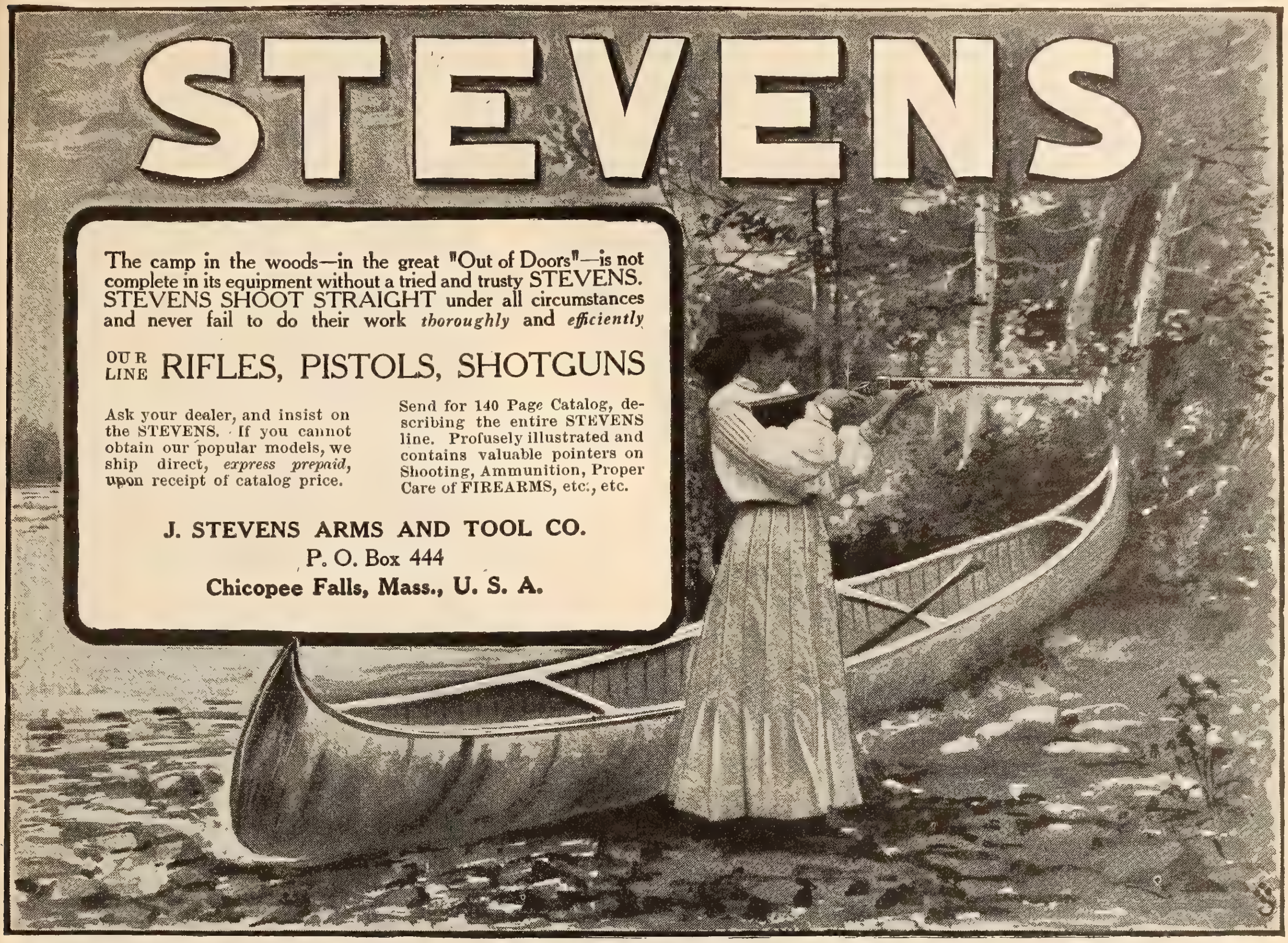

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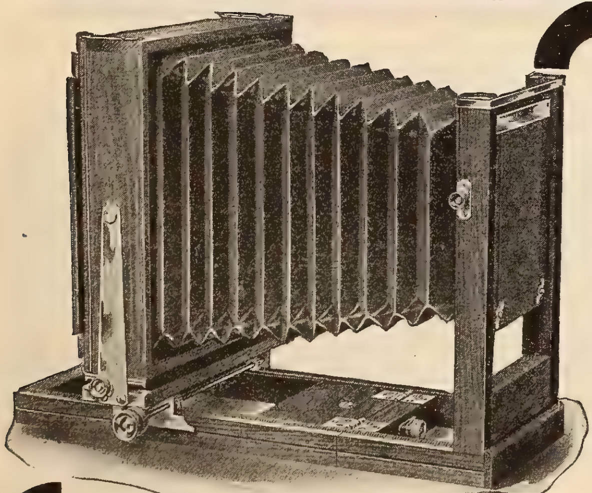

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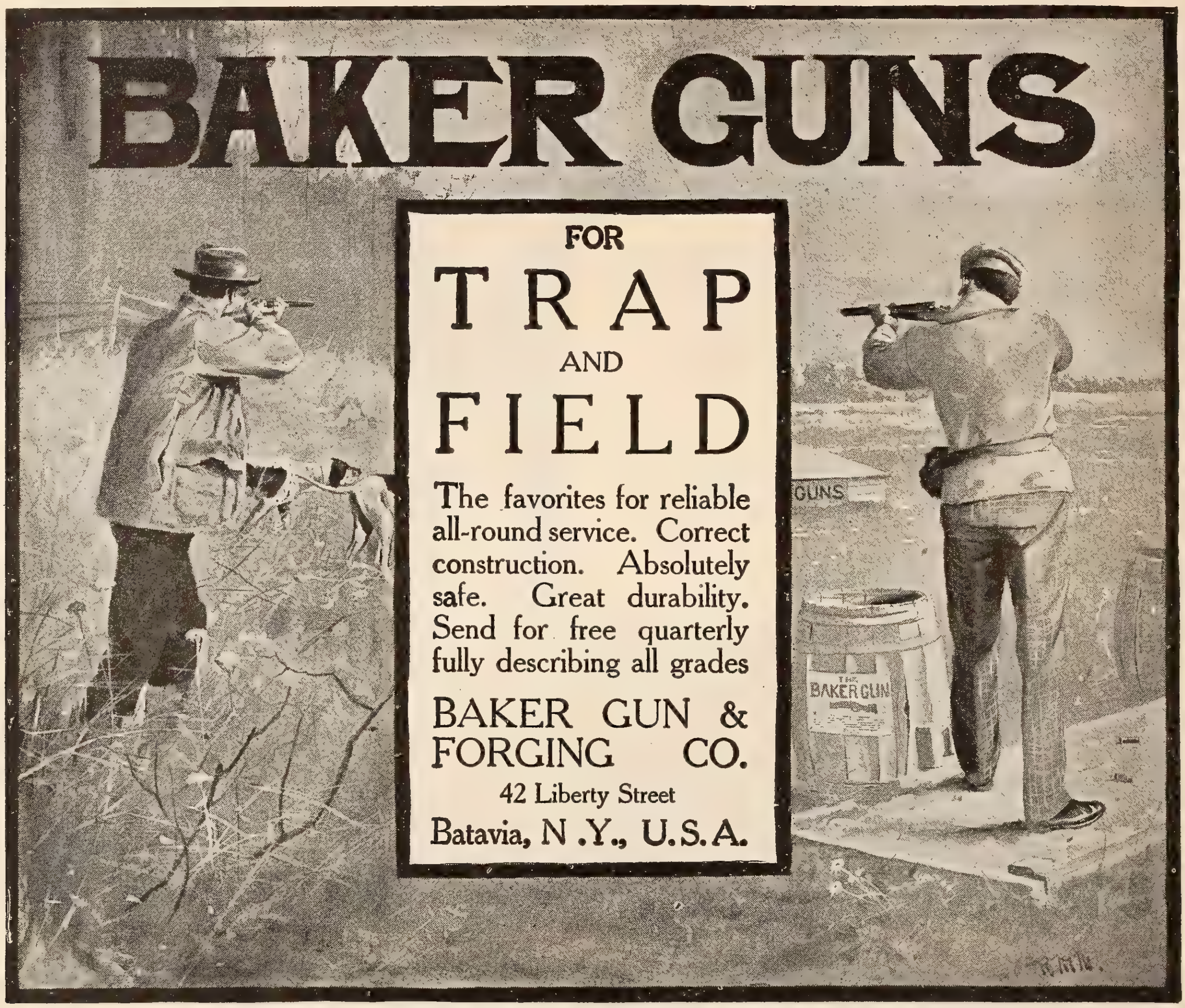

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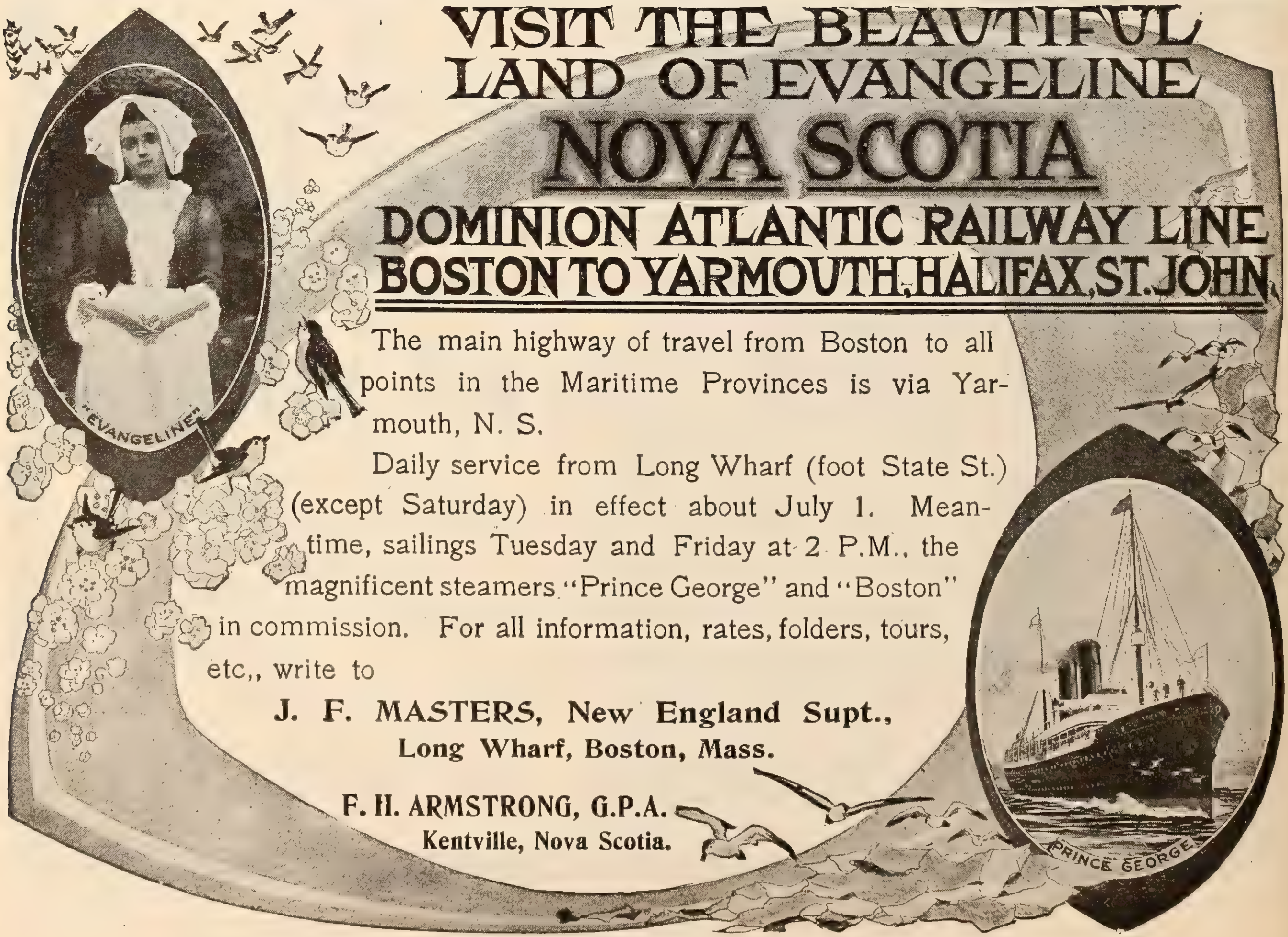

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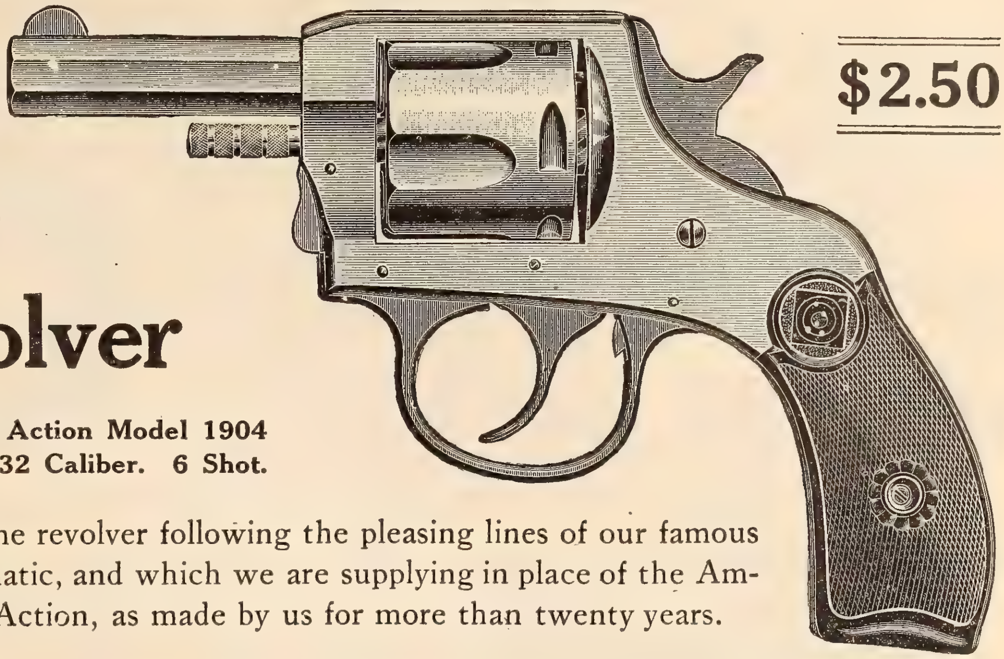

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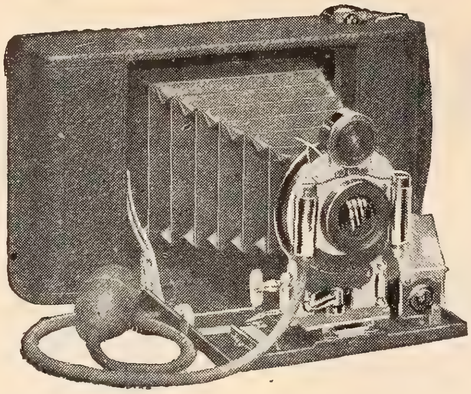

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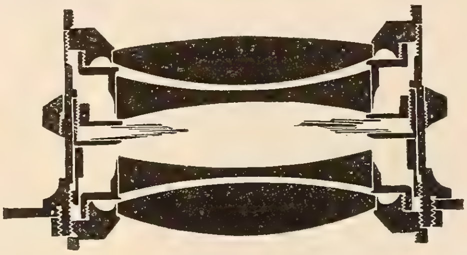

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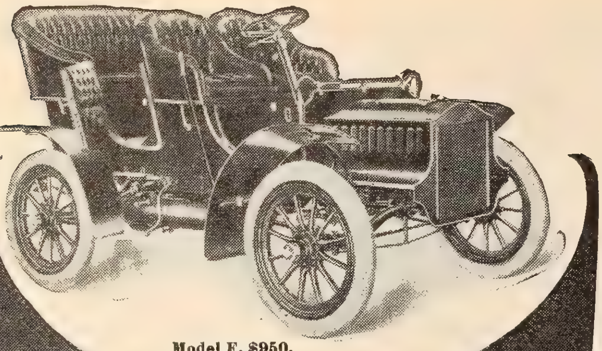

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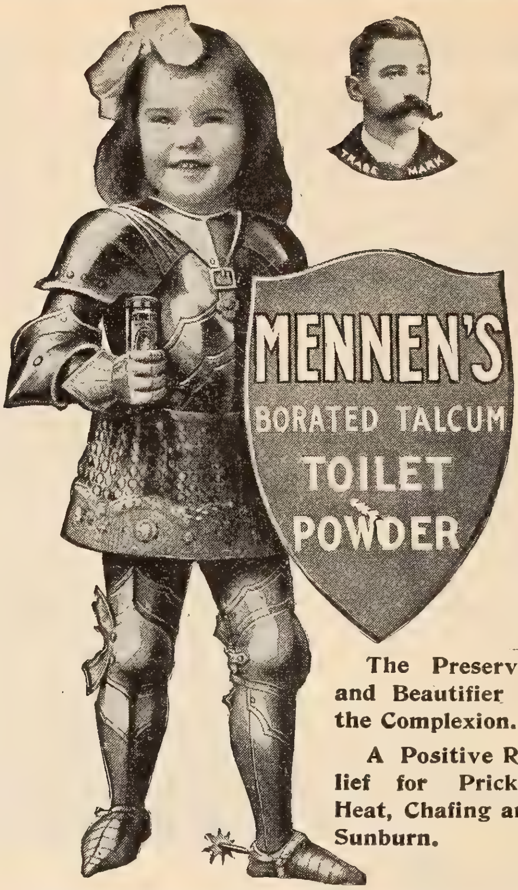

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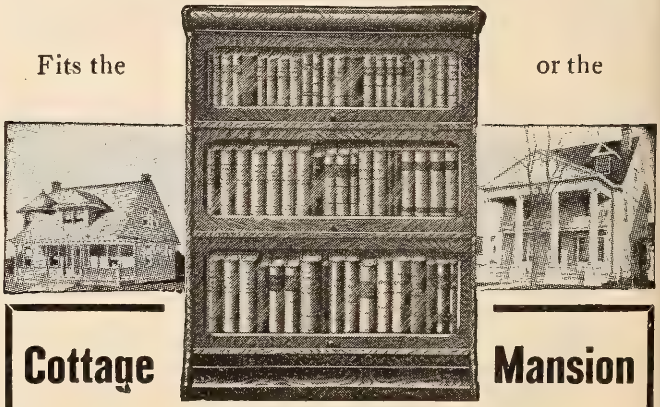

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Frank Ford's Page

Last month they told you that I was to be turned loose in your midst. Here I am, ready for business. Before turning me loose, the Publisher told me, "First let our readers know who you are." Now, I am a modest man, but I realize that to get acquainted you really ought to know something about what I have done. Confidence begets confidence; and yet I realize that some of you will be far more interested in what I am going to do than what I have done. I told the printer to set this part of my talk in small type so you can skip it if you like. Beginning at my last job, which was a railroad job, as they have told you, I will go backward. With the railroad I had to do all kinds of work—advertising, booklet writing, gathering information, sending hunting and fishing parties over the line, promoting emigration, stocking streams, supervising the replanting of forests, attending to the enforcement of the game laws, and acting as general all round assistant to progress. Before that I was in Alaska looking for one of the pockets one miner in a thousand sometimes finds. The year previous I spent in California, working some, playing much. I landed in California from the Orient, having seen the ruction in the Philippines and reported it for an English paper. I reached the Philippines in a round-a-bout way, having started out with an alleged member of the English nobility, on a trip around the world. The Englishman, after getting two good skins in India took the fever and a bad case of cold feet and left me to shuffle for myself. Before starting on this wild goose chase, I had been the editor of a Southern newspaper, which was one of the really quiet times of my life. I am just beginning to recover from it. My first years out of school were spent in the West and in Canada, during which time I shot, fished, and trapped in practically every good spot in the country. I have been shot in three different places, not without damage to the other fellows; came near starving to death in the Mojave desert; went without food and drink for eight days on the open sea; been scratched by a big cat; bitten by a tarantula; hugged by a grizzly; been married twice and have had several other experiences about which I am more or less reticent. My boyhood was uneventful, and my parents having given me a good education there was no apparent reason why I should fly off on the tangent which has finally landed me in the Recreation office. After hearing the stenographer read the foregoing from her notes, I find that I have touched only the high places as a man will, I guess, who is not used to talking much about himself; but you will see that as far as experience goes I have had some. I will wager any amount of money that I have experieneed every human emotion, excepting one and that one I hope will be delayed for many years.

As I take it here is what I am to do for Recreation readers. *To do everything that the readers of the magazine want me to do and do it ungrudgingly.* I rather guess that this is the biggest job I have ever had, but they have given me a lot of money and plenty of assistants; they have placed at my disposal one of the most complete libraries I have ever had the pleasure of looking over; have given me access to information which no private individual could hope to get. All this in addition to a corps of fresh, young stenographers—and when I say fresh I mean good looking and pretty—two young chaps just out of college and bubbling over with ambition, a page of space in the magazine, through which I may talk with you, and all of the advertising space I need to sell the things that the subscribers want to sell.

Now, here is what you can get from me, in the way of information: Where to go for sport; how to hunt and fish; how to get to the best streams and camping places; what guides, arms, tackle, outfit, camera, canoe and dog to take and where to get them; when to go; what the laws are; information about equipment, retailers, the best manufacturers, the jobbers, reference books, the best magazine, the best newspaper; and to be of service in every possible way. I can find a purchaser for almost anything you have, and I can buy almost any article you want and at a price that is often surprising.

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If you are not a subscriber, send in your dollar and tell me your troubles. I am not a policeman but I can help. Remember, you must be a subscriber to Recreation and you must enclose two cents for postage.

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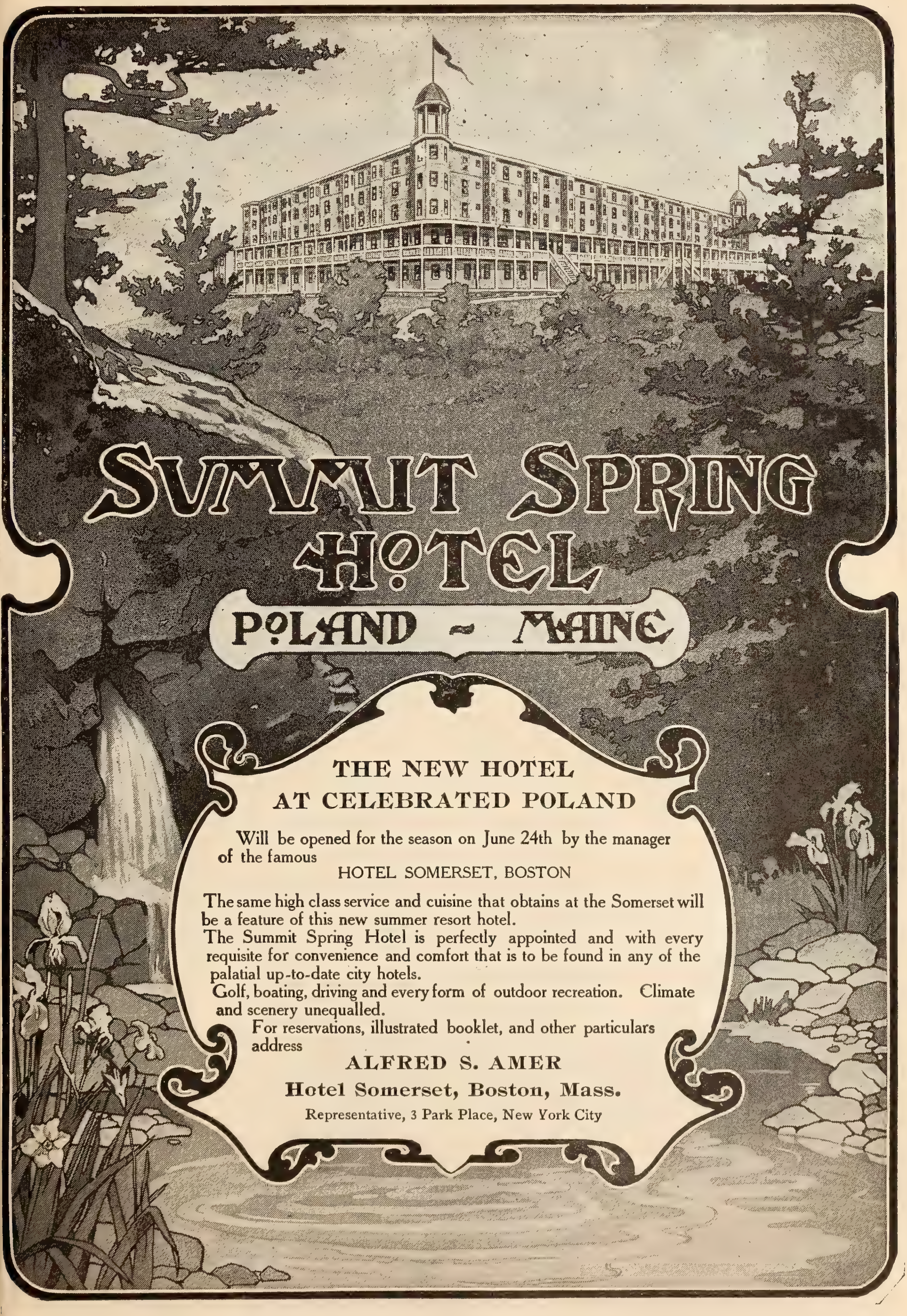

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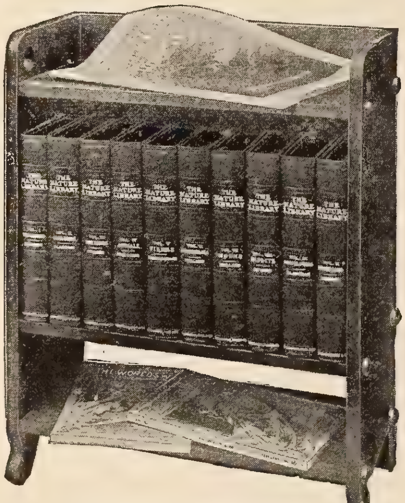

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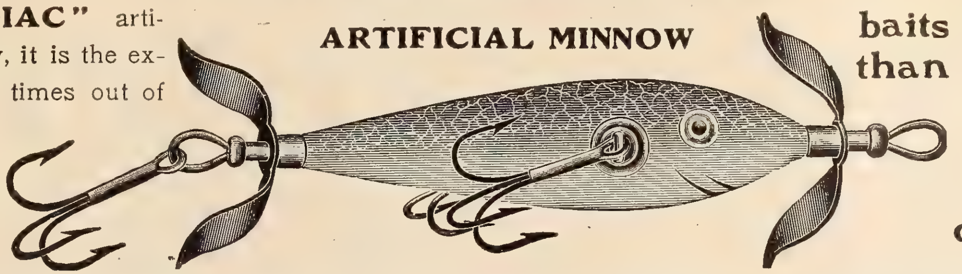

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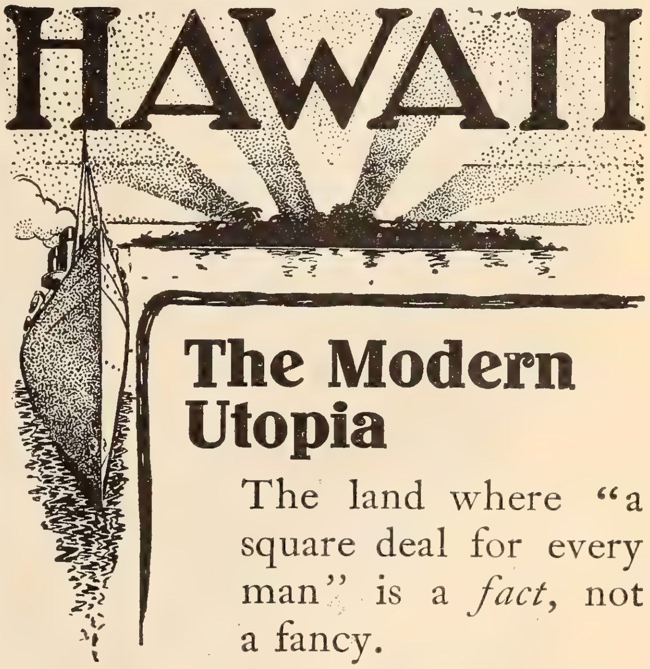

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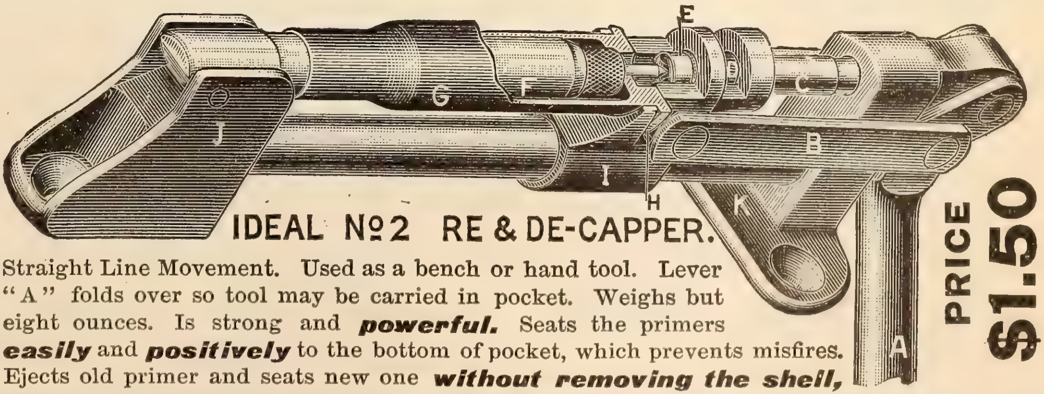

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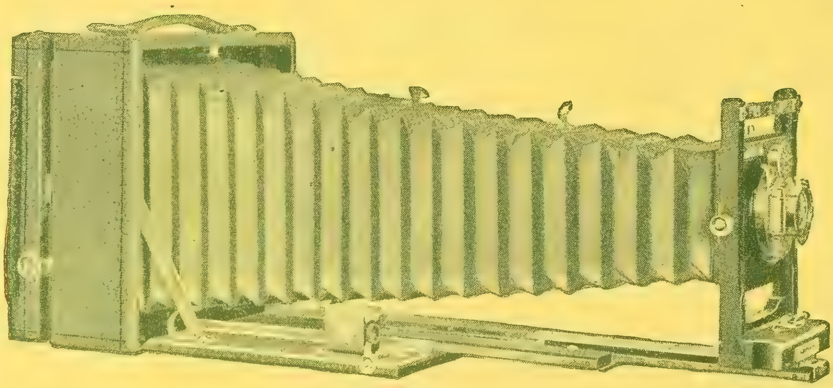

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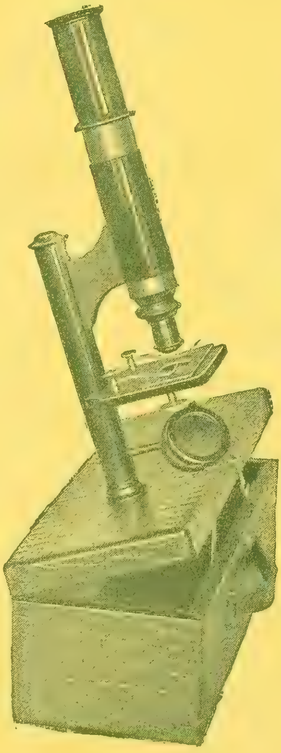

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